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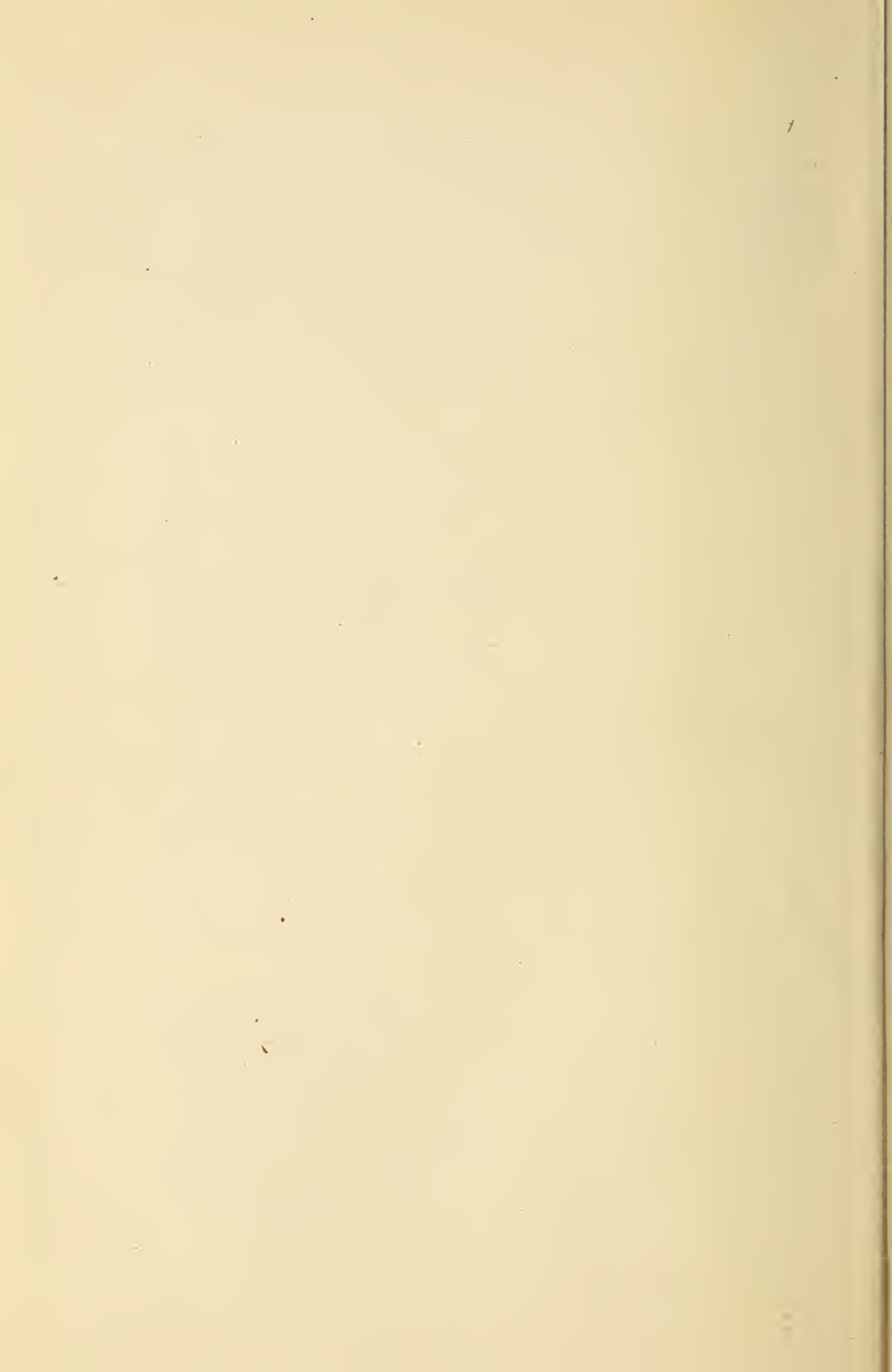


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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY









✓ Primitive Methodist church  
(England)



THE

# PRIMITIVE METHODIST HYMNAL

WITH ACCOMPANYING TUNES

EDITED BY

GEORGE BOOTH

THE HARMONIES REVISED BY

HENRY COWARD

(MUS. BAC., OXON.).

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY EDWIN DALTON,

48 TO 50, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

LONDON :  
NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED  
PRINTERS.



## PREFACE.

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THIS HYMNAL is the fourth which has been published for congregational worship in the Primitive Methodist community. The first was chiefly a collection of hymns for 'Revivals,' open-air services, and general evangelistic work. It rapidly passed through several editions and slight enlargements, and contributed in various ways to the growth of the Connexion.

In 1825 'The Large Hymn Book for the use of the Primitive Methodists' was issued under the editorship of Hugh Bourne, one of the Founders of the Denomination. In the preface he says—'In compiling the present Hymn Book great care has been taken to select the best hymns from the best authors; and a considerable number of original hymns have been composed expressly for this work.' This book and the previous small one bound together continued in use for nearly thirty years, but not without the need for a more suitable collection being for some time both felt and expressed.

A new book compiled by the late Rev. John Flesher, and published in 1854, was doubtless a great improvement on its predecessors, and it has also served the Connexion for upwards of thirty years.

While it is admitted that a change of hymn book may be an inconvenience to some, it can hardly be said that we are changing too often. Considering how new hymn writers continue in the order of Providence to be raised up; the constantly increasing number of hymn books; the progress made in hymnology and church music; and, owing to the spread of education, the altered tastes and preferences of vast numbers who worship with us—it can scarcely be expected that any hymn book, however carefully compiled, will, without addition or alterations, meet the wants of our church for more than thirty years.

The present Hymnal has been compiled by a committee appointed by the Conference of 1882. The appointment was made in response to a loud call for a Hymn Book more suitable for the public worship of our congregations than the one in use. The committee soon found that the work involved much more labour than was at first anticipated. The richness of our age in good hymns increased rather than diminished the difficulty. There were not only the accumulated treasures of the past, but also the abundant stores of modern hymnologists, from which to make selections. With a much less supply of material the work of the committee would have been considerably easier.

In compiling the book the aim has been to retain the older hymns which are endeared by many hallowed associations to the hearts and memories of Christians of every name, and to add the choicest productions of our own times. Although the collections of Watts and Wesley still supply the largest number of hymns for a good hymnal, especially for Methodist worship, yet in these pages will be found selections from numerous other authors and translators. The names of these, as affixed to the hymns and contained in a separate list, will show that no church has had a monopoly of the gift of sacred song.

The committee have guarded as much as possible against altering the text of the hymns; and, as a rule, have scrupulously adhered to the author's own version, where that could be ascertained. The exceptions to this are few, and such as changes of taste in forms of expression, or the exigencies of correct measure, rendered necessary. Scarcely less than the evil of altering words and lines in classical hymns is that of cutting down lengthy compositions to an arbitrary standard. On this ground there will not, it is presumed, be great fault found with the present Hymnal. In some hymns a weak verse or verses have been deleted where this did not appear to injure, but improve,

the sense and strength of the hymn. Tunes are now much shorter and sung more quickly than formerly, and the service of praise is becoming, and ought to become, a more important and prominent part of public worship.

Like other Christians, however, Primitive Methodists do not require hymns for public worship only, for they need them for the sick chamber, for the marriage feast, for funerals, for journeys by sea and land, for various social gatherings, for the home sanctuary, for personal and private use, for praising the Lord 'secretly among the faithful,' as well as in the 'great congregation.' All these objects the committee have kept in view, hoping that the Hymnal will become a precious companion to all classes of our people in the varying conditions of life.

It will be observed, that a method of arrangement has been followed, whereby hymns of the same metre are placed together. While this interferes somewhat with the logical sequence of the Hymns, it is thought that the advantages to be gained in the compilation of the Edition with Tunes will amply justify a departure from the ordinary method of arrangement.

Thanks are hereby most respectfully tendered to those authors and publishers who have courteously granted permission to print hymns in which they have a copyright. Obligations are due especially to the following:—The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Exeter; the Very Rev. the Dean of Wells; the Rev. Canon Furze, for hymns by the late Dr. Monsell; the Rev. Canon Dayman; Cardinal Newman; the Ven. Archdeacon Pott; the Rev. Dr. Allon; the Rev. Dr. Hannay; the Rev. C. Wordsworth, for hymns by the late Bishop of Lincoln; the Rev. Dr. Bonar; the Revs. James Hamilton, John Ellerton, W. Garrett Horder, T. Vincent Tynms, E. E. Jenkins, H. A. Mills, Sabine B. Gould, W. Tidd Matson, Godfrey Thring; Sir Edward Denny; Mr. W. C. Dix; Messrs. J. Masters & Co.; Messrs. Longman & Co.; the Proprietors of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern'; Messrs. Nelson & Sons; Messrs. T. Walrond, for hymns by the late Dean Stanley; Albert Midlane; Mrs. Downton; Miss V. G. H. Havergal; Miss Frances E. Cox; Mr. W. H. Groser; Messrs. Macmillan & Co., for hymn 86, by Lord Tennyson; Mr. Geo. Morrish; Messrs. Oliphant & Co.; Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co.; Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.; Messrs. George Rawson, T. Stamford Raffles, J.P.; Mrs. Punshon, Mrs. Moultrie, and Mrs. Lynch.

If any persons to whom the committee are indebted have not been mentioned, or any hymns inserted without permission, it is an oversight and not intentional, and it is hoped this apology will be accepted.

In securing the sanction for copyright hymns, obtaining the names and dates of authors, and making several of the Indexes, valuable assistance has been rendered by Mr. W. T. Brooke, who is an able expert in hymnology, and who possesses the original editions of most of the hymn books which have been issued. The indebtedness of the committee to him is hereby respectfully acknowledged.

At the risk of its being considered invidious for the name of any of their own members to be mentioned, the committee cannot forbear acknowledging the eminent services of Dr. George Booth, J.P., of Chesterfield, in obtaining the best versions of the hymns, and in the time and labour which, at great sacrifice, he has bestowed on the work from its commencement to its completion.

That the Hymnal will be, or deserves to be, regarded as faultless, is not for a moment thought or expected. The committee, in the fragments of time which they have been able to snatch from other numerous and pressing engagements, have done the best they could; and they now send forth the fruit of their efforts, praying that it may contribute in some humble degree to the more worthy praise of the Triune God—FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

THE HYMNAL COMMITTEE.



## PREFACE TO THE EDITION WITH TUNES.

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THE publication of the Hymnal naturally gave rise to an urgent necessity for an edition with accompanying tunes, and a Committee was appointed by Conference to select appropriate tunes for use in the public and private Worship of Praise. The following are the names of those to whom the selection was entrusted:—

T. BEELEY,  
G. BOOTH,  
W. CUTTS,  
D. HAIGH,  
W. HESLOP,  
T. W. TURNER,  
J. TOULSON,

W. SHACKLETON.  
T. G. SNOWDEN,  
B. SUTCLIFFE,  
T. WAITE,  
J. WIGELSWORTH,  
J. WOOD.

After several protracted sittings the Committee approved of a selection of tunes which are known to be extensively used by our congregations. These, together with a large number of original tunes, were placed in the hands of the Editor for final selection.

The task was found to be one of considerable difficulty, but by keeping in mind the needs of the present, the probable requirements of the future, combined with a due reverence of the past, it is believed that a collection has been provided which will give general satisfaction. To make the book more complete a comprehensive list of old favourites, not set to words, has been included in the Appendix, a feature which it is hoped will be greatly appreciated.

It has been the endeavour of the Committee to provide a book adapted to the increased musical culture of our organists, choirs, and congregations. That this was rendered imperative, is shown by the marvellous advance in congregational singing which has been made during the past few years, and great progress continues to be made through the attention given to the singing at anniversary services, choral festivals, and especially through the teaching of music in the Public Elementary Schools. The book will be found to contain old and familiar melodies, combined with the best modern tunes, selected from every available source, and further enriched by many original tunes composed expressly for this work. While no school of musical thought has been uniformly adhered to, care has been taken to select the tune best adapted for giving expression to the sentiment of the hymn.

Some tunes are inserted which a severe taste would reject, but as these are wedded to the hymns and hallowed by old associations, it was thought that their exclusion would have been a source of regret to many, not only on sentimental grounds, but because of the inherent vitality which they evidently contain. With these possible exceptions, it is hoped that there is no composition in this large collection of eight hundred and eighty-four tunes but will gratify the taste of the musician, and at the same time appeal to the highest and noblest feelings of our congregations, thus materially assisting them to "Make melody in their hearts to the Lord."

Much difference of opinion will be found to exist as to the best method of performance of hymn music. Whilst a hurried style of singing is to be deprecated, it is suggested that much advantage would be gained by an approximate return to the lively, vigorous singing, which characterized the early period of the history of our Connexion.

In order to remove the tendency to pause at the end of each line, where very frequently the sense of the hymn does not require it, the use of double bars has been discarded, except at the end of a musical period; the end of the lines being indicated by dashes (""). To avoid an overcrowded appearance from the too frequent use of expression marks, it has been deemed advisable to omit all mezzo-signs, it must therefore be understood, that all unmarked verses, or parts of verses are to be sung with medium force, the letters *p*, *pp*, *f* and *ff* having their usual significance in modifying such medium. The graphic signs  $\lessgtr$  for crescendo and diminuendo have been used as more clearly expressing the effects desired.

The adoption by the Compilers of the Hymnal of the Editor's suggestion, to place in each section, hymns of the same measure together, has considerably reduced the size of the work, and possesses this additional advantage, that if the tune selected is not known, possibly a tune already familiar may be found on the same or the adjoining page, and may be used until the one chosen has been learnt. The logical sequence of the hymns has been less interfered with than was anticipated.

The Committee desire to recognize the professional ability and judgment of Mr. Henry Coward in the examination and re-arrangement where necessary, of the harmonies of non-copyright tunes, and the skill more especially shown in improving the harmony of many of the old tunes by imparting vigour and melody to the "parts" while retaining the character of the tunes.

The Committee moreover desire gratefully to record the valuable and unwearied labours undertaken by the Secretary, the Rev. W. Cutts, and their deep sense of obligation to Dr. Booth, the Editor, upon whom has devolved most onerous and responsible duties. With the earnest hope that it may prove instrumental in rendering the Service of Praise typical of that higher and brighter worship of the "Saints in Light," the Committee commend this edition of the Hymnal with Tunes to the use of the families and congregations of our beloved Connexion.

The Committee desire to thank the following proprietors of copyright tunes for their permission most generously given to insert their tunes without payment:—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, for Gotha, by H.R.H. the late Prince Consort; Dr. Allon, for Finchley; Mr. Malcolm Allison, for Eadric, St. Deny's, Blasius, Faith, and St. Jerome; Mr. E. Aykroyd, for Burnett and Eden Grove; Mr. A. Knott Baines, for Greenock; Mr. F. G. Baker, for St. Saviour; Rev. H. Baker, for Hesperus; Rev. O. R. Barnicott, for Warrenne, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Mr. J. Barritt, for Day of Gladness; the proprietors of the *Bristol Tune Book*, through Mr. F. Morgan, for Caterham and Beachley; Mr. F. Brain, for Kensington; Dr. G. Booth, for St. Margaret, Pastor, and Nocturn; Mr. J. B. Birkbeck, for Everlasting Light, Providence, Adela, Worship, Sacred Rest, and Christian Submission; Mr. J. W. Best, for Humility; Mr. J. Broadbent, for Rinder; Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, for St. Peter and Grange; Rev. E. W. Bullinger, for Bullinger, Selattyn, and Tenterden; Messrs. Burns, Oates, and Co., for Rome, Toronto, and St. Justin; Mr. H. Elliot Button, for Rothesay, Watchword, Suppliant, Priodas, and Sursum Voces; Rev. E. S. Carter, for Wreford; the proprietors of *Cheetham's Psalmody*, for Fertile Plains, Ossett, Grosvenor, Maudsley Street, and Passing Bell; Mr. G. F. Cobb, for Holderness; Dr. Cooke, for Wanswell; the proprietors of the *Christian Psalmist* for Dawning; Mrs. E. Cottman, for Caterham and Beachley; Mr. R. F. Coules, for Dedicatio Anni; Mr. H. Coward, for Triumphant Host, Nature's Voice, Oxford, Entreaty, Clegg, Burngrove, Thornbury, Solace, Song of



Triumph, St. Louis, Brocco Bank, Iris, Tribute, Firs Hill; Messrs. Curwen & Son, for Woodhouse, Day of Gladness, and Norfolk Park; Mr. H. Dawson, for Fides; Mr. T. W. Dean, for Whitefriars; Mr. R. Dennis, for Crewe and Matlock; Mr. H. Dennis, for Euphony; Mr. A. Dicks, for Carleton; Mr. F. Dykes, for the following tunes of the late Rev. Dr. Dykes:—Durham, St. Agnes, St. Bees, Lux Benigna, Visio Domini, St. Hilary, and St. Anatolius; The Lord Bishop of Exeter and Dr. Bunnett, for St. Peter's (Mancroft); Sir G. J. Elvey, for St. George; Mr. M. B. Foster, for Monica; Mr. W. D. Farrar from *Lowestoft Supplemental Tune Book*, for White Robes; Mr. O. M. Fielden, for Eden; Mr. A. R. Gaul, Mus. Bac., for Hosanna and St. Saviour; Mr. J. H. Gaunt, for Mount Zion and Brampton; Mr. J. M. Gibson, for Mansion, Bensham, and Clarence Street; Mr. W. G. W. Goodworth, for Andover; Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey, for St. Aidan; Mr. J. W. Griffith, for Ruskin; Mr. J. T. Grimley, for Woodside; Mr. J. Hall, for Paterson; Mr. C. Hancock, Mus. Bac., for Consecration and Scopus; Mr. W. Haynes, for Priory; Miss M. V. G. Havergal, for Consecration, Tryphena, and Evan; Mr. A. L. Hayne, for Buckland, St. Anselm, and St. Cecilia; Mr. W. Heslop, for Shildon; Mr. W. P. Holmes, for Centenary; Mr. J. C. Hirst, for Hirst; Mr. J. Higson, for Redemption; the proprietors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, through the Rev. W. Pulling, for Almsgiving, St. Cross, St. Cuthbert, Diademata, St. Fulbert, Rivaulx, Hollingside, Purleigh, St. Raphael, Stephanos, Vox Dilecti, Southwell, Horbury, Vigilate, Melita, St. Philip, St. Matthias, Pax Dei, Quam Dilecta, Monkland, St. Columba, Eudoxia, St. Gabriel, Chalvey, Dies Iræ, Beatitudo, Pilgrims, Paradise, and Caswall; Mr. C. Iseard, for Elthorne, Hatchard, and Fairbridge; Mrs. Jackson, for Evening Hymn; Mr. F. James, Mus. Bac., for Moorgate and Gennesaret; the proprietors of the *London Tune Book*, for Norwood and Grasmere; Dr. H. J. Leslie, for Alpha; Mr. J. Langran, Mus. Bac., for Deerhurst and St. Agnes; Mr. E. Lemare, for Conquest and Haven; Mr. E. H. Lemare, F.C.O., for "Come, praise the Lord," and Broomhill; Mr. F. G. Ladds, for Reliance and Hiding Place; Mr. H. T. Lewis, Mus. Bac., for Pardon, Eastwood, Tribute, Kelvinside, Humility, Lewis, St. Fillans, Glasgow, and Vital Spark; Mr. G. A. Löhr, for St. Frances; Dr. A. H. Mann, for Censorinus, Woodhouse Grove, Valour, Angel's Story, Lasus, and Aristides; Mr. T. Marshall, for Rokeby; Mr. J. Maurice, for Easter Eve and Springfield; Mr. J. Mayhurst, for Eventide; Dr. H. Middleton, for Alicia, Helena, and Clarissa; Mr. J. Millington, for Rejoicing, Philip, Tranquillity, Advocate, and Celeste; Mr. R. Mellor, for Elevation; Mr. G. Merritt, for Ormsby, Supplication, and Clive Vale; Messrs. Morgan & Scott, from *Songs and Solos*, for Substitution and Casarea; Mr. T. Waldo Morrell, for Shortlands, Southend, and Brixton; Mr. T. Morley, for St. Albans; Mr. J. Moxon, for Ferguson, Nuremburg, and Eventide; Mr. J. Morrell, for New Leeds; Mr. H. Naylor, for Zion; Messrs. Nicholson & Son, from *Prize Psalmody*, for Reques; Mr. J. Nicholson, for Hotham; Rev. R. S. Newman, for Land of Rest; the *Onward Office*, for Erlesdene; Mr. J. Osborne, for Cuthbert; Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, for Tenbury and St. Austin; Mr. J. I. Overton, for Pitsmoor, Caunton, and Rehoboth; Mr. J. Parsons, for Mahlon; Mr. J. W. Phillips, for Glossop Road and Communion; Mr. J. Price, for Ethel; the proprietors of the *Psalmist*, through Messrs. J. Haddon & Co., for Neapolis; Mr. C. H. Purday, for Gainsworth and Sandon; Mr. C. Reinagle, for Ellesmere; Mr. H. Roach, for Camborne, Chypons, Pendeen, Penzance, and Porthminster; the proprietors of the *Sarum Hymnal*, for St. Philip; Mr. J. Selby, for Parkes and Orison; Mr. J. Slater, for Eastwood; Rev. H. P. Smith, for "Sun of my soul"; Mr. A. Smith, for Maplebeck; Mr. W. Smallwood, for Antwerp, Hampstead, and Brentwood; Mr. E. Stock, for Harlan; Rev. R. W. Strickland, for College Street; Mr. T. B. Southgate, for Brabant, Brookfield, and Southgate; Dr. W. Statham, for Eccleriggs, De Mortuis, Handford, and Olney; Sir A. Sullivan, Mus. Doc., for Gabriel; Mr. F. T. Sutton, for Trinnell; Mr. J. F. Swift, for Evening Hymn; Mr. S. W. Taylor, for Lytham; Mr. R. Tomlinson, for Thirlwall; Dr. Torrance, for Trust; Mr. J. R. Turle, for Westminster; the proprietors of *Tunes Old and New*, for

Worsley; the proprietors of the *Union Tune Book*, for Arabia and Daniel; Dr. Waite, for Hungerford, Highbury, and Halstead; Mr. T. Wallhead, for Teignton, Nazareth, Safety, and Bexley; Mr. J. Walch, for Angelic Songs, Eagley, St. George's Bolton, and Sawley; Mr. J. C. Walton, for St. Catherine; The Wesleyan Conference Office, for Monmouth, Succour, Brimington, Early Dawn, Arabia, Harvest Home, Leeds, Morning Flowers, Warrington, Whittington, and Vigil; the Newcastle-on-Tyne *Wesleyan Service of Song Committee*, for Jesmond; Mr. J. A. Wears, for Heaton and Cheviot; Mr. T. H. Williams, for Keighley; Mr. N. M. Wells, for Guidance; Mr. A. H. Welbourn, for Cecil and Driffield; Mr. C. L. Williams, for Tibberton; Mr. W. W. Woodward, for Litany; Mr. J. W. Waugh, for "Jesus, still lead on"; Mr. H. W. Benson, for Uppingham.

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The thanks of the Committee are due for the offers of many hundreds of compositions, which have been necessarily omitted for want of space. They also desire to state that every effort has been made to discover the owners of copyright tunes, and trust that any involuntary infringement which may have occurred may be pardoned, and promise that all due acknowledgments shall be made in future editions of this book.

THE COMMITTEE.

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#### EDITOR'S NOTE.

As the innovations are somewhat numerous and important, it may be advisable to state here that the Editor is responsible for the introduction of the methods of "Barring," "Expression Marks," "Graphic Signs," "Numeral Time Signatures," and for the selection of tunes in the Appendix. He also desires to express his acknowledgments to the General Book Steward, the Rev. J. Toulson, for his kindness in carrying out his suggestions as to the manner of printing, &c., and for sparing no expense in obtaining permission to use copyright tunes; nor should omission be made of the valuable services rendered by the Assistant Book Steward, Mr. T. C. Eamer. To the following gentlemen the Editor tenders his thanks for their suggestions and assistance while the work was passing through the press:—Rev. W. Cutts, Mr. W. Heslop, Mr. T. W. Turner, Mr. W. Shackleton, Mr. T. Waite, Mr. J. Wigelsworth, and Mr. H. Elliot Button.

G. B.

CHESTERFIELD, *June*, 1889.

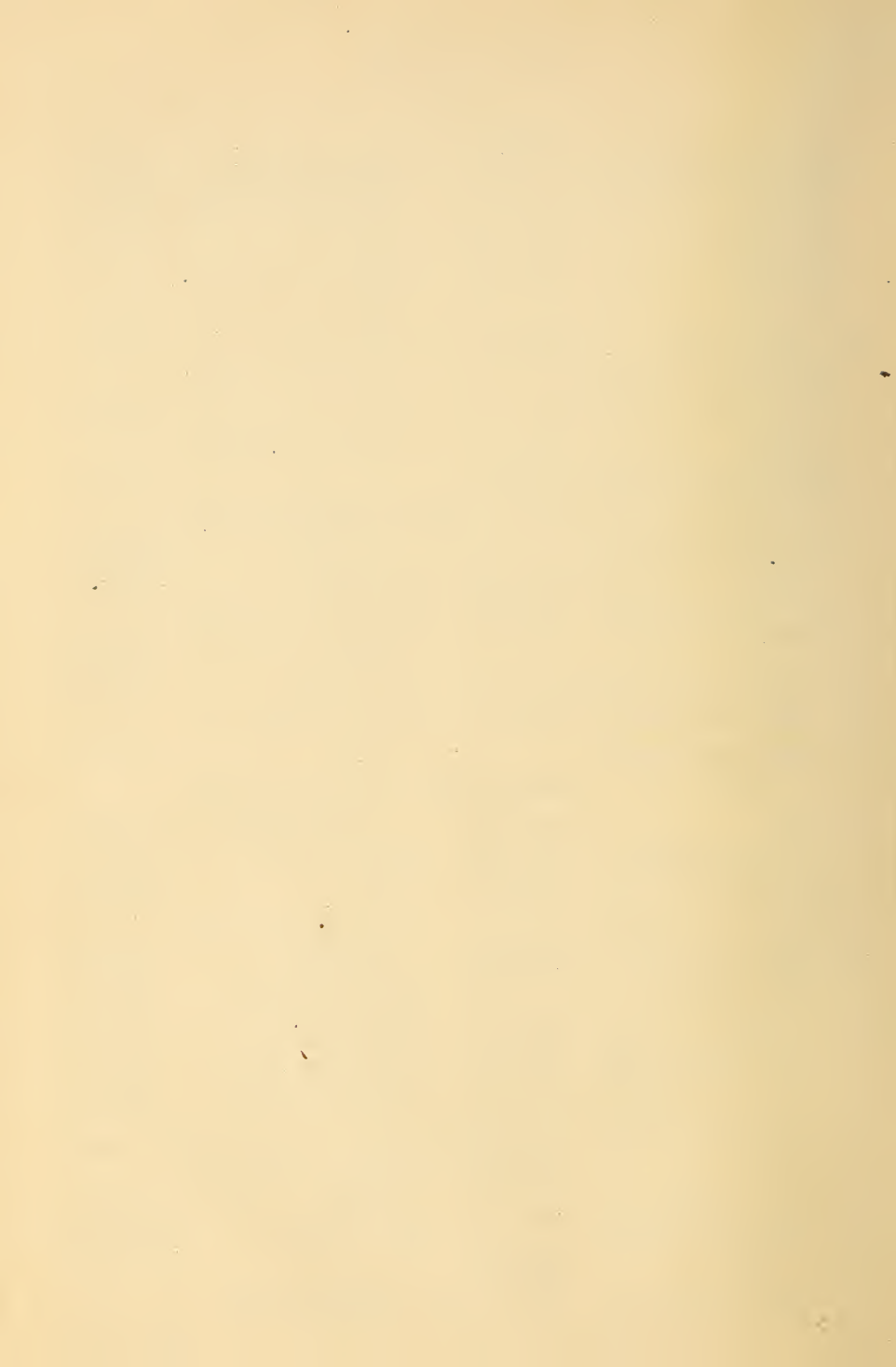
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# CONTENTS.

	HYMNS		HYMNS
I.—GOD THE FATHER ...	1—72	COMMUNION WITH GOD ...	486—523
HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES	1— 16	THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS	524—540
HIS WORKS ... ..	17— 27	ANTICIPATIONS AND HOPES	541—578
HIS PROVIDENCE ... ..	28— 40	ITS DUTIES ... ..	579—682
HIS GRACE ... ..	41— 48	WORK AND WATCHFUL-	
HIS PRAISE ... ..	49— 72	NESS ... ..	579—611
II.—GOD THE SON ...	73—164	TRUST IN GOD ... ..	612—648
HIS INCARNATION AND AD-		CONTENTMENT AND RE-	
VENT ... ..	73— 83	SIGNATION ... ..	649—663
HIS LIFE, WORK, AND EX-		PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION	664—673
AMPLE '... ..	84— 89	MUTUAL FORBEARANCE	
HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH	90—104	AND LOVE ... ..	674—682
HIS RESURRECTION AND AS-		VIII.—CHRISTIAN INSTI-	
CENSION ... ..	105—116	TUTIONS ... ..	683—811
HIS PRIESTHOOD AND INTER-		THE MINISTRY ... ..	683—704
CESSION ... ..	117—125	THE CHURCH ... ..	705—724
HIS KINGDOM AND REIGN	126—138	BAPTISM AND THE LORD'S	
HIS NAMES AND PRAISE ...	139—164	SUPPER ... ..	725—746
III.—GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT	165—190	THE SABBATH ... ..	747—769
IV.—THE HOLY TRINITY	191—201	PUBLIC WORSHIP ... ..	770—796
V.—THE HOLY SCRIP-		FAMILY AND PRIVATE DE-	
TURES ... ..	202—213	VOTION ... ..	797—811
VI.—MAN ... ..	214—268	IX.—VARIOUS OCCASIONS	
HIS FALLEN CONDITION ...	214—222	AND SEASONS ...	812—964
HIS REDEMPTION ... ..	223—238	PLACES OF WORSHIP ...	812—824
WARNINGS AND INVITATIONS	239—268	MISSIONS ... ..	825—850
VII.—CHRISTIAN LIFE ...	269—682	SABBATH SCHOOLS ...	851—867
ITS EXPERIENCE ... ..	269—438	COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE	
REPENTANCE AND TURNING		OF THE YEAR ... ..	868—889
TO GOD ... ..	269—325	HARVEST THANKSGIVING ...	890—904
JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH	326—337	NATIONAL HYMNS ... ..	905—915
REGENERATION AND ADOPT-		MARINERS AND TRAVELLERS	916—929
TION ... ..	338—349	MARRIAGE AND HOME ...	930—937
CONSECRATION AND HOLI-		MORNING AND EVENING ...	938—964
NESS ... ..	350—398	X.—THE FUTURE STATE	965—1032
STEADFASTNESS AND		DEATH AND THE RESUR-	
GROWTH IN GRACE ...	399—428	RECTION ... ..	965—1001
DECLENSION AND RE-		THE JUDGMENT ... ..	1002—1013
COVERY ... ..	429—438	FINAL AWARDS ... ..	1014—1032
ITS PRIVILEGES ... ..	439—578	XI.—MISCELLANEOUS	
SUPPORT AND GUIDANCE	439—485	HYMNS ... ..	1033—1052





# INDEX.

FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
A blessing on Thy servant's head .. ..	689	Humility .. ..	L.M.
A charge to keep I have .. ..	373	Silchester .. ..	S.M.
A few more years shall roll .. ..	980	Chalvey, Leominster ..	S.M.D.
A fortress sure is God our King ..	637	Ein feste Burg ..	87.8 7.6 6.6 6.7.
A glory gilds the sacred page .. ..	205	Emmanuel, Chant "Elvey" .. ..	C.M.
A good High Priest is come .. ..	123	Heaton .. ..	6.6.6 6.8.8.
A thousand oracles divine .. ..	785	St. Peter .. ..	C.M.
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide..	963	Eventide, Ellers ..	10.10.10.10.
According to Thy gracious word ..	729	Allhallows .. ..	C.M.
Across the sky the shades of night ..	885	Faith .. ..	8.7.8 7.8 8.7.
Again, as evening's shadow falls ..	748	Staincliffe .. ..	L.M.
Ah, whither should I go .. ..	297	Fonthill Abbey, Ethel.	S.M. or S.M.D.
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed ..	285	Resting, Tallis ..	C.M.
All as God wills, Who wisely heeds ..	622	Jazer .. ..	C.M.
All glory to our gracious Lord .. ..	520	Snowdon .. ..	8.8.8 8.8 8.
All hail the power of Jesus' name ..	143	Miles' Lane .. ..	C.M.
All people that on earth do dwell ..	772	1st tune, Old Hundredth (original form) ..	L.M.
		2nd tune, Old Hundredth (modern form) ..	L.M.
All praise to our redeeming Lord .. ..	532	Solomon .. ..	C.M.
All praise to the Lord, who rules with a word	928	Tribute .. ..	10.6.11 11.6 12.
All praise to Thee, my God, this night ..	945	Tallis' Canon .. ..	L.M.
All thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet	724	Hughenden .. ..	10.10.11 11.
All things are possible to him .. ..	395	Euphony .. ..	8.8.8 8.8 8.
All ye that pass by .. ..	95	Darlington, Oxford, Osborne .. ..	5.5.11.5 5.11.
Almighty Father of mankind .. ..	33	St. Peter .. ..	C.M.
Almighty God, Thy word is cast .. ..	210	Byzantium, Chant "Cooke" .. ..	C.M.
Although the vine its fruit deny .. ..	640	Ruperra .. ..	8.8.6 8.8 6.
Am I a soldier of the cross .. ..	586	Marlow .. ..	C.M.
And am I only born to die .. ..	965	Grosvenor .. ..	8.8.6 8.8 6.
And are we yet alive .. ..	533	St. Michael .. ..	S.M.
And can it be, that I should gain .. ..	337	St. Paul's, Sagina (1104)	8.8.8 8.8 8.
And is there, Lord, a cross for me ..	614	Saxby .. ..	L.M.
And let our bodies part .. ..	695	Augustine, Vigil ..	S.M.
And let this feeble body fail .. ..	549	St. Matthew .. ..	C.M.D.
And must this body die .. ..	976	St. Bride, Hotham ..	S.M.
And will the great eternal God .. ..	812	Winchester .. ..	L.M.
Angel-voices ever singing .. ..	791	Angel Voices, (1094) ..	8.5.8 5.8 4.3.
Angels, from the realms of glory .. ..	80	Regent Square .. ..	8.7.8 7.4.7.
Another Sabbath ended .. ..	764	Bradford .. ..	7.6.7.6 7.6.7.6.
Another six days' work is done .. ..	753	Nicea .. ..	L.M.
Another year is dawning .. ..	883	Sacrifice, Crewe ..	7.6.7.6.
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat ..	229	Gordon .. ..	C.M.
Are there no years in heaven .. ..	874	Southport, Sator ..	S.M.
Arise, my soul, arise .. ..	331	Millennium, Majesty (1089) .. ..	6.6.6 6.8.8.
Arise, my tenderest thoughts, arise ..	215	Melcombe .. ..	L.M.
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake .. ..	708	Bristol .. ..	L.M.
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake, Thine own..	829	Mainzer .. ..	L.M.
Around the throne of God in heaven ..	861	Glory (with refrain) ..	C.M.
Art thou weary, art thou languid ..	462	Stephanos, Bullinger..	8 5.8.3.
As helpless as a child who clings .. ..	623	Land of Rest .. ..	C.M.D.
As pants the hart for cooling streams ..	500	Spohr .. ..	C.M.
As the sun's enlivening eye .. ..	680	Chester .. ..	7.7.7.7.
At even, ere the sun had set .. ..	754	Angelus .. ..	L.M.
Author of faith, eternal Word .. ..	326	Mainzer .. ..	L.M.
Author of faith, to Thee I cry .. ..	333	Magdalen College ..	8.8.6 8.8 6.
Awake, and sing the song .. ..	152	St. George .. ..	S.M.
Awake, glad soul, awake, awake .. ..	106	University .. ..	C.M.
Awake, my soul, and with the sun .. ..	938	Morning Hymn .. ..	L.M.
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve ..	584	Philippi .. ..	C.M.
Awake, our souls; away, our fears .. ..	402	Bonn .. ..	L.M.

FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE
Awake, ye saints, awake .. .. .	762	Seabridge .. ..	666.6.8.8.
Away, my needless fears .. .. .	625	Francia .. ..	S.M.
Away, my unbelieving fears .. .. .	617	Maplebeck .. ..	L.M.
Away with our fears .. .. .	180	Hosanna .. ..	55.5.11.5.5.11.
Away with our sorrow and fear .. .. .	574	Arabia .. ..	88.8.8.8.8.8.
Be it my only wisdom here .. .. .	421	Mandsley St. .. ..	886.8.8.6.
Be present at our table, Lord .. .. .	1033	Old Hundredth .. ..	L.M.
Before Jehovah's awful throne .. .. .	1	Old Hundredth .. ..	L.M.
Before the great Three-One .. .. .	45	Pontypridd .. ..	66.8.4.6.6.8.4.
Before Thy mercy-seat, O Lord .. .. .	206	Bishopthorpe, Chant "Mornington" .. ..	C.M.
Begin, my soul, some heavenly theme .. .. .	8	Mylon .. ..	C.M.
Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near .. .. .	482	Hanover, Gorton .. ..	10.10.11.11.
Behold a sinner at Thy feet .. .. .	296	Claremont .. ..	C.M.
Behold, a Stranger's at the door .. .. .	246	Entreaty, Hartel .. ..	L.M.
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night .. .. .	889	Bridegroom .. ..	14.14.14.14.
Behold, the mountain of the Lord .. .. .	834	Barrow .. ..	C.M.
Behold the Saviour of mankind .. .. .	93	Sympathy .. ..	C.M.
Behold the servant of the Lord .. .. .	397	St. Catherine .. ..	88.8.8.8.8.
Behold Thy temple, God of grace .. .. .	817	Melcombe .. ..	L.M.
Behold us, Lord, a little space .. .. .	780	Eastwood .. ..	C.M.
Behold, what condescending love .. .. .	728	Kind Shepherd .. ..	C.M.
Behold, what wondrous grace .. .. .	343	Batchford, Toronto .. ..	S.M.
Behold, what wondrous love and grace .. .. .	48	Stella .. ..	88.8.8.8.8.
Beyond, beyond that boundless sea .. .. .	26	Sherwood .. ..	86.8.6.8.6.
Beyond the glittering starry skies .. .. .	126	Warwick .. ..	C.M.
Blest be the dear uniting love .. .. .	676	Tiverton .. ..	C.M.
Blest be the tie that binds .. .. .	677	Cauntun .. ..	S.M.
Blest is the man whose heart expands .. .. .	856	Westminster .. ..	C.M.
Blow ye the trumpet, blow .. .. .	842	Brooklyn .. ..	66.6.6.8.8.
Bound upon the accursed tree .. .. .	99	Ecce Homo .. ..	77.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Bread of heaven, on Thee I feed .. .. .	740	Redhead (No. 76) .. ..	77.7.7.7.7.
Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break .. .. .	869	Rome .. ..	C.M.
Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest .. .. .	609	Tenbury, Fontainebleau .. ..	10.10.11.11.
Brethren in Christ, and well-beloved .. .. .	526	Haydn .. ..	L.M.
Brief life is here our portion .. .. .	561	St. Alphege .. ..	76.7.6.
Bright and joyful is the morn .. .. .	77	Reading .. ..	77.7.7.
Brightly gleams our banner .. .. .	413	St. Theresa, Burngrove .. ..	65.6.5. D.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning .. .. .	83	Epiphany Hymn .. ..	11.10.11.10.
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored .. .. .	743	Calm, Faith .. ..	88.8.4.
By cool Siloam's shady rill .. .. .	855	Brixton .. ..	C.M.
By faith we find the place above .. .. .	1006	Shildon .. ..	C.M.
Call Jehovah thy Salvation .. .. .	639	Defence .. ..	87.8.7.8.7.8.7.
Captain of Israel's host, and Guide .. .. .	643	Admiration .. ..	88.8.8.8.8.
Cast on the fidelity .. .. .	415	Camborne .. ..	76.7.6.7.8.7.6.
Children of light, arise and shine .. .. .	422	Magdalen College .. ..	88.6.8.8.6.
Children of the heavenly King .. .. .	555	Blasius, Eli .. ..	77.7.7.
Christ, above all glory seated .. .. .	124	St. Oswald .. ..	87.8.7.
Christ, from whom all blessings flow .. .. .	679	Clayton .. ..	77.7.7.
Christ is our corner-stone .. .. .	823	Samuel .. ..	66.6.6.4.4.4.
'Christ is risen,' hallelujah .. .. .	115	Morgenlied .. ..	87.8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day .. .. .	107	Easter Hymn .. ..	77.7.7.
Christ, whose glory fills the skies .. .. .	944	Spanish Chant .. ..	77.7.7.7.
Christ will gather in His own .. .. .	982	Guthbert, Hernlein .. ..	77.7.7.
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn .. .. .	82	Yorkshire .. ..	10.10.10.10.10.10.
Christian, seek not yet repose .. .. .	605	Vigilate .. ..	77.7.3.
City not made with hands .. .. .	715	Oasis .. ..	66.6.6.6.6.
Clap your hands, ye people all .. .. .	59	Bohemia .. ..	77.7.7.
Cling to the Crucified .. .. .	233	Pardon .. ..	6's (12 lines.)
Come all who'er have set .. .. .	716	Lebanon .. ..	66.6.6.8.8.
Come, and let us sweetly join .. .. .	537	Thanksgiving .. ..	77.7.7.7.7.7.
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God .. .. .	341	Attercliffe .. ..	C.M.
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Honour the means .. .. .	725	Blockley .. ..	L.M.
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, To whom we for .. .. .	867	Dura .. ..	88.8.8.8.8.
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove .. .. .	166	Angels' Hymn .. ..	L.M.
Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickenin' fire .. .. .	396	Lucerne .. ..	88.8.8.8.8.
Come, Holy Ghost, in love .. .. .	181	Moscow .. ..	66.4.6.6.6.4.
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire .. .. .	209	St. Magnus, Chant "Dupuis" .. ..	C.M.
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire .. .. .	188	Rochester .. ..	88.8.8.8.8.
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove .. .. .	176	Eagley .. ..	C.M.
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast .. .. .	284	Sponr .. ..	C.M.

FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord .. ..	529	Uppingham .. ..	C.M.
Come, labour on .. ..	598	Bluntisham .. ..	4.10.10.10.4.
Come, let us anew our journey pursue, Roll round .. ..	877	Derbe .. ..	5.5.5.11.
Come, let us anew our journey pursue, With vigour .. ..	878	Victory .. ..	5.5.5.11.5.5.5.11.
Come, let us ascend .. ..	536	Spes Gloria, Hungerford .. ..	669.669.
Come, let us join our cheerful songs .. ..	150	Arnold's .. ..	C.M.
Come, let us join our friends above .. ..	870	St. Magnus .. ..	C.M.
Come, let us to the Lord our God .. ..	280	Richmond .. ..	C.M.
Come, let us use the grace Divine .. ..	1042	York .. ..	C.M.
Come, let us who in Christ believe .. ..	342	Attercliffe .. ..	C.M.
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare .. ..	669	Pendeen .. ..	7.7.7.
Come, O come, thou vilest sinner .. ..	268	Welcome .. ..	Irregular.
Come, O my God, the promise seal .. ..	404	Kensington .. ..	C.M.
Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord .. ..	279	Richmond .. ..	C.M.
Come, O Thou Traveller unknown .. ..	516	Traveller, Traveller (1106).	8.8.8.8.8.
Come on, my partners in distress .. ..	420	Hull .. ..	8.8.6.8.8.6.
Come, praise your Lord and Saviour .. ..	863	"Come praise the Lord" .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above .. ..	486	Brimington .. ..	L.M.
Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast .. ..	243	Luton .. ..	L.M.
Come, Thou Almighty King .. ..	195	Moscow .. ..	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Come, Thou high and lofty Lord .. ..	538	Guidance .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Come, Thou fount of every blessing .. ..	163	Bethany .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.
Come, Thou long-expected Jesus .. ..	130	Stuttgart .. ..	8.7.8.7.
Come to Calvary's holy mountain .. ..	265	Darmstadt, Paran .. ..	8.7.8.7.7.
Come to our dark nature's night .. ..	184	Capetown .. ..	7.7.7.5
Come unto Me, ye weary .. ..	255	Aurelia .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched .. ..	264	Triumph .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Come ye thankful people, come .. ..	901	St. George .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Come, ye that love the Lord .. ..	58	Silchester .. ..	S.M.
Comfort, ye ministers of grace .. ..	703	Lusatia .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
Command Thy blessing from above .. ..	778	Blockley .. ..	L.M.
Commit thou all thy griefs .. ..	37	Southport .. ..	S.M.
Creator Spirit, by whose aid .. ..	190	Creator .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
Crown Him with many crowns .. ..	129	Tibberton, Diademata .. ..	S.M.D.
Daughter of Zion, from the dust .. ..	709	St. Fulbert .. ..	C.M.
Day by day the manna fell .. ..	453	Paris .. ..	7.7.7.
Day of Judgment, day of wonders .. ..	1008	Helmsley, Lewisham .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Day of wrath, O day of mourning .. ..	1013	Dies Ira .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
Days and moments quickly flying .. ..	1000	Sylvestre .. ..	8.7.8.7 and 8.8.8.8.
Dear refuge of my weary soul .. ..	621	Jazer .. ..	C.M.
Dear Shepherd of Thy people here .. ..	818	Wiltshire .. ..	C.M.
Dearest friends by love united .. ..	682	Everton .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Deathless soul, arise, arise .. ..	990	Tichfield .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Deep are the wounds that sin has made .. ..	241	St. Sepulchre .. ..	L.M.
Deep in the dust before Thy throne .. ..	214	St. Luke .. ..	L.M.
Depth of mercy, can there be .. ..	433	Weber .. ..	7.7.7.
Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord .. ..	606	Arabia .. ..	8.6.8.6.8.6.
Drawn to the cross which Thou hast blessed .. ..	321	Agnus Dei .. ..	8.8.8.6.
Dread Jehovah, God of nations .. ..	913	Penzance .. ..	8.7.8.7.
Dying souls, fast bound in sin .. ..	256	Beachley, St. Mabyu .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6
Enslaved to sense, to pleasure prone .. ..	219	St. Frances .. ..	C.M.
Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord .. ..	175	Eagley .. ..	C.M.
Equip me for the war .. ..	595	Newland, Ferguson .. ..	S.M.
Ere another Sabbath close .. ..	761	Percy .. ..	7.7.7.
Eternal Beam of light Divine .. ..	654	Melcombe .. ..	L.M.
Eternal Father, strong to save .. ..	926	Melita .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
Eternal Light, Eternal Light .. ..	65	Newcastle, Royal Fort .. ..	8.6.8.6.
Eternal Power, whose high abode .. ..	2	Pentecost .. ..	L.M.
Eternal Source of every joy .. ..	891	Lux Mundi .. ..	L.M.
Eternal Spirit, come .. ..	183	Fulneck .. ..	6.6.7.7.7.
Eternal Wisdom, Thee we praise .. ..	56	Byzantium .. ..	C.M.
Exalted high at God's right hand .. ..	1039	Ernan, Missionary Chant .. ..	L.M.
Except the Lord conduct the plan .. ..	700	King's College .. ..	8.8.6.8.8.6.
Far from my heavenly home .. ..	553	Langton .. ..	S.M.
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee .. ..	803	Thorner .. ..	C.M.
Far from these narrow scenes of night .. ..	1018	St. Leonard .. ..	C.M.
Father, how wide Thy glory shines .. ..	19	Tottenham .. ..	C.M.
Father, I know that all my life .. ..	463	Pitsmoor .. ..	8.6.8.6.8.6.
Father, I stretch my hands to Thee .. ..	667	Suppliant .. ..	C.M.
Father, Thou if my Father art .. ..	189	Philip .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.



FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
Father, in high heaven dwelling .. ..	961	Evening Hymn, Finch- ley .. ..	887.887.
Father, in whom we live .. ..	193	Tytherton .. ..	S.M.
Father, let me dedicate .. ..	882	Dedicatio Anni .. ..	7.57.5.7.5.
Father, let Thy kingdom come .. ..	837	Supplication .. ..	7.7.7.
Father, Lord of earth and heaven .. ..	983	Cuthbert, Hermlin .. ..	7.7.7.
Father, now the day is over .. ..	958	Communion, Easter Eve .. ..	87.87.7.7.
Father of all, Thy care we bless .. ..	799	Rinder .. ..	L.M.
Father of earth and sky .. ..	61	St. Hilda .. ..	6.6.7.7.7.
Father of heaven, whose love profound .. ..	191	Blockley, Rivaulx .. ..	L.M.
Father of Jesus Christ the Just .. ..	335	Erlesdene .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
Father of lights, from whom proceeds .. ..	323	Colmar .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
Father of love and power .. ..	952	Benison .. ..	6.6.4.6.6.4.
Father of mercies, bow Thine ear .. ..	685	Kelvinside .. ..	L.M.
Father of mercies, God of love .. ..	868	Requies, Hampstead .. ..	L.M.
Father of mercies, in Thy word .. ..	207	Dublin, Chant "Lang- don" .. ..	C.M.
Father of omnipresent grace .. ..	222	Supplication .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One in Three .. ..	382	Wells .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, In gracious power .. ..	735	Ontario .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.7.6.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Bless the young .. ..	860	Parkes .. ..	7.6.7.6.3.6.6.
Father, throned on high .. ..	194	Spire .. ..	5.5.8.8.5.
Father, whose everlasting love .. ..	223	Duke Street .. ..	L.M.
Feeble, helpless, how shall I .. ..	534	Redhead (No. 47), St. Denys .. ..	7.7.7.
Feeble in body and in mind .. ..	440	St. Luke .. ..	L.M.
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep .. ..	925	St. Aëlfred, Tranquillity (Metrical Chant) .. ..	8.8.8.3.
For all Thy saints, who from their labours rest .. ..	608	Colosse, St. Philip, Chant "Troyte" .. ..	10.10.10.4.
For ever,—beatific word .. ..	1030	Firs Hill, Celeste .. ..	8.8.7.8.8.7.
For ever here my rest shall be .. ..	367	Sawley .. ..	C.M.
For ever with the Lord .. ..	551	Bremen .. ..	S.M.D.
For the beauty of the earth .. ..	64	Spanish Chant .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.
For thee, O dear, dear country .. ..	562	Mossleigh .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.
For Thy mercy and Thy grace .. ..	875	St. Helen .. ..	7.7.7.
For what shall I praise Thee, my God and my King .. ..	662	Tribute .. ..	Irregular.
Forth, in Thy name, O Lord .. ..	940	Fertile Plains .. ..	L.M.
Forward, be our watchword, steps and voices joined .. ..	611	St. Gertrude, St. Boni- face .. ..	11.6 lines.
Fountain of mercy, God of love .. ..	894	Shildon .. ..	C.M.
Friend after friend departs .. ..	986	De Mortuis .. ..	6.6.8.6.8.8.
From all that dwell below the skies .. ..	776	Old Hundredth .. ..	L.M.
From Egypt lately come .. ..	560	Highbury .. ..	6.6.8.6.8.7.
From every stormy wind that blows .. ..	777	Blockley .. ..	L.M.
From Greenland's icy mountains .. ..	845	Patna, Missionary .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.
From the cross uplifted high .. ..	258	Dale Abbey .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.
Full of providential love .. ..	899	Brentwood .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.7.6.
Gentle Shepherd, Thou hast stilled .. ..	992	Meinhold .. ..	7.8.7.8.7.7.
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us .. ..	465	Sefton .. ..	8.7.8.7.
Give me the faith which can remove .. ..	702	Whittington .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Give me the wings of faith, to rise .. ..	545	Jerusalem, Southwell .. ..	C.M.
Give to the winds thy fears .. ..	38	Southport .. ..	S.M.
Gird on thy conquering sword .. ..	131	Darwell's 148th .. ..	6.6.6.4.4.4.4.
Glad was my heart to hear .. ..	786	Rhodes .. ..	S.M.
Glorious God, accept a heart .. ..	63	Jeshurun .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.
Glorious things of thee are spoken .. ..	722	Austria .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.
Glory be to God on high .. ..	78	University College .. ..	7.7.7.
Glory to God, Whose sovereign grace .. ..	340	Simeon .. ..	L.M.
Go, labour on; spend and be spent .. ..	579	Wainwright's Evening Hy. Mainzer .. ..	L.M.
Go, messenger of peace and love .. ..	530	Alhallowes .. ..	8.6.8.6.8.6.
Go not far from me, O my Strength .. ..	656	Redhead (No. 76) .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.
Go to dark Gethsemane .. ..	98	Toulon .. ..	10.10.10.10.
Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime .. ..	704	Supplication, Alpha .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.
Go when the morning shineth .. ..	806	Innocents .. ..	7.7.7.
Go, ye messengers of God .. ..	697	National Anthem .. ..	6.6.4.6.6.4.
God bless our native land .. ..	911	Adoration, Burnham (1087) .. ..	6.6.6.6.8.8.
God is gone up on high .. ..	111	Bethlehem .. ..	8.7.8.7.
God is love; His mercy brightens .. ..	15	Wavertree .. ..	L.M.
God is the refuge of His saints .. ..	705	Winchester (Old) .. ..	C.M.
God might have made the earth bring forth .. ..	1044	London (New), Sawley .. ..	C.M.
God moves in a mysterious way .. ..	36		



FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
God of all consolation, take .. ..	531	Solomon .. ..	C.M.
God of eternal truth and grace .. ..	370	Burnett, Northampton .. ..	C.M.
God of love that hear'st the prayer .. ..	713	St. Bees .. ..	7.7.7.7.
God of mercy, God of grace .. ..	718	Redhead (No. 76), Morn- ing .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.
God of mercy, throned on high .. ..	858	Ellingham .. ..	7.7.7.7.
God of my life, I would Thy praise proclaim .. ..	481	Ellers .. ..	10.10.10.10.
God of my life, through all my days .. ..	53	Eden, Trinity .. ..	L.M.
God of my life, to Thee I call .. ..	442	Norwood .. ..	L.M.
God of my life, what just return .. ..	272	Rockingham .. ..	L.M.
God of my life, whose gracious power .. ..	28	Hesperus .. ..	L.M.
God of my salvation, hear .. ..	309	Josiah .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.
God of our life, Thy various praise .. ..	871	St. Magnus .. ..	C.M.
God of pity, God of grace .. ..	310	Ledbury, Horton .. ..	7.7.7.5
God of that glorious gift of grace .. ..	726	Blockley .. ..	L.M.
God of truth and power and grace .. ..	876	St. Helen .. ..	7.7.7.7.
God only wise, and great, and strong .. ..	4	Mainzer .. ..	L.M.
God save our gracious King .. ..	910	National Anthem .. ..	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
God, that madest earth and heaven .. ..	956	Temple .. ..	8.4.8.4.8.8.4.
God the Father's only Son .. ..	160	Paraclete .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.
God the Lord is King; before Him .. ..	16	Saviour .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Good Thou art, and good Thou dost .. ..	46	Ormesby .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.
Grace, 'tis a charming sound .. ..	411	Charming Sound .. ..	S.M.
Gracious Redeemer, shake .. ..	591	Watchman .. ..	S.M.
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd .. ..	865	Grange .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me .. ..	185	St. John .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Granted is the Saviour's prayer .. ..	178	Trimmell .. ..	7.7.7.7.
Great Giver of all good, to Thee again .. ..	904	Autumnus .. ..	10.10.7.
Great God, as seasons disappear .. ..	890	Lux Mundi .. ..	L.M.
Great God attend, while Zion sings .. ..	49	Wareham .. ..	L.M.
Great God, indulge my humble claim .. ..	339	Warrington .. ..	L.M.
Great God of wonders, all Thy ways .. ..	47	Worsley, Salvator .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Great God, this sacred day of Thine .. ..	768	Eaton .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Great God, what do I see and hear .. ..	1010	Luther's Hymn .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.
Great God, whose universal sway .. ..	826	Sampson .. ..	L.M.
Great is the Lord our God .. ..	820	Cambridge .. ..	S.M.
Great King of Glory, come .. ..	821	Beverley .. ..	6.6.6.6.8.8.
Great King of nations, hear our prayer .. ..	912	Moorgate .. ..	C.M.D.
Great Ruler of the land and sea .. ..	927	Melita .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Great was the day, the joy was great .. ..	167	Antwerp .. ..	L.M.
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah .. ..	407	Dismissal .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Hail, blessed communion of love .. ..	915	Communion .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.
Hail, sacred day of earthly rest .. ..	765	Wreford .. ..	8.6.8.4.
Hail the day that sees Him rise .. ..	108	Immaculata .. ..	7.7.7.7.
Hail, Thou once despised Jesus .. ..	235	Austria .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.
Hail to the Lord's Anointed .. ..	133	Ellacombe, Fairford .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
Hail to the Sabbath Day .. ..	758	St. Andrew's .. ..	S.M.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah .. ..	994	Lux Eoi, Sursum Voces .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.
Happy soul that free from harm .. ..	416	Requies .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Happy soul, thy days are ended .. ..	993	Vesper, Scopas .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.
Happy the man that finds the grace .. ..	338	Warrington .. ..	L.M.
Happy the souls that first believed .. ..	524	Viator .. ..	L.M.
Happy the souls to Jesus joined .. ..	530	St. Leonard .. ..	C.M.
Hark, a voice divides the sky .. ..	989	Titchfield .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Hark, hark, my soul; angelic songs are swelling .. ..	1032	Pilgrims, Angelic Songs .. ..	11.10.11.10.9.11.
Hark, how the watchmen cry .. ..	590	Watchman .. ..	S.M.
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord .. ..	412	Christus, Priory .. ..	7.7.7.7.
Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes .. ..	75	St. Saviour .. ..	C.M.
Hark, the gospel news is sounding .. ..	262	Rousseau, Grace (1096) .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Hark, the herald-angels sing .. ..	79	Mendelssohn .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Hark, the song of jubilee .. ..	847	Iris .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Hark, the voice of love and mercy .. ..	103	Calvary .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry .. ..	599	Broomsgrove .. ..	6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.
Hark, what mean those holy voices .. ..	81	Deerhurst .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.
Hast Thou bidden, gracious Lord .. ..	857	Ellingham .. ..	7.7.7.7.
He comes, He comes, the Judge severe .. ..	1002	Holly .. ..	L.M.
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies .. ..	90	Hayes .. ..	L.M.D.
He is gone—a cloud of light .. ..	114	St. Patrick .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
He wills that I should holy be .. ..	353	St. Anselm .. ..	L.M.
Head of Thy Church triumphant .. ..	633	Worship, Grasmere .. ..	7.7.8.7.7.7.8.7.
Hear what God the Lord hath spoken .. ..	723	Bethany .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.
Heavenly Father, all creation .. ..	198	Exeter .. ..	8.7.8.7.7.7.7.7.
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing .. ..	866	Day of Gladness .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.
Heavenly Father, to whose eye .. ..	452	Paris .. ..	7.7.7.7.
Heavenward our path still goes .. ..	569	The Long Home .. ..	7.8.7.8.7.7.

FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
Help, Lord, to whom for help I fly .. ..	607	St. Justin .. ..	886.886.
Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest ..	1051	Springfield .. ..	11.10.11.10.
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ..	745	Valparaiso .. ..	10.10.10.10.
High in the heavens, eternal God .. ..	30	St. Paul .. ..	L.M.
Hills of the North, rejoice .. ..	811	Rehoboth .. ..	6.6.6.6.8.8.
Ho, every one that thirsts, draw nigh .. ..	244	Luton .. ..	L.M.
Holy Father, Thou hast given .. ..	213	St. Margaret .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness .. ..	187	Clevedon .. ..	8.7.8.7.7.8.8.
Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty .. ..	201	Nicaea, Trinity .. ..	11.12.12.10.
Holy, holy, holy Lord, In the highest heavens	345	Hirst, Buckland .. ..	7.7.7.7.
Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts .. ..	14	Syria .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Holy Lamb, who Thee receive .. ..	505	Pleyel .. ..	7.7.7.7.
Holy Spirit, pity me .. ..	179	Weber .. ..	7.7.7.7.
Home, kindred, friends, and country—these ..	850	Eaton .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Hosanna, loud hosanna .. ..	861	Lylington .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn .. ..	854	St. Saviour .. ..	C.M.
Hosanna to the living Lord .. ..	793	Hosanna .. ..	8.8.8.8.4.7.
How are Thy servants, blest, O Lord .. ..	920	Llandaff .. ..	C.M.
How beauteous are their feet .. ..	693	St. George .. ..	S.M.
How blest is life if lived for Thee .. ..	489	David's Harp .. ..	L.M.
How blest the righteous when he dies .. ..	967	Malta .. ..	L.M.
How bright these glorious spirits shine .. ..	1019	Beatitudo .. ..	C.M.
How can a sinner know .. ..	344	Batchford, Toronto ..	S.M.
How do Thy mercies close me round .. ..	649	St. Paul .. ..	L.M.
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord	485	Providence .. ..	11.11.11.11.
How happy are the little flock .. ..	473	Woodhouse Grove ..	8.8.6.8.8.6.
How happy are we .. ..	714	Bensham .. ..	5.5.9.6.6.9.
How happy, gracious Lord, are we .. ..	514	Ruperra .. ..	8.8.6.8.8.6.
How happy is the pilgrim's lot .. ..	573	Hull .. ..	8.8.6.8.8.6.
How heavy is the night .. ..	221	Clegg, St. John .. ..	S.M.
How helpless guilty nature lies .. ..	217	Horsley .. ..	C.M.
How honoured, how dear .. ..	535	Houghton .. ..	5.5.5.6.5.6.5.
How many pass this solemn night .. ..	886	St. Catherine .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.8.
How pleasant, how divinely fair .. ..	771	Bavaria .. ..	L.M.
How precious is the book divine .. ..	204	Farrant, Chant "Boyce"	C.M.
How sad our state by nature is .. ..	218	French (Dundee) .. ..	C.M.
How shall I follow Him I serve .. ..	650	Brookfield .. ..	L.M.
How sweet to think that all who love .. ..	719	Daniel, St. Kitts .. ..	8.6.8.6.8.8.
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds .. ..	146	Belmont .. ..	C.M.
How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound .. ..	85	Staincliffe .. ..	L.M.
How swift the torrent rolls .. ..	978	Shawmut .. ..	S.M.
How vain are all things here below .. ..	585	Philippi .. ..	C.M.
How weak the thoughts and vain .. ..	1027	Eccles .. ..	6.6.7.7.7.7.
How welcome was the call .. ..	933	Mahlon .. ..	S.M.
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus .. ..	635	Sacred Rest .. ..	8.5.8.3.
I and my house will serve the Lord .. ..	808	Lonsdale .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.6.
I ask the gift of righteousness .. ..	372	Emmas, Dunfermline ..	C.M.
I bring my sins to Thee .. ..	379	Carinthia .. ..	6.6.6.6.8.8.
I could not do without Thee .. ..	305	St. George's, Bolton ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
I have a home above .. ..	554	Mansion .. ..	S.M.D.
I heard the voice of Jesus say .. ..	502	Vox Dilecti, Vox Jesu, Audite Audientes Me	C.M.D.
I hunger and I thirst .. ..	734	Safety .. ..	6.6.6.6.
I know that my Redeemer lives .. ..	357	Evenide .. ..	C.M.
I know Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art .. ..	518	St. Catherine, Saints of God .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.8.
I lay my sins on Jesus .. ..	306	Madagascar .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
I lift my heart to Thee .. ..	378	Sursun Corda .. ..	6.4.6.4.10.10.
I long to behold Him arrayed .. ..	575	Uxbridge .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.
I love the Lord, He lent anear .. ..	368	Sawley .. ..	C.M.
I love Thy Kingdom, Lord .. ..	712	Thirlwell .. ..	S.M.
I need Thee, precious Jesus .. ..	630	Aurelia .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
I sing the almighty power of God .. ..	22	Ruskin .. ..	C.M.
I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God .. ..	352	Eden .. ..	L.M.
I want a principle within .. ..	588	Kilmarnock .. ..	C.M.
I would commune with Thee, my God .. ..	494	Rochester .. ..	C.M.
If our God had not befriended .. ..	469	Anglican .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
I'll praise my Maker with my breath .. ..	71	Monmouth, Dresden ..	8.8.8.8.8.8.
I'm but a stranger here .. ..	558	Fatherland .. ..	6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.
I'm kneeling at the threshold .. ..	565	St. George's, Bolton ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.
In age and feebleness extreme .. ..	996	Clarissa .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.8.
In all my ways, O God .. ..	805	Doncaster .. ..	S.M.
In fellowship, alone .. ..	593	Driffeld .. ..	S.M.
In grief and fear, to Thee, O Lord .. ..	1043	Orison .. ..	C.M.
In heavenly love abiding .. ..	417	St. Theodolph .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
In memory of the Saviour's love .. ..	730	Belmont .. ..	C.M.

FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
In the cross of Christ I glory .. .. .	102	Ellerker .. .. .	87.87.
In the dark and cloudy day .. .. .	459	Evelyn .. .. .	7776.
In the day of thy distress .. .. .	631	Coldrey .. .. .	76.76.77.
In the hour of trial .. .. .	455	St. Mary Magdalene .. .. .	6.6.6.6.6.6.5.
In this glad hour, when children meet .. .. .	798	Portobello .. .. .	L.M.
Infinite God, to Thee we raise .. .. .	200	Pater Omnium, St. Paul .. .. .	88.8.8.8.
Infinite, unexhausted Love .. .. .	223	Abridge .. .. .	C.M.
Into Thy gracious hands I fall .. .. .	445	Neapolis .. .. .	L.M.
It came upon the midnight clear .. .. .	76	Noel .. .. .	C.M.D.
It is not death to die .. .. .	979	Serenity .. .. .	S.M.
Jerusalem, my happy home .. .. .	544	Jerusalem, Southwell .. .. .	C.M.
Jerusalem on high .. .. .	1024	Christ Church .. .. .	66.6.6.4.4.4.
Jerusalem the golden .. .. .	563	Ewing .. .. .	76.76.76.76.
Jesus, all-atoning Lamb .. .. .	376	Nottingham .. .. .	77.77.
Jesus, and shall it ever be .. .. .	141	St. Luke .. .. .	L.M.
Jesus, at Thy command .. .. .	623	St. Godric .. .. .	6.6.6.6.8.8.
Jesus, at whose supreme command .. .. .	732	Chypion's .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus Christ is risen to-day, Hallelujah .. .. .	109	Easter Hymn .. .. .	77.77.
Jesus, exalted far on high .. .. .	408	Bishophthorpe .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus, Friend of sinners, hear .. .. .	434	Greenock, Marlow .. .. .	76.76.78.7.6.
Jesus, from Whom all blessings flow .. .. .	525	Viator .. .. .	L.M.
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep .. .. .	675	Nares .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus hath died that I might live .. .. .	366	Barrow .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus, I love Thy charming name .. .. .	149	Arnold's .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus, I my cross have taken .. .. .	512	Fruition .. .. .	87.87.87.87.
Jesus, I rest on Thee .. .. .	304	Bath .. .. .	66.8.6.8.8.
Jesus, if still the same Thou art .. .. .	324	Carey's .. .. .	88.8.8.8.8.
Jesus, if still Thou art to-day .. .. .	286	Belmont .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus is our common Lord .. .. .	348	New Leeds .. .. .	77.77.77.77.
Jesus in Thee our eyes behold .. .. .	120	St. Flavian .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus, Life of those who die .. .. .	988	Advocate .. .. .	77.77.6.
Jesus lives, no longer now .. .. .	991	St. Albinus .. .. .	78.78.4.
Jesus, Lord of life and glory .. .. .	418	St. Raphael .. .. .	87.87.47.
Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee .. .. .	678	Clayton .. .. .	77.77.
Jesus, Lover of my soul .. .. .	302	Hollingside, Pulchra .. .. .	7's.
Jesus, my Advocate above .. .. .	117	Doversdale .. .. .	L.M.
Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone .. .. .	403	Leeds .. .. .	L.M.
Jesus, my Life, Thyself apply .. .. .	371	Emmaus, Dunfermline .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All .. .. .	423	Barnby .. .. .	88.8.8.8.8.
Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend .. .. .	580	Philip .. .. .	L.M.
Jesus, my strength, my hope .. .. .	374	Emmaus .. .. .	S.M.D.
Jesus, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord .. .. .	283	Spohr .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun .. .. .	827	Eden .. .. .	L.M.
Jesus, still lead on .. .. .	454	Fatherland, "Jesus, still lead on" .. .. .	5.5.8.8.55.
Jesus, Sun and Shield art Thou .. .. .	159	Melanthion .. .. .	76.7.6.77.
Jesus, Sun of Righteousness .. .. .	943	Lux Prima .. .. .	77.77.73.
Jesus, the all-restoring Word .. .. .	369	Burnett, Northampton .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns .. .. .	128	Huddersfield .. .. .	S.M.
Jesus, the name high over all .. .. .	145	Matlock .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee .. .. .	278	Brimington .. .. .	L.M.
Jesus, the very thought of Thee .. .. .	360	Thorner .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus, the word of mercy give .. .. .	691	Abridge .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus, these eyes have never seen .. .. .	359	Thorner .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus, Thou all-redeeming Lord .. .. .	226	Martyrdom .. .. .	C.M.
Jesus, Thou sovereign Lord of all .. .. .	673	St. Werbergh .. .. .	88.8.8.8.8.
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness .. .. .	327	Fulda .. .. .	L.M.
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me .. .. .	391	Geissen .. .. .	88.8.8.8.8.
Jesus, Thy far-extended fame .. .. .	350	Home .. .. .	L.M.
Jesus, to Thee, our hearts we lift .. .. .	425	Mozart .. .. .	88.8.8.8.8.
Jesus, to Thy table led .. .. .	738	St. Philip .. .. .	777.
Jesus, we on the world depend .. .. .	170	Samson .. .. .	L.M.
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet .. .. .	773	Montgomery, Lasus .. .. .	L.M.
Join all the glorious names .. .. .	132	St. Mildred .. .. .	6.6.6.6.8.8.
Join, all ye ransomed sons of grace .. .. .	873	St. James .. .. .	C.M.
Just as I am, without one plea .. .. .	322	Gainsworth .. .. .	8.8.8.6.
Just as thou art, without one trace .. .. .	206	Alicia, Keighley .. .. .	8.8.8.6.
Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake .. .. .	528	Nunhead .. .. .	L.M.
Labouring and heavy-laden .. .. .	511	Gotha, Solace .. .. .	87.87.
Lamb of God, for sinners slain .. .. .	308	Josiah .. .. .	76.7.6.78.7.6.
Lamb of God, whose dying love .. .. .	737	Nuremberg .. .. .	76.7.6.78.7.6.
Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace .. .. .	208	Rome, Chant "Whit- tington" .. .. .	C.M.
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom .. .. .	479	Lux Benigna, Sandon .. .. .	10.4.10.4.10.10.



FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us .. ..	466	Eadric .. ..	87.87.4.47.
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace .. ..	427	Summerford, Mount Zion .. ..	10.10.10.10.
Leader of faithful souls, and Guide .. ..	476	Plymouth Dock, Southgate .. ..	88.88.88.
Led by a kindlier hand than ours .. ..	443	Norwood .. ..	L.M.
Let earth and heaven agree .. ..	155	Trumpet .. ..	6.6.6.6.8.8.
Let every mortal ear attend .. ..	248	London (New) .. ..	C.M.
Let God arise, and let His foes .. ..	828	Warrington .. ..	L.M.
Let Him to Whom we now belong .. ..	406	Sawley .. ..	C.M.
Let me be with Thee, where Thou art .. ..	1038	Brookfields .. ..	L.M.
Let me go the day, is breaking .. ..	1049	Break of Day, Stepney .. ..	87.87.77.
Let party-names no more .. ..	710	Hope .. ..	S.M.
Let the redeemed give thanks and praise .. ..	293	Gloucester .. ..	C.M.
Let the world their virtue boast .. ..	307	Greenock, New Zealand (1093) .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.
Let us join 'tis God commands) .. ..	539	Stainforth .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Let us with a gladsome mind .. ..	39	Ephraim .. ..	7.7.7.
Let worldly minds the world pursue .. ..	501	Marlow .. ..	C.M.
Lift up to God the voice of praise .. ..	55	Richmond .. ..	C.M.
Lift up your hearts to things above .. ..	546	Kent .. ..	C.M.
Lift your eyes to faith, and see .. ..	568	Syria .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high .. ..	116	Epiphany .. ..	10.11.11.11.12.11.10.11.
Light of life, seraphic Fire .. ..	513	Monica .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart .. ..	836	St. Fulbert .. ..	C.M.
Light of those whose dreary dwelling .. ..	314	Normandy .. ..	87.87.87.87.
Lo, God is here; let us adore .. ..	794	Pater Omnium .. ..	88.88.88.
Lo, He comes with clouds descending .. ..	1009	Helmsley, Lewisham .. ..	87.87.47.
Lo, round the throne, at God's right hand .. ..	1014	Passing Bell .. ..	L.M.
Lo, the storms of life are breaking .. ..	475	Boniface .. ..	8.8.8.6.
Long have I seemed to serve Thee, Lord .. ..	220	St. Frances .. ..	C.M.
Look from Thy sphere of endless day .. ..	833	Pentecost .. ..	L.M.
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious .. ..	161	Olivet .. ..	87.87.47.
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee .. ..	405	Nazareth .. ..	C.M.
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Bid us .. ..	1050	Benediction .. ..	87.87.87.87.
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing, Fill our .. ..	1048	Dismissal .. ..	87.87.47.
Lord God, the Holy Ghost .. ..	177	Tuam .. ..	S.M.
Lord, have mercy when we pray .. ..	671	Benevento .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Lord, I believe a rest remains .. ..	358	Eventide .. ..	C.M.
Lord, I believe Thou wilt forgive .. ..	334	Erlesdene .. ..	88.88.88.
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing .. ..	313	Even Me .. ..	87.87.
Lord, I was blind, I could not see .. ..	276	Boston .. ..	L.M.
Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear .. ..	942	Runcorn .. ..	C.M.
Lord in this blest and hallowed hour .. ..	527	Haydn .. ..	L.M.
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day .. ..	739	St. Philip .. ..	777.
Lord, it belongs not to my care .. ..	974	Kent .. ..	C.M.
Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee .. ..	498	Allhallows .. ..	C.M.
Lord Jesus, let Thy watchful care .. ..	906	Bristol .. ..	L.M.
Lord, let my heart still turn to Thee .. ..	652	St. Bernard .. ..	L.M.
Lord, like the publican, I stand .. ..	289	Martyrdom .. ..	C.M.
Lord of all being, throned afar .. ..	51	Bavaria .. ..	L.M.
Lord of all power and might .. ..	839	Harlan .. ..	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Lord of earth, Thy forming hand .. ..	504	Pleyel .. ..	77.77.
Lord of life, prophetic spirit .. ..	699	St. Werburgh .. ..	87.87.87.
Lord of mercy and of might .. ..	1047	Cape Town, Wanswell .. ..	77.75.
Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail .. ..	903	Clive Vale .. ..	88.88.4.4.8.
Lord of the living harvest .. ..	604	Adela .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
Lord of the Sabbath's peaceful hours .. ..	751	Berry .. ..	L.M.
Lord of the sea, afar from land .. ..	917	Eisenach .. ..	L.M.
Lord of the wide extended main .. ..	916	Eisenach .. ..	L.M.
Lord of the worlds above .. ..	822	Darwell's 148th .. ..	6.6.6.6.8.8.
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak .. ..	583	Entreaty .. ..	L.M.
Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through .. ..	6	Williams .. ..	L.M.
Lord, Thy children guide and keep .. ..	460	Nassau .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne .. ..	781	Lewis .. ..	C.M.
Lord, while for all mankind we pray .. ..	908	Aristides .. ..	C.M.
Lord, whom winds and seas obey .. ..	923	Haven .. ..	7.7.7.
Love Divine, all love excelling .. ..	385	Faben .. ..	87.87.87.87.
Low in Thine agony .. ..	96	Abinger .. ..	6.6.4.6.6.4.
Lowly and solemn be .. ..	985	Suppliant .. ..	6.6.4.6.6.4.
May the grace of Christ our Saviour .. ..	1041	St. Oswald, Mariner's .. ..	87.87.
Meet and right it is to sing .. ..	62	Jeshurun .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.
Mercy alone can meet my case .. ..	292	St. David, Bangor .. ..	C.M.
Mighty Father, blessed Son .. ..	197	St. Saviour .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Millions within Thy courts have met .. ..	749	Luton .. ..	L.M.
Mortals, awake; with angels join .. ..	73	Winchester (Old) .. ..	C.M.



FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
My dear Redeemer and my Lord .. ..	84	Elstow .. ..	L.M.
My faith looks up to Thee .. ..	330	Harlan .. ..	664.6664.
My God and Father, while I stray .. ..	658	Southport, Chant "Troyte" .. ..	888.4.
My God, how wonderful Thou art .. ..	9	Glossop Road .. ..	C.M.
My God, I am Thine... ..	507	Harwich, Jesmond .. ..	55 12.5 5 12.
My God, I know, I feel Thee mine .. ..	362	Farningham, St. Tho- mas .. ..	C.M.
My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made .. ..	570	Wentworth .. ..	848.48.4.
My God, is any hour so sweet .. ..	810	Southport, Humility .. ..	888.4.
My God, my Father, blissful Name .. ..	618	Shortlands, Horsley .. ..	C.M.
My God, my Father, dost Thou call .. ..	271	Rockingham .. ..	L.M.
My God, my God, to Thee I cry .. ..	432	Tyrone .. ..	C.M.
My God, my King .. ..	60	Nature's Voice, Marlow .. ..	446 446.
My God, the spring of all my joys .. ..	493	Thornbury, Attercliffe .. ..	C.M.
My gracious Lord, I own Thy right .. ..	351	Eden .. ..	L.M.
My heart and voice I raise .. ..	156	Ascalon .. ..	668.668.
My heart is full of Christ, and longs .. ..	138	King of glory .. ..	88.8888.
My heart is resting, O my God .. ..	663	Elim, or Rest .. ..	Irregular.
My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here .. ..	578	Home, Lytham .. ..	11.11.11.11.
My Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene .. ..	461	Willerby .. ..	848.4888.
My soul, inspired with sacred love .. ..	391	Eaton, Dura .. ..	888888.
My soul is now united .. ..	332	New York .. ..	7.67.67.67.6.
My soul, through my Redeemer's care .. ..	355	Brooklyn, Requiés .. ..	L.M.
My soul, with sacred joy survey .. ..	825	Sampson .. ..	L.M.
My sufferings all to Thee are known .. ..	651	Brookfield .. ..	L.M.
My trust is in the Lord .. ..	629	St. Godric .. ..	66.6688.
Nearer, my God, to Thee .. ..	557	Horbury, Propior Deo, Bethel .. ..	646.4664.
None is like Jeshurun's God .. ..	380	Jeshurun .. ..	7.67.67.7.7.6.
Not all the blood of beasts .. ..	231	Cambridge .. ..	S.M.
Not heaven's wide range of hallowed space .. ..	815	Luther's Chant .. ..	L.M.
Not here as to the prophet's eye .. ..	813	St. Polycarp .. ..	L.M.
Not, Lord, unto that mount of dread .. ..	490	David's Harp .. ..	L.M.
Not unto us, but Thee, O Lord .. ..	784	St. Frances .. ..	C.M.
Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs .. ..	746	Valparaiso .. ..	10.10.10.10.
Now begin the heavenly theme .. ..	232	Vienna .. ..	77.77.
Now I have found the ground, wherein .. ..	614	Carey's .. ..	888888.
Now let our cheerful eyes survey .. ..	121	Farrant .. ..	C.M.
Now let our souls on wings sublime .. ..	543	Omersley .. ..	L.M.
Now, Lord, I on Thy truth depend .. ..	615	Saxby .. ..	L.M.
Now thank we all our God .. ..	458	Wittenburg .. ..	7.67.67.66.6.
Now that the daylight fills the sky .. ..	939	Fertile Plains .. ..	L.M.
Now the day is over .. ..	951	Eudoxia .. ..	65.65.
O blessed Life, the heart at rest .. ..	400	St. Polycarp .. ..	L.M.
O bread to pilgrims given .. ..	736	Angel's Story .. ..	7.67.67.67.6.
O Christ, the Lord of heaven, to Thee .. ..	140	Redhead (No. 4) .. ..	L.M.
O Christ, Thou hast ascended .. ..	112	Endsleigh .. ..	7.67.67.67.6.
O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head .. ..	100	Substitution .. ..	86.86.86.
O come and mourn with me awhile .. ..	91	St. Cross, Babylon .. ..	L.M.
O comfort to the dreary .. ..	254	Aurelia .. ..	7.67.67.67.6.
O day of rest and gladness .. ..	763	Endsleigh .. ..	7.67.67.67.6.
O disclose Thy lovely face .. ..	510	Morning .. ..	7.77.77.7.
O Everlasting Light .. ..	451	Everlasting Light, East- wood .. ..	S.M.
O Filial Deity .. ..	346	Southfield, Warrenne (No. 2) .. ..	66.77.77.
O for a closer walk with God .. ..	431	Abridge, Burmah .. ..	C.M.
O for a faith that will not shrink .. ..	619	Brampton, Tallis's Ordination Hymn .. ..	C.M.
O for a heart to praise my God .. ..	365	Barrow .. ..	C.M.
O for a shout of sacred joy .. ..	54	Richmond .. ..	C.M.
O for a thousand tongues to sing .. ..	142	Manchester .. ..	C.M.
O for that tenderness of heart .. ..	291	St. Agnes .. ..	C.M.
O for the peace which floweth as a river .. ..	577	Dawning .. ..	11.10.11.10.
O give thanks to Him who made .. ..	25	Dix .. ..	7.77.77.7.
O glorious hope of perfect love .. ..	388	Pembroke .. ..	886886.
O God, how often hath Thine ear .. ..	857	St. Catherine .. ..	888888.
O God of Bethel, by whose hand .. ..	35	Wiltshire, Chant "Lang- don" .. ..	C.M.
O God of life, whose power benign .. ..	199	St. Aidan .. ..	888.
O God of love, O King of peace .. ..	907	Home .. ..	L.M.
O God, our help in ages past .. ..	972	French (Dundee) .. ..	C.M.
O God, Thou art my God alone .. ..	488	Blockley .. ..	L.M.
O God, though countless worlds of light .. ..	819	Wiltshire .. ..	C.M.

FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
O God, Thy faithfulness I plead .. ..	472	Innsbruck .. ..	886.886.
O God, to whom my life I owe .. ..	970	Rockingham .. ..	L.M.
O God, unseen, yet ever near .. ..	731	Belmont .. ..	C.M.
O God, what offering shall I give .. ..	393	St. Catherine .. ..	88.88.88.
O God, Who didst Thy will unfold .. ..	203	Olney .. ..	L.M.
O happy band of pilgrims .. ..	601	Barton .. ..	76.76.
O happy day, that fixed my choice .. ..	354	Truro .. ..	L.M.
O happy soul departed .. ..	987	St. Jerome, Munich .. ..	76.76.76.76.
O heavenly Zion, rise and shine .. ..	831	Widdop .. ..	L.M.
O help us, Lord, each hour of need .. ..	668	Etheldreda .. ..	C.M.
O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen .. ..	642	Trust, Durham .. ..	88.88.
O how blest the congregation .. ..	721	Westbury .. ..	87.87.47.
O Jesus, I have promised .. ..	414	Rutherford .. ..	76.76.76.76.
O Jesus, full of truth and grace .. ..	616	Maplebeck .. ..	L.M.
O Jesus, King most wonderful .. ..	143	Jazer .. ..	C.M.
O Jesus, let me bless Thy name .. ..	319	Pembroke .. ..	88.6.88.6.
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace .. ..	444	Lux Mundi .. ..	L.M.
O Jesus, Thou art standing .. ..	234	Mossleigh .. ..	76.76.76.76.
O joyful sound of gospel grace .. ..	361	Farningham, St. Thomas .. ..	C.M.
O let him, whose sorrow .. ..	627	St. Dominic, Caswall .. ..	6.5.6.5.
O Lamb of God, that tak'st away .. ..	320	Hanford .. ..	88.8.4.
O Lord, another day is flown .. ..	802	Thorner .. ..	C.M.
O Lord, how happy should we be .. ..	471	Innsbruck .. ..	88.6.88.6.
O Lord, I would delight in Thee .. ..	492	Thornbury, Attercliffe .. ..	C.M.
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea .. ..	70	Almsgiving .. ..	88.8.4.
O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills .. ..	814	Luther's Chant .. ..	L.M.
O Lord, our fathers oft have told .. ..	909	Stukeley .. ..	C.M.
O Lord, Thy faithful servant save .. ..	515	Ruperra .. ..	88.6.88.6.
O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart .. ..	389	Oberlin .. ..	88.88.6.
O Lord, turn not Thy face away .. ..	288	Centenary .. ..	C.M.
O Love Divine and golden .. ..	936	Carleton .. ..	76.76.76.76.
O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art .. ..	387	Burleigh .. ..	88.6.88.6.
O Love Divine, that stooped to share .. ..	1035	Angelus .. ..	L.M.
O love of God, how strong and true .. ..	7	Fertile Plains .. ..	L.M.
O Master, it is good to be .. ..	491	St. Serf .. ..	L.M.D.
O Paradise, O Paradise .. ..	1029	Paradise (Gill), Paradise (Dykes) .. ..	86.86.66.66.
O righteous Father, Lord of all .. ..	809	Lonsdale .. ..	88.6.88.6.
O Sacred Head, once wounded .. ..	97	St. Christopher, Succour .. ..	76.76.76.76.
O Saviour, precious Saviour .. ..	157	Munich .. ..	76.76.76.76.
O show me not my Saviour dying .. ..	104	Watford .. ..	96.96.96.96.
O Spirit of the living God .. ..	168	Antwerp .. ..	L.M.
O that I could my Lord receive .. ..	294	St. Stephen .. ..	C.M.
O that I could repent .. ..	300	Langton .. ..	S.M.
O that in me the sacred fire .. ..	363	Lancaster, St. Flavian .. ..	C.M.
O that my load of sin were gone .. ..	275	Boston .. ..	L.M.
O that Thou wouldst the heavens rend .. ..	282	Southwell, London (New) .. ..	C.M.
O Thou, before Whose gracious throne .. ..	688	Festus .. ..	L.M.
O Thou by long experience tried .. ..	612	Ely .. ..	L.M.
O Thou from Whom all goodness flows .. ..	448	Kensington .. ..	C.M.
O Thou God of my salvation .. ..	384	Oriel .. ..	87.87.4.7.
O Thou, our Husband, Brother, Friend .. ..	706	Wavertree .. ..	L.M.
O Thou that hearest prayer .. ..	182	Leslie .. ..	6.6.6.6.88.
O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry .. ..	274	Ludborough .. ..	L.M.
O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend .. ..	125	Durham .. ..	88.8.6.
O Thou, through suffering perfect made .. ..	1036	Angelus .. ..	L.M.
O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight .. ..	441	St. Luke .. ..	L.M.
O Thou, to Whom in ancient time .. ..	775	Fertile Plains .. ..	L.M.
O Thou Who camest from above .. ..	487	Brimington .. ..	L.M.
O Thou Who driest the mourner's tears .. ..	449	Kensington .. ..	C.M.
O Thou, Whom all Thy saints adore .. ..	316	Latrobe .. ..	88.6.88.6.
O Thou, Whose tender mercy hears .. ..	770	Bavaria .. ..	L.M.
O timely happy, timely wise .. ..	295	St. Stephen .. ..	C.M.
O what shall I do my Saviour to praise .. ..	941	Haydn .. ..	L.M.
O where shall rest be found .. ..	523	Hanover .. ..	10.10.11.11.
O why should gloomy thoughts arise .. ..	1023	Tytherton .. ..	S.M.
O why should Israel's sons, once blest .. ..	219	London (New) .. ..	C.M.
O wondrous power of faithful prayer .. ..	832	Pentecost .. ..	L.M.
O word of God incarnate .. ..	672	Worsley .. ..	88.8.88.
O worship the King .. ..	212	Bentley .. ..	76.76.76.76.
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness .. ..	13	Houghton .. ..	55.55.65.65.
Object of my first desire .. ..	796	Sanctissimus .. ..	12.10.12.10.
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness .. ..	506	Theodora .. ..	7.7.7.7.
	849	Calvary .. ..	87.87.47.

FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
Of in danger, oft in woe .. .. .	597	Holy Warfare .. ..	7.7.7.7.
Oft when the waves of passion rise .. ..	641	Ruperra .. ..	8.8.6.8.6.
Omnipotent Lord, my Saviour and King .. ..	453	Edinburgh, Old 104th ..	10.10.11.11.
On all the earth Thy Spirit shower .. ..	169	Samson .. ..	L.M.
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand .. ..	1016	Spohr .. ..	C.M.
On the mountain's top appearing .. ..	846	Zurich .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7
On the waters dark and drear .. ..	922	Haven .. ..	7.7.7.7.
One there is above all others .. ..	638	Gounod .. ..	8.7.8.7.7.7.
One thing with all my soul's desire .. ..	496	Tiverton .. ..	C.M.
Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war ..	610	Song of Triumph, Watchword .. ..	11. 6 lines.
Oppressed with sin and woe .. ..	299	Rothsay .. ..	S.M.
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed .. ..	186	St. Cuthbert .. ..	8.6.8.4.
Our day of praise is done .. ..	759	Franconia, Vigil .. ..	S.M.
Our hearts and voices let us raise .. ..	893	Ombersley .. ..	L.M.
Our Jesus is gone up on high .. ..	165	Angel's Hymn .. ..	L.M.
Our Lord is risen from the dead .. ..	105	Montgomery .. ..	L.M.
Out of the deep I call .. ..	301	Wirksworth, Doncaster ..	S.M.
Out of the depth of self-despair .. ..	281	St. Peter .. ..	C.M.
Out of the depths I cry to Thee .. ..	315	Luther's Hymn .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.8.7
Partners of a glorious hope .. ..	540	Hohenlohe .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Pass a few swiftly fleeting years .. ..	966	Passing Bell .. ..	L.M.
Peace be to this habitation .. ..	807	Cheviot .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.
Peace, doubting heart, my God's I am ..	478	Cheshunt College .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
Pierce, fill me with an humble fear .. ..	581	Hesperus .. ..	L.M.
Pilgrims we are and strangers .. ..	564	Laister Dyke .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
Pleasant are Thy courts above .. ..	536	Maidstone .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair .. ..	227	St. Bernard .. ..	C.M.
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high .. ..	687	Festus .. ..	L.M.
Praise for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits .. ..	52	Eden, Trinity .. ..	L.M.
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven .. ..	67	Regent Square .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Praise, O praise our God and King .. ..	895	Monkland .. ..	7.7.7.7.
Praise the Lord, His glories show .. ..	789	Clarion .. ..	7.7.7.7.
Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him ..	66	Lucerne .. ..	8.7.8.7.
Praise to God, immortal praise .. ..	900	Porthminster, Ratisbon ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Praise to the Holiest in the height .. ..	230	Gordon .. ..	C.M.
Praise ye the Lord, immortal choir .. ..	57	Triumphant Host .. ..	C.M.D.
Praise ye the Lord on every height .. ..	21	St. Fulbert .. ..	C.M.
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise .. ..	3	Accrington .. ..	L.M.
Prayer is the breath of God in man .. ..	664	Dublin, Brocco Bank ..	C.M.
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire .. ..	665	Dublin, Brocco Bank ..	C.M.
Prisoners of hope, lift up your heads .. ..	393	Eaton, Dura .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart .. ..	665	Early Dawn .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.
Raise the psalm, let earth adoring .. ..	68	Austria, Woodhouse ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.
Reaper, behold the fields are white .. ..	684	Southend .. ..	L.M.
Rejoice, believer, in the Lord .. ..	407	Sawley .. ..	C.M.
Rejoice for a brother deceased .. ..	993	Bolton .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.8.8.
Rejoice, the Lord is King .. ..	509	Acclamation .. ..	6.6.6.6.8.
Rejoice to-day with one accord .. ..	914	Ein feste Burg .. ..	8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.
Rest from thy labours, rest .. ..	694	Augustine, Vigil .. ..	S.M.
Return, O wanderer, return .. ..	429	Holly .. ..	L.M.
Return, O wanderer, to thy home .. ..	247	Wanderer .. ..	C.M.
Ride on, ride on in majesty .. ..	92	Hosanna .. ..	L.M.
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings ..	566	Elevation .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me .. ..	311	St. Margaret, Redhead (No. 76) .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.
Round the Lord in glory seated .. ..	69	Censorinus .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.
Safe home, safe home in port .. ..	1025	Safe Home .. ..	6.6.6.6.8.
Safely through another week .. ..	955	Glastonbury .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.
Salvation, O the joyful sound .. ..	41	Ashley .. ..	C.M.
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise ..	769	Pax Dei .. ..	10.10.10.10.
Saviour, blessed Saviour, listen whilst we sing	164	Norfolk Park, St. Al- bans, Princethorpe ..	6.6.6.6.6.6.5.
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing .. ..	959	Broomhill .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.
Saviour from sin, I wait to prove .. ..	390	Giessen .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
Saviour, let Thy sanction rest .. ..	937	Cassel .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.
Saviour of all, what hast Thou done .. ..	426	Reddish .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
Saviour of them that trust in Thee .. ..	797	St. Fillans .. ..	L.M.
Saviour, on me the want bestow .. ..	336	Ravendale .. ..	8.8.6.8.6.
Saviour, through the desert lead us .. ..	463	Dismissal .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Saviour, visit Thy plantation .. ..	436	Tiberias .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Saviour, when in dust to Thee .. ..	312	Invocation (St. Agnes) ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding .. ..	742	Patterson, Guardant ..	8.7.8.7.



FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
Say, sinner, hath a voice within .. ..	239	Holly .. ..	L.M.
Say, why should friendship grieve for those ..	971	Staincliffe .. ..	L.M.
See how great a flame aspires .. ..	838	Harts .. ..	7.7.7.7.
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands .. ..	727	Kind Shepherd .. ..	C.M.
See, sinners, in the gospel glass .. ..	267	Rochester .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
See the blessed Saviour dying .. ..	236	Austria .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph ..	135	Elthorne .. ..	8.7.8.7.8.7.
Servant of God, well done .. ..	696	Hotham .. ..	S.M.
Servants of the Great Jehovah .. ..	698	Mannheim, Melita ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Shall hymns of grateful love .. ..	154	College Street .. ..	6.6.6.8.8.
Shall I, for fear of feeble man .. ..	683	Wareham .. ..	L.M.
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve .. ..	666	Arnold's .. ..	C.M.
Shepherd of souls, the great, the good ..	401	Bonn .. ..	L.M.
Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye .. ..	224	Duke Street .. ..	L.M.
Shepherd of tender youth .. ..	859	Moreb, Greenwood ..	6.6.4.6.6.4.
Show pity, Lord: O Lord, forgive .. ..	273	Ludborough .. ..	L.M.
Shrinking from the cold hand of death ..	968	Malta .. ..	L.M.
Since all the downward tracts of time ..	34	Wiltshire, Chant "Lang- don" .. ..	C.M.
Since Jesus freely did appear .. ..	931	Eagley .. ..	C.M.
Since the Son hath made me free .. ..	347	Early Dawn .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.
Sinful, sighing to be blest .. ..	303	Litany .. ..	7.7.7.7.
Sing Hallelujah forth in duteous praise ..	1031	Holy City .. ..	10.10.7.
Sing to the Great Jehovah's praise .. ..	872	St. James .. ..	C.M.
Sing to the Lord of harvest .. ..	897	Ellacombe .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.6.
Sing we the song of those who stand ..	779	St. Fulbert .. ..	C.M.
Sinners, obey the gospel word .. ..	245	Ernan .. ..	L.M.
Sinners, turn, why wilt ye die .. ..	259	Titchfield .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Sinners, will you scorn the message .. ..	263	Mannheim .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Sleep thy last sleep .. ..	984	Fairbridge .. ..	4.6.4.6.4.6.4.
Soldiers of Christ, arise .. ..	592	Driffield .. ..	S.M.
Sometimes a light surprises .. ..	40	St. Theodolph .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
Son of God, to Thee I cry .. ..	634	Requiem .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.
Songs of praise the angels sang .. ..	12	Vienna .. ..	7.7.7.7.
Souls of men, why wilt ye scatter .. ..	261	Stuttgart, Sharon ..	8.7.8.7.
Sow in the morn thy seed .. ..	596	Scott .. ..	S.M.
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them ..	848	Russia .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Spirit Divine, attend our prayers .. ..	171	St. Agnes .. ..	C.M.
Spirit of faith, come down .. ..	329	Rhodes .. ..	S.M.
Spirit of truth, on this Thy day .. ..	173	Bedford .. ..	C.M.
Spread, O spread, thou mighty Word ..	211	Pleyel .. ..	7.7.7.7.
Stand, soldier of the cross .. ..	733	Swabia .. ..	S.M.
Stand up and bless the Lord .. ..	787	Rhodes .. ..	S.M.
Stand up, stand up for Jesus .. ..	602	New York .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay .. ..	430	Holly .. ..	L.M.
Still, Lord, I languish for Thy grace .. ..	317	Ravendale .. ..	8.8.6.8.8.6.
Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary .. ..	647	Trust .. ..	11.10.11.6.
Still with Thee, O my God .. ..	804	Doncaster .. ..	S.M.
Strong Son of God, immortal Love .. ..	86	Reliance .. ..	L.M.
Summoned my labour to renew .. ..	587	St. Ann .. ..	C.M.
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear .. ..	947	Hursley, Abends, "Sun of my soul" .. ..	L.M.
Supreme in wisdom, as in power .. ..	409	Faversham .. ..	C.M.
Sweet is the work, my God, my King .. ..	752	Hampstead .. ..	L.M.
Sweet place; sweet place alone .. ..	559	Warrene (No. 5) .. ..	6.6.6.8.8.
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go .. ..	767	St. Matthias .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing .. ..	101	Sardis .. ..	8.7.8.7.
Swift as an eagle's flight .. ..	881	Carinthia .. ..	6.6.6.8.8.
Take my life, and let it be .. ..	377	Consecration .. ..	7.7.7.
'Take up thy cross,' the Saviour said ..	356	Brooklyn, Requies ..	L.M.
Talk with us, Lord, Thyself reveal .. ..	495	Tiverton .. ..	C.M.
Teacher of hearts, 'tis Thine alone .. ..	602	Kirkstall .. ..	C.M.D.
Terrible thought, shall I alone .. ..	1070	Martyrdom .. ..	C.M.
That day of wrath, that dreadful day ..	1003	Babylon Streams .. ..	L.M.
That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord	522	St. Agnes .. ..	10.10.10.10.
The billows swell, the winds are high ..	918	Hesperus .. ..	L.M.
The Church's one foundation .. ..	717	Aurelia .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
The day is gently sinking to a close .. ..	964	Tenterden, "The day is gently sinking" .. ..	10.10.10.10.10.10.
The day is past and over .. ..	954	St. Anatolius .. ..	7.6.7.6.8.8.
The day of resurrection .. ..	113	Endsleigh .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
The festal morn, my God, is come .. ..	792	Drayton .. ..	8.8.6.8.8.6.
The Galilean fishers toil .. ..	589	St. Leonards .. ..	C.M.D.
The God of Abraham praise .. ..	43	Leoni .. ..	6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.
The God of glory walks His round .. ..	582	Hesperus .. ..	L.M.



FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
The God of harvest praise .. .. .	896	St. Austin .. .. .	66.4.6.6.6.4.
The God of nature and of grace .. .. .	20	Caterham .. .. .	C.M.
The glory of the spring, how sweet .. .. .	1040	Bexley, Sharon .. .. .	C.M.
The hallowed morn is dear to me .. .. .	747	Lusus .. .. .	L.M.
The harvest of my joys is past .. .. .	325	Carey's .. .. .	8.8.8.8.8.
The Head, that once was crowned with thorns	127	St. Magnus, Dalehurst .. .. .	C.M.
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord .. .. .	202	Winchester .. .. .	L.M.
The Lord be with us, as we bend .. .. .	756	Zwingle .. .. .	C.M.
The Lord Jehovah reigns .. .. .	24	Adoration .. .. .	6.6.6.6.8.8.
The Lord of earth and sky .. .. .	880	Bickleigh .. .. .	6.6.6.6.8.8.
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow .. .. .	1011	Sinai .. .. .	8.7.8.7.8.7.
The Lord my pasture shall prepare .. .. .	660	Southgate .. .. .	8.8.8.8.8.
The Lord will come, and not be slow .. .. .	835	Barrow .. .. .	C.M.
The Lord will come, the earth shall quake ..	1004	Erfurt, Cathedral .. .. .	L.M.
The morning flowers display their sweets ..	965	Chant .. .. .	L.M.
The radiant morn hath passed away .. .. .	960	Morning Flowers .. .. .	L.M.
The roseate hues of early dawn .. .. .	550	St. Gabriel, Selattyn .. .. .	8.8.8.4.
The Sabbath-day hath reached its close ..	766	Castle Rising .. .. .	C.M.D.
The spacious firmament on high .. .. .	17	Fides, Intercessor (1108) .. .. .	8.8.8.6.
The Spirit in our hearts .. .. .	250	Ossett .. .. .	L.M.
The spring-tide hour .. .. .	1046	Serenity .. .. .	S.M.
The strain upraise of joy and praise .. .. .	72	Nature's Voice .. .. .	4.4.6.4.4.6.
The strife is o'er, the battle done .. .. .	137	The strain upraise .. .. .	Irregular.
The sun is sinking fast .. .. .	950	Conquest .. .. .	8.8.8.4.
The twilight falls, the night is near .. .. .	949	St. Columba, Nocturn .. .. .	6.4.6.6.
The universe is shaking .. .. .	844	Helena, Redemption .. .. .	C.M.
The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the		Hatchard .. .. .	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
mountain .. .. .	238	Free Grace .. .. .	12.12.12.12.
The voice that breathed o'er Eden .. .. .	935	White Robes .. .. .	7.6.7.6.
Thee, Jesus, full of truth and grace .. .. .	447	Evangelist .. .. .	C.M.
Thee, Jesus, Thee, the sinner's Friend .. .. .	318	Pembroke .. .. .	8.8.6.8.8.6.
Thee we adore, eternal Name .. .. .	973	French (Dundee) .. .. .	C.M.
Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower ..	424	Mozart .. .. .	8.8.8.8.8.
There is a blessed home .. .. .	1025	Clarence Street, Bury .. .. .	6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.
There is a book who runs may read .. .. .	23	St. Edmunds .. .. .	C.M.
There is a fountain filled with blood .. .. .	328	St. Flavian .. .. .	C.M.
There is a land of pure delight .. .. .	1017	Evan .. .. .	C.M.
There is a Name I love to hear .. .. .	151	Pastor, Jerusalem .. .. .	C.M.
There is an hour when I must part .. .. .	975	Tyrone .. .. .	C.M.
There is no night in heaven .. .. .	1022	Kent .. .. .	C.M.
There was a time when children sang .. ..	851	Langton .. .. .	S.M.
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old .. .. .	1045	Birstal .. .. .	L.M.
Thine for ever, God of love .. .. .	375	Gennesaret .. .. .	C.M.D.
This is the day of light .. .. .	760	St. Bees, Sherborne .. .. .	7.7.7.7.
This is the day the Lord hath made .. .. .	755	Franconia, or Vigil .. .. .	S.M.
This is the field, the world below .. .. .	997	Zwingle .. .. .	C.M.
This stone to Thee in faith we lay .. .. .	816	Stella, Harvest Home .. .. .	8.8.8.8.8.
Thou art coming, O my Saviour .. .. .	136	Melcombe .. .. .	L.M.
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not		Southwick .. .. .	8.7.8.8.7.7.7.7.7.
deprecate thee .. .. .	999	Proper Tune, Ems .. .. .	13.11.13.12.
Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord .. .. .	624	Hiding-Place, Nurse- man (1097) .. .. .	C.M.D.
Thou art near; yes, Lord, I feel it .. .. .	464	Sefton, Eccleiriggs .. .. .	8.7.8.7.
Thou art, O God, the life and light .. .. .	27	Pater Omnium .. .. .	8.8.8.8.8.
Thou art the Way—to Thee alone .. .. .	499	Redhead (No. 66) .. .. .	C.M.
Thou God of glorious majesty .. .. .	1012	St. Justin, Magdalen College .. .. .	8.8.6.8.8.6.
Thou God of truth and love .. .. .	681	Cheerful .. .. .	6.6.6.6.8.8.
Thou great mysterious God unknown .. ..	349	Grosvenor .. .. .	8.8.6.8.8.6.
Thou hidden Love of God, whose height ..	392	Magdalen, Teignton .. .. .	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Thou hidden Source of calm repose .. .. .	519	St. Catherine, Saints of God .. .. .	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Thou Judge of quick and dead .. .. .	1007	Göttingen, Old 25th .. .. .	S.M.D.
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow .. .. .	648	Warrenne (No. 4) .. .. .	11.10.11.10.10.10.
Thou Lamb of God, Thou Prince of Peace ..	653	Melcombe .. .. .	L.M.
Thou, Lord, art love, and everywhere .. ..	10	Clapham .. .. .	C.M.
Thou, Lord, hast blest my going out .. ..	921	Llandaff .. .. .	C.M.
Thou, Lord, through every changing scene ..	29	Hesperus .. .. .	L.M.
Thou Man of Griets, remember me .. .. .	1015	Brookfield, Babylon .. .. .	L.M.
Thou say'st, 'Take up thy cross' .. .. .	410	Braden .. .. .	S.M.
Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine .. ..	521	Warrenne (No. 1), Zion .. .. .	8.8.8.8.8.8.8.8.
Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes .. ..	783	St. Ann .. .. .	C.M.
Thou sovereign Lord of earth and skies ..	930	Ernan .. .. .	L.M.
Thou very present Aid .. .. .	450	Aynhoe .. .. .	S.M.

FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
Thou Who didst stoop below .. .. .	89	Elvey .. .. .	6.6.10.6.6.10.
Thou, who hast in Zion laid .. .. .	824	Halstead .. .. .	7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.
Thou Whose Almighty Word .. .. .	840	Philippi .. .. .	8.6.4.6.6.4.
Though by sorrows overtaken .. .. .	657	St. Mildred .. .. .	8.7.7.7.
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way	428	Chorley Wood .. .. .	11.11.11.11.
Though nature's strength decay .. .. .	44	Leoni .. .. .	6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.
Though troubles assail and dangers affright	661	Hanover .. .. .	10.10.11.11.
Thousands, O Lord of hosts, this day .. .. .	800	Glasgow .. .. .	C.M.D.
Through all the changing scenes of life .. .. .	620	Farrant, St. Louis .. .. .	C.M.
Through good report and evil, Lord .. .. .	419	Clifton .. .. .	8.8.8.4.
Through the day Thy love hath spared us .. .. .	957	Evensong .. .. .	8.7.8.7.7.7.
Through the love of God our Saviour .. .. .	636	Southgate .. .. .	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.
Through the night of doubt and sorrow .. .. .	571	Rokey, Toronto .. .. .	8.7.8.7.
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love .. .. .	42	Arnold's .. .. .	C.M.
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess .. .. .	11	Clapham .. .. .	C.M.
Thy hand, Lord, cannot shortened be .. .. .	615	Carey's .. .. .	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Thy power and saving truth to show .. .. .	701	St. Edmund .. .. .	8.9.8.8.8.8.
Thy way, not mine, O Lord .. .. .	456	Eden, St. Cecilia .. .. .	6.6.6.6.
Thy Word, O Lord, Thy precious Word alone	840	Lux Benigna, Sandon .. .. .	10.4.10.4.10.10.
Thus far the Lord has led me on .. .. .	948	Hursley, Abends, "Sun of my soul" .. .. .	L.M.
Till He come—O let the words .. .. .	741	Reynoldstone .. .. .	7.7.7.7.7.7.
'Tis for conquering kings to gain .. .. .	153	University College .. .. .	7.7.7.7.
To-day, the Saviour calls .. .. .	253	Nain .. .. .	6.6.4.4.
To God be glory, peace on earth .. .. .	192	Manchester, Handforth .. .. .	C.M.
To-morrow, Lord, is Thine .. .. .	977	Woolwich, Whitefriars .. .. .	S.M.
To realms beyond the sounding sea .. .. .	905	Bristol .. .. .	L.M.
To the hills I lift mine eyes .. .. .	632	St. Hilary .. .. .	7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6.
To the Name that brings salvation .. .. .	162	Triumph .. .. .	8.7.8.7.8.7.
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise .. .. .	902	Golden Sheaves .. .. .	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.
To Thy temple I repair .. .. .	788	Nottingham .. .. .	7.7.7.7.
Tossed upon life's raging billow .. .. .	924	Woodside .. .. .	8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.
Try us, O God, and search the ground .. .. .	674	Nares .. .. .	C.M.
Unchangeable, Almighty Lord .. .. .	707	Newmarket .. .. .	L.M.
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes .. .. .	31	St. Paul .. .. .	L.M.
Uplift the blood-stained banner .. .. .	603	Fairford .. .. .	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
Vain, delusive world, adieu .. .. .	381	Warrenne (No. 3) .. .. .	7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.
Victim Divine, Thy grace we claim .. .. .	744	Adam .. .. .	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Vital spark of heavenly fame .. .. .	1001	Vital Spark, "Vital Spark" (Anthem) .. .. .	Irregular.
Walk in the light, so shalt thou know .. .. .	497	Allhallows .. .. .	C.M.
We ask not that our path be always bright .. .. .	576	Holderness .. .. .	10.10.10.10.6.
We bid thee welcome in the name .. .. .	686	Hope .. .. .	L.M.
We came at early morn to sing .. .. .	946	Saxby .. .. .	L.M.
We give immortal praise .. .. .	196	St. Swithin .. .. .	6.6.6.6.8.8.
We have a great High Priest .. .. .	122	Silchester .. .. .	S.M.
We join to crave with wishes kind .. .. .	932	Priodas .. .. .	C.M.
We lift our eyes, our hands, to Thee .. .. .	892	Ellesmere .. .. .	L.M.
We love the place, O God .. .. .	790	Quam Dilecta .. .. .	6.6.6.6.
We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone .. .. .	503	Cecil .. .. .	C.M.
We may not climb the heavenly steeps .. .. .	87	Edgware .. .. .	C.M.
We plough the fields, and scatter .. .. .	896	Wir pfügen .. .. .	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.6.8.4.
We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord .. .. .	1052	Te Deum Laudamus .. .. .	
We praise, we worship Thee, O God .. .. .	50	Bavaria .. .. .	L.M.
We rose to-day with anthems sweet .. .. .	750	Luton .. .. .	L.M.
We saw Thee not when Thou didst come .. .. .	646	Samaria .. .. .	8.8.8.8.8.8.
We see not, know not; all our way .. .. .	659	Christian Submission .. .. .	8.8.8.8.4.
We seek a glorious rest above .. .. .	548	Evan, Ephesus .. .. .	C.M.
We sing the praise of Him who died .. .. .	189	Redhead (No. 4) .. .. .	L.M.
We sing to Thee, Thou Son of God .. .. .	147	Jazer .. .. .	C.M.
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth .. .. .	1037	Brookfield .. .. .	L.M.
We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food .. .. .	1034	Old Hundredth .. .. .	L.M.
We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen	484	Visio Domini .. .. .	11.10.11.10.
Weary of earth and laden with my sin .. .. .	438	Dalkeith, St. Agnes .. .. .	10.10.10.10.
Weary of wandering from my God .. .. .	437	In Memoriam .. .. .	8.8.8.8.8.8.
Weary souls, that wander wide .. .. .	257	Dale Abbey .. .. .	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Welcome, sweet day of rest .. .. .	757	St. Andrew's .. .. .	S.M.
Welcome, welcome; sinner, hear .. .. .	251	Sacred Harmony .. .. .	7.7.7.7.
We're no abiding city here .. .. .	541	Montgomery .. .. .	L.M.
What are these arrayed in white .. .. .	1028	St. Peter's (Mancroft) .. .. .	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
What are those soul-reviving strains .. .. .	852	Ossett .. .. .	L.M.
What could your Redeemer do .. .. .	260	Tichfield .. .. .	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone .. .. .	83	Edgware .. .. .	C.M.

FIRST LINE.	HYMN	NAME OF TUNE.	METRE.
What is our calling's glorious hope .. ..	364	Lancaster, St. Flavian	C.M.
What shall the dying sinner do .. ..	216	Melcombe .. ..	L.M.
What sinners value, I resign .. ..	542	Ombersley .. ..	L.M.
What though my frail eyelids refuse .. ..	962	David .. ..	8.8.8.8.
What though my shrinking flesh complain ..	517	Traveller .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
What various hindrances we meet .. ..	774	Montgomery, Lasus ..	L.M.
When all Thy mercies, O my God .. ..	32	St. Peter .. ..	C.M.
When evening shadows gather .. ..	953	Evening Hymn .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.6.
When gathering clouds around I view ..	477	Halle .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
When God of old came down from heaven ..	172	Westminster .. ..	C.M.
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be ..	270	Hampstead .. ..	L.M.
When His salvation bringing .. ..	862	Missionary .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
When I can read my title clear .. ..	547	Evan, Ephesus .. ..	C.M.
When I had wandered from His fold .. ..	435	Consecration .. ..	C.M. (12 lines).
When I survey the wondrous cross .. ..	225	Rockingham .. ..	L.M.
When Israel, of the Lord beloved .. ..	439	Luther's Chant .. ..	L.M.
When languor and disease invade .. ..	801	St. Hugh, Andover ..	C.M.
When on her Maker's bosom .. ..	934	White Robes .. ..	7.6.7.6.
When our heads are bowed with woe .. ..	931	Redhead (No. 47) ..	7.7.7.7.
When our redeeming Lord .. ..	457	St. Benignus .. ..	6.8.7.7.7.7.
When quiet in my house I sit .. ..	811	Euphony .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
When shall that sound of gladness .. ..	843	Eden Grove .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
When shall Thy love constrain .. ..	298	Whitefriars, Aston ..	S.M.
When the day of toil is done .. ..	567	Irene .. ..	7.7.7.7.
When the weary, seeking rest .. ..	670	Intercession .. ..	7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8.
When this passing world is done .. ..	383	Mount Zion .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.
When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming .. ..	929	Euroclydon .. ..	12.12.12.12.
When we cannot see our way .. ..	626	Zion .. ..	7.7.7.7.
When wounded sore, the stricken soul ..	290	St. Agnes .. ..	C.M.
Where high the heavenly temple stands ..	118	Doversdale .. ..	L.M.
Where shall my soul begin to sing .. ..	144	St. Saviour .. ..	C.M.
Where shall my wondering soul begin ..	336	St. Paul's .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
Wherewith, O God, shall I draw near ..	269	Hampstead .. ..	L.M.
While dead in trespasses I lie .. ..	287	Belmont .. ..	C.M.
While life prolongs its precious light ..	242	St. Sepulchre .. ..	L.M.
While lone upon the furious waves .. ..	919	Pastor .. ..	C.M.
While passing through this vale of woe ..	446	Neapolis .. ..	L.M.
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	74	Gabriel .. ..	C.M.D.
While Thee I seek, protecting Power ..	732	Lewis .. ..	C.M.
While, with ceaseless course, the sun ..	884	Requies .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.
Who are these like stars appearing .. ..	572	Darmstadt .. ..	8.7.8.7.7.7.
Who in the Lord confide .. ..	711	Rowley .. ..	S.M.
Who is on the Lord's side .. ..	600	Warrior, Valour ..	6.5 (12 lines)
Why do I wander from my God .. ..	1021	Windsor, Crowle ..	C.M.
Why should I fear the darkest hour .. ..	474	Tryphena .. ..	8.8.8.
Why should I murmur or repine .. ..	613	Ely .. ..	L.M.
Why should our tears in sorrow flow ..	690	Claremont .. ..	C.M.
Why should the children of a King .. ..	174	Bedford .. ..	C.M.
Why should we start, and fear to die ..	969	Rockingham .. ..	L.M.
Why those fears, behold, 'tis Jesus .. ..	470	Anglican .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Why unbelieving .. ..	252	Cæsarea .. ..	5.4.5.4.6.6.6.4.
Why will ye lavish out your years .. ..	240	Holly .. ..	L.M.
Wisdom ascribe, and might, and praise ..	888	New Radnor .. ..	8.8.8.8.8.
With broken heart and contrite sigh ..	277	Nuremberg .. ..	L.M.
With glorious clouds encompassed round ..	94	Abridge .. ..	C.M.
With hearts and soul, with mind and might ..	853	Ossett .. ..	L.M.
With hearts in love abounding .. ..	158	Swanlund .. ..	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
With joy we meditate the grace .. ..	119	St. Flavian .. ..	C.M.
Woe to the men on earth who dwell .. ..	1005	St. Mary .. ..	C.M.
Would Jesus have the sinner die .. ..	237	Sovereignty, Euphony	8.8.8.8.8.
Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know .. ..	399	St. Anselm .. ..	L.M.
Ye ransomed sinners, hear .. ..	508	Rejoicing .. ..	6.6.6.6.8.
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim	795	Houghton .. ..	10.10.11.11.
Ye servants of the Lord .. ..	594	Newland, Ferguson ..	S.M.
Ye sons of men, with joy record .. ..	18	Ossett .. ..	L.M.
Ye virgin souls, arise .. ..	679	Omagh .. ..	6.6.6.6.8.
Yes, God is good,—in earth and sky .. ..	5	Williams .. ..	L.M.
Yes, the Redeemer rose .. ..	110	Croft's 148th .. ..	6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.
Your harps, ye trembling saints .. ..	552	Lumen Verum .. ..	S.M.
Zion's daughter, weep no more .. ..	134	Heathlands .. ..	7.7.7.7.7.7.
Zion stands by hills surrounded .. ..	720	Westbury .. ..	8.7.8.7.4.7.





# ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

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†Abends .. .. . 947, 948	Beverley .. .. . 821	Chant (Troyte in G) .. 608
†Abinger .. .. . 96	†Bexley .. .. . 1040	Chant (Troyte in E2) .. 658
†Abridge .. 94, 223, 431, 691	Bickleigh .. .. . 880	†Charming Sound .. 411
Acclamation .. .. . 509	Birstall .. .. . 851	Cheerful .. .. . 681
Accrington .. .. . 3	Bishopthorpe .. 206, 408	†Cheshunt College .. 478
Adam .. .. . 744	*Blasius .. .. . 555	†Chester .. .. . 680
*Adela .. .. . 604	Blockley .. 191, 488, 725, 726, 777, 778.	*Cheviot .. .. . 807
†Adeste Fideles .. .. 1090	Bluntisham .. .. . 598	†Chorley Wood .. .. 429
Admiration .. .. . 613	Bohemia .. .. . 59	†Christ Church .. .. 1024
Adoration (6 6.6 6.8.8.) 24, 111	Bolton .. .. . 998	*Christian Submission .. 659
Adoration (L.M.) .. .. 1053	Boniface .. .. . 475	†Christus .. .. . 412
Adoration (8.8.8 8.8.) .. 1100	Bonn .. .. . 401, 402	*Chypous .. .. . 732
*Advocate .. .. . 988	Boston .. .. . 275, 276	Clapham .. .. . 10, 11
†Agnus Dei .. .. . 321	†Brabant .. .. . 650, 651	Claremont .. .. . 296, 690
*Alicia .. .. . 266	Braden .. .. . 410	†Clarence Street .. .. 1025
Allhallows (C.M.) 497, 498, 729	†Bradford .. .. . 764	†Clarion .. .. . 759
†Allhallows (8 6.8 6.8.6.) .. 656	*Brampton .. .. . 619	*Clarissa .. .. . 996
Alma .. .. . 1095	Break of Day .. .. 1049	Clayton .. .. . 678, 679
†Almsgiving .. .. . 70	Bremen .. .. . 551	Cleft of the Rock .. .. 1101
†Alpha .. .. . 806	†Brentwood .. .. . 899	*Clegg .. .. . 221
Amsterdam .. .. . 1092	†Bridegroom .. .. . 889	Clevedon .. .. . 187
*Andover .. .. . 801	†Brimington .. 278, 486, 487	†Clifton .. .. . 419
Angels' Hymn .. .. . 165, 166	Bristol .. .. . 708, 905, 906	†Clive Vale .. .. . 903
†Angelic Songs .. .. . 1032	*Brixton .. .. . 835	†Coldrey .. .. . 631
†Angel's Story .. .. . 736	*Brocco Bank .. .. 664, 665	†College Street .. .. . 154
Angelus .. .. . 754, 1035, 1036	†Brookfield .. 650, 651, 1015, 1037, 1038.	Colmar .. .. . 323
†Angel Voices (Monk) .. 791	Brooklyn (L.M.) .. 355, 356	†Colosse .. .. . 608
†Angel Voices (Sullivan) 1094	Brooklyn (6 6.6 6.8.8.) 842	*Come praise the Lord .. 563
†Anglican .. .. . 469, 470	*Broomhill .. .. . 959	Comfort .. .. . 1071
†Antwerp .. .. . 167, 168	*Broomsgrove .. .. 599	*Communion (88.88.88.88) 915
†Arabia (8.8.8 8.8.8.8.8.) .. 574	†Buckland .. .. . 345	†Communion (87.87.77.) 958
†Arabia (8.6.8 6.8.6.) .. . 606	†Bullinger .. .. . 462	*Conquest .. .. . 137
†Aristides .. .. . 908	Burmah .. .. . 431	†Consecration (7 7.7 7) .. 877
Arlington .. .. . 1069	†Burnett .. .. . 369, 370	†Consecration (C.M. 12 lines) 435
Arnold's .. .. . 42, 149, 150, 666	*Burngrove .. .. . 413	Cranbrook .. .. . 1082
Ascalon .. .. . 156	Burnham .. .. . 1087	†Creator .. .. . 190
Ashley .. .. . 41	†Bury St. Edmunds .. 1025	†Crewe .. .. . 883
Aston .. .. . 298	Byzantium .. .. . 56, 210	†Croft's 148th .. .. . 110
Attercliffe .. .. . 341, 342, 493	Calm .. .. . 743	Crowle .. .. . 1021
†Audite, Audientes Me.. 502	Calvary .. .. . 103, 849	*Cuthbert .. .. . 982, 983
Augustine .. .. . 694, 695	†Camborne .. .. . 415	Daisy Hill .. .. . 1055
†Aurelia .. .. . 254, 255, 630, 717	Cambridge .. .. . 231, 820	†Dale Abbey .. .. . 257, 258
Austria .. .. . 68, 235, 236, 722	Cambridge, New .. .. 1070	Dalehurst .. .. . 127
†Autumnus .. .. . 904	Cape Town .. .. . 184, 1047	Dalkeith .. .. . 438
Aynhoe .. .. . 450	Carey's .. .. . 324, 325, 644, 645	†Daniel .. .. . 719
Azzah .. .. . 1054	Carinthia .. .. . 379, 881	Darlington .. .. . 95
Babylon .. .. . 91, 1015	*Carleton .. .. . 936	Darmstadt .. .. . 265, 572
Babylon's Streams .. .. 1003	Carlisle .. .. . 1081	Darwell's 148th .. .. 131, 822
Bangor .. .. . 292	Cassel .. .. . 937	David .. .. . 962
†Barney .. .. . 423	†Castle Rising .. .. 550	David's Harp .. .. . 489, 490
Barrow .. .. . 365, 366, 634, 835	†Caswall .. .. . 627	†Dawning .. .. . 577
Barton .. .. . 601	†Catherham .. .. . 20	†Day of gladness .. .. 866
Batchford .. .. . 343, 344	Cathedral Chant .. 1004	†Decapolis .. .. . 1102
†Bath .. .. . 304	*Caution .. .. . 677	†Dedicatio Anni .. .. 882
Bavaria .. .. . 50, 51, 770, 771	*Cecil .. .. . 503	†Deerhurst .. .. . 81
†Beachley .. .. . 256	*Celeste .. .. . 1080	†Defence .. .. . 639
†Beatitudo .. .. . 1019	†Censorinus .. .. . 69	*De Mortuis .. .. . 9-6
Bedford .. .. . 173, 174	*Centenary .. .. . 288	Derbe .. .. . 877
Belmont 146, 286, 287, 730, 731	†Chalvey .. .. . 950	Derby .. .. . 1056
Benediction .. .. . 1050	Chant (Boyce) .. .. 204	Devizes .. .. . 1072
Benevento .. .. . 671	†Chant (Elvey) .. .. 205	†Diademata .. .. . 129
Benison .. .. . 952	Chant (Mormington) .. 206	†Dies Irae .. .. . 1013
†Bensham .. .. . 714	Chant (Langdon) .. .. 207	Dismissal .. 467, 468, 1048
†Bentley .. .. . 212	Chant (Whittington) .. 208	Dix .. .. . 25
Berry .. .. . 751	Chant (Dupuis) .. .. 209	Doncaster .. 301, 804, 805
†Bethany .. .. . 163, 723	Chant (Cooke) .. .. 210	Doversdale .. .. . 117, 118
Bethel .. .. . 557		Drayton .. .. . 792
†Bethlehem .. .. . 15		Dresder .. .. . 71

*Driffield .. .. 592, 593	Faith (8.7.8.8.7.) .. 885	Home (11.11.11 11.) .. 578
Dryden .. .. 1057	+Farningham .. 361, 362	+Hope (L.M.) .. .. 686
Dublin .. 207, 664, 665	Farrant .. 121, 204, 620	Hope (S.M.) .. .. 710
Duke Street .. 223, 224	+Fatherland (5.5.8.5.5) .. 454	+Horbury .. .. 557
Dundee .. 218, 972, 973	+Fatherland (6.4.6.4.6.6.4) 558	Horsley .. .. 217, 618
Dunfermline .. 371, 372	+Faversham .. .. 409	+Horton .. .. 310
Dunkirk .. .. 1091	+Ferguson .. .. 594, 595	*Hosanna (L.M.) .. .. 92
+Dura .. .. 393, 394, 867	+Fertile Plains 7, 775, 939, 940	+Hosanna (5.5.11.5.5.5.11.) 180
+Durham .. .. 125, 642	Festus .. .. 687, 688	+Hosanna (8.8.8.8.4.7.) .. 793
*Eadric .. .. 466	*Fides .. .. 766	*Hotham .. .. 696, 976
+Eagley .. .. 175, 176, 931	+Finchley .. .. 961	+Houghton .. 13, 535, 795
+Early Dawn .. 347, 655	*Fir's Hill .. .. 1030	Huddersfield .. .. 128
+Easter Eve .. .. 958	+Fontainebleau .. 609	+Hughenden .. .. 724
+Easter Hymn (Monk) .. 107	Fontheill Abbey .. 297	Hull .. .. 420, 573
Easter Hymn (Carey) 107, 109	Francia .. 625, 759, 760	*Humility (L.M.) .. .. 659
Eaton .. 393, 394, 763, 850	Free Grace .. .. 238	*Humility (8.8.8.4.) .. 810
*Eastwood (S.M.) .. 451	French .. 218, 972, 973	+Hungerford .. .. 556
*Eastwood (C.M.) .. 780	Fruition .. .. 512	Hursley .. .. 947, 948
+Ecce Homo .. .. 99	Fulda .. .. 327	
+Ecclegriggs .. 464, 465	Fulneck .. .. 183	
Eccles .. .. 1027	+Gabriel .. .. 74	+In Memoriam .. .. 437
+Eden (L.M.) 52, 53, 351, 352, 827	+Gainsworth .. .. 322	Innocents .. .. 108, 697
Eden (6.6.6.6) .. .. 456	*Gennesaret .. .. 1045	Innsbruck .. 471, 472
+Eden Grove .. .. 843	Giessen .. .. 390, 391	+Intercession .. .. 670
Edgware .. .. 87, 88	*Glasgow .. .. 800	Intercessor .. .. 1108
Edinburgh .. .. 483	+Glastonbury .. 955	Invocation .. .. 312
Edwinstow .. .. 1058	Glory .. .. 864	*Irene .. .. 567
Ein Feste Burg .. 637, 914	*Glossop Road .. .. 9	*Iris .. .. 847
Eisenach .. .. 916, 917	Gloucester .. .. 293	Irish .. .. 1074
+Eli .. .. 555	+Golden Sheaves .. 902	
+Elm .. .. 663	+Gordon .. .. 229, 230	+Jazer .. 147, 148, 621, 622
+Elevation .. .. 566	Gorton .. .. 482	Jerusalem .. 544, 545, 1017
Ellacombe .. 133, 897	+Gotha .. .. 511	+Jeshurun .. .. 62, 63, 380
Ellerker .. .. 102	+Gottingen .. .. 1007	+Jesmond .. .. 597
+Ellers .. .. 481, 963	+Gomud .. .. 638	+Jesus, still lead on .. 454
+Ellesmere .. .. 892	Grace .. .. 1096	Josiah .. .. 308, 309
Ellingham .. 857, 858	+Grange .. .. 865	Justification .. .. 1061
Elstow .. .. 84	+Grassmere .. .. 633	
*Elthorne .. .. 135	+Greenock .. 307, 434	*Keighley .. .. 266
+Elvey .. .. 89	+Greenwood .. .. 859	*Kelvinside .. .. 655
Ely .. .. 612, 613	+Grosvenor .. 319, 995	+Kensington .. 404, 448, 449
Emmanuel .. .. 205	+Guardian .. .. 742	Kent .. .. 546, 974, 975
Emmaus (C.M.) .. 371, 372	*Guidance .. .. 538	Kilmarnock .. .. 538
Emmaus (S.M.D.) .. 374		Kind Shepherd .. 727, 728
Enns .. .. 999	Halle .. .. 477	+King of Glory .. .. 138
+Endsleigh .. 112, 113, 763	+Halstead .. .. 824	King's College .. 700
*Entreaty .. .. 246, 563	+Hampstead 269, 270, 752, 868	Kirkstall .. .. 692
Ephesus .. .. 547, 548	+Handforth .. .. 192	
+Ephraim .. .. 39	+Hanford .. .. 320	Laister Dyke .. .. 564
Epiphany .. .. 116	Hanover .. 482, 523, 661	Lancaster .. 363, 364
+Epiphany Hymn .. 83	+Harlan .. .. 330, 839	+Land of Rest .. .. 623
Erfurt .. .. 1004	Hartel .. .. 246	Langdon Chant .. 34, 35
+Ericdene .. .. 334, 335	Hart's .. .. 838	Laughton .. 300, 553, 1022
Ernan .. 245, 930, 1039	+Harvest Home .. 997	+Lasus .. 747, 773, 774
*Ethel .. .. 297	Harwich .. .. 507	Latrobe .. .. 316
Etheldreda .. .. 668	*Hatchard .. .. 844	Lebanon .. .. 716
+Eudoxia .. .. 951	*Haven .. .. 922, 923	+Ledbury .. .. 310
+Euphony .. 237, 395, 811	Haverhill .. .. 1060	+Leeds .. .. 403
+Eunrocydon .. .. 929	Haydn .. 526, 527, 941	Leominster .. .. 980
+Evan .. 323, 547, 548	Hayes .. .. 90	Leoni .. .. 43, 44
Evangelist .. .. 447	+Heathlands .. 134	+Leslie .. .. 182
+Evelyn .. .. 459	*Heaton .. .. 123	*Lewis .. .. 781, 782
Evening .. .. 1059	+Helena .. .. 949	+Lewisham .. 1008, 1009
+Evening Hymn (7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6) 953	Helmsey .. 1008, 1009	+Lity .. .. 203
+Evening Hymn (8.8.7.8.8.7.) 961	Hensbury .. .. 1073	+Llandaff (C.M.) .. 920, 921
Even Me .. .. 313	Hernlein .. 982, 983	London, New, 36, 248, 249, 252
+Even Song .. .. 957	+Hesperus 28, 29, 581, 582, 918	Lonsdale .. .. 808, 809
+Eventide (C.M.) .. 357, 358	*Hiding Place (C.M.D.) 624	Love .. .. 1103
+Eventide (10.10.10.10) .. 963	Hiding Place (8.6.8.6.D.) 1097	+Lucerne (8.7.8.7.) .. 66
*Everlasting Light .. 451	+Highbury .. .. 560	Lucerne (8.8.8.8.8) .. 396
+Evertown .. .. 682	*Hirst .. .. 345	+Ludborough .. 273, 274
Ewing .. .. 563	Hohenlohe .. .. 540	Lurem Verum .. .. 552
+Exeter .. .. 198	+Hoderness .. .. 576	Lusatia .. .. 703
	+Hollingside .. 302	Luther's Chant 439, 814, 815
Faben .. .. 385	Hollingsworth .. 1088	Luther's Hymn .. 315, 1010
*Fairbridge .. .. 984	Holly 239, 240, 429, 430, 1002	Luton .. 243, 244, 749, 750
Fairford .. .. 133, 693	+Holy City .. .. 1031	+Lux Benigna .. 479, 480
*Faith (8.8.8.4) .. .. 743	+Holy Warfare .. 597	+Lux Eoi .. .. 994
	Home (L.M.) .. 350, 907	+Lux Mundi .. 444, 890, 891
		+Lux Prima .. .. 943
		Lydia .. .. 1075

*Lytham .. .. 578	*Lytham .. .. 578	*Lytham .. .. 578	*Lytham .. .. 578
Madagascar .. .. 306	Madagascar .. .. 306	Madagascar .. .. 306	Madagascar .. .. 306
Magdalen .. .. 392	Magdalen .. .. 392	Magdalen .. .. 392	Magdalen .. .. 392
Magdalen College 333, 422, 1012.	Magdalen College 333, 422, 1012.	Magdalen College 333, 422, 1012.	Magdalen College 333, 422, 1012.
*Mahlon .. .. 933	*Mahlon .. .. 933	*Mahlon .. .. 933	*Mahlon .. .. 933
Maidsstone .. .. 536	Maidsstone .. .. 536	Maidsstone .. .. 536	Maidsstone .. .. 536
Mainzer .. 4, 326, 829, 830	Mainzer .. 4, 326, 829, 830	Mainzer .. 4, 326, 829, 830	Mainzer .. 4, 326, 829, 830
Majesty .. .. 1039	Majesty .. .. 1039	Majesty .. .. 1039	Majesty .. .. 1039
Malta .. .. 967, 968	Malta .. .. 967, 968	Malta .. .. 967, 968	Malta .. .. 967, 968
Manchester .. 142, 192	Manchester .. 142, 192	Manchester .. 142, 192	Manchester .. 142, 192
Mannheim .. 263, 698	Mannheim .. 263, 698	Mannheim .. 263, 698	Mannheim .. 263, 698
*Mansion .. .. 554	*Mansion .. .. 554	*Mansion .. .. 554	*Mansion .. .. 554
*Maplebeck .. 616, 617	*Maplebeck .. 616, 617	*Maplebeck .. 616, 617	*Maplebeck .. 616, 617
Mariners .. .. 1041	Mariners .. .. 1041	Mariners .. .. 1041	Mariners .. .. 1041
*Marlow (4 6 4 4 6), 60, 501, 586.	*Marlow (4 6 4 4 6), 60, 501, 586.	*Marlow (4 6 4 4 6), 60, 501, 586.	*Marlow (4 6 4 4 6), 60, 501, 586.
*Marlow (7 6 7 6 7 8 7 6) .. 434	*Marlow (7 6 7 6 7 8 7 6) .. 434	*Marlow (7 6 7 6 7 8 7 6) .. 434	*Marlow (7 6 7 6 7 8 7 6) .. 434
Martyrdom 226, 259, 1020	Martyrdom 226, 259, 1020	Martyrdom 226, 259, 1020	Martyrdom 226, 259, 1020
*Matlock .. .. 145	*Matlock .. .. 145	*Matlock .. .. 145	*Matlock .. .. 145
*Maudsley Street .. 421	*Maudsley Street .. 421	*Maudsley Street .. 421	*Maudsley Street .. 421
Meinhold .. .. 992	Meinhold .. .. 992	Meinhold .. .. 992	Meinhold .. .. 992
*Melancthon .. 159	*Melancthon .. 159	*Melancthon .. 159	*Melancthon .. 159
Melcombe 215, 216, 653, 654, 816, 817.	Melcombe 215, 216, 653, 654, 816, 817.	Melcombe 215, 216, 653, 654, 816, 817.	Melcombe 215, 216, 653, 654, 816, 817.
Melita (8 7 8 7 4 7.) .. 698	Melita (8 7 8 7 4 7.) .. 698	Melita (8 7 8 7 4 7.) .. 698	Melita (8 7 8 7 4 7.) .. 698
*Melita (8 8 8 8 8.) 926, 927	*Melita (8 8 8 8 8.) 926, 927	*Melita (8 8 8 8 8.) 926, 927	*Melita (8 8 8 8 8.) 926, 927
Mendelssohn .. .. 79	Mendelssohn .. .. 79	Mendelssohn .. .. 79	Mendelssohn .. .. 79
Miles Lane .. .. 143	Miles Lane .. .. 143	Miles Lane .. .. 143	Miles Lane .. .. 143
Millennium .. .. 331	Millennium .. .. 331	Millennium .. .. 331	Millennium .. .. 331
Missionary .. 845, 862	Missionary .. 845, 862	Missionary .. 845, 862	Missionary .. 845, 862
Missionary Chant .. 1039	Missionary Chant .. 1039	Missionary Chant .. 1039	Missionary Chant .. 1039
*Monica .. .. 513	*Monica .. .. 513	*Monica .. .. 513	*Monica .. .. 513
*Monkland .. .. 895	*Monkland .. .. 895	*Monkland .. .. 895	*Monkland .. .. 895
*Monmouth .. .. 71	*Monmouth .. .. 71	*Monmouth .. .. 71	*Monmouth .. .. 71
*Montgomery, 105, 541, 773, 774	*Montgomery, 105, 541, 773, 774	*Montgomery, 105, 541, 773, 774	*Montgomery, 105, 541, 773, 774
*Montgate .. .. 912	*Montgate .. .. 912	*Montgate .. .. 912	*Montgate .. .. 912
*Moreb .. .. 859	*Moreb .. .. 859	*Moreb .. .. 859	*Moreb .. .. 859
*Morgengied .. .. 115	*Morgengied .. .. 115	*Morgengied .. .. 115	*Morgengied .. .. 115
*Morning .. 510, 718	*Morning .. 510, 718	*Morning .. 510, 718	*Morning .. 510, 718
*Morning Flowers .. 965	*Morning Flowers .. 965	*Morning Flowers .. 965	*Morning Flowers .. 965
Morning Hymn .. 938	Morning Hymn .. 938	Morning Hymn .. 938	Morning Hymn .. 938
*Moscow .. .. 181, 195	*Moscow .. .. 181, 195	*Moscow .. .. 181, 195	*Moscow .. .. 181, 195
*Mossleigh .. .. 234, 562	*Mossleigh .. .. 234, 562	*Mossleigh .. .. 234, 562	*Mossleigh .. .. 234, 562
Mount Ephraim .. 1083	Mount Ephraim .. 1083	Mount Ephraim .. 1083	Mount Ephraim .. 1083
*Mount Pleasant .. 1076	*Mount Pleasant .. 1076	*Mount Pleasant .. 1076	*Mount Pleasant .. 1076
*Mount Zion (10 10 10 10.) 427	*Mount Zion (10 10 10 10.) 427	*Mount Zion (10 10 10 10.) 427	*Mount Zion (10 10 10 10.) 427
*Mount Zion (7 7 7 7 7.) 383	*Mount Zion (7 7 7 7 7.) 383	*Mount Zion (7 7 7 7 7.) 383	*Mount Zion (7 7 7 7 7.) 383
Mozart .. .. 424, 425	Mozart .. .. 424, 425	Mozart .. .. 424, 425	Mozart .. .. 424, 425
Munich .. .. 157, 97	Munich .. .. 157, 97	Munich .. .. 157, 97	Munich .. .. 157, 97
Mylon .. .. 8	Mylon .. .. 8	Mylon .. .. 8	Mylon .. .. 8
Nain .. .. 253	Nain .. .. 253	Nain .. .. 253	Nain .. .. 253
Nares .. .. 674, 675	Nares .. .. 674, 675	Nares .. .. 674, 675	Nares .. .. 674, 675
*Nassau .. .. 460	*Nassau .. .. 460	*Nassau .. .. 460	*Nassau .. .. 460
National Anthem (Leslie) .. 910	National Anthem (Leslie) .. 910</		



- †St. Hilary .. .. 632  
 †St. Hilda .. .. 61  
 St. Hugh .. .. 801  
 St. James .. .. 872, 873  
 \*St. Jerome .. .. 987  
 St. John (7.7.7.7.7) .. 185  
 St. John (S.M.) .. .. 221  
 †St. Justin .. .. 607, 1012  
 †St. Kitt's .. .. 719  
 †St. Leonard (Smart) .. 530  
 St. Leonard (Jackson) 1018  
 †St. Leonard's .. .. 589  
 \*St. Louis .. .. 620  
 St. Luke .. 141, 214, 440, 441  
 †St. Mabyn .. .. 913  
 †St. Magnus 127, 209, 870, 871  
 †St. Margaret (7.7.7.7.7) 213, 311.  
 St. Mary .. .. 1005  
 †St. Mary Magdalene .. 455  
 St. Matthew .. .. 549  
 †St. Matthias .. .. 767  
 St. Michael .. .. 533  
 †St. Mildred (6.6.6.8.8) 132  
 St. Mildred (8.8.7.7.) .. 657  
 †St. Oswald .. .. 124, 1041  
 †St. Patrick .. .. 114  
 St. Paul (L.M.) .. 30, 31, 649  
 St. Paul (Staniforth) .. 200  
 St. Paul's (Goss) .. 336, 337  
 †St. Peter .. .. 32, 33, 281, 785  
 †St. Peter's (Maneroft) 1028  
 †St. Philip (8.8.8.8.8) .. 189  
 †St. Philip (10.10.10.4) 608  
 †St. Philip (7.7.7.) .. 738, 739  
 St. Polycarp .. .. 400, 813  
 †St. Raphael .. .. 418  
 †St. Saviour (C.M.) 75, 144, 854  
 \*St. Saviour (7.7.7.7.7.  
 7.7.) .. .. 197  
 †St. Sepulchre .. .. 241, 242  
 St. Serf .. .. 491  
 St. Stephen .. .. 294, 295  
 St. Swithin .. .. 196  
 St. Theodulph .. .. 40, 417  
 †St. Theresa .. .. 413  
 St. Thomas .. .. 361, 362  
 St. Werbergh (8.8.8.8.8.) 673  
 St. Werburgh (8.7.8.7.8.) 699  
 †Saints of God .. .. 518, 519  
 Salvator .. .. 47  
 Samaria .. .. 646  
 Samson .. 169, 170, 825, 826  
 Samuel .. .. 823  
 †Sancissimus .. .. 796  
 †Sandon .. .. 479, 480  
 Sarah .. .. 1085  
 Sardis .. .. 101  
 Satisfaction .. .. 101  
 Sator .. .. 874  
 †Saviour .. .. 16  
 †Sawley 36, 367, 368, 406, 407  
 †Saxby .. .. 614, 615, 946  
 †Scopas .. .. 993  
 Scott .. .. 596  
 Seabridge .. .. 762  
 †Sefton .. .. 464, 465  
 †Selattyn .. .. 960  
 Serenity .. .. 250, 979  
 Sharon (8.7.8.7) .. .. 261  
 Sharon (C.M.) .. .. 1040  
 Shawmut .. .. 978  
 Sherborne .. .. 375  
 †Sherwood .. .. 26  
 \*Shildon .. .. 894, 1006  
 Shirland .. .. 1096  
 \*Shortlands .. .. 618  
 Silchester .. .. 58, 122, 373  
 Simeon .. .. 840  
 †Sinai .. .. 1011  
 Snowdon .. .. 520
- \*Solace .. .. 511  
 Solomon .. .. 531, 532  
 \*Song of Triumph .. .. 610  
 \*Southend .. .. 684  
 †Southfield .. .. 346  
 Southgate (8.8.8.8.8.) 476, 660  
 †Southgate (8.4.8.8.8.4.) 636  
 †Southport (S.M.) .. 37, 38, 874  
 †Southport (8.8.8.4) .. (53, 810)  
 †Southwell (Gauntlett) 282  
 †Southwell (Irons) .. 544, 545  
 †Southwick .. .. 136  
 Sovereignty .. .. 237  
 Spanish Chant .. .. 64, 944  
 \*Spes Gloriæ .. .. 556  
 Spire .. .. 194  
 Splendour .. .. 1065  
 Spolr .. 283, 284, 500, 1016  
 †Springfield .. .. 1051  
 Sprouton .. .. 1079  
 Staincliffe .. .. 85, 748, 971  
 †Stainforth .. .. 539  
 †Stephanos .. .. 462  
 Stepney .. .. 1049  
 Stella .. .. 48, 997  
 Stukeley .. .. 909  
 Stuttgart .. .. 130, 261  
 †Substitution .. .. 100  
 †Succour .. .. 97  
 Summerford .. .. 427  
 †Sun of my soul .. 947, 948  
 \*Suppliant (C.M.) .. .. 667  
 †Suppliant (6.6.4.6.6.4.) 985  
 \*Supplication (8.8.8.8.8) 222  
 Supplication (7.6.7.6.7.6.) 806  
 †Supplication (7.7.7.) .. 837  
 †Sursum Corda .. .. 378  
 †Sursum Voces .. .. 994  
 Swabia .. .. 733  
 †Swanland .. .. 158  
 †Sylvester .. .. 1000  
 Sympathy .. .. 93  
 Syria .. .. 14, 568  
 Tallis' Canon .. .. 945  
 Tallis' Ordination Hymn, 285, 619.  
 Te Deum Laudamus .. 1052  
 †Teignton .. .. 392  
 Temple .. .. 956  
 †Tenbury .. .. 609  
 †Tenterden .. .. 964  
 Thanksgiving .. .. 537  
 †The day is gently sinking 964  
 †The Long Home .. .. 569  
 The strain upraise .. 72  
 Theodora .. .. 506  
 \*Thirlwell .. .. 712  
 \*Thornbury .. .. 492  
 Thornor .. 359, 360, 802, 803  
 †Tibberton .. .. 129  
 Tiberias .. .. 436  
 Tichfield .. 259, 260, 989, 990  
 Tiverton .. .. 495, 496, 676  
 Toronto (S.M.) .. .. 343, 344  
 †Toronto (8.7.8.7) .. .. 571  
 Tottenham .. .. 19  
 Toulon .. .. 704  
 \*Tranquillity (Metrical  
 Chant) .. .. 925  
 Tranquillity (L.M.) .. 1066  
 Traveller .. 516, 517, 1106  
 \*Tribute (Irregular) .. 662  
 \*Tribute (10.6.11.11.6.12) 978  
 \*Trimnell .. .. 178  
 †Trinity (L.M.) .. .. 52, 53  
 †Trinity (11.12.12.10) .. 201  
 Trinity (C.M.) .. .. 1080  
 †Triumph .. .. 162, 264  
 \*Triumphant Host .. .. 57
- Trumpet .. .. 155  
 Truro .. .. 354  
 †Trust (8.8.8.6) .. .. 642  
 †Trust (11.10.11.6) .. 647  
 †Tryphena .. .. 474  
 Tuam .. .. 177  
 Tyrone .. .. 151, 432  
 Tuxtherton .. .. 193, 1023  
 Universal Praise .. .. 1067  
 University .. .. 106  
 †University College .. 78, 153  
 Uppingham .. .. 529  
 Uxbridge .. .. 575  
 †Valour .. .. 690  
 Valparaiso .. .. 745, 746  
 Vesper .. .. 993  
 Viator .. .. 524, 525  
 †Victory .. .. 878  
 Vienna .. .. 12, 232  
 †Vigil .. 694, 695, 759, 760  
 †Vigilate .. .. 605  
 †Visio Domini .. .. 484  
 \*Vital Spark (Irregular) 1001  
 \*Vital Spark (Anthem) 1001  
 †Vox Dilecti .. .. 502  
 Vox Jesu .. .. 502  
 Wainwright's Evening  
 Hymn .. .. 579  
 Wanderer .. .. 247  
 †Wanswell .. .. 1047  
 Wareham .. .. 49, 683  
 †Warrenne, No. 1 .. .. 521  
 †Warrenne, No. 2 .. .. 346  
 †Warrenne, No. 3 .. .. 351  
 †Warrenne, No. 4 .. .. 648  
 †Warrenne, No. 5 .. .. 559  
 †Warrington .. 338, 339, 828  
 Warrior .. .. 600  
 Warwick .. .. 126  
 Watchman .. .. 590, 591  
 \*Watchword .. .. 610  
 Watford .. .. 104  
 Wavertree .. .. 705, 706  
 Weber .. .. 179, 433  
 Welcome .. .. 268  
 Wells .. .. 382  
 †Wentworth .. .. 570  
 †Westbury .. .. 720, 721  
 †Westminster .. .. 172, 856  
 \*Whitefriars .. .. 298, 977  
 †White Robes .. .. 934, 935  
 †Whittington .. .. 702  
 Widdop .. .. 831  
 †Willerby .. .. 461  
 Williams .. .. 5, 6  
 Wilton .. .. 1068  
 Wiltshire .. 34, 35, 818, 819  
 Winchester .. 202, 812  
 Winchester Old .. 73, 1044  
 Windsor .. .. 1021  
 Wirksworth .. .. 301  
 Wir pflügen .. .. 898  
 Wittenburg .. .. 458  
 †Woodhouse .. .. 68  
 †Woodhouse Grove .. 473  
 \*Woodside .. .. 924  
 †Woolwich .. .. 977  
 \*Worship .. .. 633  
 †Worsley .. .. 47, 672  
 †Wreford .. .. 765  
 York .. .. 1042  
 Yorkshire .. .. 82  
 Zalmonah .. .. 1107  
 \*Zion (8.8.8.8.8.8.) .. 521  
 Zion (7.7.7.7) .. .. 626  
 Zurich .. .. 846  
 †Zwingle .. .. 755, 756



# METRICAL INDEX.

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L.M.					
†Abends .. 947, 948	†Ludborough 273, 274	†Trinity .. 52, 53	Evangelist .. 447		
Accrington .. 3	Luther's Chant 439,	Truro .. 354	†Eventide .. 357, 358		
Adoration .. 1053	814, 815.	Universal Praise 1067	†Farningham 361, 362		
Angel's Hymn 165, 166	Luton, 243, 244, 749, 750	Viator .. 524, 525	†Farrant 121, 204, 620		
†Antwerp .. 167, 168	†Lux Mundi 444, 890,	Wainwright's	†Faversham .. 409		
Angelus 754, 1035, 1036	891.	Evening Hymn 579	†French (Dundee) 218,		
Azzah .. 1054	Mainzer, 4, 326, 829, 830	Wareham 49, 683	972, 973.		
Babylon's Streams	Malta .. 967, 968	†Warrington 338, 339,	*Glossop Road .. 9		
1003	*Maplebeck 616, 617	828.	Glory .. 864		
Babylon .. 91, 1015	Melcombe 215, 216,	Wavertree 705, 706	Gloucester .. 293		
Bavaria 50, 51, 770, 771	653, 654, 816, 817.	Widdop .. 831	†Gordon .. 229, 230		
Berry .. 751	Missionary Chant 1039	Williams .. 5, 6	†Handforth .. 192		
Birstall .. 851	Montgomery 105, 541,	Wilton .. 1068	*Helena .. 949		
Blockley, 191, 488, 725,	773, 774.	Winchester 202, 812	Hensbury .. 1073		
726, 777, 778.	Morning Hymn 938		Horsley .. 217, 618		
Bonn .. 401, 402	†Morning Flowers 965	L.M.D.	Irish .. 1074		
Boston .. 275, 276	†Neapolis .. 445, 446	Hayes .. 90	†Jazer 147, 148, 621, 622		
†Brimington 278, 486,	New Creation .. 1062	†St. Serf .. 491	Jerusalem 544, 545, 1017		
487.	Newmarket .. 707	C.M.	†Kensington 404, 448,		
Bristol 708, 905, 906	New Sabbath .. 1063	Abridge 94, 228, 431, 691	449.		
Brooklyn .. 353, 356	Nicæa .. 753	Allhallows 497, 498, 729	Kent 546, 974, 975		
†Brookfield 650, 651,	†Norwood .. 442, 443	*Andover .. 801	Kilmarnock .. 588		
1015, 1037, 1038.	Nunhead .. 528	†Aristides .. 908	Kind Shepherd 727, 728		
Cathedral Chant 1004	Nuremburg .. 277	Arlington .. 1069	Lancaster 363, 364		
Daisy Hill .. 1055	Old Hundredth, 1, 772,	Arnolds 42, 149, 150, 666	†Lewis .. 781, 782		
David's Harp 489, 490	776, 1033, 1034.	Ashley .. 41	†Llandaff .. 920, 921		
Derby .. 1056	Old Hundredth	Attercliffe 341, 342,	London (New) 36, 248,		
Doversdale 117, 118	(original form) 772	492, 493.	249, 282.		
Dryden .. 1057	†Olney .. 203	Bangor .. 292	Lydia .. 1075		
Duke Street 223, 224	†Ombersley 542, 543,	Barrow 365, 366, 834, 835	Manchester 142, 192		
†Eden 52, 53, 351, 352,	893.	†Beatitudo .. 1019	Marlow .. 501, 586		
827.	†Ossett 17, 18, 852, 853	Bedford .. 173, 174	Martyrdom 226, 289,		
Edwinstow .. 1058	†Passing Bell 966, 1014	Belmont 146, 286, 287,	1020.		
Eisenach .. 916, 917	Pentecost .. 2, 832, 833	730, 731.	†Matlock .. 145		
†Ellesmere .. 892	Peru .. 1064	†Bexley .. 1040	Miles' Lane .. 143		
Ely .. 612, 613	*Phillip .. 580	Bishopthorpe 206, 408	Mount Pleasant 1076		
Elstow .. 84	Portobello .. 798	*Brampton .. 619	Myton .. 8		
*Entreaty .. 246, 583	†Redhead (No. 4), 139,	*Brixton .. 855	Nares .. 674, 675		
†Erfurt .. 1004	140.	*Brocco Bank 664, 665	†Nazareth .. 405		
Ernan 245, 930, 1039	*Reliance .. 86	Burmah .. 431	New Providence 1077		
Evening .. 1059	†Requies 355, 356, 868	†Burnett .. 369, 370	Northampton 369, 370		
†Fertile Plains 7, 775,	†Rinder .. 799	Byzantium 56, 210	*Orison .. 1043		
939, 940.	†Romer .. 799	Cambridge (New) 1070	†Pastor .. 919, 1017		
Festus .. 687, 688	†Rivaux .. 191	*Caterham .. 20	*Phillipi .. 584, 585		
Fulda .. 327	Rockingham 225, 271,	*Cecil .. 503	Piety .. 1078		
†Hampstead 269, 270,	272, 969, 970.	*Centenary .. 288	*Priodas .. 932		
752, 868.	Samson 169, 170, 825,	*Chypons .. 732	†Redemption .. 949		
Hartel .. 246	826.	Clapham .. 10, 11	†Redhead (No. 66) 499		
Haverhill .. 1060	†Saxby 614, 615, 946	Claremont 296, 690	Resting .. 285		
Haydn 526, 527, 941	Sineon .. 340	Comfort .. 1071	Richmond 54, 55, 279,		
†Hesperus 28, 29, 551,	*Southend .. 684	†Consecration (12	280.		
582, 918.	Splendour .. 1065	lines) .. 435	Rochester .. 494		
Holly, 239, 240, 429, 430,	Staincliffe 85, 748, 971	Crowle .. 401	†Rome .. 208, 869		
1002.	†St. Anselm 353, 399	Dalehurst .. 127	†Runcorn .. 942		
Home .. 350, 907	St. Bernard .. 652	Devides .. 1072	†Ruskin .. 22		
†Hope .. 686	†St. Cross .. 91	Dunfermline 371, 372	†Sawley 36, 367, 868,		
*Hosanna .. 92	*St. Fillans .. 797	Dublin 207, 664, 665	406, 407.		
*Humility .. 689	St. Luke 141, 214, 440,	†Eagley 175, 176, 931	Sharon .. 1040		
Hursley .. 947, 948	441.	†Eastwood .. 780	*Shildon .. 894, 1006		
Justification .. 1061	St. Paul .. 30, 31, 649	Edgware .. 87, 88	*Shortlands .. 618		
*Kelvinside .. 685	St. Polycarp 400, 813	Emmanuel .. 205	Solomon .. 531, 532		
†Lasus 747, 773, 774	†St. Sepulchre 241, 242	Emmas .. 371, 372	†Southwell (Gaunt-		
†Leeds .. 403	†Sun of my Soul 947, 948	Ephesus .. 547, 548	lett) .. 282		
	Tallis' Canon .. 945	Etheldreda .. 668	†Southwell (Irons) 544		
	Tranquillity .. 1066	†Evan 328, 547, 548	545.		

Spohr 283, 284, 500, 1016	+Ferguson.. 594, 595	5 5.5 5.6 5.6 5.	6 6.6 6. D.
Sprowston .. 1079	Fonthill Abbey.. 297	+Houghton 13, 535	+Bury St. Edmunds 1025
Stukely .. 909	Franconia 625, 759, 760	5 5 11.5 5 11.	+Clarence Street 1025
St. Agnes 171, 290, 291	*Hotham .. 696, 976	Darlington .. 95	6's (12 lines).
St. Ann .. 587, 783	Hope .. 710	Osborne .. 95	*Pardon .. 233
St. Bernard .. 227	Huddersfield .. 128	*Oxford .. 95	6 6.6 6.8 8.
St. David.. .. 292	Langton 300, 553, 1022	5 5 12.5 5 12.	Acclamation .. 509
St. Flavian 23, 119, 120, 363, 364.	Lumen Verum .. 552	+Jesmond .. 507	Adoration .. 24, 111
+St. Frances 219, 220, 784	*Mahlon .. 933	Harwich .. 507	Beverley .. 821
+St. Fulbert 21, 709, 779, 836.	Mount Ephraim 1083	6 4.6 4.	Bickleigh .. 880
St. Hugh .. 801	+Newland .. 594, 595	Nain .. 253	Brooklyn .. 842
St. James 872, 873	+Rhodes 329, 786, 787	6 4.6 4.6 6 4.	Burnham .. 1087
+St. Leonard 530, 1018	Ripon .. 1084	Bethel .. 557	Carinthia 379, 881
*St. Louis .. 620	*Rothsay .. 299	+Horbury .. 557	Cheerful .. 681
St. Magnus 127, 209, 870, 871.	+Rowsley .. 711	+Propior Deo .. 557	+Christchurch .. 1024
St. Mary .. 1005	Sarah .. 1085	6 4.6 4.6 6 6 4.	College Street .. 154
+St. Peter 32, 33, 281, 785	Sator .. 874	+Fatherland .. 558	Croft's 148th .. 110
St. Saviour 75, 144, 854	Scott .. 596	6 4.6 4.6 7 6 4.	Darwell's 148th 131, 822
St. Stephen 294, 295	Serenity .. 250, 979	+Brooms Grove .. 599	Heaton .. 123
St. Thomas 361, 362	Shawmut .. 978	6 4.6 4.10 10.	Hollingsworth .. 1088
*Suppliant .. 667	Shirland .. 1086	Sursum Corda .. 378	Lebanon .. 716
Sympathy .. 93	Silchester 58, 122, 373	6 4.6 6.	Leslie .. 182
Tallis' Ordination	+Southport 37, 38, 874	+Nocturn .. 950	Majesty .. 1089
Hymn .. 285, 619	St. Andrew's 757, 758	+St. Columba .. 950	Millennium .. 331
*Thornbury 492, 493	St. Bride .. 976	6 5.6 5.	+Omagh .. 879
Thornor 359, 360, 802, 803.	St. George 152, 693	+Caswall .. 627	*Rehoboth .. 841
Tiverton 495, 496, 676	St. John .. 221	+Eudoxia .. 951	*Rejoicing .. 508
Tottenham .. 19	St. Michael .. 533	+St. Dominic 627	Safe Home .. 1026
Trinity .. 1080	Swabia .. 733	5 5.6 5. D.	Samuel .. 523
*Tyrone .. 151, 432	*Thirlwell.. 712	*Burngrove .. 413	Seabridge .. 762
University .. 106	Toronto .. 343, 344	+Norfolk Park 164	+St. Godric 628, 629
Uppingham .. 529	Tuam .. 177	+Princethorpe 164	+St. Mildred .. 132
Wanderer .. 247	Tytherton 193, 1023	+St. Albans .. 164	St. Swithin .. 196
Warwick .. 126	+Vigil 694, 695, 759, 760	+St. Mary Magda- 455	Trumpet .. 155
+Westminster 172, 856	Watchman 590, 591	+St. Theresa .. 413	+Warrenne (No. 5) 559
Wiltshire 34, 35, 818, 819.	*Whitefriars 298, 977	6.5 (12 lines).	Eccles .. 1027
Winchester (Old) 73, 1044.	+Woolwich .. 977	+Valour .. 600	Fulneck .. 183
Windor .. 1021	S.M.D.	Warrior .. 600	+Southfield .. 346
York .. 1042	+Bremen .. 551	6 6.4 6.6 4.	+St. Benignus .. 457
+Zwingle .. 755, 756	+Chalvey .. 980	+Suppliant .. 985	+St. Hilda .. 61
C.M.D.	+Diademata .. 129	6 6.4 6.6 6 4.	+Warrenne (No. 2) 346
+Audite, Audientes	Emmaus .. 374	6 6.4 6.6 6 8 4.	Leoni .. 43, 44
Me .. 502	*Ethel .. 297	6 6.8 6.6 8.	Pontypridd .. 45
+Castle Rising .. 550	+Gottingen .. 1007	6 6.8 6.8 7.	Ascalon .. 156
+Gabriel .. 74	Leominster .. 980	+Highbury .. 560	6 6.8 6.8 8.
*Gennesaret .. 1045	+Mansion .. 554	+Bath .. 304	+De Mortuis .. 986
*Glasgow .. 800	Old 25th .. 1007	6 6.9 6 6 9.	Bensham .. 714
*Hiding Place .. 624	+Tibberton .. 129	+Hungerford .. 556	*Spes Gloria .. 556
Kirkstall .. 692	4 4.6 4.6 4.	6 6.10 6 6 10.	+Elvey .. 89
+Land of Rest .. 623	*Fairbridge .. 984	6 6.11 5.6 10.	Adeste Fideles .. 1090
*Moorgate .. 912	4 10.10 10.4.	6 7.6 7.6 6.6 6.	Wittamburg .. 458
Noel .. 76	Bluntisham .. 598	7 5.7 5. D.	+Dedicatio Anni.. 882
+St. Leonard's .. 559	5 4.5 4.6 6.6 4.	Eden .. 456	
St. Matthew .. 549	+Cæsarea .. 232	+Quam Dilecta .. 790	
*Triumphant Host 57	5 5.8 8.5 5.	+Safety .. 734	
+Vox Dilecti .. 502	+Fatherland .. 454	+St. Cecilia .. 456	
Vox Jesu .. 502	+Jesus, still lead on 454		
S.M.	Spire .. 194		
Aston .. 298	5 5.5 11.5 5 5 11.		
Augustine 094, 695	+Hosanna .. 180		
Aynhoe .. 450	+Victory .. 878		
Batchford 343, 344	5 5.5 11.		
Braden .. 410	Derbe .. 877		
Cambridge 231, 820			
Carlisle .. 1081			
*Caution .. 677			
+Charming Sound 411			
*Clegg .. 221			
Cranbrook .. 1082			
Doncaster 301, 804, 805			
*Driffeld .. 592, 593			
*Eastwood .. 451			
*Everlasting Light 451			

7 5.7 5.7 5.7 5.8 8.	7 7 7.	+Mount Zion .. 383	8 6.8 6.8 6.
+Intercession .. 670	+St. Philip.. 738, 739	+Nassau .. 460	+Allhallows .. 656
7 6.7 6.	7 7 7.3	+Paraclete.. 160	+Arabia .. 606
+Barton .. 601	+Vigilate .. 605	*Porthminster .. 900	*Pitsmoor .. 463
+Crewe .. 883	7 7 7.5.	Ratishon .. 900	+Sherwood .. 26
+Sacrifice .. 883	Cape Town 184, 1047	+Redhead (No. 76) 311, 718, 740.	+Substitution .. 100
+St. Alphege .. 561	+Horton .. 310	Requiem .. 634	8 6.8 6.8 6.8 6.
+White Robes 934, 935	+Irene .. 567	+Reynoldstone .. 741	Norseman (Hiding
7 6.7 6.3 3.6 6.	+Ledbury .. 310	Spanish Chant 64, 944	Place) .. 1097
*Parkes .. 860	+Wanswell.. 1047	St. John .. 185	8 6.8 6.8 8.
7 6.7 6. D.	7 7 7.6.	St. Margaret 213, 311	+Daniel .. 719
*Adela .. 604	*Advocate .. 988	Wells .. 382	+St. Kitts .. 719
+Alpha .. 806	+Evelyn .. 459	7 7 7.7 D.	8 6.8 8 6.
+Angels' Story .. 716	7 7 7.7.	Benevento .. 671	+Newcastle .. 65
+Aurelia 254, 255, 630, 717	*Blasius .. 555	*Guidance .. 538	+Royal Fort .. 65
+Beachley .. 256	Bohemia .. 59	Hobenlohe .. 540	8 7.8 7.
+Bentley .. 212	+Buckland .. 345	+Hollingside .. 302	+Bethlehem .. 15
Bradford .. 764	+Chester .. 080	Invocation (St.	+Ecclerigges 464, 465
*Carleton .. 936	+Christus .. 412	Agnes) .. 312	+Ellerker .. 102
*Come, praise the	+Clarion .. 789	Iris .. 847	Even Me .. 313
Lord .. 863	Clayton .. 678, 679	Maidstone .. 536	+Gotha .. 511
Dunkirk .. 1091	+Consecration .. 377	+Monica .. 513	+Guardant .. 742
+Eden Grove .. 843	*Cuthbert .. 982, 983	+New Leeds .. 348	+Lucerne .. 66
Ellacombe 133, 897	Easter Hymn	Requies .. 416, 884	+Mariners .. 1041
+Endsleigh 112, 113, 763	(Carey) .. 107, 109	St.ainforth .. 539	*Paterson .. 742
+Evening Hymn .. 953	+Easter Hymn	St. George .. 901	+Penance .. 913
Ewing .. 563	(Monk) .. 107	St. Patrick .. 114	*Rokeyby .. 571
Fairford .. 133, 603	+Eli .. 555	St. Peter's (Man-	Sardis .. 101
*Hatchard .. 844	Ellingham 857, 858	croft) .. 1028	+Sefton .. 464, 465
Laister Dyke .. 564	+Ephraim .. 39	Syria .. 14, 568	Sharon .. 261
+Lynnington .. 861	Harts .. 838	Thanksgiving .. 537	+Solace .. 511
Madagascar .. 306	+Haven .. 922, 923	Tichfield 259, 260, 989,	+St. Mabyn .. 913
Missionary 845, 862	Hernlein .. 982, 983	990.	St. Oswald 124, 1041
+Mossleigh .. 234, 562	*Hirst .. 345	7 7 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.	Stuttgart .. 130, 261
Munich .. 157, 987	+Hoiy Warfare .. 597	St. Saviour .. 197	Toronto .. 571
New York .. 332, 602	Innocents .. 108, 697	+Ecce Homo .. 99	8 7.8 7. & 8 8.8 8.
Patna .. 845	+Litany .. 303	Mendelssohn .. 79	+Sylvester .. 1000
Rutherford .. 414	+Monkland .. 895	7 7.8 7.7.8 7.	8 7.8 7.4 7.
+St. Christopher .. 97	Nottingham 376, 788	+Grasmere .. 633	Alma .. 1095
+St. George's (Bol-	Paris .. 452, 453	*Worship .. 633	+Anglican .. 469, 470
ton) .. 305, 565	*Pendeen .. 669	7 8.7 8.4.	Calvary .. 103, 849
*St. Jerome .. 957	Percy .. 761	+St. Albinus .. 991	Dismissal 467, 1048
St. Theodulph 40, 417	Pleyel 211, 504, 505	The Long Home. 569	+Everton .. 682
+Succour .. 97	+Priory .. 412	Meinhold .. 992	Grace .. 1096
Supplication .. 806	Pulchra .. 302	8 4.8 4.8 4.	Helmsley 1008, 1009
+Swanland .. 158	+Reading .. 77	+Wentworth .. 570	+Lewisham 1008, 1009
7 6.7 6.7.7.	+Redhead (47) 534, 981	8 4.8 4.8 8.8.	Mannheim 263, 693
+Coldrey .. 631	Sacred Harmony 251	+Willerby .. 461	Melita .. 698
+Melancthon .. 159	Sherborne .. 375	8 4.8 4.8 8.8 4.	Olivet .. 161
76.76.76.76.66.84.	St. Bees (Dykes) 375	+The Long Home. 569	Oriel .. 384
Wir pflegen .. 898	St. Bees (Small-	Meinhold .. 992	+Regent's Square 67, 80
7 6.7 6.7.7.7.6.	wood) .. 713	8 4.8 4.8 8.8 4.	Rousseau .. 262
+Brentwood .. 899	*St. Denys .. 534	+Wentworth .. 570	Russia .. 848
+Elevation .. 566	St. Helen 875, 876	8 4.8 4.8 8.8 8.	+Saviour .. 16
+Jeshurun .. 62, 63, 380	+Supplication .. 837	+The Long Home. 569	+St. Raphael .. 418
Ontario .. 735	Theodora .. 506	Meinhold .. 992	Tiberias .. 436
+St. Hilary .. 632	*Trimmell .. 178	8 4.8 4.8 8.8 4.	Triumph .. 162, 264
7 6.7 6.7.8 7.6.	Vienna .. 12, 232	+Southgate .. 636	+Westbury 720, 721
Anusterdam .. 1092	+University Col-	Temple .. 956	Zurich .. 846
+Camborne .. 415	lege .. 78, 153	8 5.8 3.	8 7.8 7.4 4 7.
+Greenock .. 307, 434	Weber .. 179, 433	+Bullinger .. 462	*Eadric .. 466
+Halstead .. 824	Zion .. 626	*Sacred Rest .. 635	8 7.8 7.6 6.6 6.7.
Josiah .. 308, 309	7 7 7.7.7.3.	+Stephanos .. 402	Ein Feste Burg. 637,
+Marlow .. 434	+Lux Prima .. 943	8 5.8 5.8 4.3.	914.
New Zealand .. 1093	7 7 7.7.7.7.	+Angel Voices 791, 1094	8 7.8 7.7.7.
+Nuremberg .. 737	Cassel .. 937	8 6.8 4.	Break of Day .. 1049
*Ormesby .. 46	+Dale Abbey 257, 258	+St. Cuthbert .. 186	+Communion .. 958
+Warrenne (No. 3) 381	Dix .. 25	*Wreford .. 765	Darmstadt 265, 572
7 6.7 6.8 8.	+Early Dawn 347, 655	8 6.8 6.6 6.6 6.	+Easter Eve .. 958
+St. Anatolius .. 954	+Glastonbury .. 955	Paradise (Gill) .. 1029	+Evensong .. 957
	+Heathlands .. 134	+Paradise (Dykes) 1029	+Gounod .. 638
	+Morning .. 510, 718		



Paran .. .. 265	8 8.8.	+New Radnor .. 888	10 10.11 11.
Stepney .. .. 1049	+St. Aidan .. 199	+Pater Omnim 27, 200,	Edinburgh .. 483
8 7.8.7.7.7.7.	+Tryphena .. 474	794.	+Fontainebleau .. 609
+Exeter .. .. 198	8 8.8.3.	Plymouth Dock .. 496	Gorton .. 482
8 7.8.7.7.8.8.	+St. Aélred .. 925	Reddish .. .. 426	Hanover 482, 523, 661
Clevedon .. .. 187	*Tranquillity (Me-	+Rochester .. 183, 267	+Houghton .. 795
8 7.8.7.8.7.	trical Chant) .. 925	Sagina .. .. 1104	+Hugghenden .. 724
+Grange .. .. 865	8 8.8.4.	+Saints of God .. 518, 519	Old 104th .. .. 483
St. Werburgh .. 699	+Almsgiving .. 70	+Salvator .. .. 47	+Tenbury .. .. 609
+Triumph .. .. 162	Calm .. .. 743	Samarita .. .. 646	
8 7.8.7. D.	+Clifton (Metrical	Satisfaction .. 1105	10 11.11 11.12 11.
Austria, 68, 235, 236, 722	Chant) .. .. 419	Southgate .. 476, 660	10 11.
Benediction .. 1050	*Conquest .. 137	Sovereignty .. 237	Epiphany .. 116
+Bethany .. 163, 723	+Faith .. .. 743	+St. Catherine 397, 398,	11 10.11 6.
*Broomhill .. 959	+Hanford .. 320	518, 519, 886, 887.	+Trust .. .. 647
+Censorinus .. 69	*Humility .. 810	+St. Matthias .. 767	11 10.11 10.
*Cheviot .. .. 807	+Selattyn (Metrical	St. Paul .. .. 200	+Dawning .. .. 577
+Day of Gladness 866	Chant) .. .. 960	St. Paul's .. 336, 337	+Epiphany Hymn .. 83
+Deerhurst .. .. 81	+Southport .. 658, 810	+St. Philip .. 189	+Springfield .. 1051
+Defence .. .. 639	+St. Gabriel .. 960	St. Werburgh .. 673	+Visio Domini .. 484
*Elthorne .. .. 135	8 8.8.6.	Stella .. .. 48, 997	11 10.11 10.9 11.
Faben .. .. 385	+Agnus Dei .. 321	+Supplication .. 222	+Angelic Songs .. 1032
Fruition .. .. 512	*Alicia .. .. 266	+Teignton .. 392	+Pilgrims .. 1032
+Golden Sheaves 902	Boniface .. 475	Traveller 516, 517, 1106	11 10.11 10.10 10.
+Lux Eoi .. .. 994	+Durham .. 125, 642	+Whittington .. 702	+Warrenne (No. 4) 648
+Normandy .. 314	*Fides .. .. 766	Worsley .. 47, 672	
+Scopas .. .. 993	+Gainsworth .. 322	Zalmonah .. 1107	11 10.11 10.10 10.
*Sursum Voces .. 994	+Intercessor .. 1108	8 8.8.8.8.8.	11 11.11 11.
Vesper .. .. 993	*Keighley .. 266	+Dies Ira .. .. 1013	+Chorley Wood .. 428
+Woodhouse .. 68	+Trust .. .. 642	Dresden .. .. 71	Home .. .. 578
*Woodside .. 924	8 8.8.8.	Lucerne .. .. 396	+Lytham .. .. 578
87.87.87.87.87.87	David .. .. 962	+Monmouth .. 71	*Providence .. 485
+Morgenlied .. 115	8 8.8.8.4.	Snowdon .. 520	11 11.11 11.11 11.
8 7.8.7.8.8.7.	*Christian Sub-	St. Edmund .. 701	+St. Boniface .. 611
Faith .. .. 885	mission .. 659	8 8.8.8.8.8.8.8.	+St. Gertrude .. 611
Luther's Hymn 315,	8 8.8.8.4.7.	+Arabia .. .. 574	+Song of Triumph 610
1010.	+Hosanna .. 793	Bolton .. .. 998	*Watchword .. 610
+Sinai .. .. 1011	8 8.8.8.4.4.8.	*Communion .. 915	
8 7.8.8.7.7.7.7.7.	*Clive Vale .. 903	Uxbridge .. 575	11 12.12 10.
+Southwick .. 136	8 8.8.8.6.	+Warrenne (No. 1) 521	+Nicæa .. .. 201
8 8.6.8.8.6.	Oberlin .. .. 389	*Zion .. 521, 626	+Trinity .. .. 201
Drayton .. .. 792	8 8.8.8.8.8.	9 6.9 6.9 6.9 6.	12 10.12 10.
+Grosvenor .. 349, 995	Adam .. .. 744	Watford .. .. 104	12 12.12 12.
Hull .. .. 420, 573	Admiration .. 643	10 4.10 4.10 10.	+Sanctissimus .. 796
Innspruck .. 471, 472	Adoration .. 1100	+Lux Benigna 479, 480	12 12.12 12.
King's College .. 700	+Barnby .. 423	+Sandon .. 479, 480	+Euroclydon .. 929
Latrobe .. .. 316	Carey's 324, 325, 644,	10 6.11 11.6 12.	Free Grace .. 238
Loasdale .. 808, 809	645.	*Tribute .. .. 928	13 11.13 12.
Magdalen College, 333,	+Cheshunt College 478	+Autumnus .. 904	Ems .. .. 999
422, 1012.	*Clarissa .. 996	+Holy City .. 1031	Proper Tune .. 999
+Maudsley Street 421	Cleft of the Rock 1101	10 10.10 4.	14 14.14 14.
New Mills .. 1098	Colmar .. .. 323	+Colosse .. 608	+Bridegroom .. 889
Pembroke 318, 319,	Creator .. .. 190	+St. Philip .. 608	Irregular.
388, 1012.	Decapolis .. 1102	10 10.10 10.	+Elim or Rest .. 663
Praise .. .. 1099	+Dura .. 393, 394, 867	Dalkeith .. 438	Te Deum Lauda-
+Purleigh .. 837	Eaton 393, 394, 768, 850	+Eilers .. 481, 963	mus .. .. 1052
+Ravendale .. 317, 866	+Erlsdene .. 334, 335	+Eventide .. 963	*Tribute .. 662
+Ruperra 514, 515, 846,	+Euphony 237, 395, 811	*Mount Zion .. 427	*Vital Spark .. 1001
641.	Evening .. .. 1059	*Pax Dei .. 769	Vital Spark
+St. Justin .. 607, 1012	Giessen .. 390, 391	+St. Agnes .. 438, 522	(Anthem) .. 1001
+Woodhouse Grove 473	Halle .. .. 477	Summerford .. 427	Welcome .. 268
8 8.7.7.	+Harvest Home .. 997	Toulon .. .. 704	Chants.
St. Mildred .. 657	+In Memoriam .. 437	Valparaiso 745, 746	Boyce .. .. 204
8 8.7.8.8.7.	+King of Glory .. 138	10 10.10 10.6.	Cooke .. .. 210
+Evening Hymn 961	Love .. .. 1103	+Holderness .. 576	+Elvey .. .. 205
+Finchley .. .. 961	Lusatia .. .. 708	10 10.10 10.10 10.	Dupuis .. .. 209
8 8.7.8.8.8.7.	Magdalen .. 392	+Tenterden .. 964	Lugdon 34, 35, 217
*Celeste .. .. 1030	+Melita .. 926, 927	+The day is gently	Mornington .. 206
*Firs Hill .. .. 1030	Mozart .. 424, 425	sinking .. 964	Troyte .. 72, 608, 658
	New Creation .. 1003	Yorkshire .. 82	Whittington .. 208

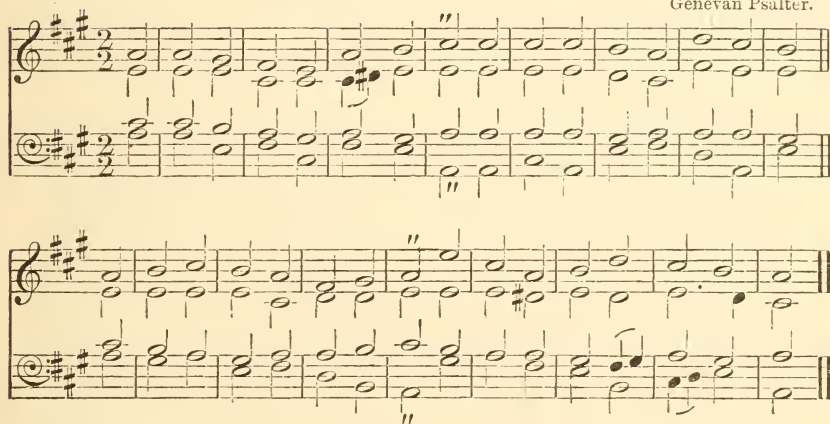


# HYMNAL.

## GOD THE FATHER—HIS BEING AND ATTRIBUTES.

### 1 Old Hundredth.—L.M.

Genevan Psalter.



- f* 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone;  
 He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
 And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,  
 He brought us to His fold again.
- f* 3 We are His people, we His care,  
 Our souls and all our mortal frame;  
 What lasting honours shall we rear,  
 Almighty Maker, to Thy name?
- ff* 4 We'll crown Thy gates with thankful songs;  
 High as the heavens our voices raise;  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- f* 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
 Vast as eternity Thy love  
 Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

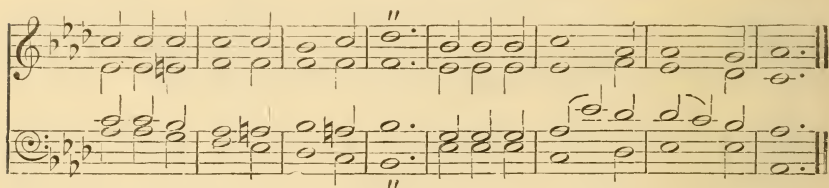
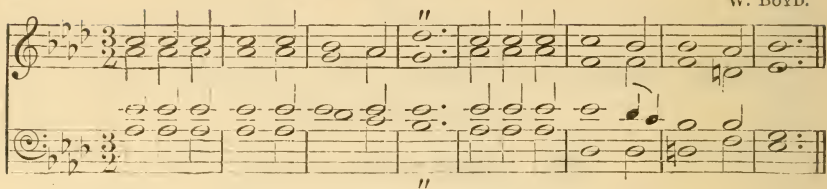
I. WATTS.

A

## 2

## Pentecost.—L.M.

W. BOYD.



1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God:  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,  
He hides His face behind His wings,  
And ranks of shining throngs around  
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

p 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too;

From sin and dust to Thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,  
And worms have learnt to hisp Thy  
But O the glories of Thy mind [name];  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

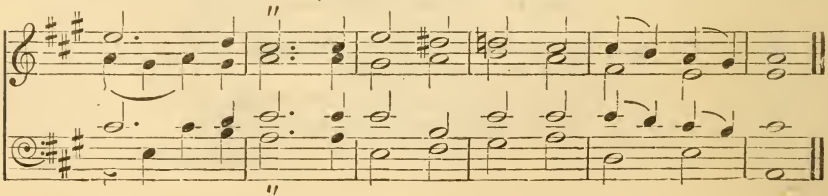
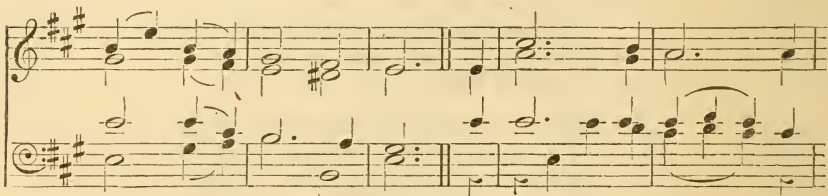
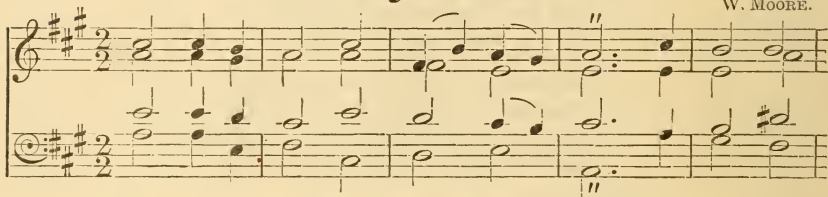
5 God is in heaven, and men below:  
Be short our tunes, our words be few!  
A sacred reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

I. WATTS.

## 3

## Accrington.—L.M.

W. MOORE.



*f*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord : 'tis good to raise ;  
Our hearts and voices in His praise ;  
His nature and His works invite  
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,  
And gathers nations to His name ;  
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,  
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He formed the stars, those heavenly  
flames ; [names :  
He counts their numbers, calls their  
His wisdom's vast and knows no bound,  
A deep where all our thoughts are  
drowned.

*f* 4 Great is our Lord, and great His might,  
And all His glories infinite ;  
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
But treads the wicked to the dust.

*f* 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,  
Who spreads His clouds all round the  
sky ;  
There He prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;  
The beasts with food His hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force ?  
The sprightly man, or warlike horse ?  
The piercing wit, the active limb ?  
All are too mean delights for Him.

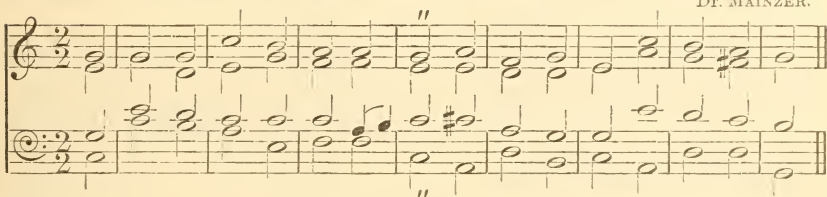
*f* 8 But saints are precious in His sight :  
He views His children with delight ;  
He sees their hope, He knows their  
fear,  
And looks, and loves His image there.

I. WATTS.

4

Mainzer.—L.M.

Dr. MAINZER.



1 GOD only wise, and great, and strong,  
Hath made the orbs to run their  
race,

*f* Knowledge and might to God belong,  
Honour, and majesty, and praise.

2 Jehovah is unchangeable, [ours ;  
His ways and thoughts are not as  
He cheers the languid souls that fail,  
And quickens all their drooping  
powers.

4 Blasted, the vigour of the young  
Shall fade, and suddenly decay ;  
The bold, and confident, and strong,  
Shall fear, despair, and die away.

5 But they who wait upon the Lord  
Shall surely find His promise true,  
Receive the quickening powerful word,  
And, born of God, their strength  
renew.

*p* 3 Gently He lifts the fallen up, [crease,  
He gives them faith, and faith's in-  
Revives their feeble dying hope,  
And fills with love, and joy, and peace.

*f* 6 Their willing souls, from sin set free,  
Shall swiftly in His statutes move,  
Shall walk in glorious liberty,  
Shall fly upon the wings of love.

C. WESLEY.

5—6

Williams.—L.M.

From "Templi Carmina."



1 **Y**ES, God is good ;—in earth and sky,  
From ocean depths and spreading  
wood;

*f* Ten thousand voices seem to cry,  
God made us all, and God is good.

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,  
And downward pours his golden flood,  
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,  
In accents clear, that God is good.

3 The merry birds prolong the strain,  
Their song with every spring re-  
newed ;

*p* And balmy air and falling rain,  
Each softly whispers, God is good.

4 I hear it in the rushing breeze ;  
The hills that have for ages stood,  
*f* The echoing sky and roaring seas,  
All swell the chorus, God is good.

5 Yes, God is good, all Nature says,  
By God's own hand with speech en-  
dued ;

*f* And man, in louder notes of praise,  
Should sing for joy, that God is good.

*f* 6 For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,  
But chiefly for our heavenly food ;  
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening  
word, [good]  
These prompt our song, that God is  
J. H. GURNEY.

6

Williams.—L.M.

1 **L**ORD, Thou hast searched and seen  
me through ; [view,  
Thine eye commands, with piercing  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known ;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand ;  
On every side I find Thy hand ;

Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge ! vast and great !  
What large extent ! what lofty height !  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my  
breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;  
Nor let my feeble passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

I. WATTS.

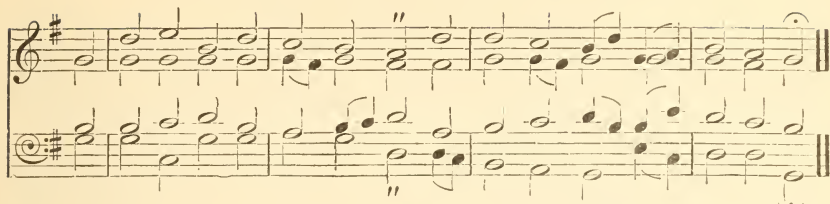
7

Fertile Plains.—L.M.

From HANDEL.







*f* 1 **O** LOVE of God, how strong and true !  
Eternal, and yet ever new ;  
Uncomprehended and unbought,  
Beyond all knowledge and all thought !

*f* 2 O Love of God, how deep and great !  
Far deeper than man's deepest hate ;  
Self-fed, self-kindled, like the light,  
Changeless, eternal, infinite !

*p* 3 O heavenly Love, how precious still  
In days of weariness and ill ;  
In nights of pain and helplessness,  
To heal, to comfort, and to bless !

4 O wide-embracing, wondrous Love !  
We read Thee in the sky above,

We read Thee in the earth below, [flow,  
In seas that swell and streams that

5 We read Thee best in Him who came  
To bear for us the cross of shame ;  
Sent by the Father from on high,  
*f* Our life to live, our death to die.

6 We read Thy power to bless and save,  
E'en in the darkness of the grave ;  
Still more in resurrection light,  
We read the fulness of Thy might.

7 O Love of God, our shield and stay  
Through all the perils of our way,  
*f* Eternal Love, in Thee we rest,  
For ever safe, for ever bless'd !

H. BONAR.

8

Myon.—C.M.



1 **B**EGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing ;  
The mighty works, or mightier name  
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound His power abroad ;  
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,  
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,  
For wretched, dying men ;  
His hand has writ the sacred Word  
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,  
The mighty promise shines ;

Nor can the powers of darkness rase  
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies ;  
The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all the promises.

6 O might I hear Thine heavenly tongue  
But whisper, Thou art mine !  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

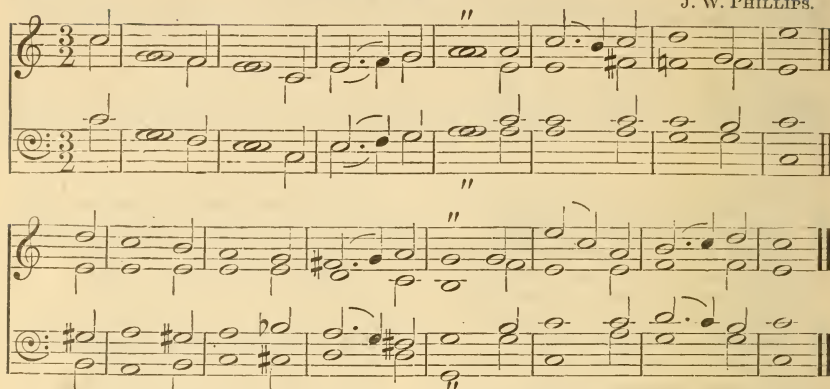
7 How would my leaping heart rejoice,  
And think my heaven secure !  
I trust the all-creating voice,  
*f* And faith desires no more.

I. WATTS.

## 9

## Glossop Road.—C.M.

J. W. PHILLIPS.

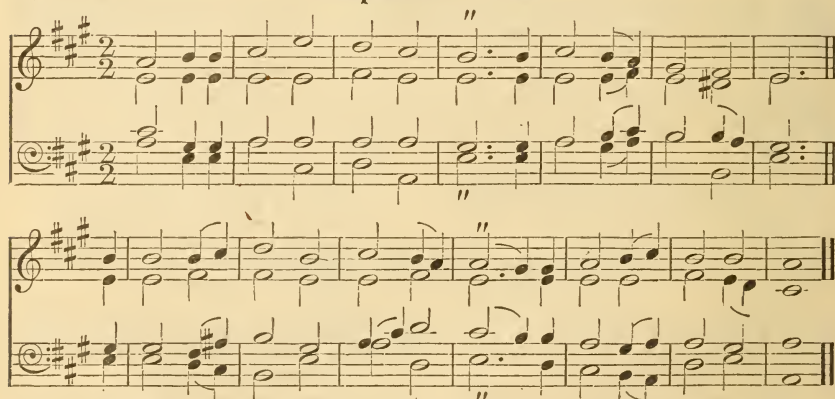


- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 <b>M</b>Y God ! how wonderful Thou art,<br/>Thy Majesty how bright !<br/>How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,<br/>In depths of burning light !</p> <p><i>p</i> 2 How dread are Thine eternal years,<br/>O everlasting Lord !<br/>By prostrate spirits, day and night,<br/>Incessantly adored !</p> <p>3 How beautiful, how beautiful,<br/>The sight of Thee must be ;<br/>Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,<br/>And awful purity !</p> <p>4 O how I fear Thee, living God !<br/>With deepest, tenderest fears ;</p> | <p>And worship Thee with trembling hope,<br/>And penitential tears.</p> <p><i>V</i> 5 Yet may I love Thee, too, O Lord,<br/>Almighty as Thou art ;<br/>For Thou hast stooped to ask of me<br/><i>p</i> The love of my poor heart.</p> <p><i>p</i> 6 No earthly father loves like Thee,<br/>No mother half so mild<br/>Bears and forbears as Thou hast done,<br/>With me Thy sinful child.</p> <p><i>p</i> 7 Father of Jesus, love's Reward !<br/>What rapture will it be,<br/>Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,<br/>And gaze, and gaze on Thee !</p> |
|--|--|

F. W. FABER.

## 10—11

## Clapham.—C.M.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 <b>T</b>HOU, Lord, art love, and everywhere<br/>Thy name is brightly shown ;<br/>Beneath, on earth—Thy footstool fair ;<br/>Above, in heaven—Thy throne.</p> | <p>2 Thy Word is love ; in lines of gold<br/>There mercy prints its trace :<br/>In nature we Thy steps behold,<br/>The Gospel shows Thy face.</p> |
|---|---|

- 3 Thy ways are love ; though they trans-  
Our feeble range of sight, [end  
They wind through darkness to their  
In everlasting light. [end
- 4 Thy thoughts are love, and Jesus is  
The loving voice they find ;  
His love lights up the vast abyss  
Of the Eternal Mind.
- p 5 Thy chastisements are love ; more deep  
They stamp the seal divine ;
- And by a sweet compulsion keep  
Our spirits nearer Thine.
- 6 Thy heaven is the abode of love !  
O blessed Lord, that we  
May there, when time's dim shades re-  
Be gathered home to Thee ! [move,
- 7 Then with Thy resting saints to fall  
Adoring round Thy throne.
- f When all shall love Thee, Lord, and all  
Shall in Thy love be one.
- J. D. BURNS.

## 11

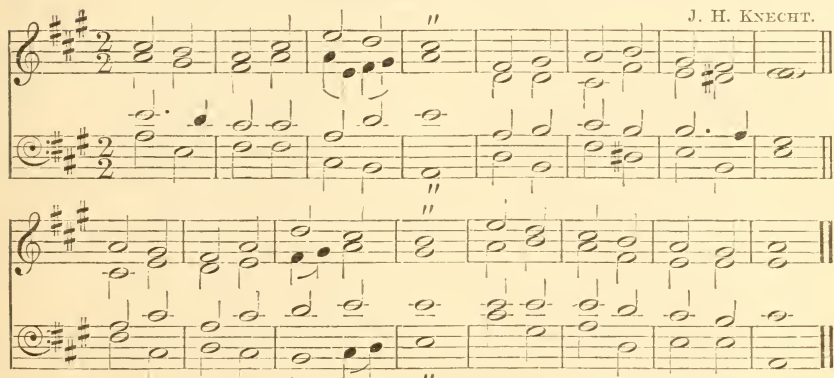
## Clapham.—C.M.

- 1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,  
Thy goodness we adore :  
A spring, whose blessings never fail,  
A sea, without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest,  
In every cheerful ray :  
Love draws the curtains of the night,  
And love restores the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,  
With all the bliss it yields ;  
With joyful clusters bend the vines,  
With harvests wave the fields.
- 4 But chiefly Thy compassions, Lord,  
Are in the Gospel seen :  
There, like the sun, Thy mercy shines,  
Without a cloud between.
- 5 Thy Son, Thy noblest, choicest gift,  
Was from Thy bosom sent  
To bear from off a sinking world  
Its load of punishment.
- 6 Ours is the life, the glory ours,  
And His the death and shame ;  
Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,  
Are published in His name.
- T. GIBBONS.

## 12

## Vienna.—7.7.77.

J. H. KNECHT.

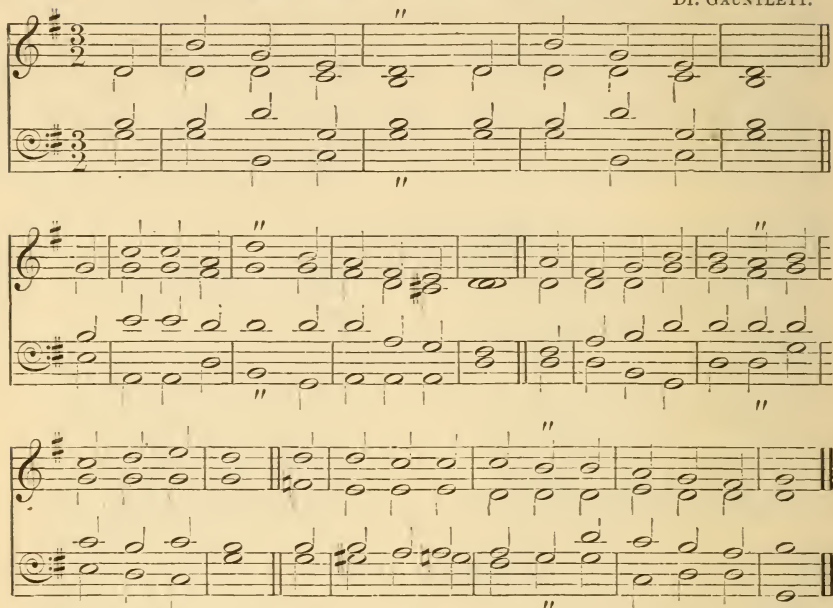


- f 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake, and it was done.
- f 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away  
Songs of praise shall crown that day :  
God will make new heavens and earth ;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- p 4 And can man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No : the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- f 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice :  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death :  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.
- J. MONTGOMERY.

## 13

## Thoughton.—5 5.5 5.6 5.6 5.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



*f* 1 O WORSHIP the King,  
 All glorious above ;  
 O gratefully sing  
 His power and His love ;  
 Our Shield and Defender,  
 The Ancient of Days,  
 Pavilioned in splendour,  
 And girded with praise.

*f* 2 O tell of His might,  
 O sing of His grace,  
 Whose robe is the light,  
 Whose canopy space ;  
 His chariots of wrath  
 The deep thunder-clouds form,  
 And dark is His path  
 On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store  
 Of wonders untold,  
 Almighty ! Thy power  
 Hath founded of old ;  
 Hath 'stablished it fast  
 By a changeless decree,  
 And round it hath cast,  
 Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care  
 What tongue can recite ?  
 It breathes in the air,  
 It shines in the light,  
 It streams from the hills,  
 It descends to the plain,  
*p* And sweetly distils  
 In the dew and the rain.

*p* 5 Frail children of dust,  
 And feeble as frail,  
 In Thee do we trust,  
 Nor find Thee to fail ;  
 Thy mercies how tender,  
 How firm to the end,  
 Our Maker, Defender,  
 Redeemer, and Friend !

*f* 6 O measureless Might !  
 Ineffable Love !  
 While angels delight  
 To hymn Thee above ;  
 The humbler creation,  
 Though feeble their lays,  
*f* With true adoration  
 Shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir R. GRANT.



## 14

## Syria.—7 7.7 7.7.7 7.



*p* 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord  
 God of Hosts ! when heaven and  
 Out of darkness, at Thy word, [earth,  
 Issued into glorious birth,  
 All Thy works before Thee stood,  
 And Thine eye beheld them good ;  
 While they sang with sweet accord,  
*p* Holy, holy, holy Lord !

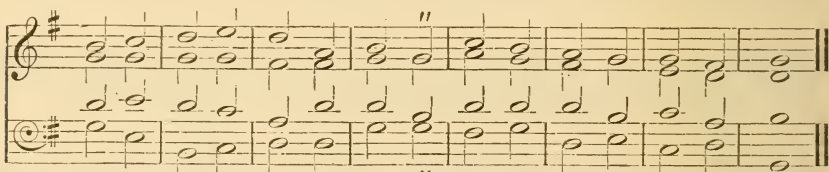
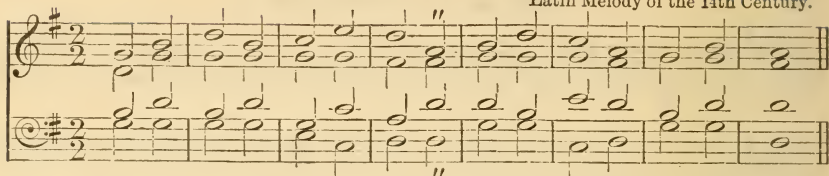
2 Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,  
 One Jehovah evermore,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit ! we—  
 Dust and ashes—would adore :  
*p* Lightly by the world esteemed,  
 From that world by Thee redeemed,  
*f* Sing we here, with glad accord,  
*p* Holy, holy, holy Lord !

3 Holy, holy, holy ! All  
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,  
 When the ransomed nations fall  
 At the footstool of their King :  
*f* Then shall saints and seraphim,  
 Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,  
 Round the Throne, with full accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

## 15

## Bethlehem.—87.87.

Latin Melody of the 14th Century.



1 **G**OD is love ! His mercy brightens  
 All the path in which we rove ;  
 Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens :  
*f* God is wisdom, God is love.  
 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;  
 Man decays, and ages move ;  
 But His mercy waneth never :  
*f* God is wisdom, God is love.

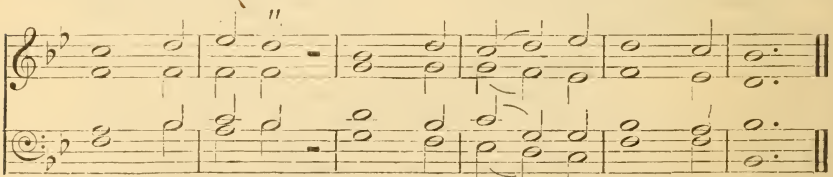
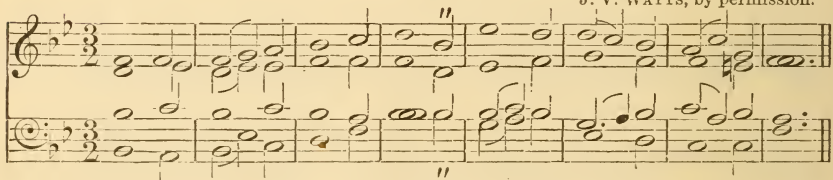
3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
 Will His changeless goodness prove :  
 From the gloom His brightness stream-  
*f* God is wisdom, God is love. [eth :  
 4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
 Hope and comfort from above ;  
 Every where His glory shineth :  
*f* God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir J. BOWRING.

## 16

## Saviour.—87.87.47.

J. V. WATTS, by permission.



1 **G**OD the Lord is King ; before Him,  
 Earth, with all thy nations, wait !  
 Where the cherubim adore Him,  
 Sitteth He in royal state ;  
 He is holy,  
 Blessèd, only Potentate !

*f* 2 God the Lord is King of glory,  
 Zion, tell the world His fame ;  
 Ancient Israel, the story  
 Of His faithfulness proclaim ;  
 He is holy,  
 Holy is His awful name.

3 In old times when dangers darkened,  
When, invoked by priest and seer,  
To His people's cry He hearkened,  
Answered them in all their fear ;  
He is holy,  
As they called, they found Him near.

4 Laws divine to them were spoken  
From the pillar of the cloud ;  
Sacred precepts, quickly broken  
Fiercely then His vengeance flowed ;  
He is holy,  
To the dust their hearts were bowed.

5 But their Father, God, forgave them,  
When they sought His face once  
Ever ready was to save them, [more ;  
Tenderly did He restore ;  
He is holy,  
We, too, will His grace implore.

6 God in Christ is all forgiving,  
Waits His promise to fulfil ;  
Come, exalt Him, all the living,  
Come, ascend His holy hill ;  
He is holy,  
Worship at His holy hill.

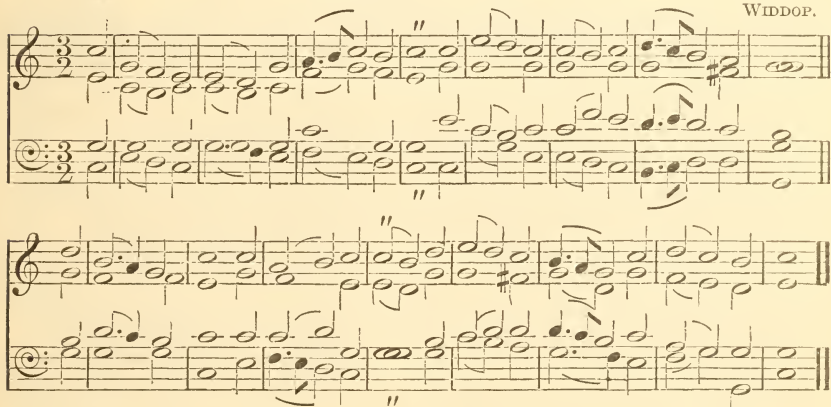
G. RAWSON.

## GOD THE FATHER—HIS WORKS.

17—18

Ossett.—L.M.

WIDDOP.



1 THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their Great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;

4 While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice ;  
For ever singing as they shine,  
'The Hand that made us is divine.'

J. ADDISON.

18

Ossett.—L.M.

1 YE sons of men, with joy record  
The various wonders of the Lord ;  
And let His power and goodness sound  
Through all your tribes the earth  
around.

2 Let the high heavens your songs invite ;  
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,  
Where sun and moon and planets roll,  
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

3 See earth in verdant robes arrayed,  
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and  
shade ;

View the broad sea's majestic plains,  
And think how wide its Maker reigns !

4 But O that brighter world above,  
Where lives and reigns Incarnate  
Love !

God's only Son in flesh arrayed,  
For man a bleeding Victim made :

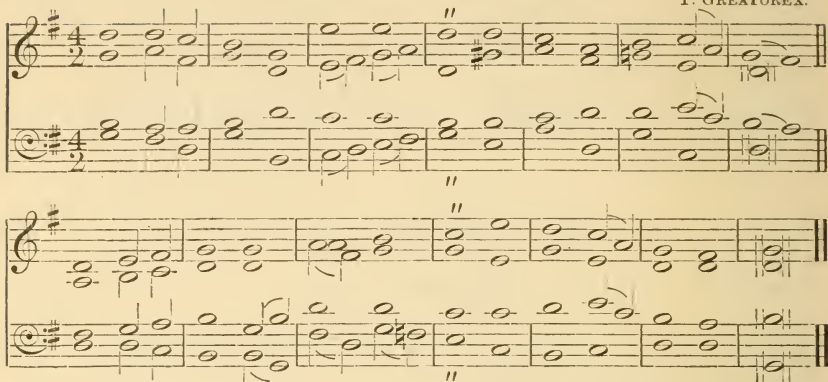
5 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar ;  
There in the land of praise adore ;  
This theme demands an angel's lay,  
Demands an undeclining day.

P. DODDRIDGE

## 19

## Tottenham.—C.M.

T. GREATOREX.

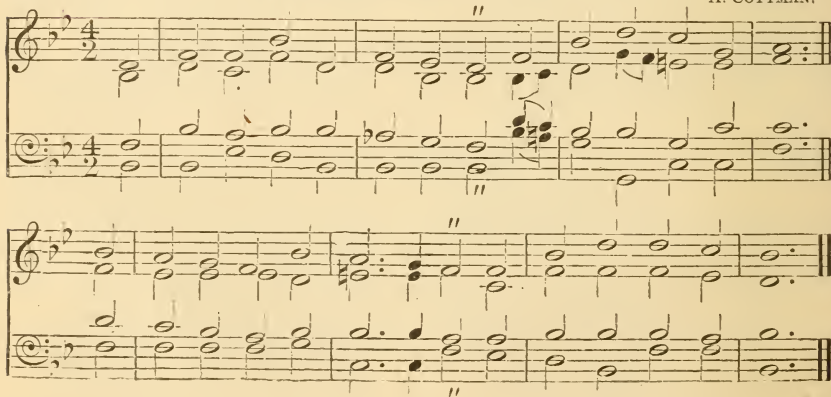


- 1 FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines,  
How-high Thy wonders rise! [signs,  
Known through the earth by thousand  
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,  
Their motions speak Thy skill;  
And on the wings of every hour,  
We read Thy patience still.
- 3 Part of Thy name divinely stands  
On all Thy creatures writ;  
They show the labour of Thy hands  
Or impress of Thy feet:
- 4 But when we view Thy strange design,  
To save rebellious worms,  
Where vengeance and compassion join  
In their divinest forms,—
- 5 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe,  
We love and we adore:  
The first archangel never saw  
So much of God before.
- 6 Here the whole Deity is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which of the glories brighter shone,  
The justice or the grace.
- 7 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains;  
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.
- 8 O may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song!  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.
- I. WATTS.

## 20

## Caterham.—C.M.

A. COTTMAN.





- 1 **T**HE God of nature and of grace  
In all His works appears ;  
His goodness through the earth we trace,  
His grandeur in the spheres.
- 2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,  
By Him in wisdom planned :  
'Twas He who girded, like a robe,  
The ocean round the land.
- 3 Lift to the firmament your eye ;  
Thither His path pursue ;  
His glory, boundless as the sky,  
O'erwhelms the wondering view.
- 4 He bows the heavens—the mountains  
A high-way for their God ; [stand,  
He walks amidst the desert land ;  
'Tis Eden where He trod.

*f* 5 The forests in His strength rejoice :  
Hark ! on the evening breeze,  
As once of old, the Lord God's voice  
Is heard among the trees.

6 In every stream His bounty flows,  
Diffusing joy and wealth ;  
In every breeze His spirit blows,  
The breath of life and health.

7 His blessings fall in plenteous showers  
Upon the lap of earth, [flowers,  
That teems with foliage, fruits, and  
And rings with infant mirth.

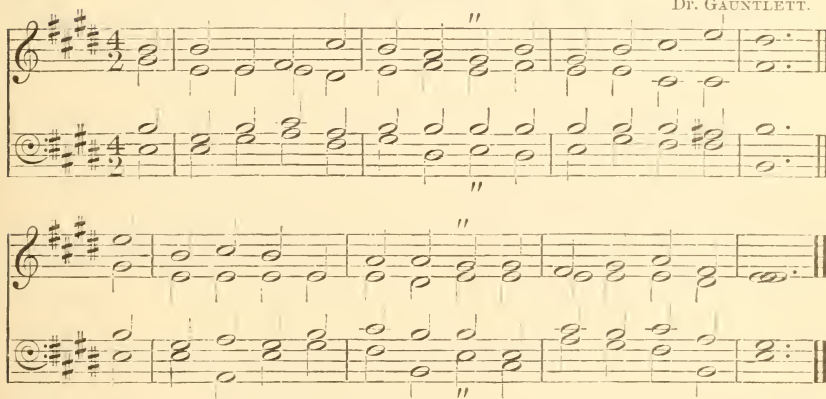
8 If God hath made this world so fair,  
Where sin and-death abound,  
*f* How beautiful, beyond compare,  
Will Paradise be found !

J. MONTGOMERY.

21

## St. Fulbert.—C.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



*f* 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ! on every height  
Songs to His glory raise :  
Ye angel-hosts, ye stars of night,  
Join in immortal praise.

*\*f* 2 O heaven of heavens, let praise far swell-  
From all thine orbs be sent : [ing  
Join in the strains, ye waters, dwelling  
Above the firmament.

3 For His the word which gave you birth,  
And majesty and might ;  
*f* Praise to the Highest from the earth,  
And let the deeps unite.

4 O fire and vapour, hail and snow,  
Ye servants of His will ;

O stormy winds, that only blow  
His mandates to fulfil ;

5 Mountains and rocks, to heaven that  
Fair cedars of the wood ; [rise ;  
Creatures of life that wing the skies,  
Or track the plains for food ;

6 Judges of nations ; kings, whose hand  
Waves the proud sceptre high ;  
*f* O youths and virgins of the land,  
O age and infancy.

*f* 7 Praise ye His name, to whom alone  
All homage should be given,  
Whose glory from the eternal throne  
Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven.

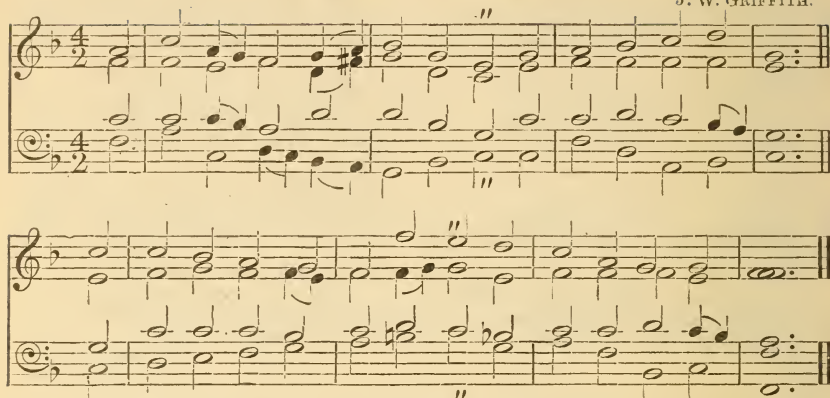
F. D. HEMANS.

\* This verse is inserted to render the Hymn complete, but is better omitted in congregational singing.

## 22

## Ruskin.—C.M.

J. W. GRIFFITH.



*f* 1 I SING the almighty power of God  
That made the mountains rise ;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at His command,  
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food,  
He formed the creatures by His word,  
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed  
Where'er I turn mine eye !

If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes Thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise and tempests blow  
By order from Thy throne.

6 Creatures as numerous as they be  
Are subject to thy care ;  
There's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there.

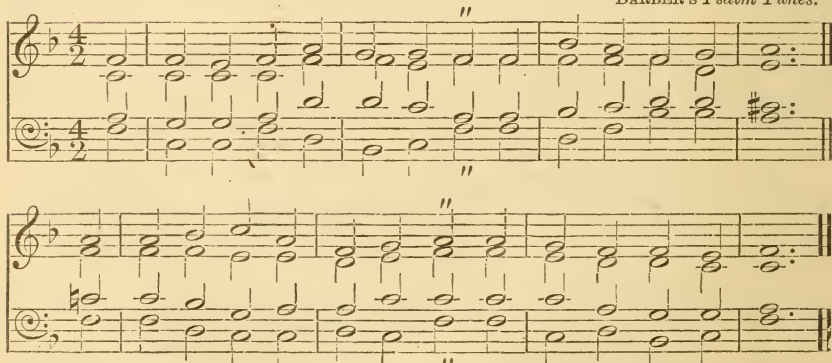
*f* 7 His hand is my perpetual guard,  
He guides me with His eye ;  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh ?

I. WATTS.

## 23

## St. Flavian.—C.M.

BARBER'S Psalm Tunes.



*f* 1 THERE is a book who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts ;  
And all the lore its scholars need—  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

*f* 2 The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God Himself is found.

*f* 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love, {small,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and  
In peace and order move.

*f* 4 One name, above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.

5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
Thy boundless power display ;  
But in the gentler breeze we find  
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

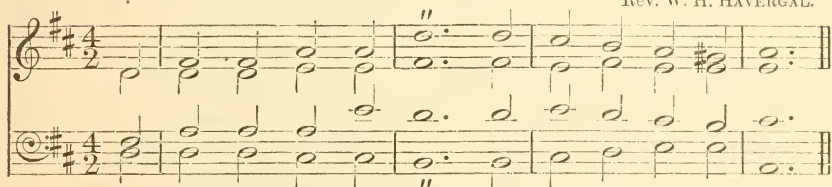
6 Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to desery  
The mystic heaven and earth within.  
Plain as the sea and sky.

7 Thou who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
*f* Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere.  
J. KEBLE.

## 24

## Adoration.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



*f* 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
His throne is built on high ;  
The garments He assumes  
Are light and majesty ;  
His glories shine with beams so bright,  
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand  
Keep the wide world in awe ;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard His holy law ;  
And where His love resolves to bless,  
*f* His truth confirms and seals the grace.

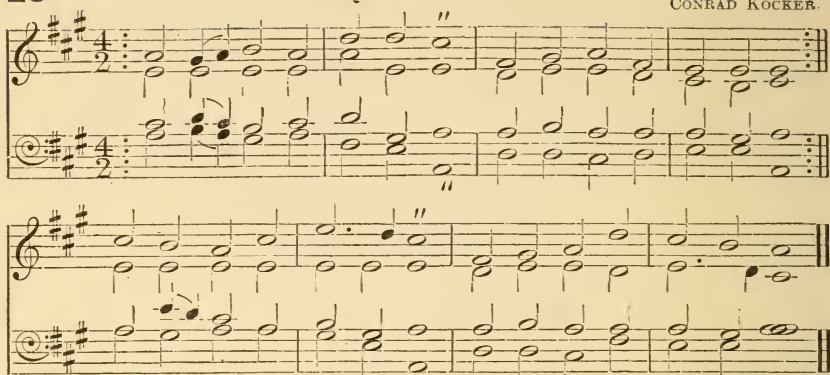
3 Through all His ancient works  
His perfect wisdom shines ;  
Confound the powers of hell,  
And break their dark designs ;  
*f* Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil  
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

*f* 4 And will this mighty King  
Of glory condescend ?  
And will He write His name  
My Father and my Friend ?  
*f* I love His name, I love His word :  
Join all my powers and praise the Lord !  
I. WATTS.

## 25

## Dir.—77.77.77.

CONRAD ROCKER.



*f* 1 **G**IVE thanks to Him who made  
Morning light and evening shade;  
Source and Giver of all good,  
Nightly sleep and daily food;  
Quickener of our wearied powers;  
Guard of our unconscious hours.

*f* 2 O give thanks to Nature's King,  
Who made every breathing thing;  
His, our warm and sentient frame,  
His, the mind's immortal flame.  
O how close the ties that bind  
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

*f* 3 O give thanks with heart and lip,  
For we are his workmanship;  
And all creatures are His care:  
Not a bird that cleaves the air  
Falls unnoticed; but who can  
Speak the Father's love to man?

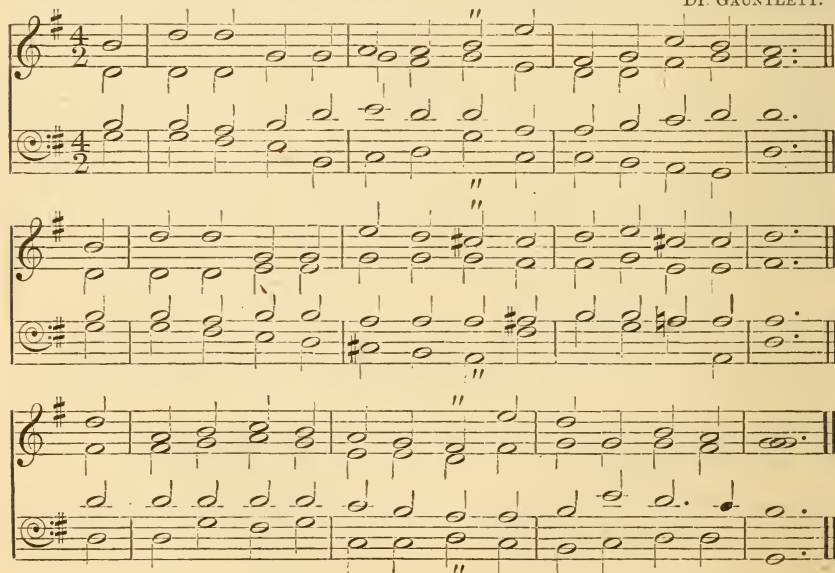
*f* 4 O give thanks to Him who came  
In a mortal, suffering frame—  
Temple of the deity—  
Came for rebel man to die;  
In the path Himself hath trod,  
Leading back His saints to God.

J. CONDER.

## 26

## Sherwood.—8 6.8 6.8 6.

DR. GAUNTLETT.





- B**EYOND, beyond that boundless sea,  
Above that dome of sky,  
Farther than thought itself can flee,  
Thy dwelling is on high ;  
*p* Yet dear the awful thought to me,  
That Thou, my God, art nigh :—
- 2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind  
Feels after Thee in vain,  
Thee in these works of power to find,  
Or to Thy seat attain ;  
Thy messenger, the stormy wind ;  
Thy path, the trackless main :—
- f* 3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim :  
They thunder forth Thy praise,  
The glorious honour of Thy name,

The wonders of Thy ways :  
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,  
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

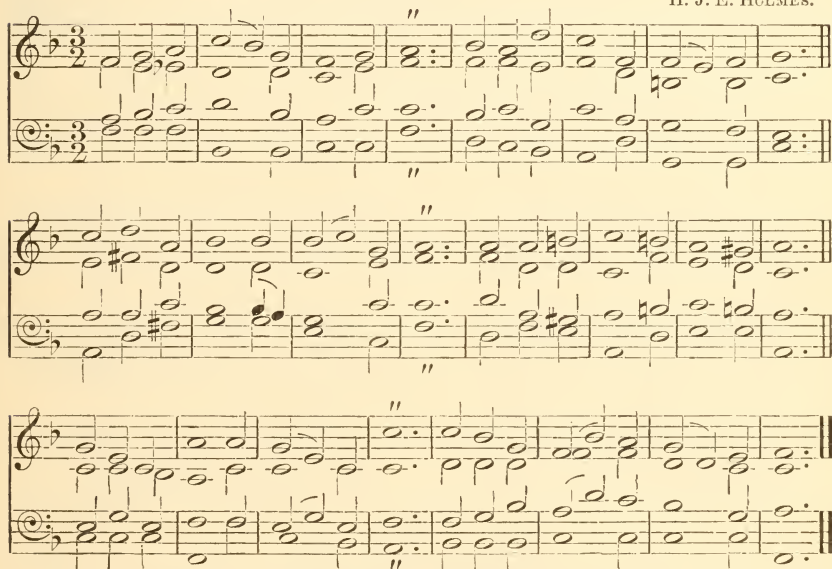
- f* 4 We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll  
Through the wide fields of air :  
The waves obey Thy dread control ;  
Yet still Thou art not there.  
Where shall I find Him, O my soul  
Who yet is everywhere?
- 5 O ! not in circling depth or height,  
But in the conscious breast, [sight,  
Present to faith, though veiled from  
There doth His Spirit rest.
- f* 6 Come, Thou Presence Infinite !  
And make Thy creature blest.

J. CONDER.

27

## Pater Omnium.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



- 1 **T**HOU art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see :  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee :  
*f* Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven :  
Those hues, that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

- p* 3 When night with wings of starry gloom  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark beauteous bird whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

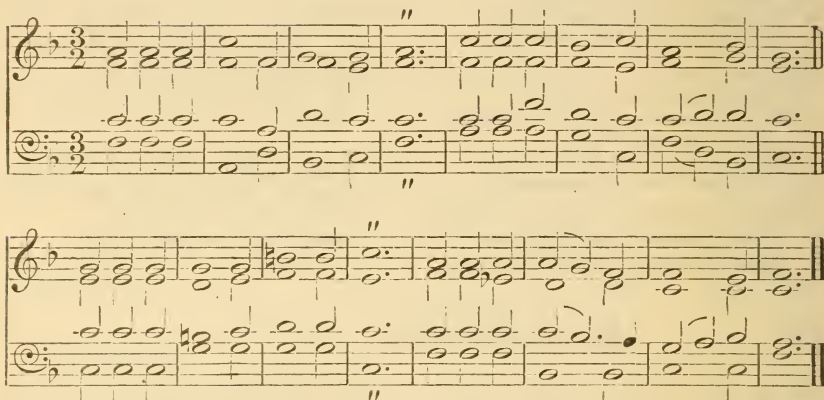
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathe—  
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,  
And every flower the summer wreathes  
Is born beneath that kindling eye,—  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
*f* And all things fair and bright are Thine.

T. MOORE.

## 28—29

## Vesperus.—L.M.

H. BAER.



1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power  
Through varied deaths my soul hath  
Or turned aside the fatal hour, [led,  
Or lifted up my sinking head;

2 In all my ways Thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling Providence I see :  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to Thee.

3 Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,  
And given me back at Thy command ;  
It could not, Lord, my life devour,  
Safe in the hollow of Thine hand.

4 Oft from the margin of the grave  
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head,  
Sudden, I found Thee near to save ;  
The fever owned Thy touch, and fled.

5 Whither, O whither should I fly,  
But to my loving Saviour's breast ?  
Secure within Thine arms to lie,  
And safe beneath Thy wings to rest.

6 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But Thou, O Christ, my wisdom art !  
I ever into ruin run,  
But Thou art greater than my heart.

7 Enlarge my heart to make Thee room ;  
Enter, and in me ever stay,  
The crooked then shall straight become,  
The darkness shall be lost in day.

8 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known ;  
Bring me, where I my heaven may find,  
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

C. WESLEY.

## 29

## Vesperus.—L.M.

1 THOU, Lord, through every changing  
scene,  
Hast to Thy saints a refuge been ;  
Through every age, eternal God,  
Thy presence their secure abode.

2 In Thee our fathers sought their rest,  
In Thee our fathers still are blest ;  
Our helpless state with pity view,  
And let us share their refuge too.

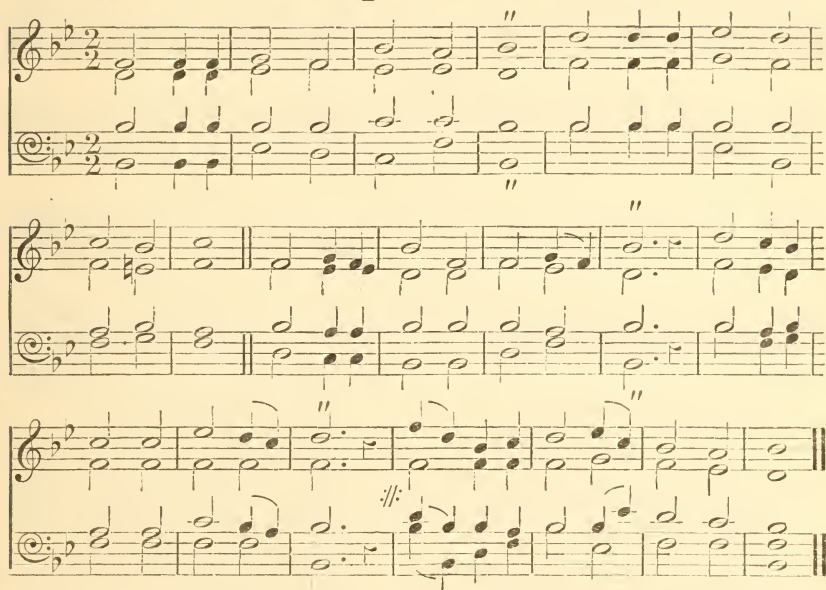
3 So, when our pilgrimage is o'er,  
And we must dwell in flesh no more,  
To Thee our separate souls shall come,  
And find in Thee a surer home.

4 To Thee our infant race we leave ;  
Them may their fathers' God receive,  
That voices yet unformed may raise  
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

P. DODDIDGE.

## 30—31

## St. Paul.—L.M.



*f* 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy truth shall break through every  
cloud  
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

*f* 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;  
The whole creation is Thy charge,  
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

*p* 4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,  
Whence all our hope, our comfort  
The sons of Adam in distress [springs!  
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

5 From the provisions of Thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet repast;  
Where mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of the Lord,  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in Thy word.  
I. WATTS.

## 31

## St. Paul.—L.M.

*f* 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
The eternal hills beyond the skies;  
Thence all her help my soul derives,  
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God, [flood,  
Who built the world, who spread the  
The heavens with all their host He  
And the dark regions of the dead. [made,

3 He guides our feet, He guards our way;  
His morning smiles bless all the day;  
*p* He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest;

*p* Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,  
No pallid moon with sickly ray  
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star  
Dart his malignant fire so far.

*f* 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn  
Still thou shalt go, and still return  
Safe in the Lord; His heavenly care  
Defends thy life from every snare.

I. WATTS.

## 32—33

## St. Peter.—C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



- 1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
*f* Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.
- f* 2 O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my ravished breast,  
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy providence my life sustained,  
And all my wants redress'd,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned  
To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whence those comforts flowed.
- 6 When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils and  
It gently cleared my way ; [deaths
- And through the pleasing snares of vice  
More to be feared than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renewed my face :  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.
- f* 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Hath made my cup run o'er ;  
And in a kind and faithful friend,  
Hath doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ :  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.
- f* 12 When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide Thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.
- f* 13 Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
But O ! eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise.

J. ADDISON.

## 33

## St. Peter.—C.M.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Father of mankind,  
On Thee my hopes remain ;  
And when the day of trouble comes  
*f* I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years Thou wast my Guide,  
And of my youth the Friend ;  
And as my days began with Thee,  
With Thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the Power in whom I trust,  
The arm on which I lean ;  
He will my Saviour ever be  
Who has my Saviour been.
- 4 My God, who causedst me to hope  
When life began to beat,  
And, when a stranger in the world,  
Didst guide my wandering feet ;
- 5 Thou wilt not cast me off when age  
And evil days descend ;  
Thou wilt not leave me in despair  
To mourn my latter end.
- f* 6 Therefore in life I'll trust in Thee,  
In death I will adore ;  
And after death will sing Thy praise,  
When time shall be no more.

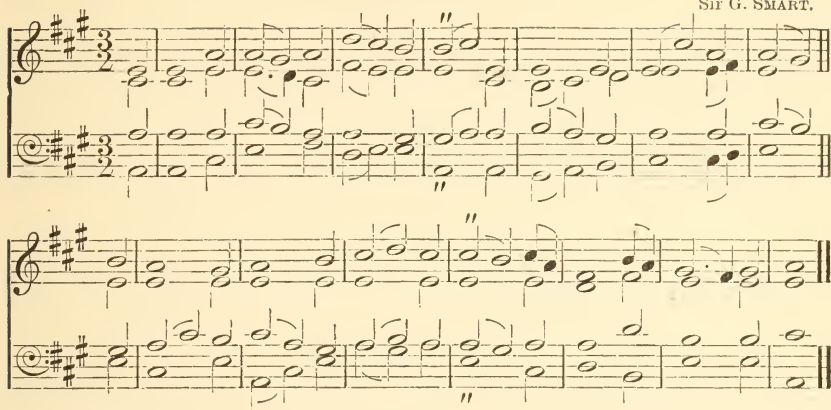
M. BRUCE.



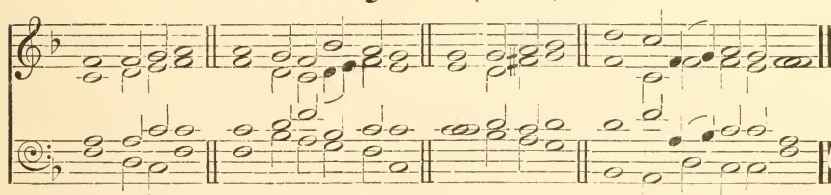
## 34—35

## Wiltshire.—C.M.

Sir G. SMART.



## Langdon—(Chant.)



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 SINCE all the downward tracts of time<br/>         God's watchful eye surveys,<br/>         O who so wise to choose our lot<br/>         Or to appoint our ways?</p> | <p>2 Good when He gives, supremely good,<br/>         Nor less when He denies ;<br/>         E'en crosses from His sovereign hand<br/>         Are blessings in disguise.</p> |
|---|---|
- f 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,  
 So constant and so kind ?  
 To His unerring, gracious will  
 Be every wish resigned.

J. HERVEY.

## 35

## Wiltshire or Langdon.—C.M.

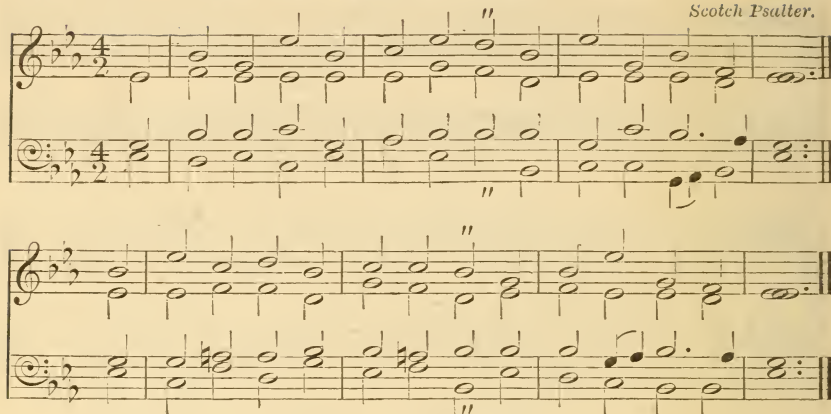
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand<br/>         Thy people still are fed ;<br/>         Who through this weary pilgrimage<br/>         Hast all our fathers led :</p> | <p>3 Through each perplexing path of life<br/>         Our wandering footsteps guide ;<br/>         Give us each day our daily bread,<br/>         And raiment fit provide.</p> |
|--|---|
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
 Before Thy throne of grace :  
 God of our fathers, be the God  
 Of their succeeding race.
- p 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,  
 Till all our wanderings cease,  
 And at our Father's loved abode  
 Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
 Our humble prayers implore ;  
 And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
 And portion evermore.

P. DODDRIDGE.

## 36

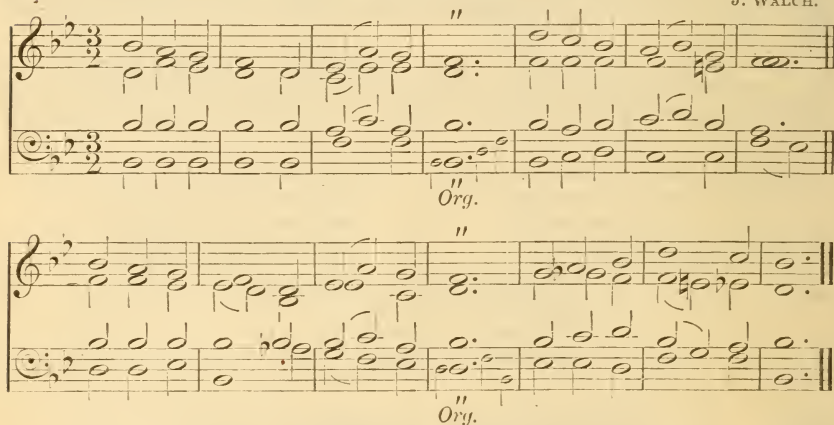
## London New (1st Tune).—C.M.

Scotch Psalter.



## Sawley (2nd Tune).—C.M.

J. WALCH.



- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
f He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

- p 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
f God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

W. COWPER.

## 37—38

## Southport.—S.M.

Rev. J. DAVIES.



1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,  
To His sure truth and tender care  
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey,  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,  
So safe shalt thou go on ;  
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,  
So shall Thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain  
By self-consuming care,

To Him commend Thy cause, His ear  
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,  
Father, Thy ceaseless love,  
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove.

6 Thou everywhere hast sway,  
And all things serve thy might ;  
Thy every act pure blessing is,  
Thy path unsullied light.

*f* 7 When Thou arisest, Lord,  
What shall Thy work withstand ?  
When all Thy children want, Thou giv'st,  
And who shall stay Thy hand ?  
P. GERHARDT, *trs.* by J. WESLEY.

## 38

## Southport.—S.M.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears ;  
Hope, and be undismayed :  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
God shall lift up thy head.

*p* 2 Through waves, and clouds and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou His time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart ?  
Still sinks thy spirits down ?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
Bid every care begone.

4 What though thou rulest not,  
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well !

5 Leave to His sovereign sway  
To choose and to command ;  
So shalt Thou wondering own His way,  
How wise, how strong His hand.

6 Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully He the work hath wrought  
That caused thy needless fear !

*p* 7 Thon seest our weakness, Lord ;  
Our hearts are known to Thee ;  
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee !

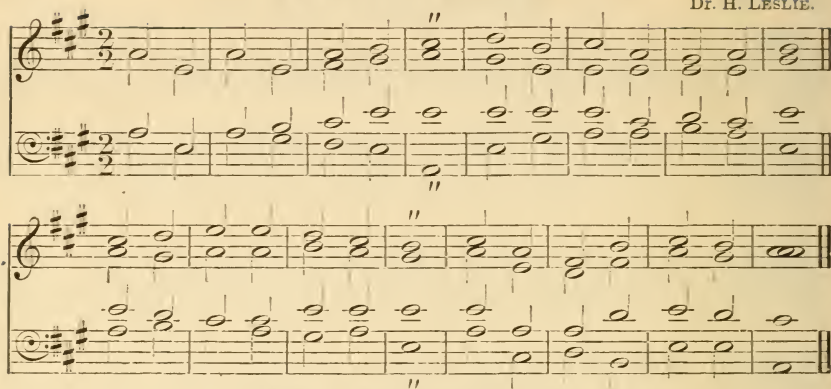
8 Let us in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast truth declare,  
And publish with our latest breath  
Thy love and guardian care.

P. GERHARDT, *trs.* by J. WESLEY.

## 39

## Ephraim.—7.7.77.

Dr. H. LESLIE.



- 1 **L**ET us with a gladsome mind  
 Praise the Lord, for He is kind,  
*f*For His mercies shall endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us blaze His name abroad,  
 For of gods He is the God,  
 For His, &c.
- f* 3 O let us His praises tell,  
 Who doth wrathful tyrants quell,  
 For His, &c.
- 4 Who with miracles doth make  
 Heaven and earth amazed to shake,  
 For His, &c.
- 5 He with all-commanding might,  
 Filled the new-made world with light,  
 For His, &c.
- 6 Caused the golden-tressèd sun  
 All day long his course to run,  
 For His, &c.
- 7 And the moon to shine by night,  
 'Mong her spangled sisters bright,  
 For His, &c.
- 8 He, with thunder-clasping hand,  
 Smote the first of Egypt's land,  
 For His, &c.
- 9 And, despite of Pharaoh fell,  
 Brought from hence His Israel,  
 For His, &c.
- 10 All things living He doth feed:  
 His full hand supplies their need;  
 For His, &c.
- 11 Let us, therefore, warble forth  
 His great majesty and worth;  
 For His, &c.
- 12 Who His mansion hath on high,  
 Passing reach of mortal eye;  
*ff* For His mercies shall endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

J. MILTON



40

## St. Theodulph.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

MELCHIOR TESCHNER.



1 SOMETIMES a light surprises  
 The Christian while he sings ;  
 It is the Lord who rises  
 With healing in His wings :  
 When comforts are declining,  
 He grants the soul again  
 A season of clear shining,  
 To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,  
 We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
 And find it ever new ;  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say,—  
 E'en let the unknown morrow  
 Bring with it what it may :

3 It can bring with it nothing,  
 But He will bear us through ;  
 Who gives the lilies clothing,  
 Will clothe His people too ;  
 Beneath the spreading heavens  
 No creature but is fed ;  
 And He, who feeds the ravens,  
 Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
 Its wonted fruit shall bear,  
 Though all the field should wither,  
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,  
 Yet God the same abiding,  
 His praise shall tune my voice ;  
 For, while in Him confiding,  
 I cannot but rejoice.

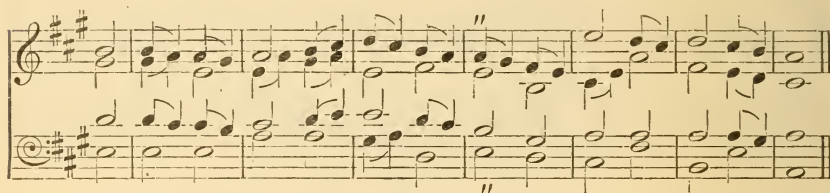
W. COWPER.

## GOD THE FATHER—HIS GRACE.

41

Ashley.—C.M.

Rev. M. MADAN.



## DOXOLOGY.



*f* 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
 What music to our ears!  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

*f* Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
 Be unto the Lamb for ever:  
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

*p* 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
 At hell's dark door we lay;  
 But we arise by grace divine  
 To see a heavenly day.  
 Glory, honour, &c.

*f* 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around;  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound!  
 Glory, honour, &c.

4 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,  
 To Thee the praise belongs;  
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
 And dwell upon our tongues.  
 Glory, honour, &c.

I. WATTS.

42

## Arnold's.—C.M.

Dr. ARNOLD.



*f* 1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,  
 Unmerited and free,  
 Delights our evil to remove,  
 And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;  
 Thou dost with sinners bear,  
 That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,  
 And all Thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me  
 To every soul, abound,  
 A vast, unfathomable sea,  
 Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,  
 So plenteous is the store,  
 Enough for all, enough for each,  
 Enough for evermore.

*f* 5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are !  
 A rock that cannot move ;  
 A thousand promises declare  
 Thy constancy of love.

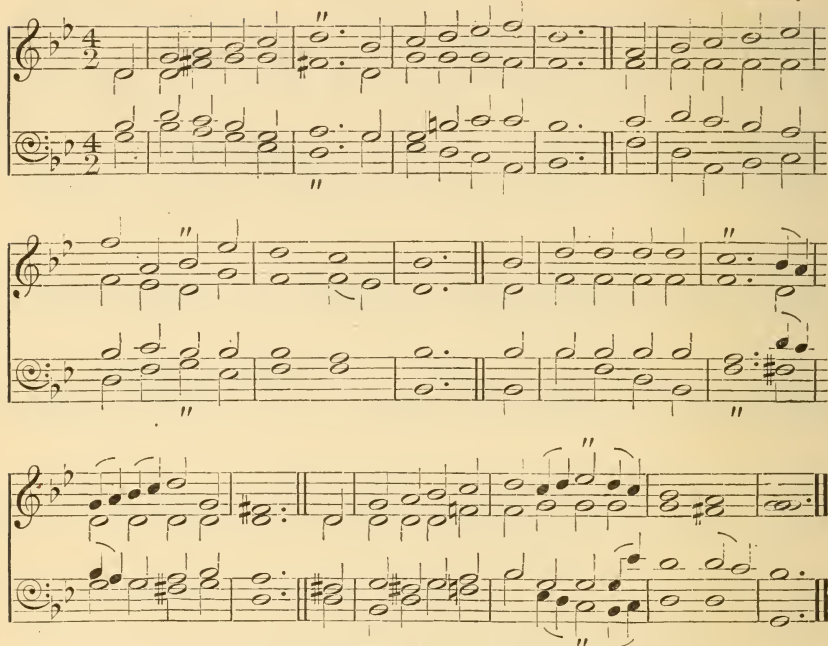
*f* 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,  
 Unalterably sure ;  
 And while the truth of God remains,  
 The goodness must endure.

C. WESLEY.

## 43—44

## Leoni.—6 6.8 4.6 6.8 4.

Ancient Jewish Melody.



*f* 1 THE God of Abraham praise,  
 Who reigns enthroned above,  
 Ancient of everlasting days,  
*p* And God of love :  
*f* Jehovah, Great I AM,  
 By earth and heaven confest ;  
*p* I bow and bless the sacred name,  
 For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,  
 At whose supreme command  
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
 At his right hand :  
 I all on earth forsake,  
 Its wisdom, fame, and power,  
 And Him my only portion make,  
 My shield and tower.

*f* 3 The God of Abraham praise,  
 Whose all-sufficient grace  
 Shall guide me all my happy days,  
 In all my ways :  
 He calls a worm His friend !  
 He calls Himself my God !  
 And He shall save me to the end,  
 Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,  
 I on his oath depend ;  
 I shall, on eagles' wings up-borne,  
 To heaven ascend :  
 I shall behold His face,  
 I shall His power adore,  
*f* And sing the wonders of His grace  
 For evermore.

T. OLIVERS.

## 44

## Leoni.—6 6.8 4.6 6.8 4.

1 THOUGH nature's strength decay,  
 And earth and hell withstand,  
 To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,  
 At His command :  
 The watery deep I pass,  
 With Jesus in my view ;  
 And through the howling wilderness  
 My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,  
 With peace and plenty blest ;  
 A land of sacred liberty,  
 And endless rest :  
 There milk and honey flow,  
 And oil and wine abound ;  
 And trees of life for ever grow,  
 With mercy crowned.



3 There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our Righteousness,  
*f* Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of Peace !  
On Zion's sacred height  
His kingdom still maintains ;  
*f* And, glorious with His saints in light,  
For ever reigns !

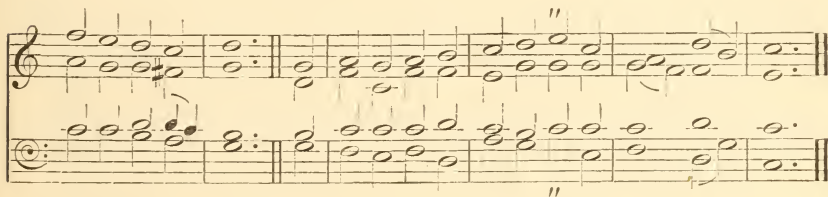
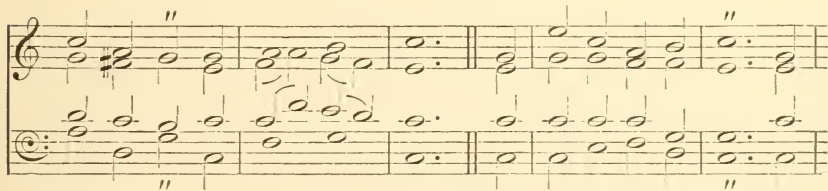
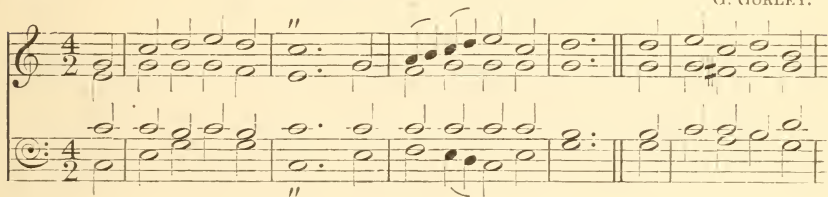
4 He keeps His own secure,  
He guards them by His side  
Arrays in garments white and pure  
His spotless Bride :  
With streams of sacred bliss,  
With groves of living joys,  
With all the fruits of Paradise,  
He still supplies.

T. OLIVERS.

45

Pontypridd.—6 6.8 4.6 6.8 4.

G. GORLEY.



1 **B**EFORE the great Three-One  
His saints exulting stand,  
And tell the wonders He hath done,  
Through all the land :  
The listening spheres attend,  
And swell the growing fame,  
And sing, in songs which never end,  
The wondrous Name !

2 The God, who reigns on high,  
The great archangels sing,  
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
"Almighty King !  
Who was, and is, the same,  
And evermore shall be !  
Jehovah ! Father ! Great I AM !  
We worship Thee !"

*p* 3 Before the Saviour's face  
The ransomed nations bow ;  
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,  
For ever new :  
He shows His prints of love ;  
They kindle to a flame,  
*f* And sound, through all the worlds above,  
The slaughtered Lamb.

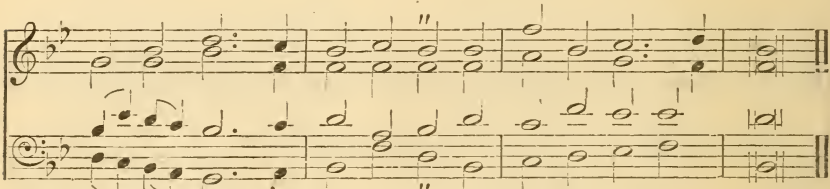
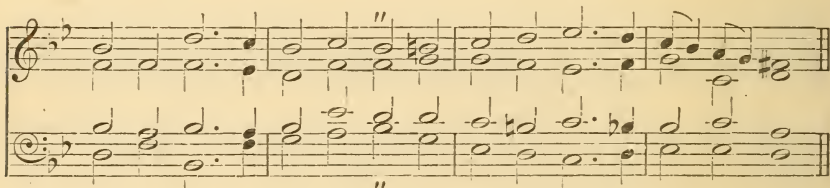
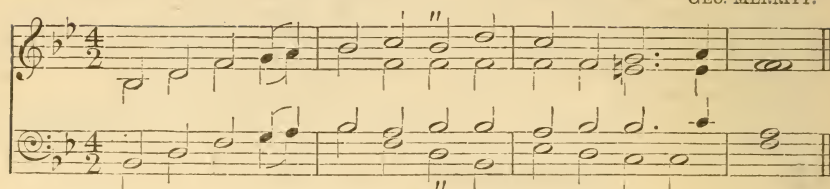
*f* 4 The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high ;  
Hail ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !  
They ever cry :  
Hail ! Abraham's God and mine !  
*f* I join the heavenly lays ;  
All might and majesty are Thine,  
And endless praise.

T. OLIVERS.

46

Ormesby.—7 6.7 6.7 8.7 6.

GEO. MERRITT.



1 **G**OOD Thou art, and good Thou dost ;  
 Thy mercies reach to all ;  
 Chiefly those who on Thee trust,  
 And for Thy mercy call.  
 New they every morning are ;  
 As fathers when their children cry,  
 p Us Thou dost in pity spare,  
 And all our wants supply.

2 Mercy o'er Thy works presides ;  
 Thy providence displayed  
 Still preserves, and still provides  
 For all thy hands have made :  
 Keeps, with most distinguished care,  
 The man who on Thy love depends,  
 Watches every numbered hair,  
 And all his steps attend.

f 3 Who can sound the depths unknown  
 Of Thy redeeming grace ?  
 Grace, that gave Thine only Son  
 To save a ruined race !  
 Millions of transgressors poor  
 Thou hast, for Jesus' sake, forgiven ;  
 Made them of Thy favour sure,  
 And snatched from hell to heaven.

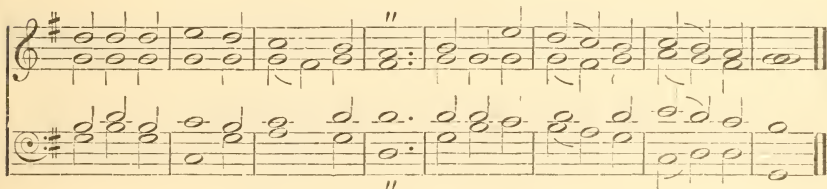
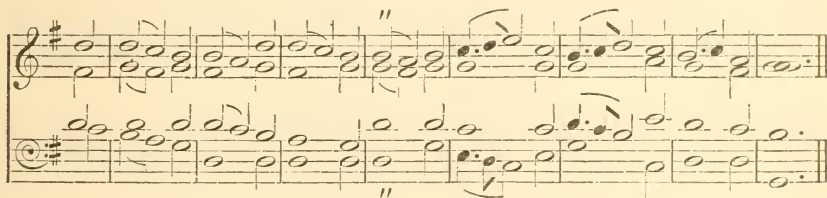
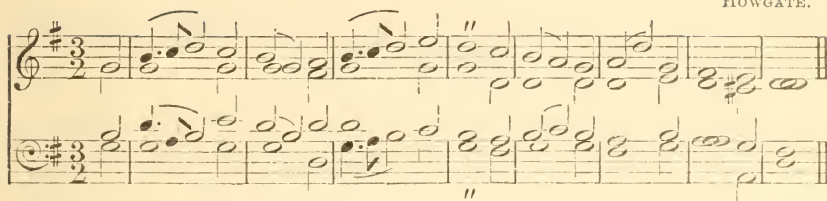
4 Millions more thou ready art  
 To save and to forgive !  
 Every soul and every heart  
 Of man Thou wouldst receive :  
 Father, now accept of mine,  
 Which now, through Christ, I offer Thee ;  
 Tell me now, in love divine,  
 That Thou hast pardoned me !

C. WESLEY.

47

**Morsley** (1st Tune).—88.88.88.

HOWGATE.



*f* 1 GREAT God of wonders ! all Thy ways  
Are matchless, God-like, and divine ;  
But the fair glories of Thy grace  
More God-like and unrivalled shine :

*ff* Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ;

*p* 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,  
Such guilty, daring worms to spare ;  
This is Thy grand prerogative,  
And none shall in the honour share :

*ff* Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

3 Angels and men, resign your claim  
To pity, mercy, love, and grace ;  
These glories crown Jehovah's name  
With an incomparable blaze :

*ff* Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy  
We take the pardon of our God ;  
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye ;  
A pardon bought with Jesus' blood.

Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,  
This God-like miracle of love,  
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,  
And all the angelic choirs above !

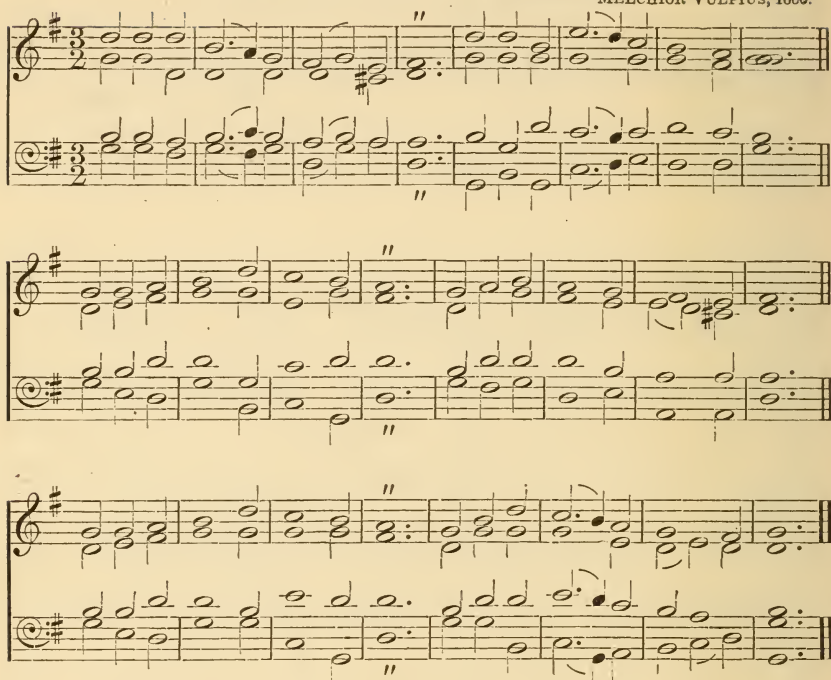
*ff* Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

S. DAVIES.

47

## Salvator (2nd Tune).—88.88.88.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1600.



*f* 1 GREAT God of wonders! all Thy ways  
Are matchless, God-like, and divine;  
But the fair glories of Thy grace  
More God-like and unrivalled shine:

*ff* Who is a pardoning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

*p* 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,  
Such guilty, daring worms to spare;  
This is Thy grand prerogative,  
And none shall in the honour share:

*ff* Who is a pardoning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free!

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To pity, mercy, love, and grace;  
These glories crown Jehovah's name  
With an incomparable blaze:

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Or who has grace so rich and free?

4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy  
We take the pardon of our God;  
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;  
A pardon bought with Jesus' blood:

Who is a pardoning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,  
This God-like miracle of love,  
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,  
And all the angelic choirs above!

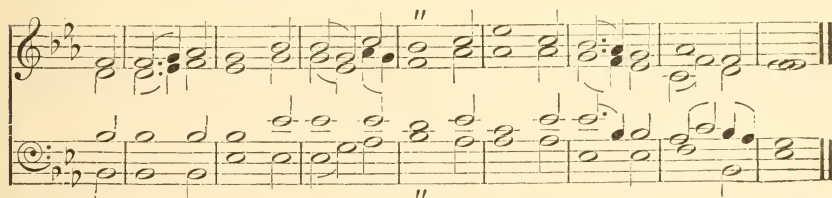
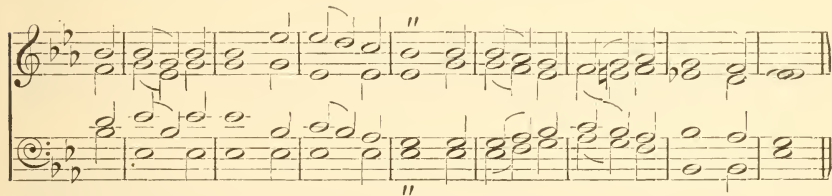
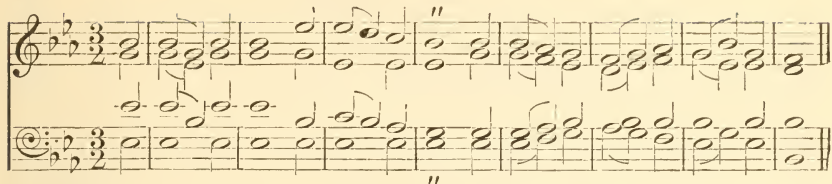
*ff* Who is a pardoning God like Thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

S. DAVIES.



48

## Stella.—8 8 8 8 8 8.



1 **B**EHOLD, what wondrous love and grace!  
 When we were wretched and undone,  
 To save our ruined, helpless race  
 The Father gave His only Son!  
*f* Of twice ten thousand gifts divine,  
 No gift like this could ever shine.

2 Jesus, to save us from our fall,  
 Was made incarnate here below;  
 This was the greatest gift of all—  
 Heaven could no greater gift bestow:  
*p* On Him alone our sins were laid;  
 He died, and now the ransom's paid.

3 O gift of love unspeakable!  
 O gift of mercy all divine!  
 We once were heirs of death and hell,  
 But now we in His image shine.  
 For other gifts our songs we raise,  
 But this demands our highest praise.

*f* 4 Praise shall employ these tongues of ours  
 Till we, with all the hosts above,  
 Extol His name with nobler powers,  
 Lost in the ocean of His love:  
 While angel choirs with wonder gaze,  
*f* We'll fill the heavens with shouts of praise.

W. SANDERS

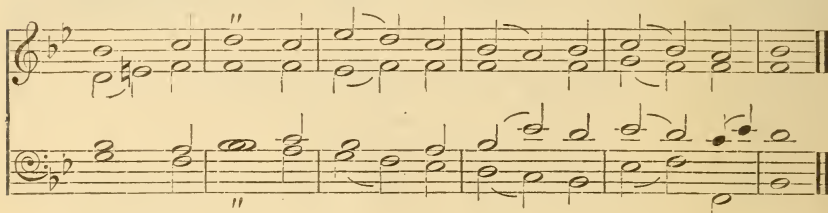
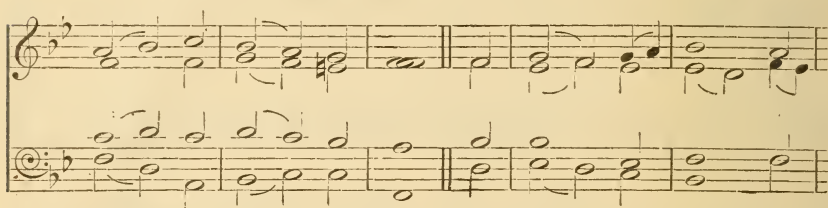
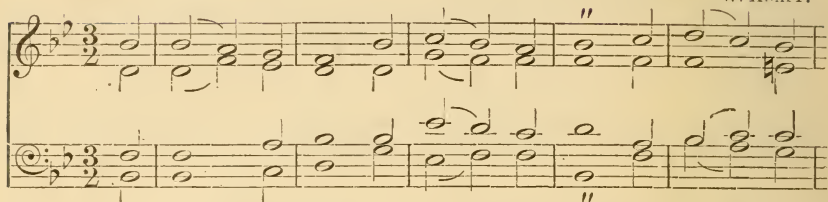
B

# GOD THE FATHER—HIS PRAISE.

49

Wareham.—L.M.

W. KNAPP.



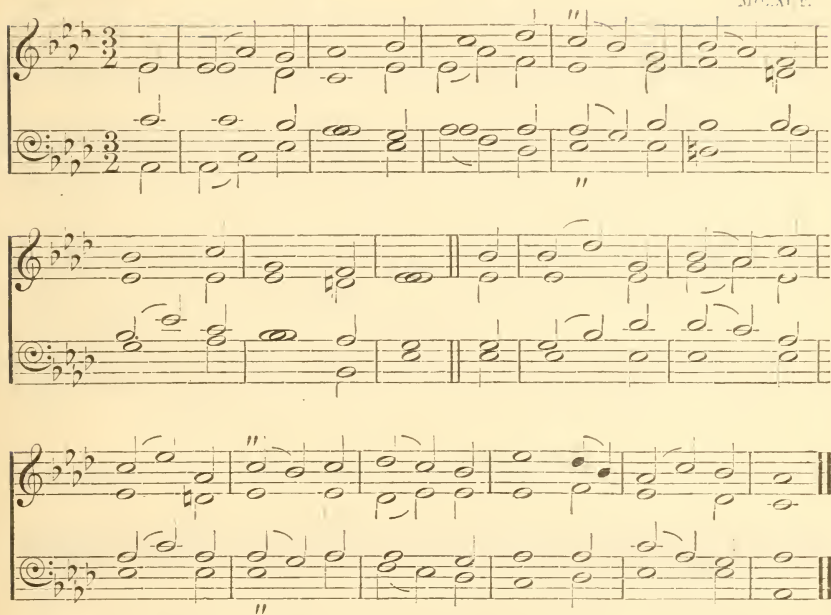
- 1** **G** **REAT** God, attend, while Zion sings: **f** **3** God is our Sun, He makes our day;  
 The joy that from Thy presence God is our Shield, He guards our  
 springs; way  
**f** To spend one day with Thee on earth From all assaults of hell and sin;  
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth. From foes without, and foes within.
- 2** Might I enjoy the meanest place **4** All needful grace will God bestow,  
 Within Thine house, O God of grace, And crown that grace with glory too;  
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power, He gives us all things, and withholds  
**f** Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door. **1** No real good from upright souls.
- f** **5** O God our King, whose sovereign sway  
 The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
 And devils at Thy presence flee,  
 Blest is the man that trusts in Thee.

L. WATTS.

## 50—51

## Bavaria.—L.M.

MOZART.



1 **W**E praise, we worship Thee, O God ;  
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad ;  
All nations bow before Thy throne,  
And Thee, the eternal Father, own.

*f* 2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy name  
Angels and seraphim proclaim ;  
The heavens and all the powers on high  
With rapture constantly do cry.

*p* 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Thou God of Hosts, by all adored !  
Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,  
*f* Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

4 Apostles join the glorious throng,  
And swell the loud immortal song ;  
Prophets, enraptured, hear the sound,  
And spread the hallelujah round.

5 Victorious martyrs join their praise,  
And shout the omnipotence of grace ;  
While all Thy church through all the earth  
Acknowledge and extol Thy worth.

*f* 6 Triune Jehovah ! God most high !  
Father, we praise Thy majesty :  
The Son, the Spirit we adore :  
Creator, Saviour, Comforter !

AMBROSE, *trs.* by P. GELL.

## 51

## Bavaria.—L.M.

1 **L**ORD of all being ! throned afar,  
L Thy glory flames from sun and star,  
Centre and sun of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near !

2 Sun of our life ! Thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;  
Star of our hope ! Thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

*p* 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn,  
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn,  
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign,  
*f* All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine !

4 Lord of all life, below, above, [love ;  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is  
Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

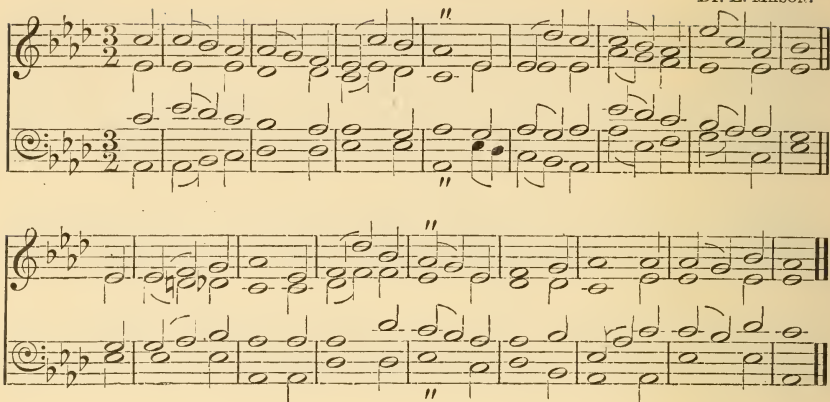
*p* 5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free ;  
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee ;  
Till all Thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. HOLMES.

## 52—53

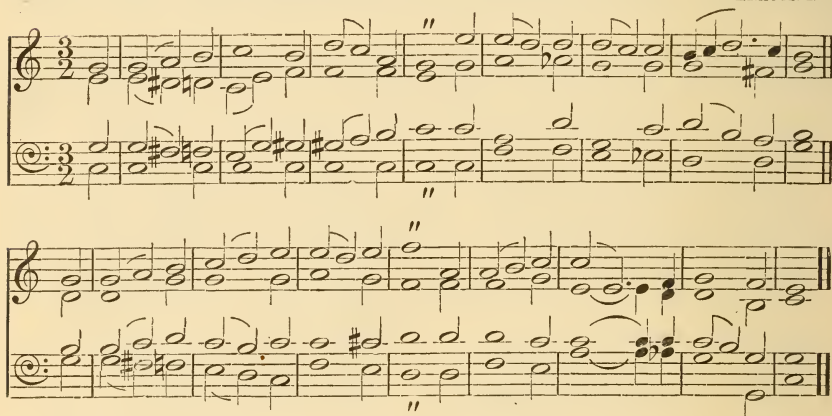
## Eden (1st Tune).—L.M.

Dr. L. MASON.



## Trinity (2nd Tune).—L.M.

PIERACCINI.



*f* 1 PRAISE for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits ;  
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple-  
gates ;  
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,  
And find, through Christ, salvation there.

*p* 2 Our spirits faint ; our sins prevail ,  
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail ;  
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,  
And still be found the sinner's Friend !

3 How blest Thy saints ! how safely led,  
How surely kept, how richly fed !  
Saviour of all in earth and sea,  
How happy they who rest in Thee !

4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,  
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills ;  
*f* Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,  
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned ;  
The clouds drop wealth the world  
around ; [sing,  
Through Thee the deserts laugh and  
And Nature smiles and owns her King.

*f* 6 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour ;  
The moral waste within restore ;  
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,  
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

H. F. LYTE.



53

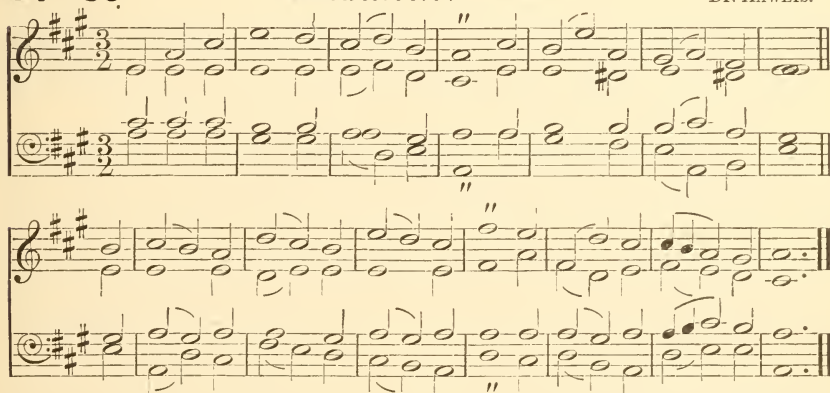
Eden or Trinity.—L.M.

- 1** GOD of my life, through all my days,  
My grateful powers shall sound  
Thy praise;  
*f* My song shall wake with opening light,  
And cheer the dark and silent night.
- 2** When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
*f* Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3** When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all its powers of language fail, [break,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4** But, O! when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chained to earth no more,  
*f* With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies!
- 5** Soon shall I learn the exalted strains  
Which echo through the heavenly plains;  
*ff* And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round the throne.
- 6** The cheerful tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless soul shall live:  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands and crowns eternity.
- P. DODDRIDGE.

54—55

Richmond.—C.M.

Dr. HAWES.



- 1** FOR a shout of sacred joy,  
To God, the sovereign King:  
Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2** Jesus our God ascends on high,  
His heavenly guards around  
Attend Him rising through the sky,  
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3** While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains;
- Let all the earth His honours sing;  
O'er all the earth He reigns.
- 4** Rehearse His praise with awe profound,  
Let knowledge lead the song;  
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5** In Israel stood His ancient throne;  
He loved that chosen race;  
But now He calls the world His own,  
And heathens taste His grace.
- I. WATTS.

55

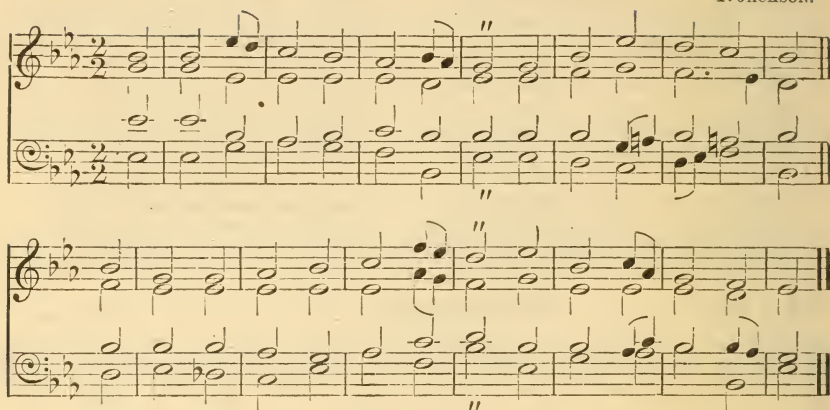
Richmond.—C.M.

- 1** LIFT up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose breath our souls inspired;  
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,  
With grateful ardour fired.
- 2** Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose tender care sustains  
Our feeble frame, uncompassed round  
With death's unnumbered pains.
- 3** Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose goodness, passing thought,
- Loads every minute, as it flies,  
With benefits unsought.
- 4** Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
From whom salvation flows;  
Who sent His Son our souls to save  
From everlasting woes.
- 5** Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
For hope's transporting ray, [death  
Which lights through darkest shades of  
To realms of endless day.
- R. WARDLAW.

## 56

## Byzantium.—C.M.

T. JACKSON.



- 1 ETERNAL Wisdom ! Thee we praise,  
Thee the creation sings, [seas,  
With Thy loved name, rocks, hills, and  
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky !  
How glorious to behold !  
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,  
And starred with sparkling gold.
- 3 There Thou hast bid the globes of light  
Their endless circles run ;  
There the pale planet rules the night ;  
The day obeys the sun.
- 4 If down I turn my wondering eyes  
On clouds and storms below,  
Those under-regions of the skies  
Thy numerous glories show.
- 5 The noisy winds stand ready there  
Thy orders to obey ;  
With sounding wings they sweep the  
To make Thy chariot way. [air,
- f 6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,  
Thy thunder shakes our coast ;  
While the red lightnings wave along  
The banners of Thy host.
- 7 On the thin air, without a prop,  
Hang fruitful showers around ;  
At Thy command they sink, and drop  
Their fatness on the ground.
- 8 Lo ! here Thy wondrous skill arrays  
The earth in cheerful green ;  
A thousand herbs Thy art displays,  
A thousand flowers between.
- 9 There the rough mountains of the deep  
Obey Thy strong command :  
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,  
Or sink them to the sand.
- f 10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
And strike the wondering sight,  
Through skies, and seas, and solid  
With terror and delight. [ground,
- 11 Infinite strength and equal skill  
Shine through Thy works abroad,  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
And speak the builder, God.
- 12 But the mild glories of Thy grace  
Our softer passions move ;  
Pity divine in Jesus' face,  
We see, adore, and love !

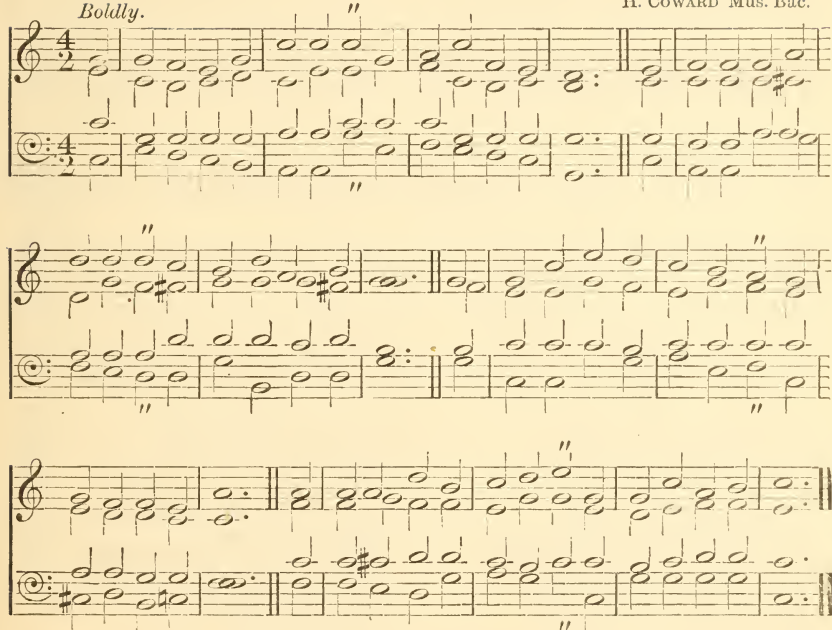
I. WATTS.

57

## Triumphant Host.—C.M.D.

*Boldly.*

H. COWARD Mus. Bac.



*f*<sup>1</sup> PRAISE ye the Lord ! immortal choir,  
 In heavenly heights above,  
 With harp and voice and souls of fire,  
 Burning with perfect love.

*f* Shine to His glory, worlds of light !  
 Ye million suns of space,  
 Fair moons and glittering stars of  
 Running your mystic race ! [night,

2 Ye gorgeous clouds, that deck the sky  
 With crystal, crimson, gold,  
 And rainbow arches raised on high,  
 The Light of light unfold !

▲ Lift to Jehovah, wintry main,  
 Your grand white hands in prayer ;  
 ▼ Still sunnier seas, in dulcet strain,  
 Murmur hosannas there !

3 Do homage, breezy ocean floor,  
 With many-twinkling sign :  
 Majestic calms, be hushed before  
 The Holiness Divine.

Storm, lightning, thunder, hail and snow,  
 Wild winds that keep His word,  
 With the old mountains far below,  
 Unite to bless the Lord.

4 His name, ye forests, wave along ;  
 Whisper it, every flower ;  
 Birds, beasts, and insects, swell the song  
 That tells His love and power.

*f* Around the wide world let it roll,  
 Whilst man shall lead it on :  
 Join every ransomed human soul,  
 In glorious unison !

5 Come, aged man ! come, little child !  
 Youth, maiden, peasant, king—  
 To God in Jesus reconciled  
 Your hallelujahs bring !

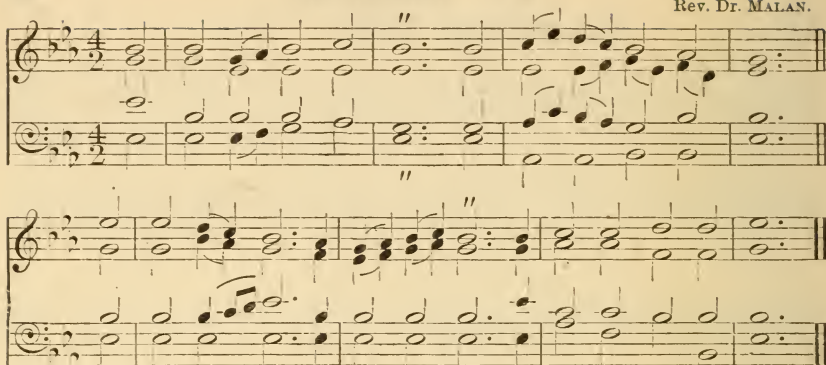
*f* The all creating Deity,  
 Maker of earth and heaven !  
 The great redeeming majesty,  
 To Him the praise be given !

G. RAWSON.

## 58

## Silchester.—S.M.

Rev. Dr. MALAN.



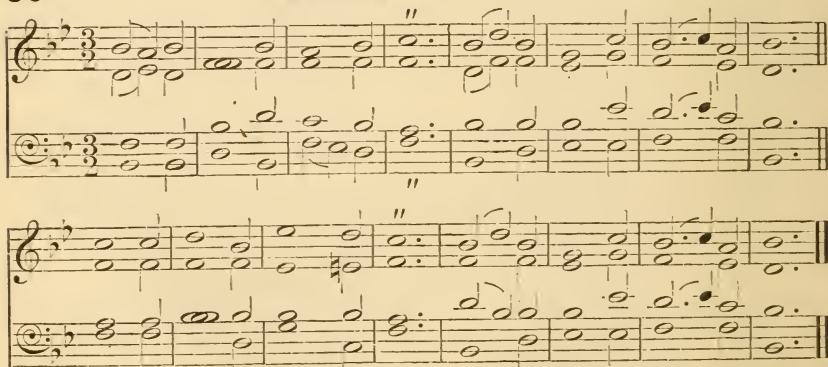
- 1 COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord  
While we surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from the place ;  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God ;  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas :
- 5 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love ;  
He will send down His heavenly powers  
To carry us above.

- 6 There shall we see His face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There from the rivers of His grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes ! and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 9 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry : [ground  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
To fairer worlds on high.

I. WATTS.

## 59

## Bohemia.—7 7.7 7.



- 1 CLAP your hands, ye people all,  
Praise the God on whom ye call ;  
Lift your voice and shout His praise,  
Triumph in His sovereign grace !
- 2 Glorious is the Lord most High,  
Terrible in majesty ;  
He His sovereign sway maintains,  
King o'er all the earth He reigns.



- 3 Jesus is gone up on high,  
 Takes His seat above the sky :  
*f* Shout the angel-choirs aloud,  
 Echoing to the trump of God.
- 4 Sons of earth the triumph join,  
 Praise Him with the host divine ;  
 Emulate the heavenly powers,  
 Their victorious Lord is ours.
- 5 Shout the God enthroned above,  
 Trumpet forth His conquering love ;

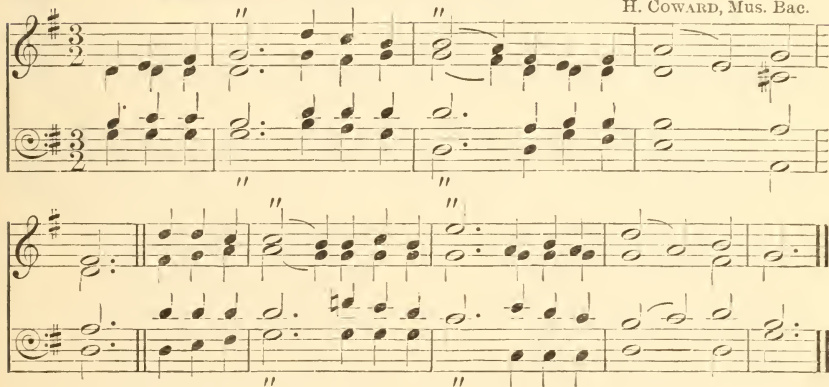
- Praises to our Jesus sing  
 Praises to our glorious King !
- 6 Power is all to Jesus given,  
 Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven ;  
 Power He now to us imparts :  
 Praise Him with believing hearts.
- 7 Wonderful in saving power,  
 Him let all our hearts adore ;  
 Earth and heaven repeat the cry—  
 "Glory be to God most high !"

C. WESLEY.

60

Nature's Voice (1st Tune).—4 4 6.4 4 6.

H. COWARD, Mus. Bac.



Marlow (2nd Tune).—4 4 6.4 4 6.

HARRISON.



- f* 1 MY God, my King,  
 Thy praise I sing,  
 My heart is all Thine own ;  
 My highest powers,  
 My choicest hours,  
 I yield to Thee alone.
- 2 My voice awake,  
 Thy part to take ;  
 My soul, the concert join ;  
 Till all around  
 Shall catch the sound,  
 And mix their hymns with mine.

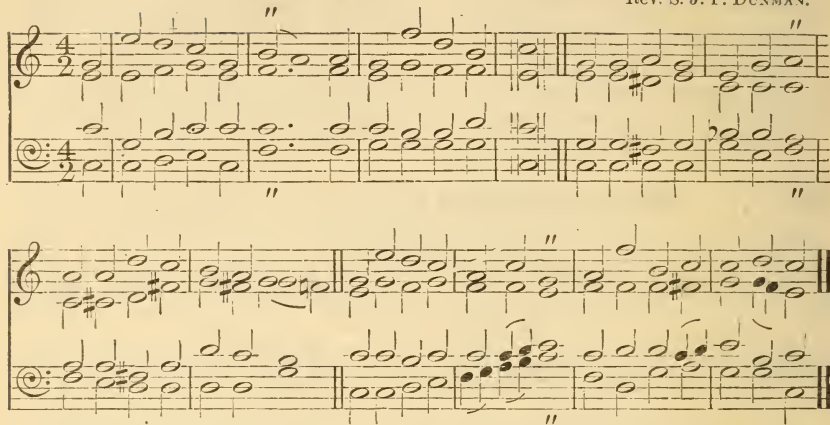
- p* 3 But man is weak  
 Thy praise to speak ;  
 Your God, ye angels, sing ;  
 'Tis yours to see,  
 More near than we,  
 The glories of our King.
- 4 His truth and grace  
 Fill time and space ;  
 As large His honours be  
 Till all that live  
 Their homage give,  
*f* And praise my God with me.

H. F. LYTE.  
 B\*

61

## St. Hilda.—6 6.7 7.7 7.

Rev. S. J. P. DUNMAN.



1 FATHER of earth and sky,  
 Thy name we magnify :  
 O that earth and heaven might join,  
 Thy perfections to proclaim ;  
*f* Praise the attributes Divine,  
 Fear and love Thy awful name.

2 When shall Thy Spirit reign  
 In every heart of man?  
 Father, bring the kingdom near,  
 Honour Thy triumphant Son ;  
*f* God of heaven, on earth appear,  
 Fix with us Thy glorious Throne.

3 Thy good and holy will,  
 Let all on earth fulfil ;  
*f* Men with minds angelic vie,  
 Saints below with saints above,  
 Thee to praise and glorify,  
 Thee to serve with perfect love.

4 This day with this day's bread  
 Thy hungry children feed ;  
 Fountain of all blessings, grant  
 Now the manna from above ;  
 Now supply our bodies' want,  
 Now sustain our souls with love.

5 Our trespasses forgive :  
 And when absolved we live,  
 Thou our life of grace maintain ;  
 Lest we from our God depart,  
 Lose Thy pardoning grace again,  
 Grant us a forgiving heart.

6 In every fiery hour  
 Display Thy guardian power ;  
 Near in our temptation stay,  
 With sufficient strength defend,  
 Bring us through the evil day,  
 Make us faithful to the end.

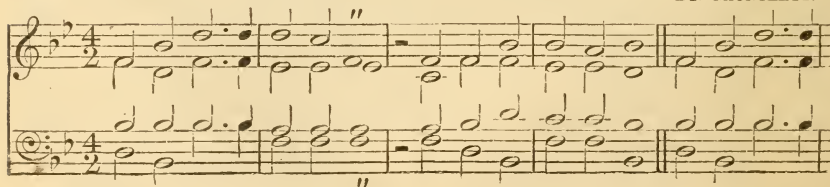
*f* 7 Father, by right Divine,  
 Assert the kingdom Thine ;  
 Jesus, Power of God, subdue  
 Thy own universe to Thee ;  
 Spirit of grace and glory too,  
 Reign through all eternity.

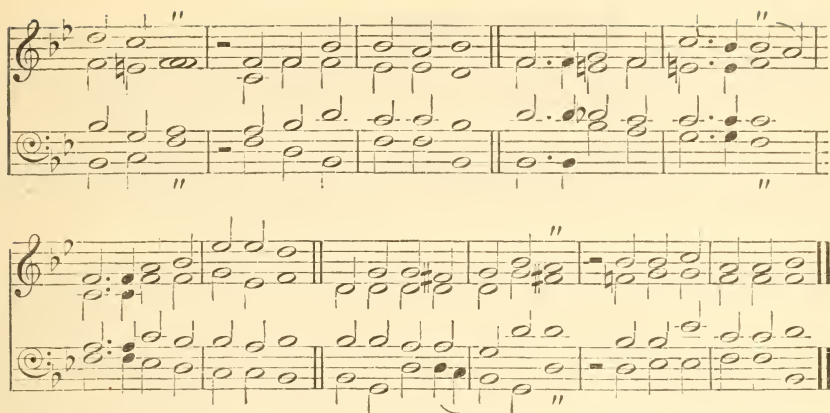
C. WESLEY.

62—63

## Zeshurun.—7 6.7 6.7 7.7 6.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.





1 MEET and right it is to sing,  
In every time and place,  
*f* Glory to our heavenly King,  
The God of truth and grace ;  
Join we then with sweet accord,  
All in one thanksgiving join,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Eternal praise be Thine !

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,  
In choral symphonies,  
Praise by day, day without night,  
And never, never cease ;  
*f* Angels and archangels all  
Praise the mystic Three in One,  
Sing, and pause, and gaze, and fall  
O'erwhelmed before Thy throne.

3 Vying with that happy choir,  
Who chant Thy praise above,  
We on eagles' wings aspire,  
The wings of faith and love ;  
*f* Thee they sing with glory crowned,  
We extol the slaughtered Lamb ;  
Lower if our voices sound,  
Our subject is the same.

4 Father, God, Thy love we praise,  
Which gave Thy Son to die ;  
Jesus full of truth and grace,  
Alike we glorify ;  
Spirit, Comforter divine,  
Praise by all to Thee be given ;  
*f* Till we in full chorus join,  
And earth is turned to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

## 63

## Zesburun.—7 6.7 6.7 7.7 6.

1 GLORIOUS God, accept a heart  
That pants to sing Thy praise :  
Thou, without beginning art,  
And without end of days ;  
Thou, a Spirit invisible,  
Dost to none Thy fulness show ;  
None Thy Majesty can tell,  
Or all Thy Godhead know.

2 All Thine attributes we own,  
Thy wisdom, power, and might,  
Happy in Thyself alone,  
In goodness infinite,  
Thou Thy goodness hast displayed,  
On Thine every work imprest,  
Lov'st whate'er Thy hands have made ;  
But man Thou lovest best.

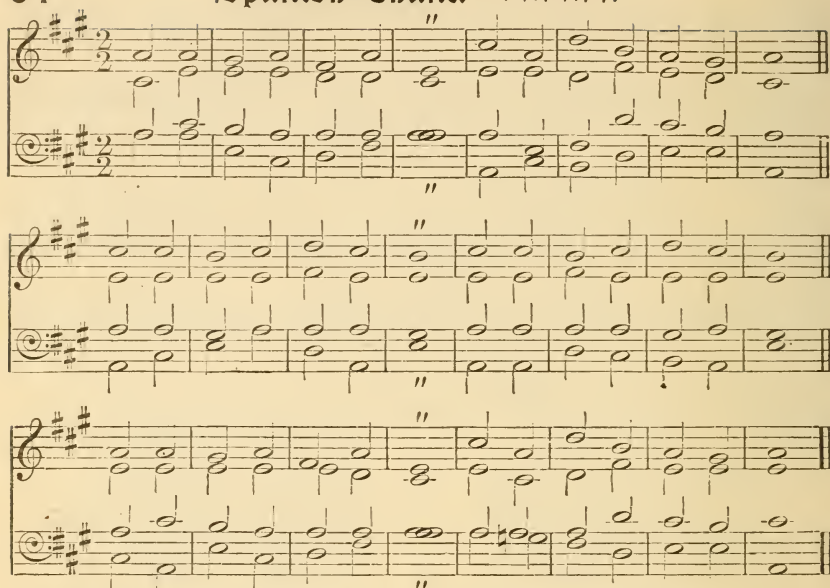
3 Willing Thou that all should know  
Thy saving truth, and live,  
Dost to each, or bliss or woe,  
With strictest justice give :  
Thou with perfect righteousness  
Renderest every man his due ;  
Faithful in Thy promises,  
And in Thy threatenings too.

*p* 4 Thou art merciful to all  
Who truly turn to Thee !  
Hear me, then, for pardon call,  
And show Thy grace to me ;  
Me, through mercy reconciled,  
Me, for Jesus' sake forgiven,  
Me receive, Thy favoured child,  
*f* To sing Thy praise in heaven.

C. WESLEY.

## 64

## Spanish Chant.—7.7.7.7.7.



1 FOR the beauty of the earth,  
 For the splendour of the skies,  
 For the love which from our birth  
 Over and around us lies ;  
*f* Father, unto Thee we raise  
 This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour  
 Of the day and of the night,  
 Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
 Sun and moon and stars of light ;  
*f* Father, unto Thee we raise  
 This our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,  
 For the heart and mind's delight,  
 For the mystic harmony  
 Linking sense to sound and sight ;  
*f* Father, unto Thee we raise  
 This our sacrifice of praise.

4 For the joy of human love,  
 Brother, sister, parent, child,  
 Friends on earth and friends above,  
 For all gentle thoughts and mild ;  
*f* Father, unto Thee we raise  
 This our sacrifice of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine  
 To our race so freely given,  
 Graces human and divine,  
 Flowers of earth and buds of heaven ;  
*f* Father, unto Thee we raise  
 This our sacrifice of praise.

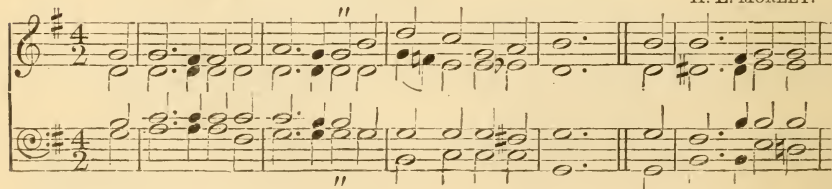
6 For Thy church that evermore  
 Lifteth holy hands above,  
 Offering up on every shore  
 Its pure sacrifice of love ;  
 Father, unto Thee we raise  
 This our sacrifice of praise.

F. S. PIERPOINT.

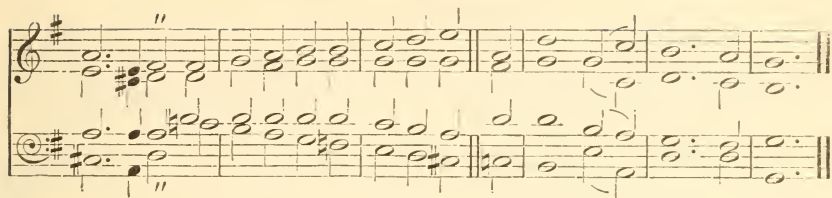
## 65

## Newcastle (1st Tune).—8.6.8.8.6.

H. L. MORLEY.

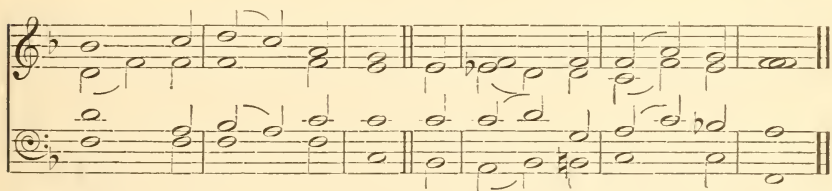
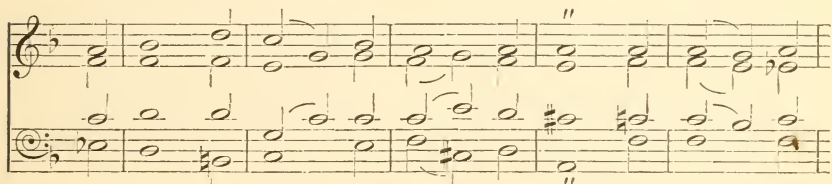
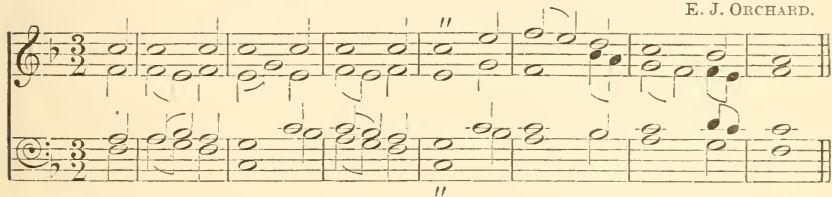






# Royal Fort (2nd Tune).—8 6.8 8 6.

E. J. ORCHARD.



*f* 1 **E**THERNAL Light ! Eternal Light !  
 How pure the soul must be,  
 When placed within Thy searching sight,  
 It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,  
 Can live, and look on Thee !

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne  
 May bear the burning bliss ;  
 But that is surely theirs alone,  
*p* Since they have never, never known  
 A fallen world like this.

3 O ! how shall I, whose native sphere  
*p* Is dark, whose mind is dim,  
 Before the Ineffable appear,  
 And on my naked spirit bear  
 That uncreated beam ?

4 There is a way for man to rise  
 To that sublime abode :  
 An offering and a sacrifice,  
 A Holy Spirit's energies,  
 An Advocate with God—

*f* 5 These, these prepare us for the sight  
 Of Holiness above :

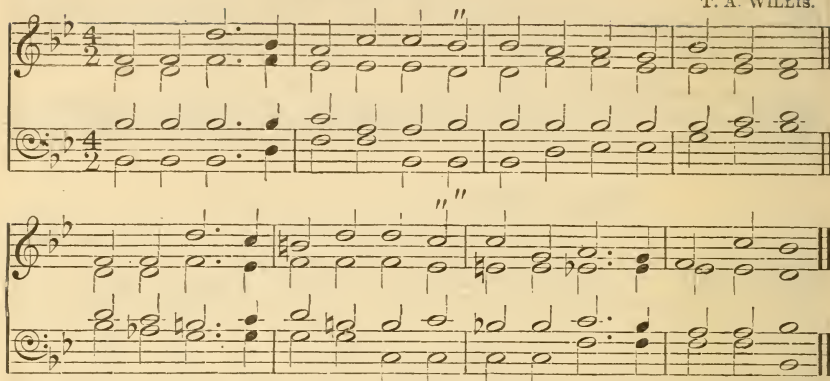
∧ The sons of ignorance and night  
 ∨ May dwell in the Eternal Light,  
*ff* Through the Eternal Love !

T. BINNEY.

## 66

## Lucerne.—87.87.

T. A. WILLIS.

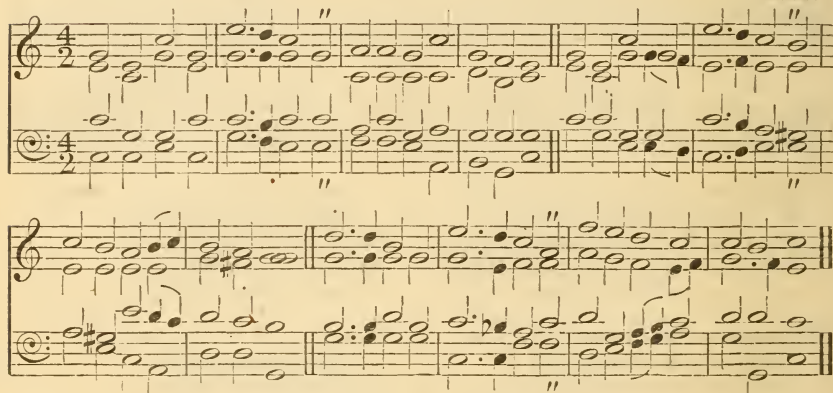


- f*<sup>1</sup> PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens adore Him;  
Praise Him, angels in the height,  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,  
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!
- f*<sup>2</sup> Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken;  
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;  
Laws which never can be broken,  
For their guidance He hath made.
- f*<sup>3</sup> Praise the Lord, for He is glorious,  
Never shall His promise fail;  
God hath made His saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.
- f*<sup>4</sup> Praise the God of our salvation,  
Hosts on high! His power proclaim;  
*ff* Heaven and earth, and all creation!  
Laud and magnify His name.  
*Anon. Fowling Chapel Col.*

## 67

## Regent Square.—87.87.47.

H. SMART.



- f*<sup>1</sup> PRAISE my soul, the King of heaven,  
To His feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like thee His praise should sing?  
*ff* Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise the everlasting King!
- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him, still the same as ever,
- ff* Slow to chide and swift to bless:  
*ff* Praise Him, praise Him,  
Glorious in His faithfulness!
- p*<sup>3</sup> Father-like He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes.  
*ff* Praise Him, praise Him,  
Widely as His mercy flows!

4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish ;  
Blows the wind, and it is gone ;  
But, while mortals rise and perish,  
God endures unchanging on :  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise the high eternal One !

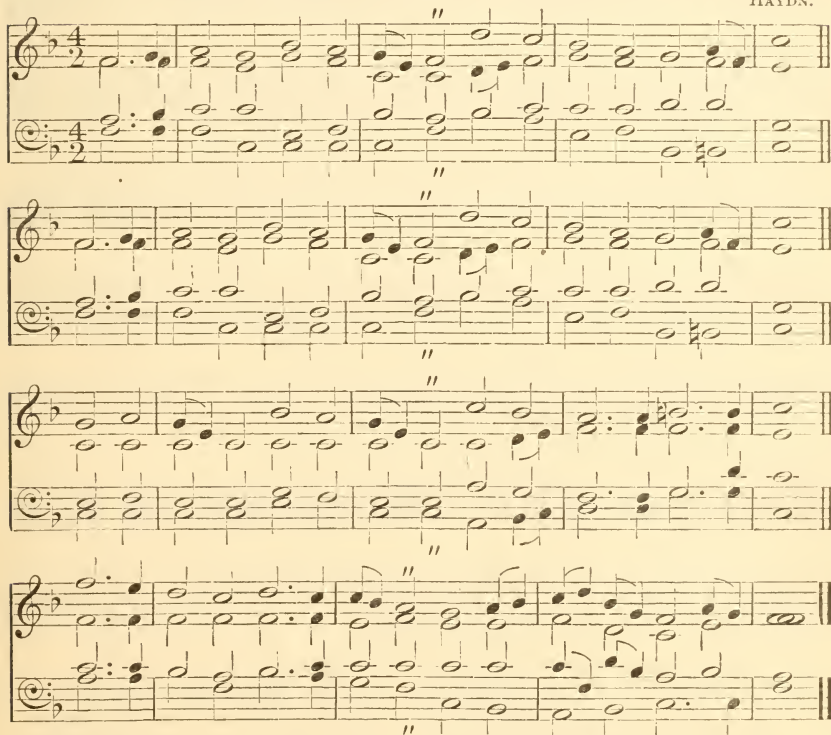
*f* 5 Angels, help us to adore Him—  
Ye behold Him face to face ;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him  
Dwellers all in time and space,  
*ff* Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise with us the God of grace !

H. F. LYTE.

68

**Austria** (1st Tune).—8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7.

HAYDN.



*f* 1 **P**RAISE the psalm : let earth adoring,  
Through each kindred, tribe, and  
To her God His praise restoring, [tongue,  
Raise the new accordant song.  
Bless His name, each farthest nation ;  
Sing His praise, His truth display :  
Tell anew His high salvation,  
With each new return of day.

*f* 2 Tell it out beneath the heaven  
To each kindred, tribe, and tongue,  
Tell it out from morn till even  
In your unexhausted song :  
Tell that God for ever reigneth,  
He, who set the world so fast,  
He, who still its state sustaineth  
Till the day of doom to last.

*f* 3 Tell them that the day is coming  
When that righteous doom shall be :  
Then shall heaven new joys illumine,  
Gladness shine o'er earth and sea.  
Yea, the far-resounding ocean  
Shall its thousand voices raise,  
All its waves in glad commotion  
Chant the fulness of His praise.

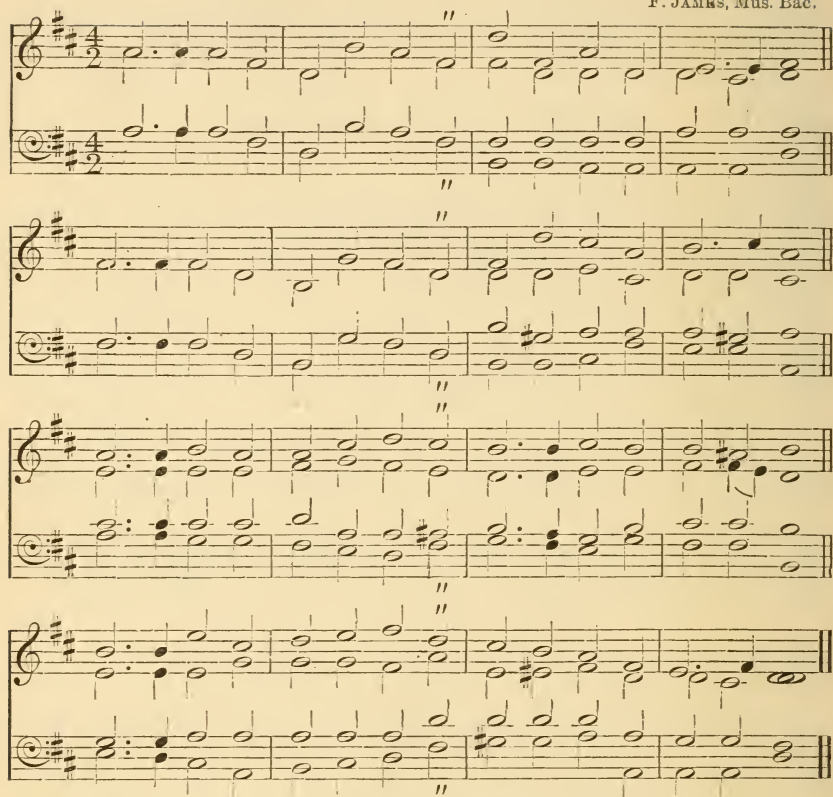
4 And earth's fields, with herbs and flowers,  
Shall put on their choice array,  
And in all their leafy bowers  
Shall the woods keep holyday :  
When the Judge, to earth descending,  
Righteous judgment shall ordain,  
Fraud and wrong shall then have ending,  
Truth, immortal truth, shall reign.

E. CHURTON.

## 68

## Woodhouse (2nd Tune).—8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7.

F. JAMES, Mus. Bac.



*f* 1 **R**AISE the psalm : let earth adoring  
 Through each kindred, tribe, and  
 To her God His praise restoring, [tongue,  
 Raise the new accordant song.  
 Bless His name, each farthest nation ;  
 Sing His praise, His truth display :  
 Tell anew His high salvation  
 With each new return of day.

*f* 2 Tell it out beneath the heaven  
 To each kindred, tribe, and tongue,  
 Tell it out from morn till even  
 In your unexhausted song :  
 Tell that God for ever reigneth,  
 He, who set the world so fast,  
 He, who still its state sustaineth  
 Till the day of doom to last.

*f* 3 Tell them that the day is coming  
 When that righteous doom shall be :  
 Then shall heaven new joys illumine,  
 Gladness shine o'er earth and sea.  
 Yea, the far-resounding ocean  
 Shall its thousand voices raise,  
 All its waves in glad commotion  
 Chant the fulness of His praise.

4 And earth's fields, with herbs and flowers,  
 Shall put on their choice array,  
 And in all their leafy bowers  
 Shall the woods keep holyday :  
*f* When the Judge, to earth descending,  
 Righteous judgment shall ordain,  
 Fraud and wrong shall then have ending,  
 Truth, immortal truth, shall reign.

E. CHURTON.



69

## Censorinus.—87.87.87.87.

Dr. A. H. MANN.

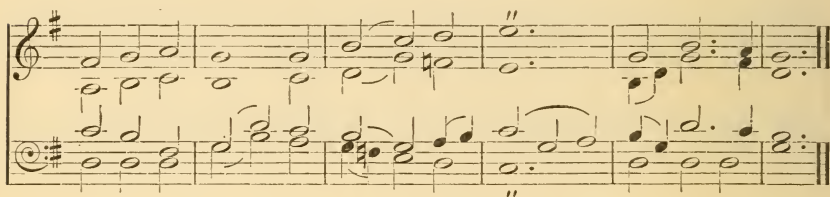
- 1 **R**OUND the Lord in glory seated,  
 Cherubim and seraphim,  
 Filled His temple, and repeated  
 Each to each the alternate hymn :  
*f* 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
 Earth is with its fulness stored;  
 Unto Thee be glory given,  
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord !'
- f* 2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
 'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,  
 'Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High.'  
 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,' &c.
- 3 With His seraph-train before Him,  
 With His holy church below,  
 Thus unite 'we to adore Him,  
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :  
*f* 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,' &c.

R. MANT.

70

## Almsgiving.—888.4.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES



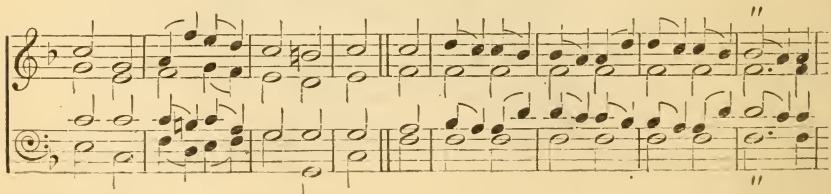
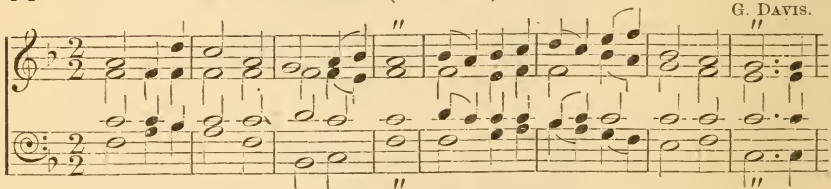
- f* 1 **L**ORD of heaven and earth and sea,  
To Thee all praise and glory be;  
How shall we show our love to Thee,  
Giver of all?
- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air, [clare;  
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love de-  
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,  
Giver of all.
- f* 3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  
Giver of all.
- f* 4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace and hopes of heaven;  
Father, what can to Thee be given,  
Who givest all?
- p* 5 We lose what on ourselves we spend;  
We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all.
- 6 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,  
Repaid a thousandfold will be;  
*f* Then gladly will we give to Thee,  
Giver of all.
- 7 To Thee, from whom we all derive  
*p* Our life, our gifts, our power to give,  
*f* O may we ever with Thee live.  
Giver of all!

C. WORDSWORTH.

71

## Monmouth (1st Tune).—888.888.

G. DAVIS.





### Dresden (2nd Tune).—888.8888.

Swiss Melody.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath,<br/>And when my voice is lost in death<br/>Praise shall employ my nobler powers :<br/>My days of praise shall ne'er be past,<br/>While life and thought and being last,<br/>Or immortality endures.</p> <p>2 Why should I make a man my trust ?<br/>Princes must die and turn to dust !<br/>Vain is the help of flesh and blood :<br/>Their breath departs, their pomp and power<br/>And thoughts all vanish in an hour,<br/>Nor can they make their promise good.</p> | <p>3 Happy the man whose hopes rely<br/>On Israel's God : He made the sky,<br/>And earth, and seas, with all their train !<br/>His truth for ever stands secure ;<br/>He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,<br/>And none shall find His promise vain.</p> <p>4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;<br/>The Lord supports the sinking mind ;<br/>He sends the labouring conscience peace :<br/>He helps the stranger in distress,<br/>The widow and the fatherless,<br/>And grants the prisoner sweet release.</p> |
|--|---|

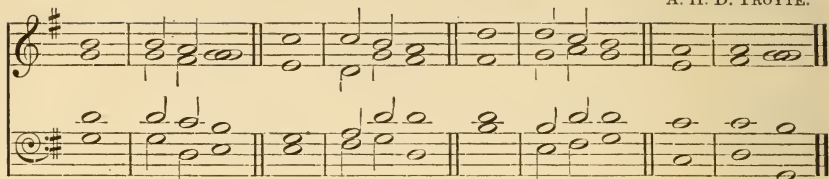
f 5 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

1. WATTS.

## 72

## The Strain Upraise.

A. H. D. TROYTE.



1 THE strain upraise of joy and **praise**, Halle- | lujah ! || To the glory of their King shall the **ransomed** | people sing || Halle- | lujah ! || Halle- | lujah !

2 And the **choirs** that | dwell on high || *mf* Shall re-echo | through the sky, || *f* Halle- | lujah ! || Halle- | lujah !

3 They, through the **fields** of | Paradise that roam, || The blessed ones, repeat through | that bright home || Halle- | lujah ! || Halle- | lujah !

4 The planets, **glittering** on your | heavenly way, || The shining **constellations**, | join and say || Halle- | lujah ! || Halle- | lujah !

5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, *p* Ye **winds** on | pinions light, || *f* Ye thunders echoing loud and deep, Ye **lightnings**, | wildly bright, || *mp* In **sweet** con- | sent unite || *mf* your Halle- | lujah !

6 Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye **storms** and | winter snow, || Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar **frost** and | summer glow, | Ye groves that wave in spring, And **glorious** | forests, sing || Halle- | lujah !

7 First let the birds, with **painted** | plumage gay, || Exalt their great Creator's | praise, and say || Halle- | lujah ! || Halle- | lujah !

8 Then let the beasts of **earth**, with | varying strain, || Join in creation's **hymn**- and | cry again || Halle- | lujah ! || Halle- | lujah !

*f*9 Here let the mountains thunder **forth** so- | norous || Halle- | lujah ! || *mp* There let the valleys sing in **gentler** | chorus || Halle- | lujah !

10 Thou jubilant **abyss** of | ocean, cry || *f* Halle- | lujah ! || *m* Ye tracts of earth and **conti-** | nents, reply || *f* Halle- | lujah !

11 To God, Who **all** cre- | ation made, || The frequent **hymn** be | duly paid, || Halle- | lujah ! || Halle- | lujah !

12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the **Lord** of | all things loves, || Halle- | lujah ! || This is the song, the heavenly song, that **Christ** Him- | self approves, || Halle- | lujah !

*mf* 13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and **voice** a- | waking. || *f* Halle- | lujah ! || *p* And children's voices echo, **answer** | making, || Halle- | lujah !

*f* 14 Now from all **men** | be outpoured || Hallelujah | to the Lord ; || With Hallelujah | evermore || The Son and Spirit | we adore.

*f* 15 Praise be **done** to the | Three in One. || Halle- | lujah ! || *f* Halle- | lujah ! || Halle- | lujah ! *mf* Amen.\*

GODESCALCUS, *trs.* by G. M.

\* To be sung to the last two chords

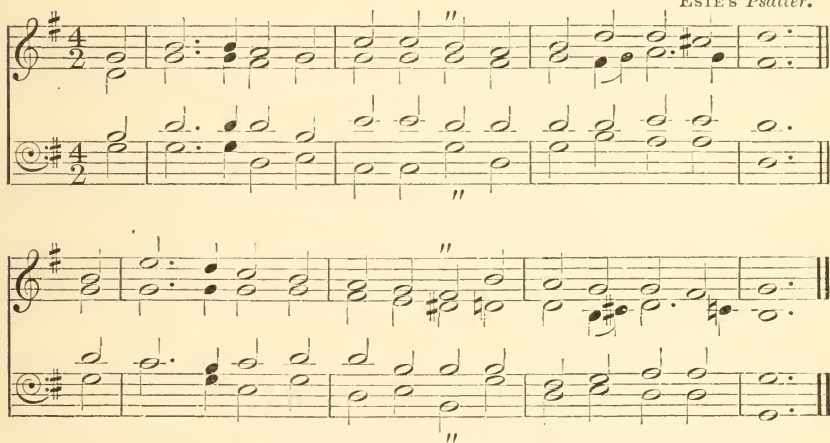


GOD THE SON—HIS INCARNATION AND 53  
ADVENT.

73

Winchester (Old).—C.M.

ESTE'S Psalter.



*f* 1 MORTALS, awake ! with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay ;  
Joy, love, and gratitude combine  
To hail the auspicious day.

*f* 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo rolled ;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky  
The impetuous torrent ran,  
And angels flew, with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark ! the celestial armies shout,  
And glory leads the song :  
Goodwill and peace are heard throughout  
The harmonious heavenly throng.

*f* 6 With joy the chorus we repeat,—  
Glory to God on high !  
Goodwill and peace are now complete—  
Jesus was born to die.

*ff* 7 Hail ! Prince of life, for ever hail !  
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !  
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,  
Thy praise shall never end.

S. MEDLEY.

## 74

## Gabriel.—C.M.D.

Arranged by Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks  
 All seated on the ground, [by night,  
*f* The angel of the Lord came down,  
*f* And glory shone around.  
*p* 'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread  
 Had seized their troubled mind),  
*f* 'Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
 To you and all mankind.

2 'To you, in David's town, this day  
 Is born of David's line  
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
 And this shall be the sign:  
*p* The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
 To human view displayed,  
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
 And in a manger laid.'

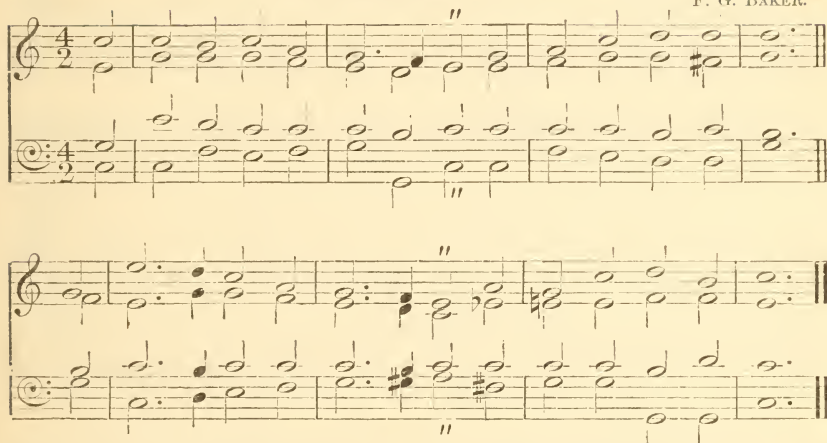
3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
 Appeared a shining throng  
 Of angels, praising God, and thus  
 Addressed their joyful song:  
*f* 'All glory be to God on high,  
 And to the earth be peace;  
 Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men  
 Begin, and never cease.'

N. TATE AND N. BRADY.

75

## St. Saviour.—C.M.

F. G. BAKER.



*f* 1 **H**ARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
 The Saviour promised long!  
 Let every heart prepare a throne,  
 And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit largely poured,  
 Exerts its sacred fire;  
 Wisdom and might and zeal and love  
 His holy breast inspire.

*f* 3 He comes the prisoners to release,  
 In Satan's bondage held;  
 The gates of brass before Him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice  
 To clear the mental ray,  
 And on the eyeballs of the blind  
 To pour celestial day.

*p* 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure,  
 And with the treasures of His grace  
 To enrich the humble poor.

*f* 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim:  
*ff* And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With Thy beloved name.

P. DODDRIDGE.

## 76

## Noel.—C.M.D.

Traditional Air re-arranged.

*A little slower.*

1 **I**T came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
To touch their harps of gold—  
*f* 'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,'  
From heaven's all-gracious King:  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled,  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world;  
*p* Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing  
And ever, o'er its Babel-sounds,  
The blessed angels sing.

3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,  
The world has suffered long;  
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled  
Two thousand years of wrong;

And man, at war with man, hears not  
The love-song which they bring;  
*pp* O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way,  
With painful steps and slow—  
*f* Look now! for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing:  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing!

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold:  
*f* When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
*p* And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. SEARS.



77

## Reading.—7 7.7 7.

FROM MENDELSSOHN.



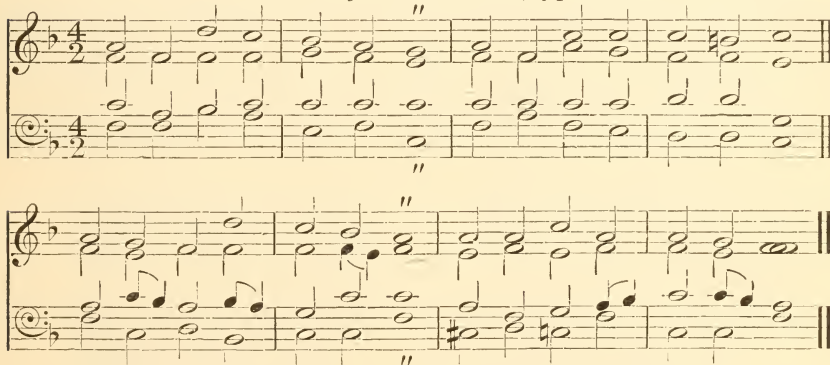
*f* 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,  
 For to us a Child is born :  
 From the highest realms of heaven,  
 Unto us a Son is given.  
 2 On His shoulder He shall bear  
 Power and majesty : and wear,  
 On His vesture and His thigh  
 Names most awful, names most high.

*f* 3 Wonderful in counsel He,  
 The Incarnate Deity ;  
 Sire of Ages ne'er to cease,  
 King of Kings and Prince of Peace.  
 4 Come and worship at His feet,  
 Yield to Christ the homage meet,  
 From His manger to His throne—  
 Homage due to God alone.

J. MONTGOMERY.

78

## University College.—7 7.7 7.

From the *Union Hymn and Tune Book*, by permission. DR. GAUNTLETT.

*f* 1 GLORY be to God on high,  
 God, whose glory fills the sky :  
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,  
 Man, the well-beloved of heaven,  
 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King !  
 Thee we now presume to sing :  
 Glad, Thine attributes confess,  
 Glorious all, and numberless.  
*f* 3 Hail, by all Thy works adored !  
 Hail, the everlasting Lord !  
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove  
 God of power and God of love !  
 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,  
 Christ, the Father's only Son,

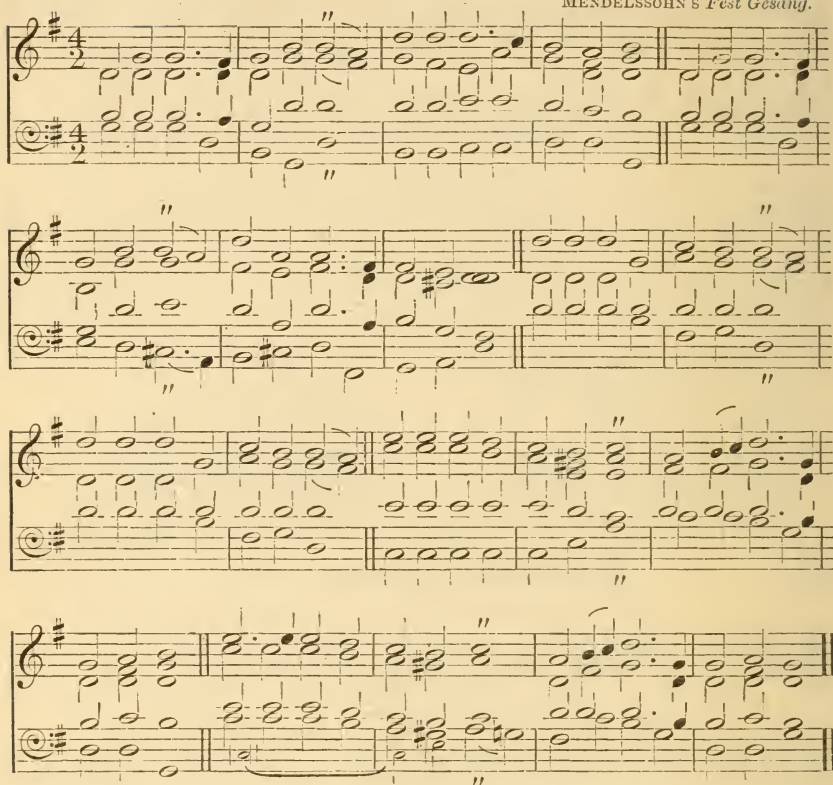
Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
 Saviour of offending man.  
*p* 5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,  
 Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou !  
 Jesus, in Thy Name we pray,  
 Take, O take our sins away !  
 6 Powerful Advocate with God,  
 Justify us by Thy blood ;  
 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,  
 Hear, the world's Atonement, Thou !  
 7 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone  
 Art with Thy great Father One—  
 One the Holy Ghost with Thee,  
 One supreme, eternal Three.

G. WESTLEY.

## 79

## Mendelssohn.—77.77.77.77.77.

MENDELSSOHN'S Fest Gesang.



*f* 1 **H**ARK! the herald-angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King,  
*p* Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled.  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies;  
 With the angelic host proclaim,  
 'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'  
 Hark! the herald-angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King!

*f* 2 Christ, by highest heavens adored,  
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord,  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.  
*p* Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!  
 Hail the Incarnate Deity!  
 Pleased as Man with men to dwell,  
 Jesus, our Immanuel.  
 Hark! the herald-angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King!

*f* 3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.  
 Mild, He lays His glory by;  
 Born, that man no more may die!  
 Born, to raise the sons of earth;  
 Born, to give them second birth.  
 Hark! the herald-angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King!

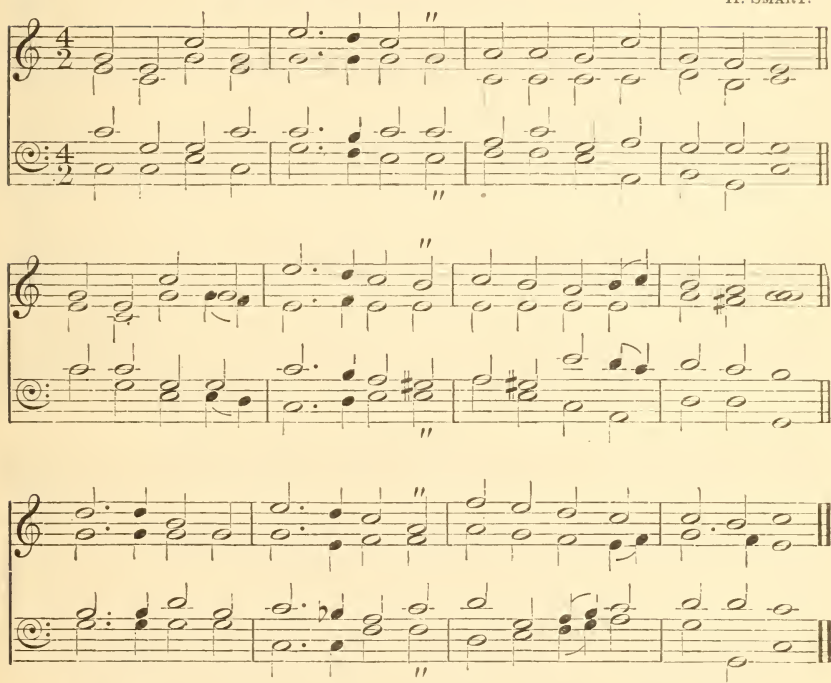
4 Come, Desire of nations, come,  
 Fix in us Thy humble home;  
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed,  
 Bruise in us the serpent's head!  
 Now display Thy saving power,  
 Ruined nature now restore;  
 Now in mystic union join  
 Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!  
*ff* Hark! the herald-angels sing,  
 Glory to the new-born King!

C. WESLEY.

80

## Regent Square.—87.87.47.

H. SMART.



*f* 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;  
 Ye, who sang Creation's story,  
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth.  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
 Brighter visions beam afar ;  
 Seek the great Desire of nations,  
 Ye have seen His natal star :  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

*f* 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,  
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
 God with man is now residing ;  
 Yonder shines the infant light :  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

*f* 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
 Watching long with hope and fear,  
 Suddenly, the Lord descending,  
 In His temple shall appear :  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

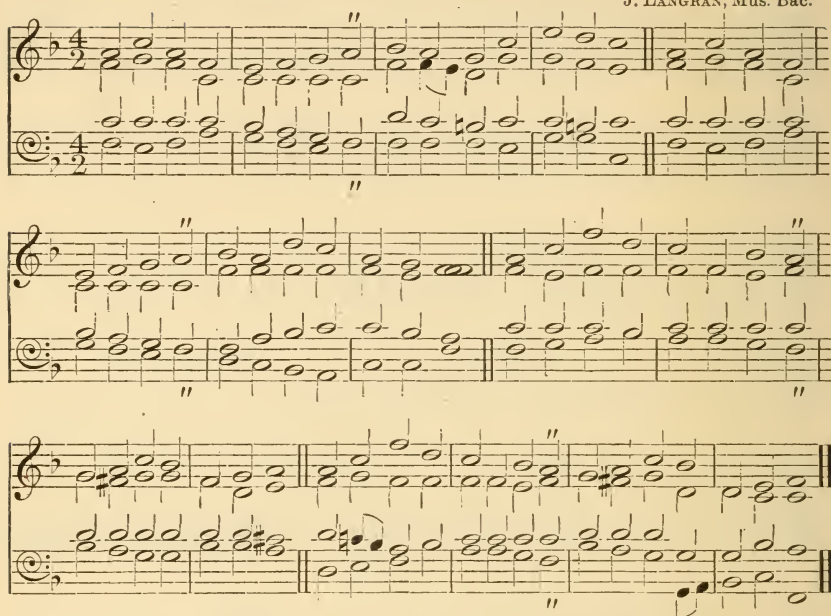
*f* 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,  
 Justice now revokes the sentence—  
 Mercy calls you—break your chains :  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. MONTGOMERY,

## 81

## Deerhurst.—8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7.

J. LANGRAN, Mus. Bac.



*p* 1 HARK! what mean these holy voices,  
 Sweetly sounding through the  
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices, [skies?  
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.  
 Listen to the wondrous story,  
 Which they chant in hymns of joy!  
*f* Glory in the highest, glory:  
 Glory be to God Most High!

2 Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,  
 Reaching far as man is found—  
 Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;—  
*f* Loud our golden harps shall sound.  
 Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
 Heaven and earth His praises sing;  
 Glad receive whom God appointed  
 For your Prophet, Priest and King.

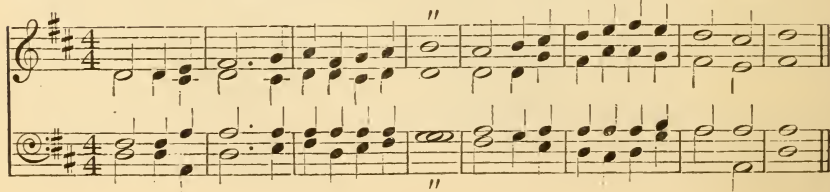
*f* 3 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;  
 Learn His name and taste His joy;  
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,  
 Glory be to God Most High!  
 Let us learn the wondrous story  
 Of our great Redeemer's birth;  
 Spread the brightness of His glory,  
 Till it cover all the earth.

J. CAWOOD.

## 82

## Yorkshire.—10 10.10 10.10 10.

Dr. J. WAINWRIGHT.







*f* 1 CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn  
 Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;  
 Rise to adore the mystery of love  
 Which hosts of angels chanted from above;  
 With them the joyful tidings first begun  
 Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
 Who heard the angelic herald's voice: 'Behold,  
 I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
 To you and all the nations upon earth;  
 This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,  
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

*f* 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir  
 In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:  
 The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
 And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;  
*p* God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
 'Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.'

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,  
 To see the wonder God had wrought for man,  
 To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,  
 The first apostles of the Saviour's name,  
 Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,  
 And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.

5 O may we keep and ponder in our mind  
*p* God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;  
 Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,  
 From the poor manger to the bitter cross;  
 Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,  
 Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

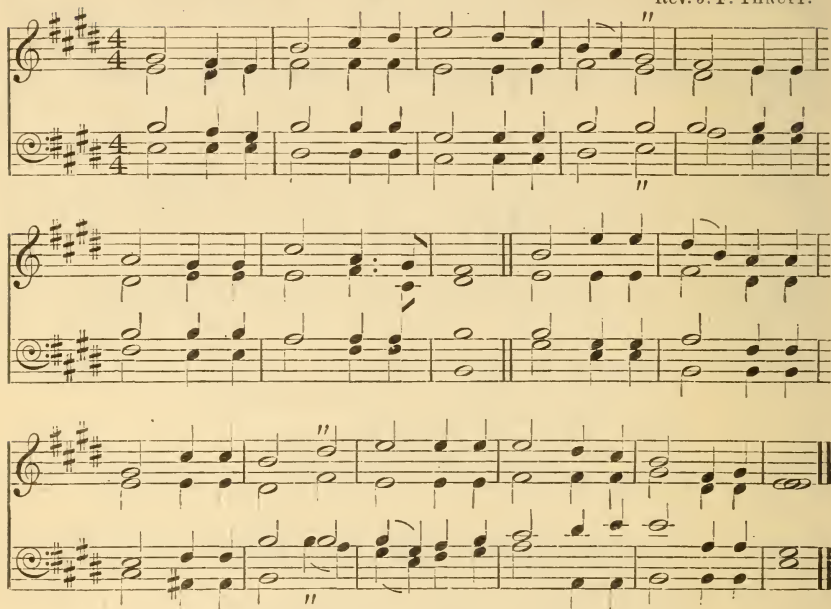
*f* 6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,  
 To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;  
 He that was born upon this joyful day,  
 Around us all His glory shall display;  
 Saved by His love, incessant ye shall sing  
 Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

J. BYRON.

## 83

## Epiphany Hymn.—11 10.11 10.

Rev. J. F. THURPE.



- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
*p* Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- p* 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;  
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation:  
 Vainly with gifts would His favour secure:  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- f* 5 **B**rightest and best of the sons of the morning!  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

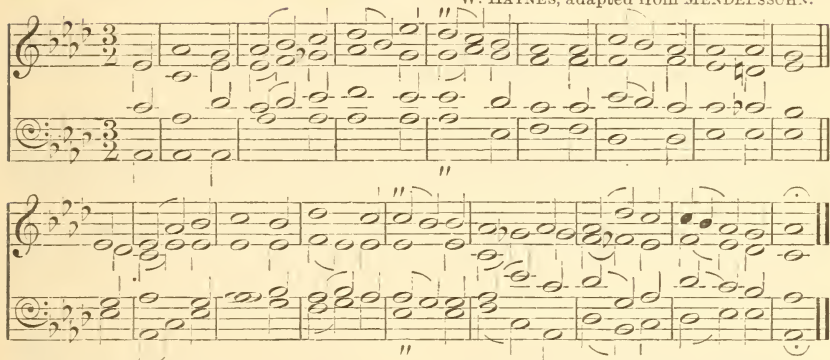
R. HEBER.

GOD THE SON—HIS LIFE, WORK, AND 63  
EXAMPLE.

84

Elstow.—L.M.

W. HAYNES, adapted from MENDELSSOHN.



- p 1 MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in Thy word;  
But in Thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,  
Such deference to Thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

- p 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer:  
The desert Thy temptation knew,  
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.
- p 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of Thy gracious image here;  
f Then God the Judge shall own my name  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

I. WATTS.

85

Staincliffe.—L.M.

R. W. DIXON.



- p 1 HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace;  
When listening thousands gathered round,  
And joy and reverence filled the place!
- 2 From heaven He came, of heaven He spoke,  
To heaven He led His followers' way;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.

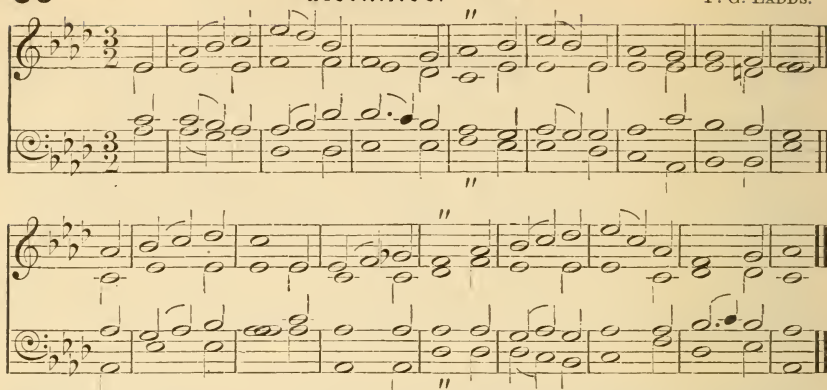
- 3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.'  
Yes! gracious Saviour, we will come,  
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!  
f A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

J. BOWRING.

## 86

## Reliance.—L.M.

F. G. LADDS.

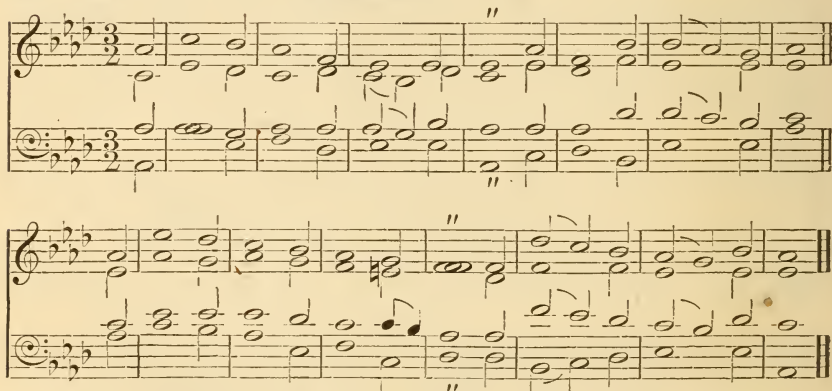


- 1 **S**TRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove ;
- p* 2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :  
Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die,  
And Thou hast made him : Thou art just.
- 3 Thou seemest human and Divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou :  
Our wills are ours, we know not how :  
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.
- p* 4 Our little systems have their day ;  
They have their day and cease to be :  
They are but broken lights of Thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.
- 5 We have but faith : we cannot know ;  
For knowledge is of things we see,  
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,  
A beam in darkness : let it grow.
- 6 Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell ;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before.

A. TENNYSON.

## 87—88

## Edgware.—C.M.



- 1 **W**E may not climb the heavenly steeps  
To bring the Lord Christ down,  
In vain we search the lowest deeps  
For Him who fills heaven's throne.
- p* 2 But to the contrite spirit yet  
A present help is He :  
And faith has yet its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.
- 3 The healing of his seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain ;  
We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.
- p* 4 Through Him the first fond prayers are  
Our lips of childhood frame ; [said  
The last low whispers of the dead  
Are tender with His name.



5 O Lord and Saviour of us all !  
 Whate'er our name or sign ;  
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call ;  
 And form our lives by Thine.

6 We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
 In differing phrase we pray ;  
 But, dim or clear, we own in Thee,  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way.

J. G. WHITTIER.

## 88

## Edgware.—C.M.

1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty  
 Around Thy steps below ; [shone  
 What patient love was seen in all  
 Thy life and death of woe !

p 2 For ever on Thy burdened heart  
 A weight of sorrow hung ;  
 Yet no ungentle, murmuring word  
 Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
 Thy friends unfaithful prove,

Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
 Thy heart could only love.

4 O ! give us hearts to love like Thee,  
 Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve  
 Far more for others' sins, than all  
 The wrongs that we receive !

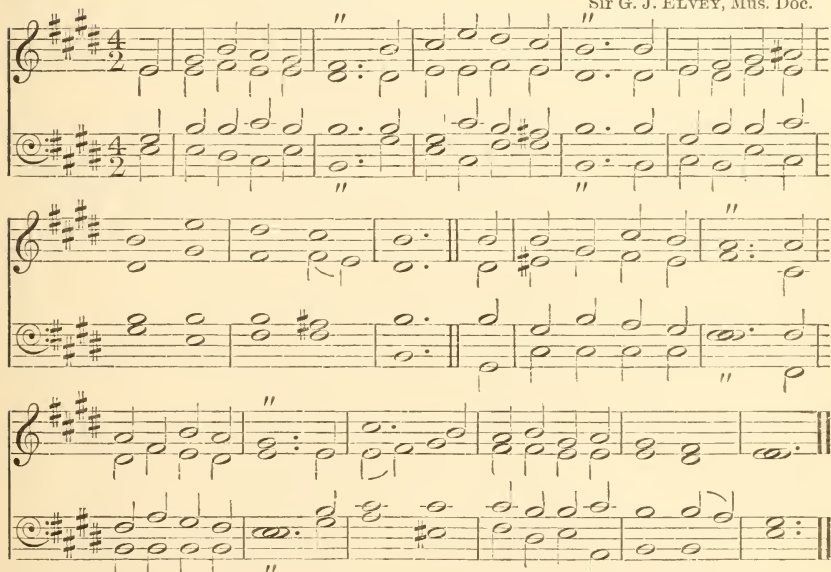
5 One with Thyself, may every eye  
 In us, Thy brethren, see  
 The gentleness and grace that spring  
 From union, Lord, with Thee.

E. DENNY.

## 89

## Elvey.—6 6 10.6 6 10.

Sir G. J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.



p 1 THOU who didst stoop below,  
 To drain the cup of woe,  
 Wearing the form of frail mortality,  
 Thy blessed labours done,  
 Thy crown of victory won, [high.  
 Hast from earth passed to Thy throne on

2 It was no path of flowers  
 Through this dark world of ours,  
 p Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread  
 And shall we in dismay  
 Shrink from the narrow way, [spread ?  
 When clouds and darkness are around it

f 3 O Thou who art our life  
 Be with us through the strife ; [bowed ;  
 Thy holy head by rudest storms was  
 Raise Thou our eyes above,  
 To see a Father's love [the cloud.  
 Beam like the bow of promise through

p 4 E'en through the awful gloom  
 Which hovers o'er the tomb, [be :  
 That light of love our guiding star shall  
 Our spirits shall not dread  
 Theshadowy way to tread, [lead to Thee.  
 Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth

S. E. MILES.

# GOD THE SON—HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

90

Hayes.—L.M.D.

From BEETHOVEN, arranged by W. R. BRAINE.



*p* 1 HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !  
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around !  
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;  
A sudden trembling shakes the  
ground !

*p* Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
For Him who groaned beneath your  
load ;  
He shed a thousand drops for you—  
A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;  
The Lord of Glory dies for men !  
But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !  
Jesus, the dead, revives again !

*f* The rising God forsakes the tomb ;  
Up to His Father's court He flies !  
Cherubic legions guard Him home,  
And shout Him welcome to the skies !

*f* 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high your great Deliverer reigns ;  
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster Death in chains.

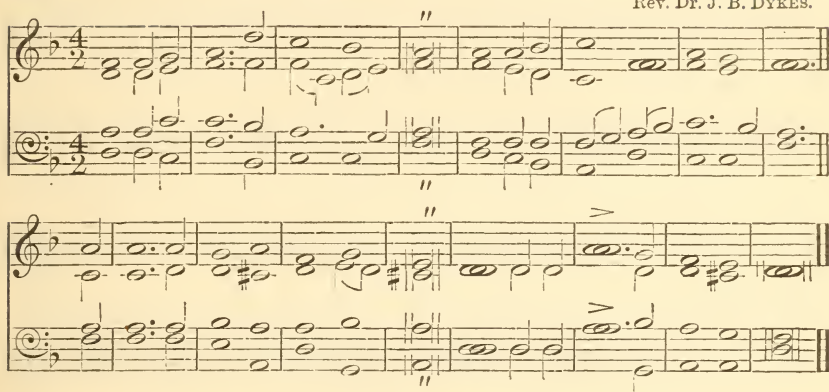
*ff* Say, 'Live for ever, wondrous King !  
Born to redeem and strong to save !'  
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy  
sting ?'  
And 'Where's thy victory, boasting  
Grave !'

I. WATTS.

91

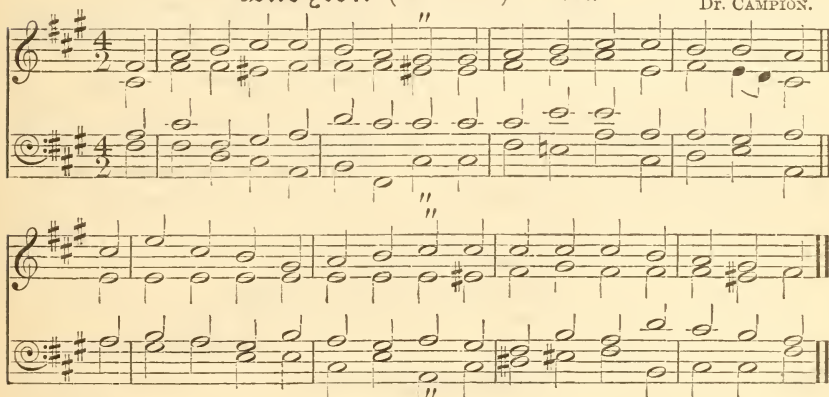
## St. Cross (1st Tune).—L.M.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



## Babylon (2nd Tune).—L.M.

Dr. CAMPION.



- p* 1 O COME and mourn with me awhile,  
O come ye to the Saviour's side;  
O come, together let us mourn:  
*pp* Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:  
*pp* Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 3 How fast His hands and feet are nailed,  
His throat with parching thirst is dried!  
His failing eyes are dim with woe:  
*pp* Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- p* 4 Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,  
And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men:  
*pp* Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 5 Come, let us stand beneath the cross;  
The fountain opened in His side  
Shall purge our deepest stains away:  
*pp* Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!
- 6 A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
Ask, and they will not be denied;  
A broken heart He heals and saves:  
*pp* Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

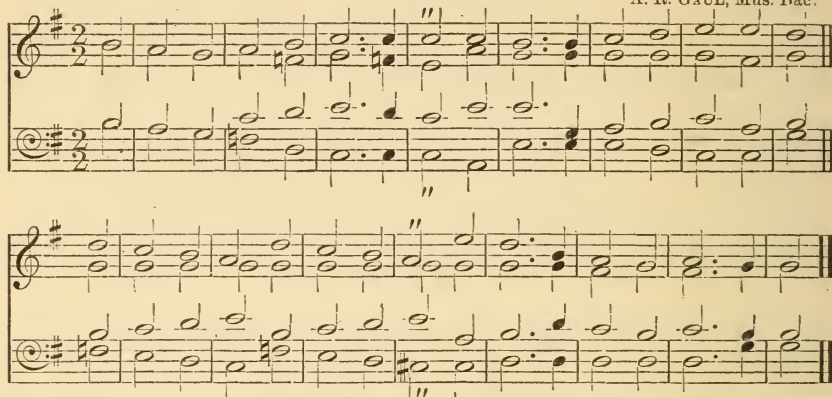
*f* 7 O love of God! O sin of man!  
In this dread act your strength is tried;  
And victory remains with love:  
*pp* Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

F. W. FABER.

## 92

## Hosanna.—L.M.

A. R. GAUL, Mus. Bac.



*f* 1 **R**IDE on, ride on in majesty ;  
       Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry :  
 O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,  
 With palms and scattered garments  
       strowed.

*f* 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty :  
*p* In lowly pomp ride on to die :  
 O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.

*f* 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty ;  
 The winged squadrons of the sky  
 Look down with sad and wondering  
       eyes  
*p* To see the approaching sacrifice.

*f* 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty ;  
 Thy last and fiercest strife is high ;  
 The Father on His sapphire throne  
 Expects His own anointed Son.

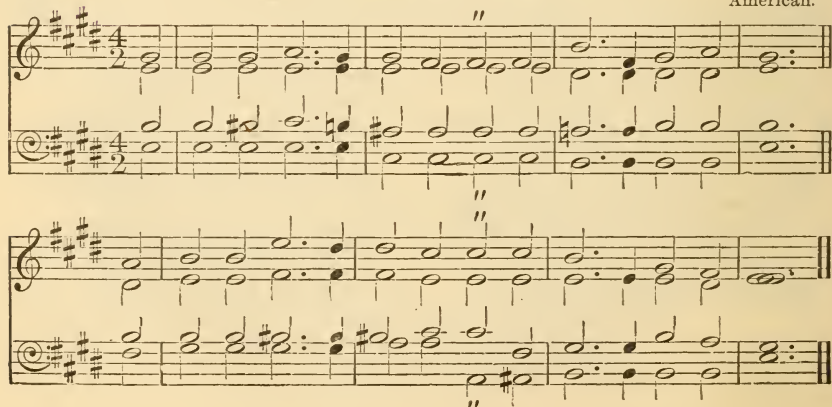
*f* 5 Ride on, ride on in majesty ;  
*p* In lowly pomp ride on to die :  
       Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain ;  
*ff* Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

H. H. MILMAN.

## 93

## Sympathy.—C.M.

American.





1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nailed to the shameful tree !  
How vast the love that Him inclined  
To bleed and die for Thee !

*p* 2 Hark ! how He groans, while nature  
shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend ;  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks ;  
The solid marbles rend.

*p* 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;  
'Receive my soul,' He cries :  
See where He bows His sacred head !  
He bows His head, and dies !

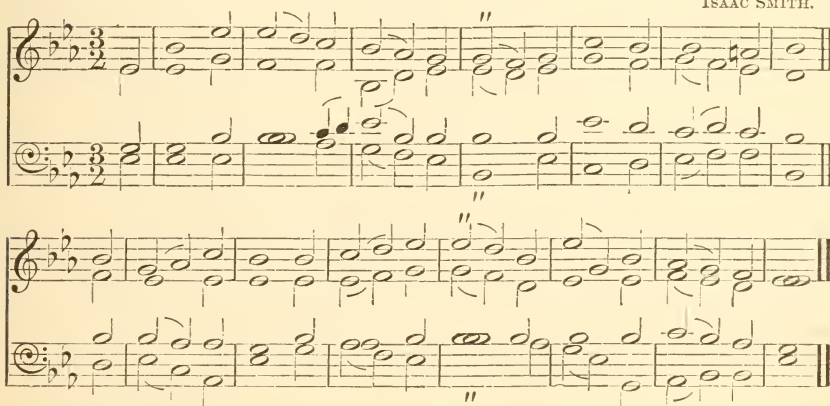
4 But soon He'll break death's envious  
chain,  
And in full glory shine :  
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,  
*f* Was ever love like Thine ?

S. WESLEY, SEN.

94

Abbridge.—C.M.

ISAAC SMITH.



1 **W**ITH glorious clouds encompassed  
Whom angels dimly see, [round,  
Will the Unsearchable be found,  
Or God appear to me ?

2 Will He forsake His throne above,  
Himself to worms impart ?  
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,  
And speak it to my heart !

3 In manifested love explain  
Thy wonderful design !  
*p* What meant the suffering Son of Man,  
The streaming blood divine ?

4 Didst Thou not in our flesh appear,  
And live and die below,  
That I may now perceive Thee near,  
And my Redeemer know ?

5 Come, then, and to my soul reveal  
The heights and depths of grace,  
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,  
That dear disfigured face.

6 Before my eyes of faith confest  
Stand forth a slaughtered Lamb ;  
And wrap me in Thy crimson vest,  
And tell me all Thy name.

7 Jehovah in Thy person show,  
Jehovah crucified !  
And then the pardoning God I know,  
And feel the blood applied.

*f* 8 I view the Lamb in His own light,  
Whom angels dimly see,  
And gaze, transported with the sight,  
To all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

95

**Darlington** (1st Tune).—5 5 11.5 5 11.

Three systems of musical notation for the song "Darlington (1st Tune)". Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. Double bar lines with repeat dots are placed above the first and third systems. The piece concludes with a final double bar line.

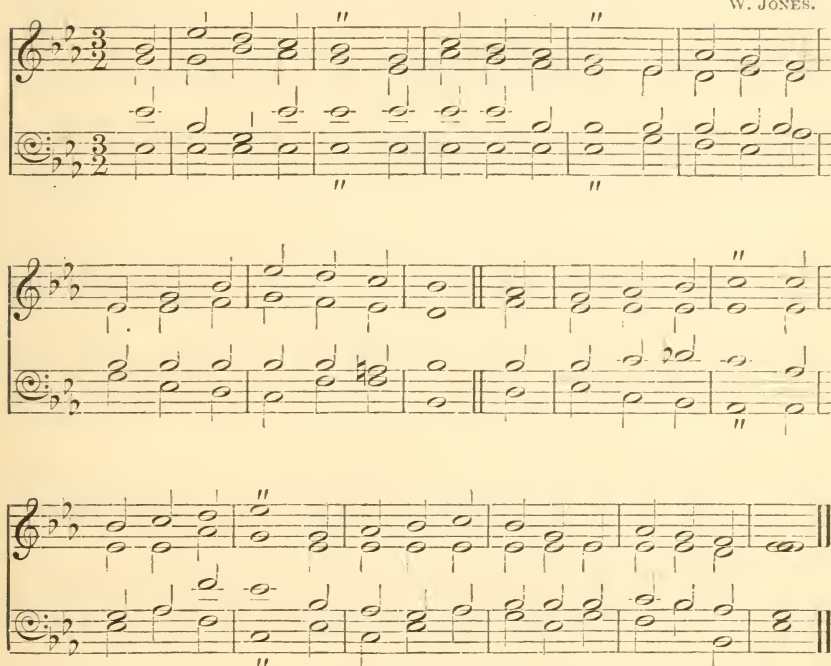
**Orford** (2nd Tune).—5 5 11.5 5 11.

H. COWARD, Mus. Bac.

Three systems of musical notation for the song "Orford (2nd Tune)". Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. Double bar lines with repeat dots are placed above the first and third systems. The piece concludes with a final double bar line.

## Osborne (3rd Tune).—5 5 11.5 5 11.

W. JONES.



**1** ALL ye that pass by,  
To Jesus draw nigh :  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?  
Your ransom and peace,  
Your surety, He is :  
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

*p* **2** For what you have done  
His blood must atone [Son.  
The Father hath bruised for you His dear  
The Lord, in the day  
Of His anger, did lay [away.  
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them

**3** He answered for all ;  
O come at His call, [fall !  
And low at His cross with astonishment  
But lift up your eyes  
At Jesus's cries :  
Impassive, He suffers ; immortal, He dies.

**4** He dies to atone  
For sins not His own ; [hath done.  
Your debt He hath paid, and your work He  
Ye all may receive  
The peace He did leave, [give !'  
Who made intercession, 'My Father, for-

**5** For you and for me  
He prayed on the tree :  
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.  
That sinner am I,  
Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

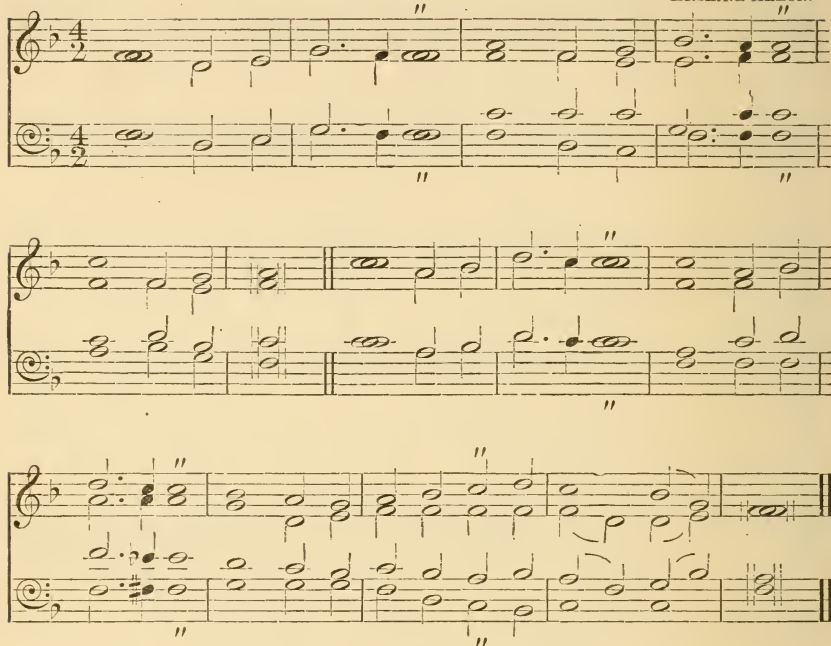
*f* **6** My pardon I claim ;  
For a sinner I am,  
A sinner believing in Jesus's name.  
He purchased the grace  
Which now I embrace : [my place !  
O Father, Thou know'st He hath died in

C. WESLEY.

96

## Abinger.—6 6 4.6 6 6 4.

ERSKINE ALLON.



*p* 1 **L**OW in Thine agony,  
 Bearing Thy cross for me,  
 Saviour divine !  
 In the dark tempter's hour,  
 Quailing beneath his power,  
 Sorrowing yet more and more,  
 Thou dost incline. •

2 O Lord of heaven and earth,  
*p* What sorrow unto death  
 Dost Thou sustain ?  
 Thou dost in anguish bow :  
 Thou art forsaken now :  
 For me this cup of woe  
 Thou dost now drain.

3 In deep and trembling fears,  
*pp* With crying strong and tears,  
 Now Thou dost pray.  
 ' If it be possible  
 This cup so terrible,  
 Father most merciful.  
 Take it away.'

4 ' Yet, Lord, Thy will be done ;  
 Lo, I, Thine only Son,  
 This cup will drink.'  
 O wondrous love of Thine,  
 Unspeakable, divine ;  
 To save this soul of mine  
 Thou wilt not shrink.

5 Saviour, give me to share  
 Thy lowly will and prayer  
 In all my woe ;  
 In my soul's agony  
 Let me resemble Thee ;  
 An angel strengthening me,  
 Let me, too, know.

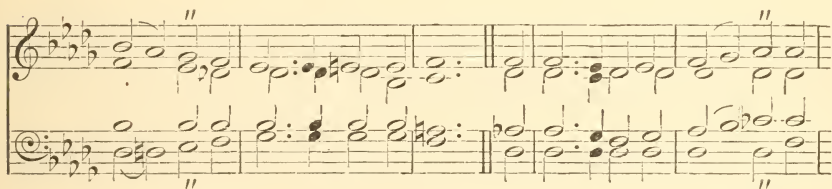
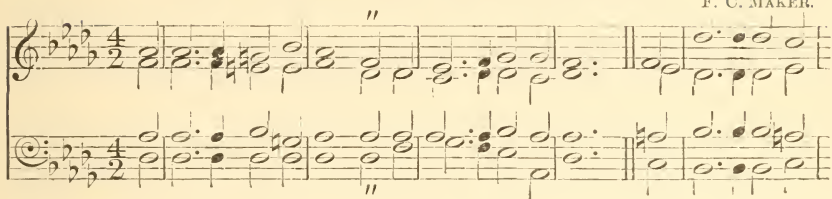
6 Thy soul its travail saw,  
 And in its heavy woe  
 Was satisfied.  
*f* So let Thy sorrow, Lord,  
 Fulness of joy afford,  
 To life and God restored,  
 Through Him who died.

H. ALLON.



## 97 St. Christopher (1st Tune).—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

F. C. MAKER.



1 **O** SACRED Head, once wounded,  
 With grief and shame bowed down,  
 Now scornfully surrounded  
 With thorns Thine only crown.  
*f* O sacred Head, what glory,  
 What bliss till now was Thine !  
 Yes, though despised and gory,  
 I joy to call Thee mine.

2 Thy sinless soul's oppression  
 Was all for sinners' gain :  
*p* Mine, mine was the transgression,  
 But Thine the deadly pain.  
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour :  
 'Tis I deserve Thy place ;  
 Look on me with Thy favour,  
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
 Above all joys beside,  
 When in Thy body broken  
 I thus with safety hide.

Lord of my life, desiring,  
 Thy glory now to see,  
 Beside Thy cross expiring,  
 I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,  
 To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
 For this Thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end ?  
 O make me Thine for ever ;  
 And should I fainting be,  
 Lord, let me never, never  
 Outlive my love for Thee.

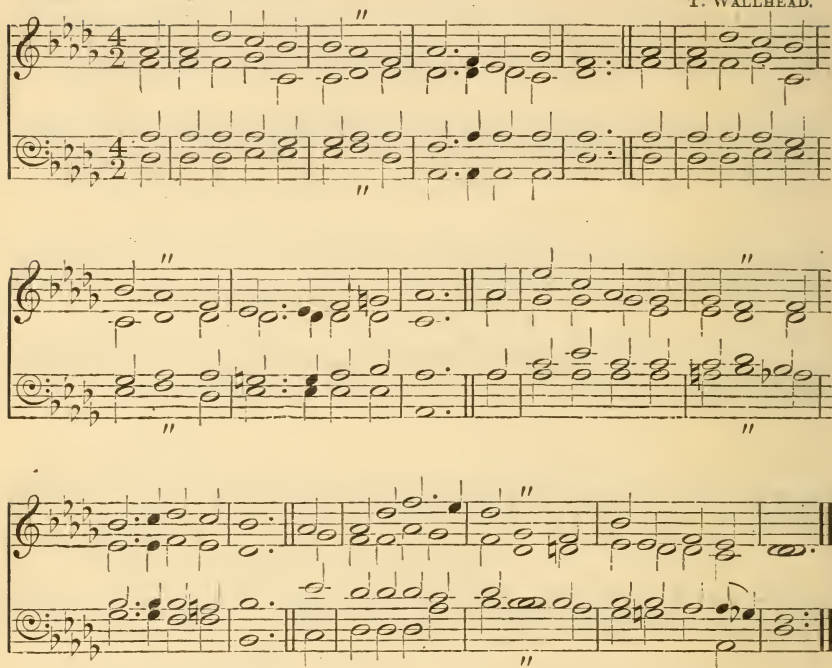
*p* 5 Be near me when I'm dying,  
 O show Thy cross to me !  
 And to my succour flying,  
 Come, Lord, and set me free,  
 These eyes, new faith receiving,  
 From Jesus shall not move ;  
 For he, who dies believing,  
 Dies safely through Thy love.

P. GERHARDT, *trs.* by J. W. ALEXANDER.

## 97

## Succour (2nd Tune).—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

T. WALLHEAD.



1 O SACRED Head, once wounded,  
With grief and shame bowed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, Thine only crown.

*f* O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss till now was Thine !  
Yes, though despised and gory  
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 Thy sinless soul's oppression  
Was all for sinners' gain :  
*p* Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour :  
'Tis I deserve Thy place ;  
Look on me with Thy favour,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
Above all joys beside,  
When in Thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide.

Lord of my life, desiring,  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside Thy cross expiring,  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,  
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end ?

O make me Thine for ever ;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never  
Outlive my love for Thee.

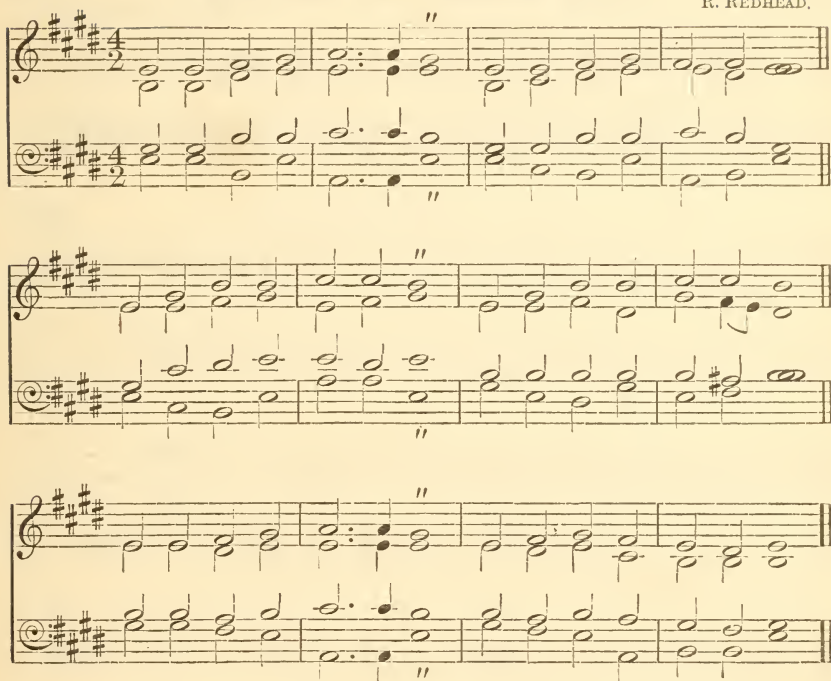
*p* 5 Be near me when I'm dying,  
O show Thy cross to me !  
And to my succour flying  
Come, Lord, and set me free,  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move ;  
For he, who dies believing,  
Dies safely through Thy love.

P. GERHARDT, *trs.* by J. W. ALEXANDER.

98

## Redhead, No. 76.—7.7.7.7.7.

R. REDHEAD.



*p* 1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,  
 Ye that feel the tempter's power;  
 Your Redeemer's conflict see;  
 Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
 Turn not from His griefs away;  
*p* Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

*p* 2 Follow to the judgment-hall;  
 View the Lord of life arraigned.  
 O the wormwood and the gall!  
 O the pangs His soul sustained!  
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss:  
*p* Learn of Him to bear the cross.

*p* 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
 There, adoring at His feet,  
 Mark that miracle of time—  
 God's own sacrifice complete.

*pp* 'It is finished!' hear Him cry:  
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

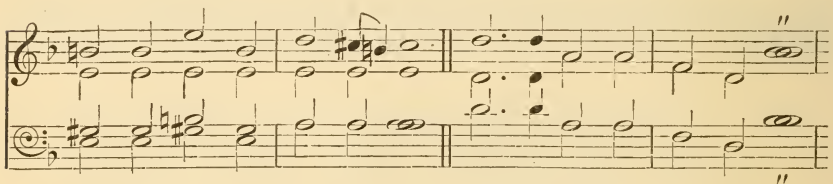
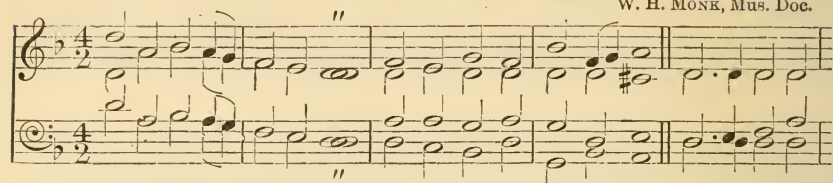
*p* 4 Early hasten to the tomb,  
 Where they laid His breathless clay,  
 All is solitude and gloom:  
 Who hath taken Him away?  
*f* Christ is risen;—He meets our eyes.  
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

J. MONTGOMERY.

99

"Ecce Homo."—77.77.77.77.77.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.



Verses 1 and 3.

Verses 2 and 4.



*f* 1 **B**OUND upon the accursèd tree,  
*p* Faint and bleeding, who is He?  
 By the eyes so pale and dim,  
 Streaming blood, and writhing limb;  
 By the flesh with scourges torn;  
 By the crown of twisted thorn;  
 By the side so deeply pierced:  
 By the baffled burning thirst;  
 By the drooping death-dewed brow;  
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

*f* 2 Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
*p* Dead and awful, who is He?  
 By the sun at noonday pale,  
 Shivering rocks and rending veil;  
 Earth that trembles at His doom,  
 Yonder saints who burst their tomb;  
 Eden promised ere He died  
 To the felon at His side;  
 Lord! our suppliant knees we bow;  
 Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!



*f* 3 Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
*pp* Sad and dying, who is He!  
 By the last and bitter cry,  
 By the dying agony;  
 By the lifeless body laid  
 In the chamber of the dead;  
 By the mourners come to weep  
 Where the bones of Jesus sleep.  
 Crucified! we know Thee now:  
 Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

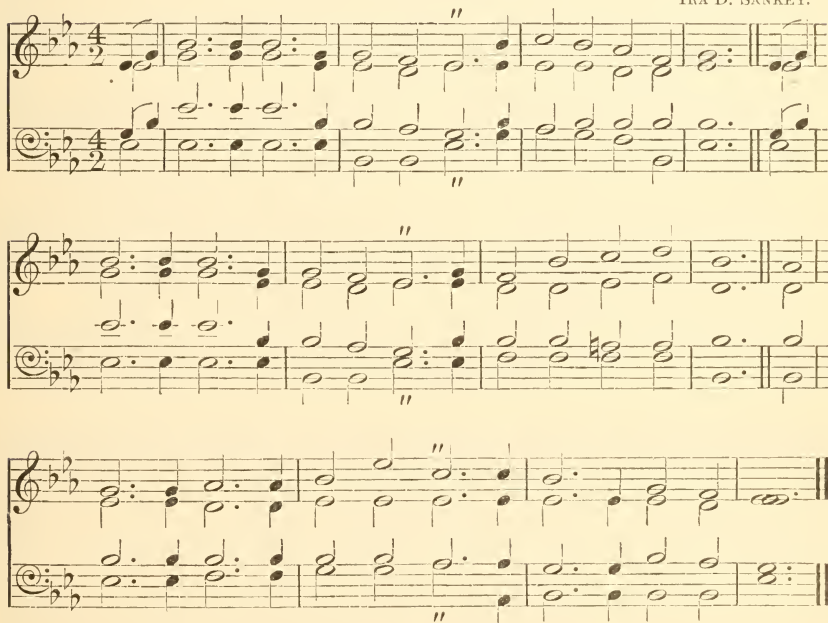
*f* 4 Bound upon the accursèd tree,  
*p* Dread and awful, who is He?  
 By the prayer for them that slew,  
 'Lord, they know not what they do!'  
 By the spoiled and empty grave;  
 By the souls He died to save;  
 By the conquest He hath won;  
 By the saints before His throne;  
 By the rainbow round His brow;  
*f* Son of God! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

II. H. MILMAN.

## 100

## Substitution.—8 6.8 6.8 6.

IRA D. SANKEY.



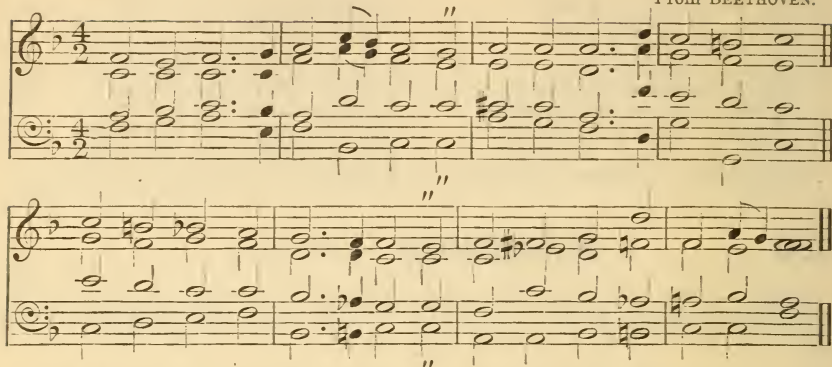
- p* 1 O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy  
 Our load was laid on Thee; [head:  
 Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,  
 Didst bear all ill for me.  
 A victim led, Thy blood was shed;  
 Now there's no load for me.
- p* 2 Death and the curse were in our cup:  
 O Christ, 'twas full for Thee! [drop,  
 But Thou hast drained the last dark  
 'Tis empty now for me:  
 That bitter cup, love drank it up;  
 Now blessing's draught for me.
- p* 3 Jehovah lifted up His rod;  
 O Christ, it fell on Thee!  
 Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;  
 There's not one stroke for me.  
*pp* Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;  
 Thy bruising healeth me.
- 4 The tempest's awful voice was heard,  
 O Christ, it broke on Thee!  
 Thy open bosom was my ward,  
 It braved the storm for me.  
 Thy form was scarred, Thy visage  
 Now cloudless peace for me. [marred;
- 5 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,  
 And I have died in Thee:  
 Thou'rt risen—my bands are all untied;  
 And now Thou liv'st in me:  
*f* When purified, made white and tried,  
 Thy glory then for me!

A. R. COUSIN.

## 101

## Sardis.—87.87.

From BEETHOVEN.



- p* 1 SWEET the moments rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- p* 2 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before His cross to lie;  
While I see Divine compassion  
Beaming in His languid eye.
- 3 Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the cross I gaze;

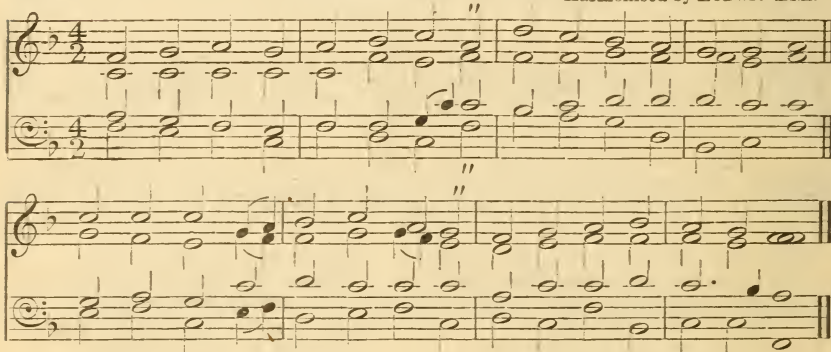
Love I much! I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.

- p* 4 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from His death.
- f* 5 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation  
Fix my thankful heart on Thee;  
Till I taste Thy full salvation,  
And Thine unveiled glory see.

J. ALLEN.

## 102

## Ellerker.—87.87.

J. B. KONIG, 1738.  
Harmonised by LUDWIG ERK.

- 1 IN the cross of Christ I glory;  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.
- p* 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me:  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way;

From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day

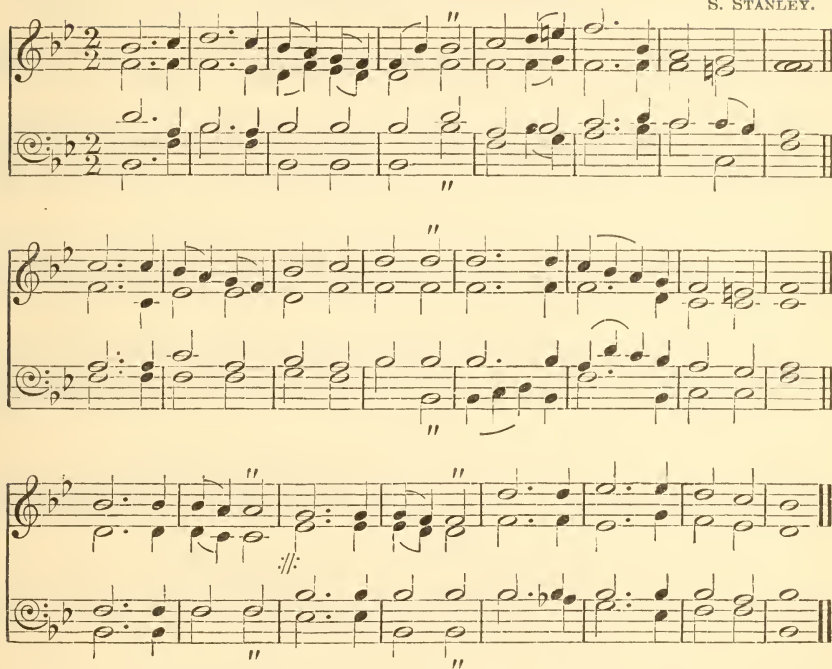
- p* 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified:  
Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.
- f* 5 In the cross of Christ I glory;  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. BOWRING.

## 103

## Calvary.—87.87.47.

S. STANLEY.



- f* 1 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy  
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;  
 See ! it rends the rocks asunder,  
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !  
*p* 'It is finished,'  
*f* Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 'It is finished.' O what pleasure  
 Do the wondrous words afford !  
 Heavenly blessings without measure  
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord ;  
*p* 'It is finished,'  
 Saints the dying words record.
- 3 Finished all the types and shadows  
 Of the ceremonial law ;  
 Finished all that God hath promised :  
 Death and hell no more shall awe ;  
*p* 'It is finished,'  
 Saints from hence your comfort draw.
- f* 4 **T**une your harps anew, ye seraphs ;  
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;  
 All on earth and all in heaven,  
 Join to praise Immanuel's name :  
 Hallelujah !  
*ff* Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

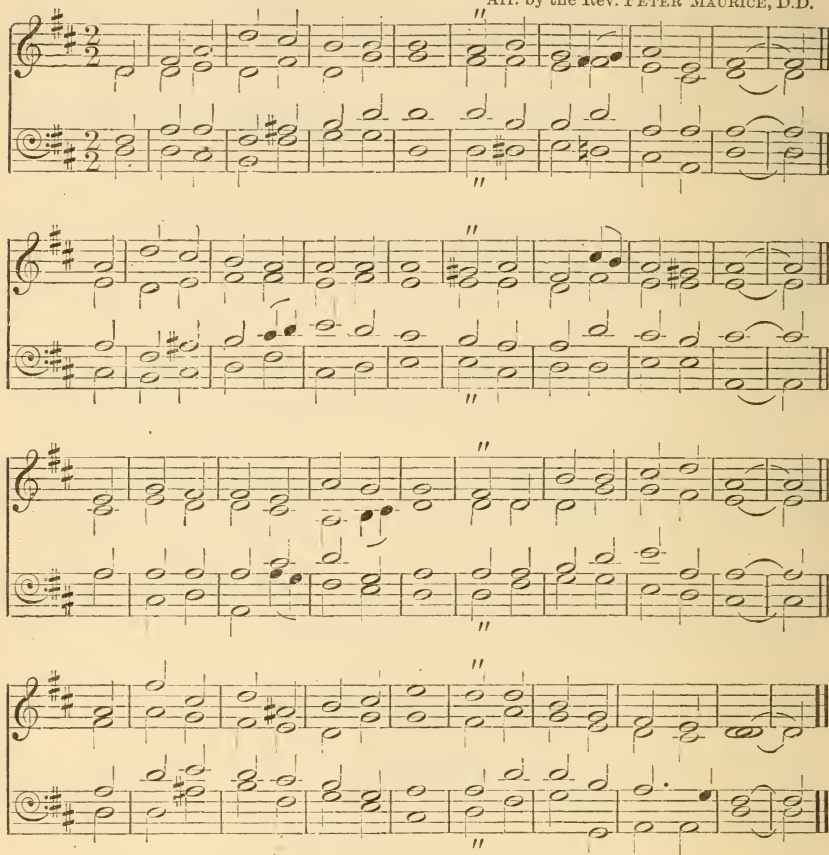
J. EVANS.

## 104

## Clatford.—9 6.9 6.9 6.9 6.

German Chorale

Arr. by the Rev. PETER MAURICE, D.D.



1 **O** SHOW me not my Saviour dying,  
 As on the cross He bled ;  
 Nor in the tomb, a captive lying,  
*f* For He has left the dead.  
 Then bid me not that form extended  
 For my Redeemer own,  
*ff* Who, to the highest heavens ascended,  
 In glory fills the throne.

*p* 2 Weep not for Him at Calvary's station,  
 Weep only for thy sins ;  
 View where He lay with exultation,  
 'Tis there our hope begins.  
 Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,  
 Amid the scenes He trod :  
 Look up, and see Him interceding  
 At the right hand of God.

3 Still in the shameful cross I glory,  
 Where His dear blood was spilt :  
 His shameful cross, set forth before me,  
 Hath cancelled all my guilt.  
 Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,  
 Shall strength and honour give ?  
*f* He lives, the Captain of Salvation,  
 Therefore His servants live.

4 **By** death, He death's dark king defeated,  
 And overcame the grave :  
 Rising, the triumph He completed ;  
 He lives, He reigns to save. [Him :  
 Heaven's happy myriads bow before  
 He comes, the Judge of men : [Him :  
*ff* These eyes shall see Him, and adore  
 Lord Jesus, own me then.

J. CONDER.



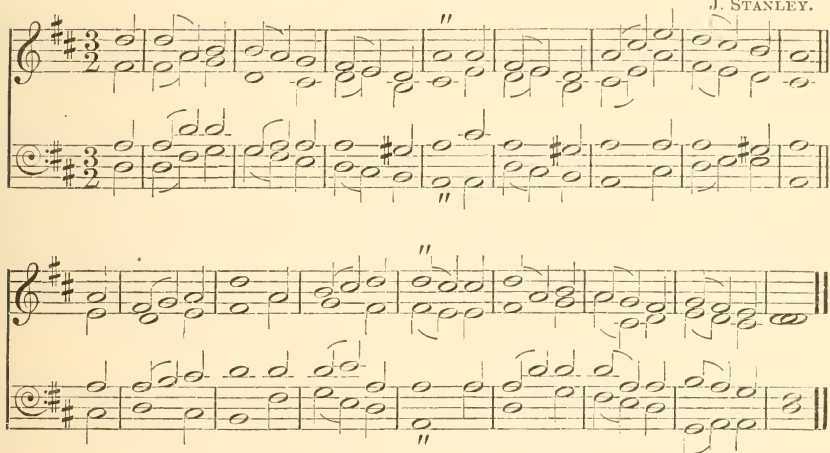
GOD THE SON—HIS RESURRECTION  
AND ASCENSION.

81

105

Montgomery.—L.M.

J. STANLEY.



*f* 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;  
Our Jesus is gone up on high !  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky !

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay :—  
*ff* Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates:  
Ye everlasting doors, give way !

*f* 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;  
*ff* He claims these mansions as His right  
Receive the King of Glory in !

4 Who is this King of Glory? Who?  
*f* The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame ;  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
*ff* Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way !

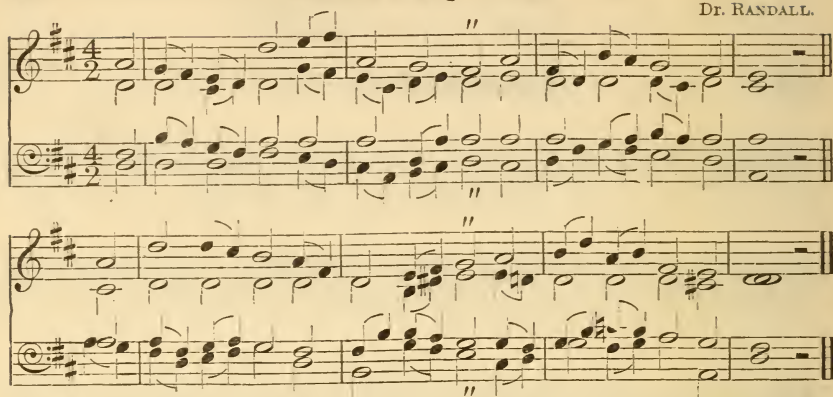
6 Who is this King of Glory? Who?  
*ff* The Lord, of glorious power possessed,  
The King of saints, and angels too,  
God over all, for ever blest !

C. WESLEY.

## 106

## University.—C.M.

Dr. RANDALL.

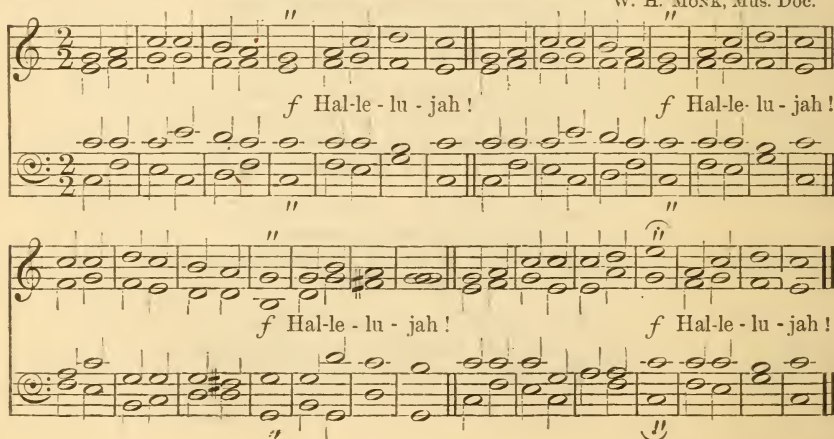


- f* 1 **A** WAKE, glad soul ! awake, awake !  
 Thy Lord hath risen long :  
 Go to His grave, and with thee take  
 Both tuneful heart and song.
- 2 Where life is waking all around,  
 Where love's sweet voices sing,  
 The first bright blossom may be found  
 Of an eternal spring.
- 3 The shade and gloom of life are fled  
 This resurrection day ;  
*f* Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,  
 The grave hath no more prey.
- 4 In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,  
 In Christ we wake and rise ;  
*p* And the sad tears death makes us weep,  
 He wipes from all our eyes.
- 5 And every bird and every tree,  
 And every opening flower,  
*f* Proclaim His glorious victory,  
 His resurrection power.
- 6 The folds are glad, the fields rejoice,  
 With vernal verdure spread,  
 The little hills lift up their voice  
 And shout that death is dead.
- 7 Then wake, glad heart ! awake, awake !  
 And seek thy risen Lord.  
 Joy in His resurrection take  
 And comfort in His word.
- 8 And let thy life through all its ways  
 One long thanksgiving be,  
 Its theme of joy, its song of praise,  
 ' Christ died and rose for me.'
- J. S. B. MONSELL.

## 107

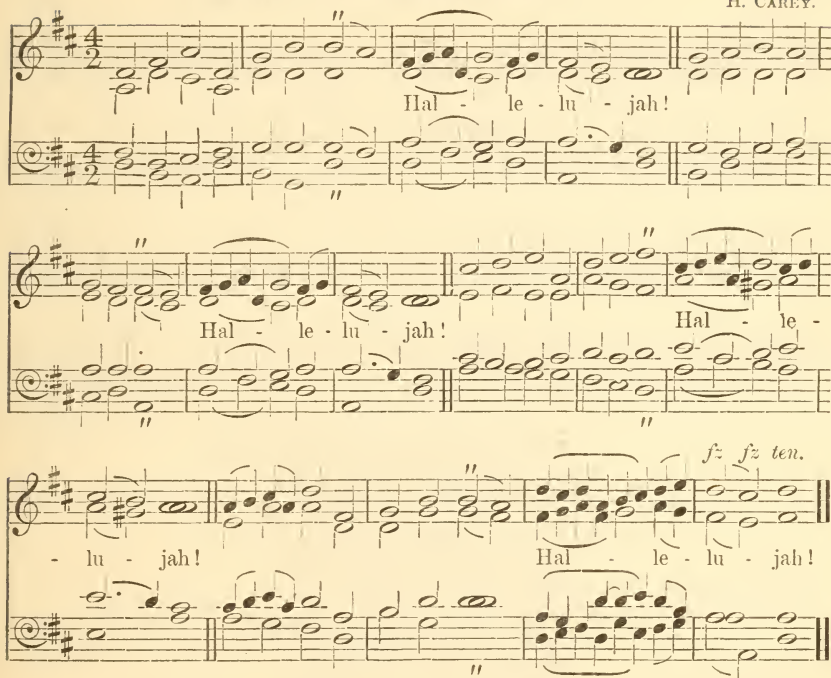
## Easter Hymn (1st Tune).—7 7 7 7.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.



## Easter Hymn (2nd Tune).—7 7 7 7.

H. CAREY.



*f* 1 'CHRIST, the Lord is risen to day,' Hallelujah!  
 Sons of men and angels say; Hallelujah!  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high; Hallelujah!  
 Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply, Hallelujah!

2 Love's redeeming work is done; Hallelujah!  
 Fought the fight, the battle won: Hallelujah!  
 Lo! the Sun's eclipse is o'er; Hallelujah!  
 Lo! He sets in blood no more! Hallelujah!

*f* 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Hallelujah!  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell: Hallelujah!  
 Death in vain forbids His rise; Hallelujah!  
 Christ hath opened paradise, Hallelujah!

4 Lives again our glorious King! Hallelujah!  
 Where, O Death, is now Thy sting? Hallelujah!

*p* Once He died our souls to save; Hallelujah!

*f* Where's thy victory, boasting Grave! Hallelujah!

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led, Hallelujah!  
 Following our exalted Head; Hallelujah!  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise: Hallelujah!  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Hallelujah!

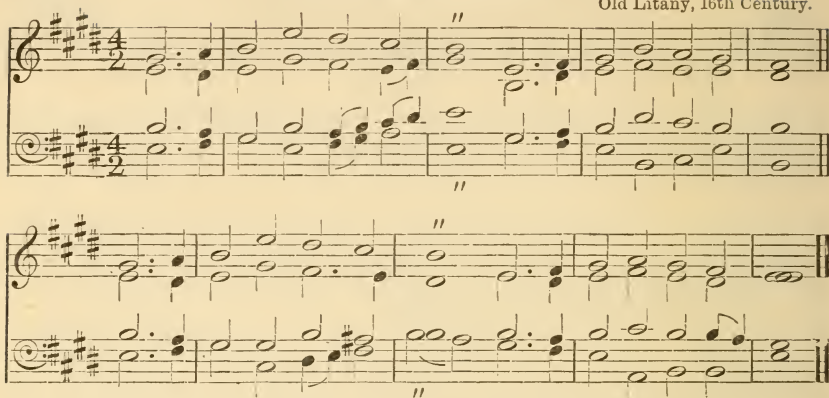
*ff* 6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven, Hallelujah!  
 Praise to Thee by both be given! Hallelujah!  
 Thee we greet triumphant now; Hallelujah!  
 Hail the Resurrection Thou! Hallelujah!

C. WESLEY.

## 108

## Innocents.—77.77.

Old Litany, 16th Century.



*f* 1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise,  
 Ravished from our wishful eyes !  
*p* Christ awhile to mortals given,  
*f* Re-ascends His native heaven.

*ff* 2 There the pompous triumph waits :  
 'Lift your heads, eternal gates ;  
 Wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
 Take the King of Glory in !'

3 Circled round with angel powers,  
 Their triumphant Lord, and ours,  
 Conqueror over death and sin ;  
 'Take the King of Glory in !'

*f* 4 Him though highest heaven receives,  
*p* Still He loves the earth He leaves ;  
*f* Though returning to His throne,  
*p* Still He calls mankind His own.

5 See ! He lifts His hands above ;  
 See ! He shows the prints of love ;  
 Hark ! His gracious lips bestow  
 Blessings on His Church below !

*p* 6 Still for us His death He pleads ;  
 Prevalent He intercedes :  
 Near Himself prepares our place,  
*f* Harbinger of human race.

7 Master (will we ever say)  
 Taken from our head to-day ;  
 See Thy faithful servants, see  
 Ever gazing up to Thee !

8 Grant, though parted from our sight,  
 High above yon azure height,  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 Following Thee beyond the skies.

*f* 9 There we shall with Thee remain,  
 Partners of Thy endless reign ;  
 There Thy face unclouded see,  
 Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

C. WESLEY.



## 109

## Easter Hymn.—7 7. 7 7.

H. CAREY.

Hal - le - lu - jah !

Hal - le - lu - jah !

Hal - le - lu - jah !

Hal - le - lu - jah !

*fz fz ten.*

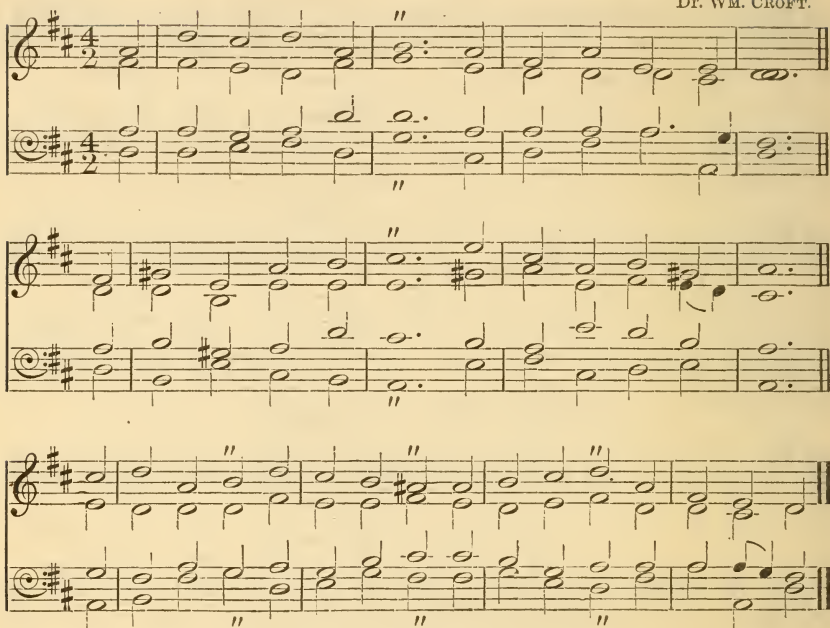
- f* 1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,      Hallelujah !  
     Our triumphant holy day,      Hallelujah !  
     Who did once upon the cross,      Hallelujah !  
     Suffer to redeem our loss,      Hallelujah !
- f* 2 Hymns of praises let us sing,      Hallelujah !  
     Unto Christ our heavenly King,      Hallelujah !  
*p* Who endured the cross and grave,      Hallelujah !  
*Λ* Sinners to redeem and save,      Hallelujah !
- Λ* 3 But the pain which He endured,      Hallelujah !  
     Our salvation hath procured :      Hallelujah !  
*f* Now above the sky He's King,      Hallelujah !  
     Where the angels ever sing,      Hallelujah !
- ff* 4 Sing we to our God above,      Hallelujah !  
     Praise eternal as His love,      Hallelujah !  
     Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,      Hallelujah !  
     Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !      Hallelujah !

*Lyra Davidia.*

## 110

## Croft's 148th.—6 6.6 6.4 4.4 4.

Dr. WM. CROFT.



**1** YES, the Redeemer rose ;  
 The Saviour left the dead,  
 And o'er our hellish foes  
 High raised His conquering head.  
 In wild dismay  
 The guards around  
 Fell to the ground,  
 And sank away.

*p* **2** Lo ! the angelic bands  
 In full assembly meet,  
 To wait His high commands,  
 And worship at His feet ;  
 Joyful they come,  
 And wing their way  
 From realms of day  
 To see His tomb.

*f* **3** Then back to heaven they fly,  
 And the glad tidings bear.  
 Hark ! as they soar on high  
 What music fills the air !  
 Their anthems say—  
 'Jesus, who bled,  
 Hath left the dead,  
 He rose to-day.'

**4** Ye mortals, catch the sound,  
 Redeemed by Him from hell ;  
 And send the echo round  
 The globe on which you dwell :  
*f* Transported, cry—  
 'Jesus, who bled,  
 Hath left the dead,  
 No more to die.'

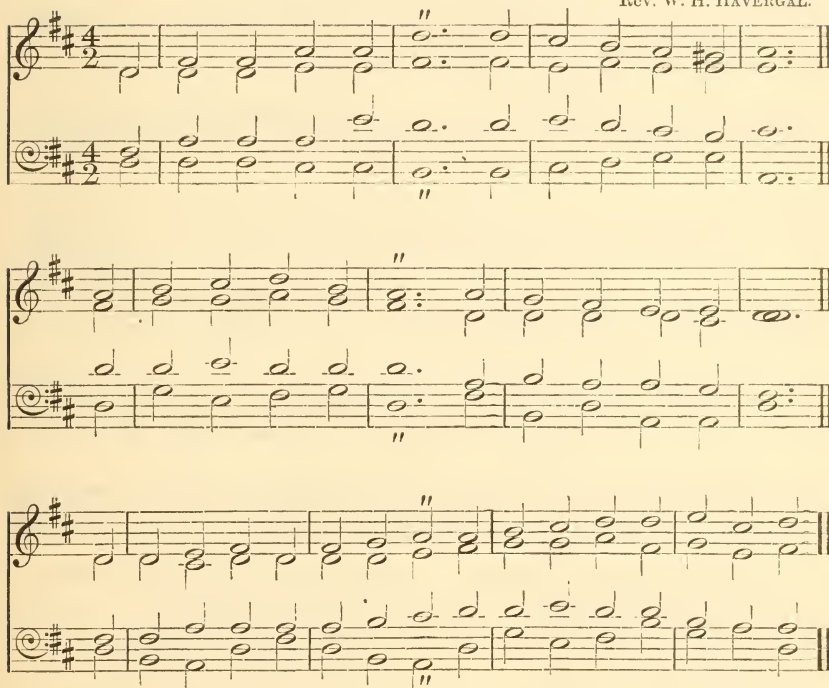
*ff* **5** All hail ! triumphant Lord,  
 Who sav'st us with Thy blood ;  
 Wide be Thy name adored,  
 Thou rising, reigning God !  
 With Thee we rise,  
 With Thee we reign,  
 And empires gain  
 Beyond the skies.

P. DODDRIDGE.

111

## Adoration.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



*f* <sup>1</sup> GOD is gone up on high,  
 With a triumphant noise ;  
 The clarions of the sky  
 Proclaim the angelic joys !  
*ff* Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

2 God in the flesh below,  
 For us He reigns above :  
 Let all the nations know  
 Our Jesus' conquering love !  
*ff* Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

*f* <sup>3</sup> All power to our great Lord  
 Is by His Father given ;  
 By angel-hosts adored,  
 He reigns supreme in heaven :  
*ff* Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

4 High on His holy seat,  
 He bears the righteous sway ;  
*p* His foes beneath His feet  
 Shall sink and die away :  
*ff* Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

5 His foes and ours are one,  
 Satan, the world and sin :  
 But He shall tread them down,  
 And bring His kingdom in :  
*ff* Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

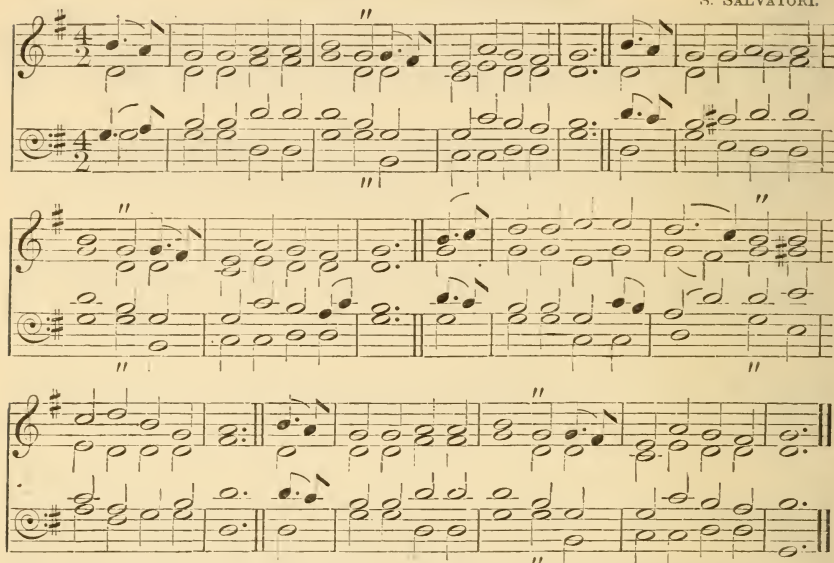
6 Till all the earth, renewed  
 In righteousness divine,  
 With all the hosts of God  
 In one great chorus join :  
*ff* Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,  
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

C. WESLEY.

## 112—113

## Endsleigh.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

S. SALVATORI.



*f* 1 O CHRIST, Thou hast ascended  
Triumphantly on high !  
By cherub guards attended  
And armies of the sky :  
Let earth tell forth the story—  
Our very flesh and bone,  
Immanuel, in glory,  
Ascends His Father's throne.

2 Heaven's gates unfold above Thee :  
But canst Thou, Lord, forget  
The little band who love Thee  
And gaze from Olivet ?  
Nay, on Thy breast engraven  
Thou bearest every name,  
Our Priest in earth and heaven  
Eternally the same.

3 There, there Thou standest pleading  
The virtue of Thy blood,  
For sinners interceding,  
Our Advocate with God :  
And every changeable fashion,  
Of our brief joys and cares,  
Finds thought in Thy compassion  
And echo in Thy prayers.

4 O for the priceless merit  
Of Thy redeeming cross !  
Vouchsafe Thy sevenfold spirit  
And turn to gain our loss ;  
Till we by strong endeavour  
In heart and mind ascend  
And dwell with Thee for ever  
In raptures without end.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

## 113

## Endsleigh.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

*f* 1 THE day of resurrection,  
Earth, tell it out abroad :  
The passover of gladness,  
The passover of God !  
From death to life eternal,  
From this world to the sky,  
*ff* Our Christ hath brought us over,  
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of resurrection-light ;

And, listening to His accents,  
May hear, so calm and plain,  
His own 'All hail !' and, hearing,  
May raise the victor-strain.

*f* 3 Now let the heavens be joyful,  
Let earth her song begin ;  
Let the round world keep triumph,  
And all that is therein ;  
Invisible and visible,  
Their notes let all things blend,  
*ff* For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.

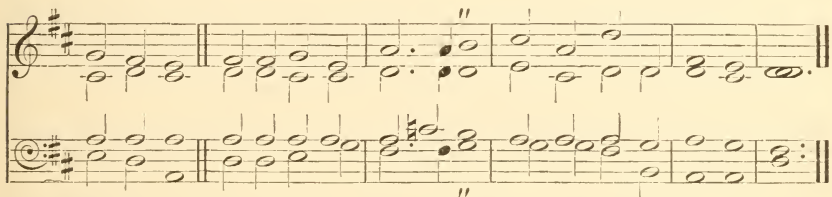
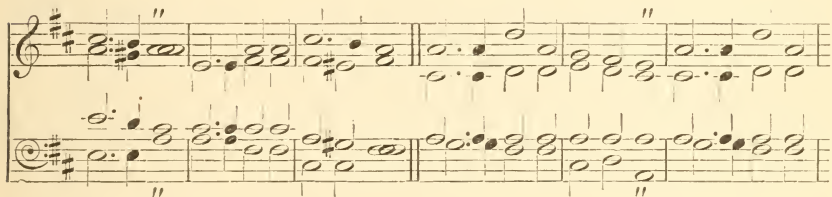
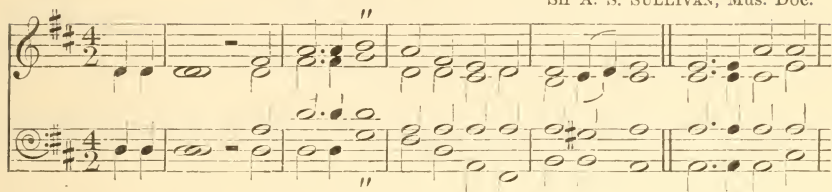
J. DAMASCENE, *trs.* by J. M. NEALE.



114

## St. Patrick.—7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

Sir A. S. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



1 HE is gone—A cloud of light  
 Has received Him from our sight ;  
 High in heaven, where eye of men  
 Follows not, nor angels' ken ;  
 Through the veils of time and space,  
 Passed into the Holiest place ;  
 All the toil, the sorrow done,  
 All the battle fought and won.

p 2 He is gone—And we remain  
 In this world of sin and pain :  
 In the void which He has left  
 On this earth, of Him bereft.  
 We have still His work to do,  
 We can still His path pursue ;  
 Seek Him both in friend and foe,  
 In ourselves His image show.

3 He is gone—We heard Him say,  
 'Good that I should go away.'  
 Gone is that dear form and face,  
 But not gone His present grace ;  
 Though Himself no more we see,  
 Comfortless we cannot be :  
 No, His Spirit still is ours,  
 Quickening, freshening all our powers.

4 He is gone—Towards their goal  
 World and church must onward roll :  
 Far behind we leave the past ;  
 Forward are our glances cast :  
 Still His words before us range  
 Through the ages as they change :  
 Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,  
 He will give whate'er we need.

5 He is gone—But we once more  
 Shall behold Him as before :  
 In the heaven of heavens the same,  
 As on earth He went and came.  
 In the many mansions there,  
 Place for us He will prepare :  
 In that world unseen, unknown,  
 He and we may yet be one.

6 He is gone—But not in vain,  
 Wait until He comes again :  
 f He is risen, He is not here,  
 Far above this earthly sphere ;  
 Evermore in heart and mind  
 There our peace in Him we find :  
 To our own Eternal Friend,  
 Thitherward let us ascend.

A. P. STANLEY.

## 115

## Morgenlied.—878787878787.

F. C. MAKER.

Unison. Harmony. " " " " " "

rit. a tempo.

Unison. Harmony. " " " "

*f* 1 CHRIST is risen ! Hallelujah !  
 Risen our victorious Head !  
 Sing His praises ! Hallelujah !  
 Christ is risen from the dead !  
 Gratefully our hearts adore Him,  
 As His light once more appears,  
 Bowing down in joy before Him,  
 Rising up from grief and tears,  
*ff* Christ is risen ! Hallelujah !  
 Risen our victorious Head.  
 Sing His praises ! Hallelujah !  
 Christ is risen from the dead.

*f* 2 Christ is risen ! all the sadness  
 Of His earthly life is o'er,  
 Through the open gates of gladness  
 He returns to life once more ;

Death and hell before Him bending,  
 He doth rise, the Victor now,  
 Angels on His steps attending,  
 Glory round His wounded brow.  
 Christ is risen, &c.

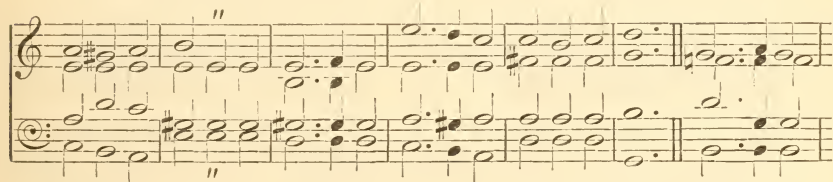
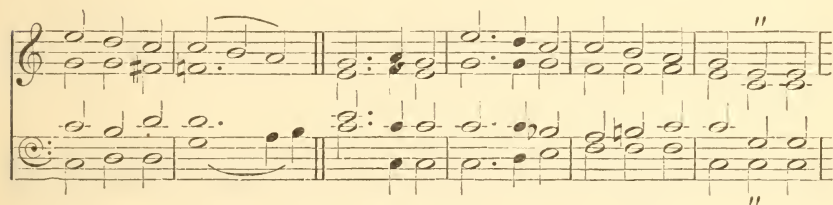
*f* 3 Christ is risen ! henceforth never  
 Death or hell shall us enthal,  
 We are Christ's, in Him for ever  
 We have triumphed over all ;  
 All the doubting and dejection  
 Of our trembling hearts have ceased,  
 'Tis His day of resurrection !  
 Let us rise and keep the feast.  
 Christ is risen, &c.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

116

## Epiphany.—10 11.11 11.12 11.10 11.

W. C. FILBY.



*f* 1 IFT your glad voices in triumph on  
 high, [die;  
 For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot  
 Vain were the terrors that gathered  
 around Him, [the grave;  
 And short the dominion of death and  
 He burst from the fetters of darkness  
 that bound Him,  
 Resplendent in glory to live and to save,  
 Loud was the chorus of angels on high,  
 The Saviour hath risen and man shall  
 not die.

*f* 2 Glory to God in full anthems of joy;  
 The being He gave us death cannot  
 destroy: [morrow,  
 Sad were the life we must part with to-  
 If tears were our birthright and death  
 were our end:  
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley  
 of sorrow,  
*ff* And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:  
 Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,  
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not  
 die.

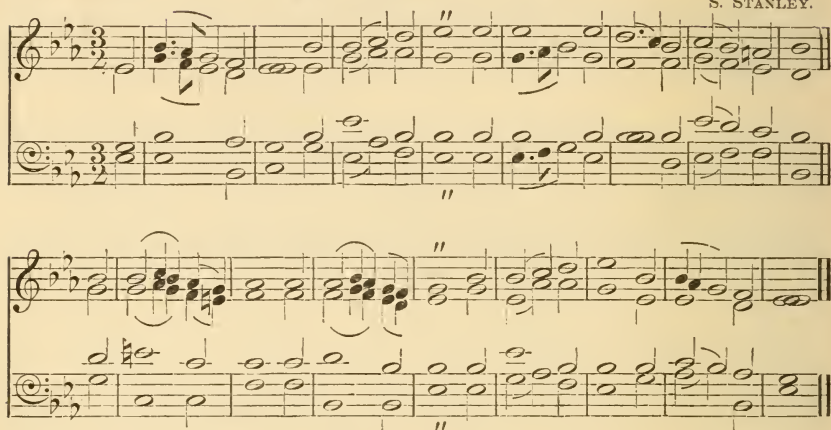
H. WARE.

92 GOD THE SON—HIS PRIESTHOOD AND  
INTERCESSION.

117—118

Doversdale.—L.M.

S. STANLEY.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 JESUS, my Advocate above, [love,<br/>My Friend before the throne of<br/>If now for me prevails Thy prayer,<br/>If now I find Thee pleading there.</p> <p><i>p</i> 2 If Thou the secret wish convey,<br/>And sweetly prompt my heart to pray;<br/>Hear, and my weak petitions join,<br/>Almighty Advocate, to Thine.</p> <p><i>p</i> 3 Fain would I know my utmost ill,<br/>And groan my nature's weight to feel,<br/>To feel the clouds that round me roll,<br/>The night that hangs upon my soul,</p> | <p>4 The darkness of my carnal mind,<br/>My will perverse, my passions blind,<br/>Scattered o'er all the earth abroad,<br/>Immeasurably far from God.</p> <p>5 O sovereign Love, to Thee I cry,<br/>Give me Thyself, or else I die!<br/>Save me from death, from hell set free,<br/>Death, hell, are but the want of Thee.</p> <p>6 Quickened by Thy imparted flame,<br/>Saved, when possessed of Thee, I am;<br/>My life, my only heaven Thou art,<br/>O might I feel Thee in my heart!</p> |
|---|--|

C. WESLEY.

118

Doversdale.—L.M.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 WHERE high the heavenly temple<br/>stands,<br/>The house of God not made with hands,<br/>A great High Priest our nature wears;<br/>The Guardian of mankind appears.</p> <p><i>p</i> 2 He who for men, their Surety stood,<br/>And poured on earth His precious blood,<br/>Pursues in heaven His mighty plan:—<br/>The Saviour and the Friend of man.</p> <p>3 Though now ascended up on high,<br/>He bends on earth a brother's eye:<br/>Partaker of the human name,<br/>He knows the frailty of our frame.</p> | <p>4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains<br/>A fellow-feeling of our pains;<br/><i>pp</i> And still remembers, in the skies,<br/>His tears, and agonies, and cries.</p> <p>5 In every pang that rends the heart<br/>The Man of Sorrows had a part;<br/>He sympathizes with our grief,<br/>And to the sufferer sends relief.</p> <p>6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne<br/>Let us make all our sorrows known,<br/>And ask the aids of heavenly power<br/>To help us in the evil hour.</p> |
|--|---|

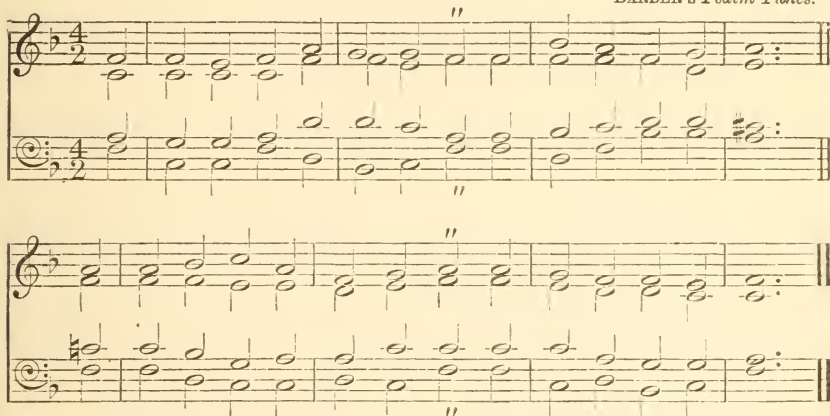
M. BRUCE.



## 119—120

## St. Flavian.—C.M.

BARBER'S Psalm Tunes.



*p* 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above ;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For He has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood,  
*f* While Satan's fiery darts He bore,  
Resisting unto blood.

*p* 4 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Poured out His cries and tears ;  
And in His measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame :  
The bruised reed He never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and His power ;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

I. WATTS.

## 120

## St. Flavian.—C.M.

1 JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold  
A thousand glories more  
Than the rich gems and polished gold  
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-offerings  
brought  
To purge themselves from sin ;  
Thy life was pure without a spot,  
And all Thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood as constant as the day  
Was on their altar spilt ;  
But Thy one offering takes away  
For ever all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through several  
For mortal was their race ; [hands,  
*f* Thy never-changing office stands  
Eternal as Thy days.

5 Once in the circuit of a year,  
With blood, but not his own,  
Aaron within the veil appeared  
Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ, by His own powerful blood,  
Ascends above the skies,  
And in the presence of our God  
Shows His own sacrifice.

*f* 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns  
On Zion's heavenly hill ;  
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,  
And wears His priesthood still.

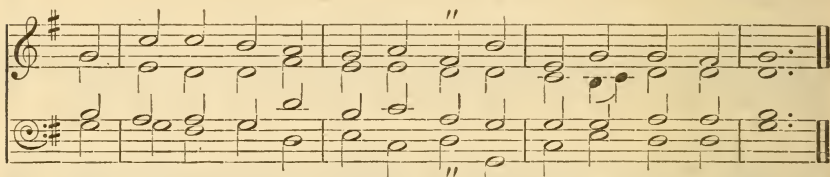
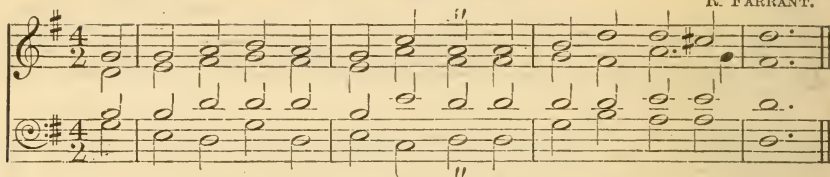
8 He ever lives to intercede  
Before His Father's face ;  
*f* Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

I. WATTS.

## 121

## Farrant.—C.M.

R. FARRANT.



- 1 NOW let our cheerful eyes survey  
Our great High Priest above ;  
And celebrate His constant care,  
And sympathizing love.
- 2 Though raised to a transcendent  
Where angels bow around, [throne,  
And high, o'er all the shining train,  
With matchless honours crowned ;
- 3 The names of all His saints He bears  
Deep graven on His heart :

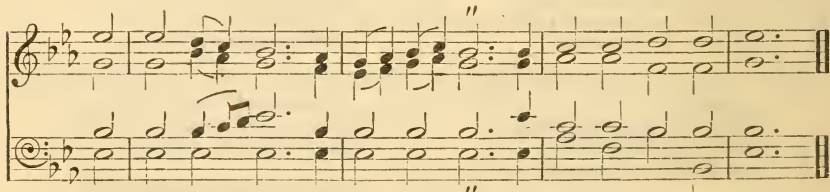
- Nor shall the meanest Christian say  
That he hath lost his part.
- f 4 Those characters shall fair abide,  
Our everlasting trust, [crowns  
When gems, and monuments, and  
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast,  
May Thy dear name be worn,  
A sacred ornament and guard,  
To endless ages borne.

P. DODDRIDGE.

## 122

## Wilchester.—S.M.

Rev. Dr. MALAN.



- 1 WE have a great High Priest  
Over the House of God,  
Who is in robes of mercy dressed,  
And sprinkles His own blood.
- 2 A breastplate, lo ! He wears,  
Which shows His matchless love ;  
The names of all His saints He bears,  
Before the throne above.

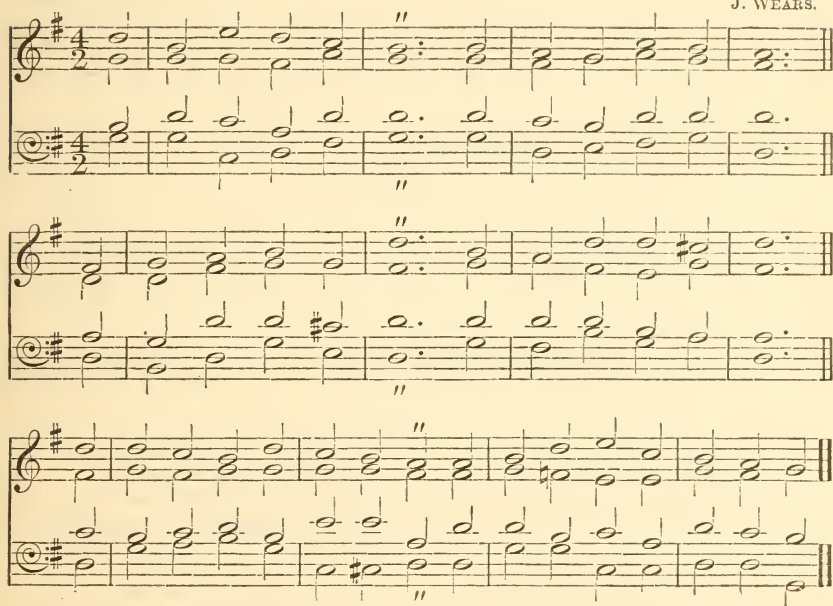
- 3 As He doth there appear  
For all the human race,  
Repenting sinners may draw near,  
Before the throne of grace.
- p 4 Their sighs and prayers below,  
Through Him are heard in heaven ;  
The Father doth His grace bestow ;  
They all may be forgiven.

W. SANDERS.

123

Theaton.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

J. WEARS.



1 A GOOD High Priest is come,  
 Supplying Aaron's place,  
 And taking up his room,  
 Dispensing life and grace:  
 The law of Aaron's priesthood came,  
 But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

p 2 He once temptations knew,  
 And woes of every kind,  
 That He might succour show  
 To every tempted mind;  
 In every point the Lamb was tried  
 Like us, and then for us He died.

3 He died, but lives again,  
 And by the altar stands;  
 There shows how He was slain,  
 Opening His pierced hands;  
 Our Priest abides, and pleads our cause,  
 Transgressors of His righteous laws.

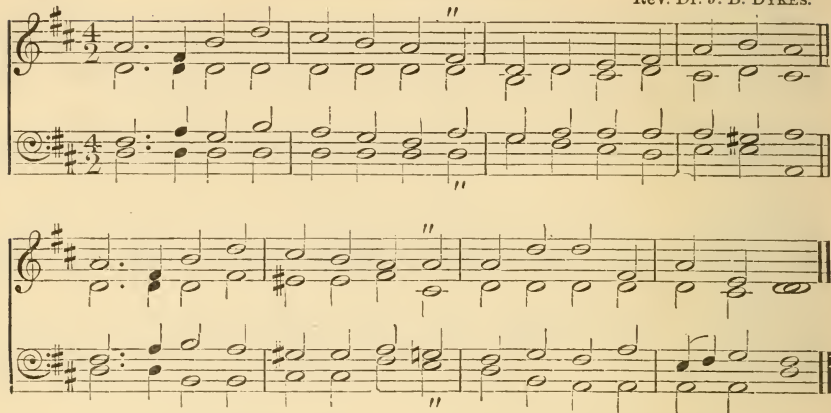
4 I other priests disclaim,  
 Their laws and offerings too;  
 None but the bleeding Lamb  
 The mighty work can do;  
 He shall have all the praise, for He  
 Hath loved and lived and died for me.

J. CENNICK

## 124

## St. Oswald.—87.87.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



**1** **C**HRIST, above all glory seated !  
 King triumphant, strong to save !  
*f* Dying, Thou hast death defeated ;  
 Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.

**2** Thou art gone, where now is given,  
 What no mortal might could gain,  
 On the eternal throne of heaven,  
 In Thy Father's power to reign.

**3** There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,  
 Heaven above and earth below ;  
*p* While the depths of hell before Thee  
 Trembling and defeated bow.

**4** We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,  
 Follow Thee above the sky !  
 Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,  
 Lift our souls to Thee on high.

**5** So when Thou again in glory  
 On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,  
 We Thy flock may stand before Thee,  
 Owned for evermore as Thine.

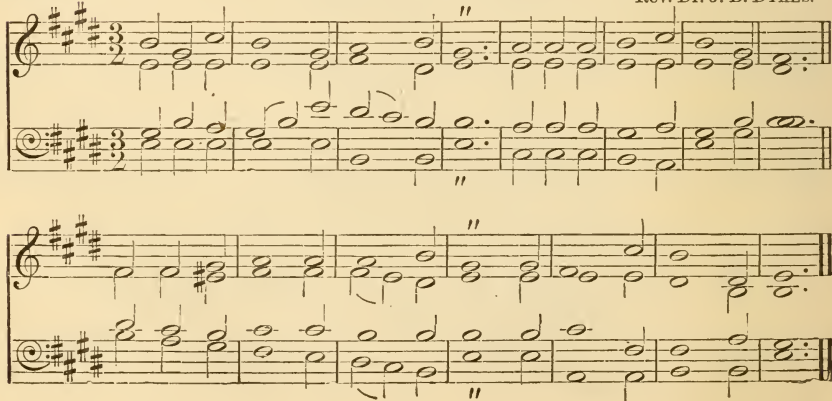
*f* **6** Hail ! all hail ! In Thee confiding,  
 Jesus, Thee shall all adore,  
 In Thy Father's might abiding  
 With one Spirit evermore !

*From the Latin. Trs. by Anon.*

## 125

## Durham.—888.6.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.





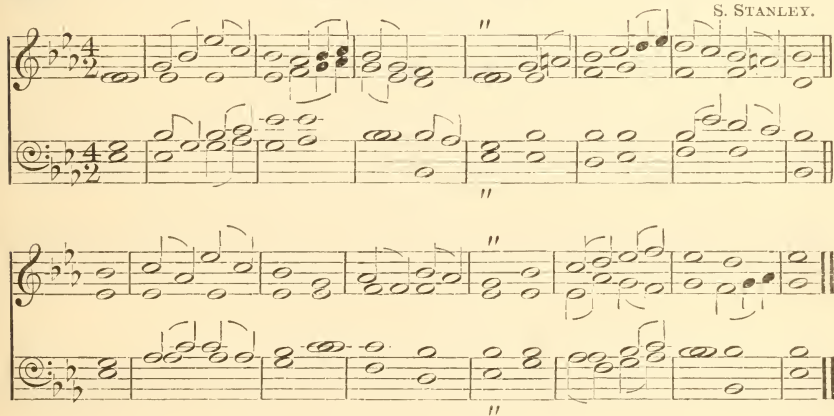
- 1 **O** THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,  
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,  
On this alone my hopes depend,  
That Thou wilt plead for me.
- 2 When weary in the Christian race,  
Far off appears my resting-place,  
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me.
- p* 3 When I have erred and gone astray,  
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me.
- p* 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms infold,  
*f* And plead, O plead for me!
- pp* 5 And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear  
Pleading in heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day  
Reveals my sins in dread array,  
Say Thou hast washed them all away;  
*f* O say, Thou plead'st for me!
- C. ELLIOTT.

## GOD THE SON—HIS KINGDOM AND REIGN.

126

Warwick.—C.M.

S. STANLEY.



- 1 **B**YOND the glittering starry skies,  
Far as the eternal hills,  
There, in those boundless worlds of light,  
Our great Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Legions of angels strong and fair,  
In countless armies shine,  
At His right hand with golden harps,  
To offer songs divine.
- f* 3 'Hail, Prince!' they cry, 'for ever hail!  
Whose unexampled love  
Moved Thee to quit these glorious  
realms,  
And royalties above.'
- p* 4 While He did condescend on earth  
To suffer rude disdain,  
They cast their honours at His feet,  
And waited in His train.
- 5 Through all His travels here below  
They did His steps attend!  
*p* Oft gazed and wondered where at last  
This scene of love would end.
- pp* 6 They saw His heart transfixed with  
wounds  
With love and grief run o'er:  
They saw Him break the bars of death,  
Which none e'er brake before.
- f* 7 They brought His chariot from above,  
To bear Him to His throne,  
*ff* Then swept their golden harps, and cried,  
'The glorious work is done!'

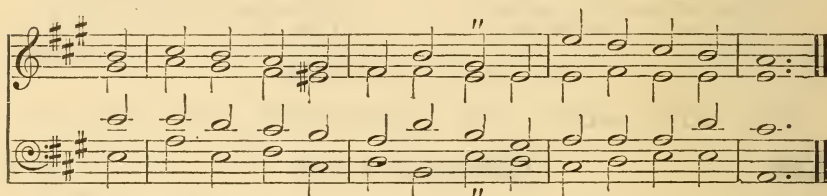
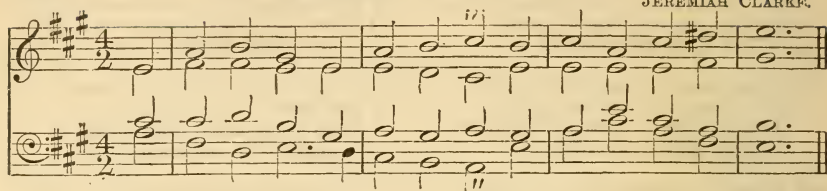
J. FANCH.

D

## 127

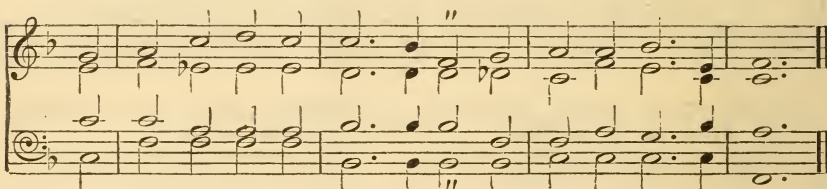
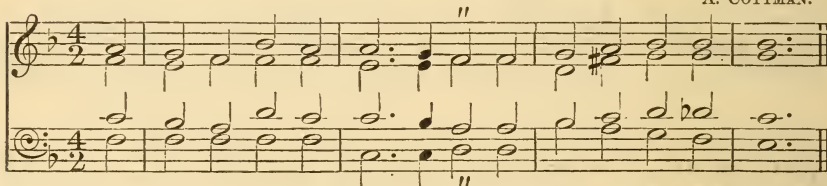
## St. Magnus (1st Tune).—C.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.



## Dalehurst (2nd Tune).—C.M.

A. COTTMAN.



*f* 1 THE Head that once was crowned  
with thorns  
Is crowned with glory now ;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords  
Is His, is His by right,  
*f* The King of kings and Lord of lords,  
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below  
To whom He manifests His love,  
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,  
With all its grace is given ;

*f* Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above,  
Their profit and their joy to know  
The mystery of His love.

*p* 6 The cross He bore is life and health,  
Though shame and death to Him :  
*f* His people's hope, His people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

T. KELLY.

128

## Thuddersfield.—S.M.



- f* 1 JESUS, the Conqueror reigns,  
 In glorious strength arrayed,  
 His kingdom over all maintains,  
 And bids the earth be glad.
- f* 2 Ye sons of men, rejoice  
 In Jesu's mighty love;  
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
 To Him who rules above.
- f* 3 Extol His kingly power,  
 Kiss the exalted Son,  
 Who died, and lives, to die no more,  
 High on His Father's throne;
- 4 Our Advocate with God,  
 He undertakes our cause,  
 And spreads through all the earth abroad  
 The victory of His cross.
- 5 In mighty phalanx joined,  
 To battle all proceed;  
 Armed with the unconquerable mind  
 Which was in Christ your Head.
- 6 Urge on your rapid course,  
 Ye blood-besprinkled bands;  
*f* The heavenly kingdom suffers force,  
 'Tis seized by violent hands;
- 7 See there the starry crown  
 That glitters through the skies!  
 Satan, the world, and sin tread down,  
 And take the glorious prize.
- 8 'Courage!' your Captain cries,  
 Who all your toil foreknew;  
*f* 'Toil ye shall have; yet all despise,  
 I have o'ercome for you.'
- 9 The world cannot withstand  
 Its ancient conqueror,  
 The world must sink beneath the hand  
 Which arms us for the war.
- f* 10 This is the victory!  
 Before our faith they fall;  
 Jesus hath died for you and me;  
 Believe, and conquer all!

C. WESLEY.

## 129

## Tibberton (1st Tune).—S.M.D.

C. LEE WILLIAMS, Mrs. Bac.

Musical score for Tibberton (1st Tune). The score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/2 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system has a repeat sign at the end and a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking under the bass staff. The third system has a repeat sign at the end. The music is a hymn tune with a simple, steady melody.

## Diademata (2nd Tune).—S.M.D.

Sir GEO. J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.

Musical score for Diademata (2nd Tune). The score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/2 time. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system has a repeat sign at the end. The third system has a repeat sign at the end. The music is a hymn tune with a simple, steady melody.



*f* 1 CROWN Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne:  
Hark! how the heavenly anthem  
All music but its own. [drowns  
*p* Awake, my soul and sing  
Of Him who died for thee,  
And hail Him as Thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,  
The God Incarnate born,  
*p* Whose arm those crimson trophies won  
Which now His brow adorn:  
Fruit of the mystic Rose,  
True Branch of Jesse's stem;  
The Root whence mercy ever flows,  
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love;  
Behold His hands and side,  
Those wounds yet visible above  
In beauty glorified:  
*pp* No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight, [eye  
But downwards bends His wondering  
At mysteries so bright.

*p* 4 Crown Him the Lord of peace,  
Whose power a sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise.  
His reign shall know no end,  
And round His pierced feet  
Fair flowers of paradise extend  
*f* Their fragrance ever sweet.

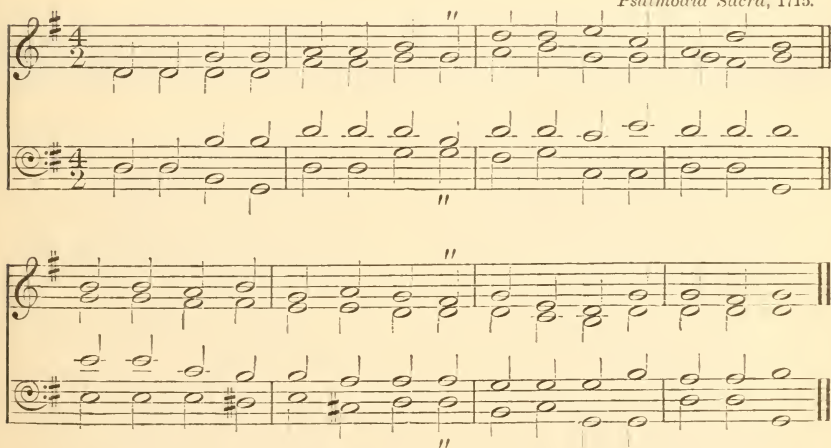
*f* 5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,  
One with the Father known,  
And the blest Spirit through Him given  
From yonder Triune throne.  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For Thou hast died for me;  
Thy praise and glory shall not fail  
Throughout eternity.

M. BRIDGES.

130

Stuttgart.—8 7.8 7.

C. F. WITT.  
*Psalmodia Sacra*, 1715.



1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,  
Born to set Thy people free,  
From our fears and sins release us,  
Let us find our rest in Thee.

*f* 2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thon art;  
Dear Desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,  
Born a Child and yet a King,  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

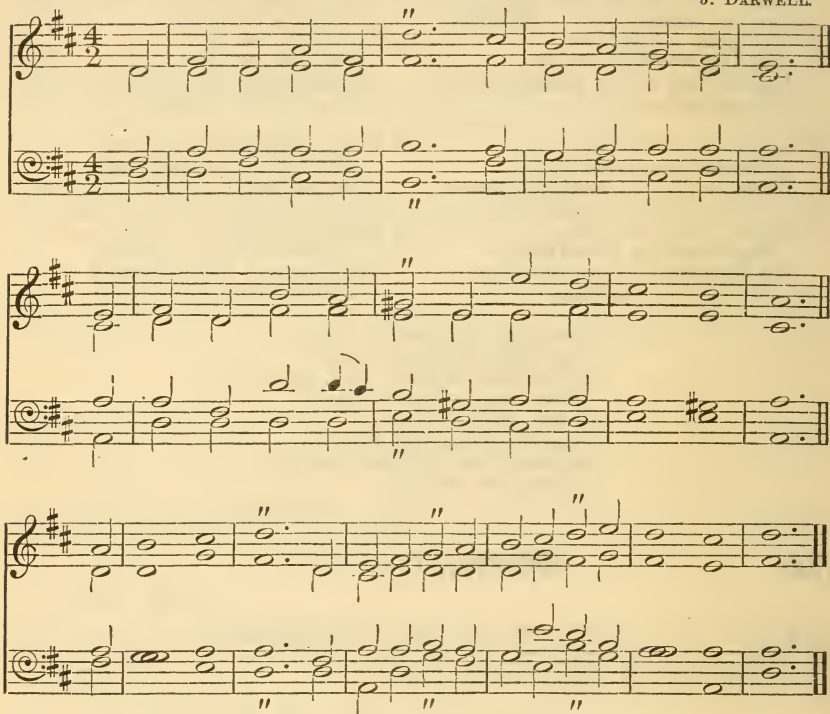
*f* 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit  
Rule in all our hearts alone;  
By Thine all-sufficient merit  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

WESLEY.

## 131

## Darwell's 148th.—6 6.6 6.4 4.4 4.

J. DARWELL.



*f* 1 GIRD on thy conquering sword,  
 Ascend Thy shining car,  
 And march, Almighty Lord,  
 To wage Thy holy war:  
 Before His wheels,  
 In glad surprise,  
 Ye valleys rise,  
 And sink, ye hills.

2 Fair truth, and smiling love,  
 And injured righteousness,  
 Under Thy banners move,  
 And seek from Thee redress:  
 Thou in their cause  
 Shall prosperous ride,  
 And far and wide  
 Dispense Thy laws.

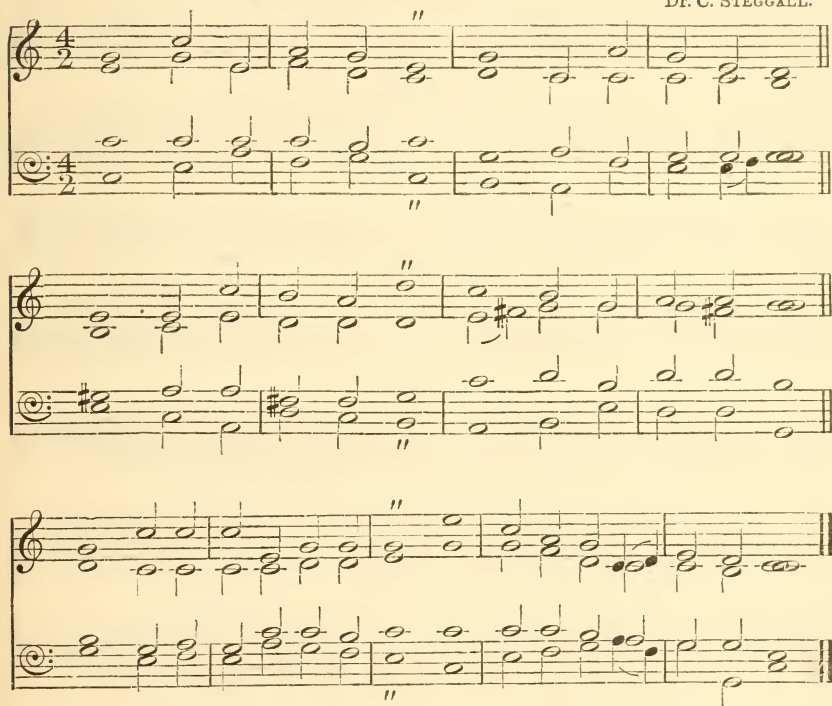
*p* 3 Before Thine awful face  
 Millions of foes shall fall.  
 The captives of Thy grace—  
 That grace which conquers all:  
 The world shall know,  
 Great King of kings,  
 What wondrous things  
 Thine arm can do.

4 Here, to my willing soul,  
 Bend Thy triumphant way;  
 Here every foe control,  
 And all Thy power display:  
 My heart Thy throne,  
 Blest Jesus see,  
 Bows low to Thee—  
 To Thee alone.

132

## St. Mildred.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

Dr. C. STEGGALL.



**1** JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore;  
All are too mean to speak His worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

**f2** Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless Thy name;  
By Thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came;  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

**3** To this dear Surety's hand  
Will I commit my cause;  
He answers and fulfils  
His Father's broken laws;  
Behold my soul at freedom set;  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

**p4** Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offered His blood and died;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside:  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

**f5** Divine Almighty Lord,  
My Conqueror and my king,  
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace, I sing:  
Thine is the power: behold I sit  
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

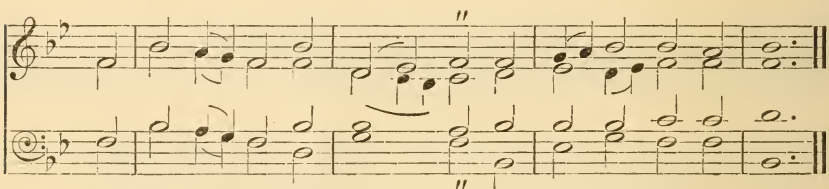
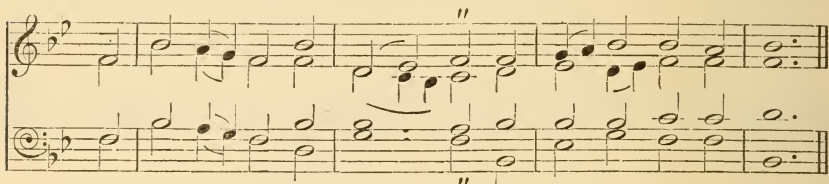
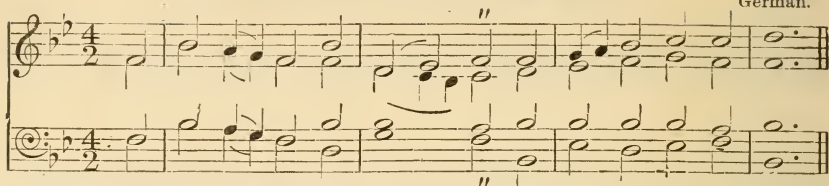
**f6** Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down;  
My Captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown:  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

I. WATTS.

## 133

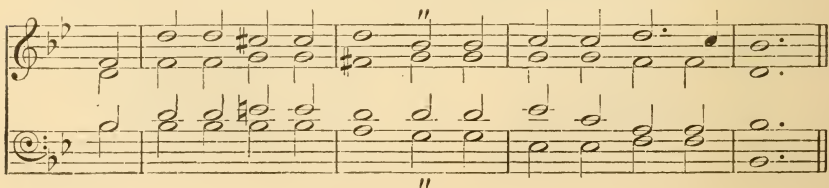
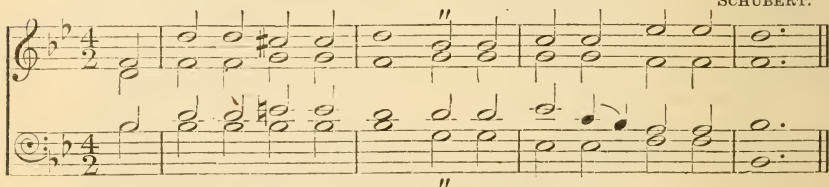
## Ellacombe (1st Tune).—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

German.



## Fairford (2nd Tune).—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

SCHUBERT.







*f* 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed—  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy,  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

*p* 3 He shall come down like showers,  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth:  
Before Him on the mountains  
Shall Peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

4 Arabia's desert-ranger  
To Him shall bow the knee;  
The Ethiopian stranger  
His glory come to see;  
With offerings of devotion,  
Ships from the isles shall meet,  
To pour the wealth of ocean  
In tribute at His feet.

5 Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing;  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

*p* 6 To Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend,  
His kingdom still increasing—  
A kingdom without end:  
The mountain dews shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.

*f* 7 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand for ever;  
That Name to us is—Love.

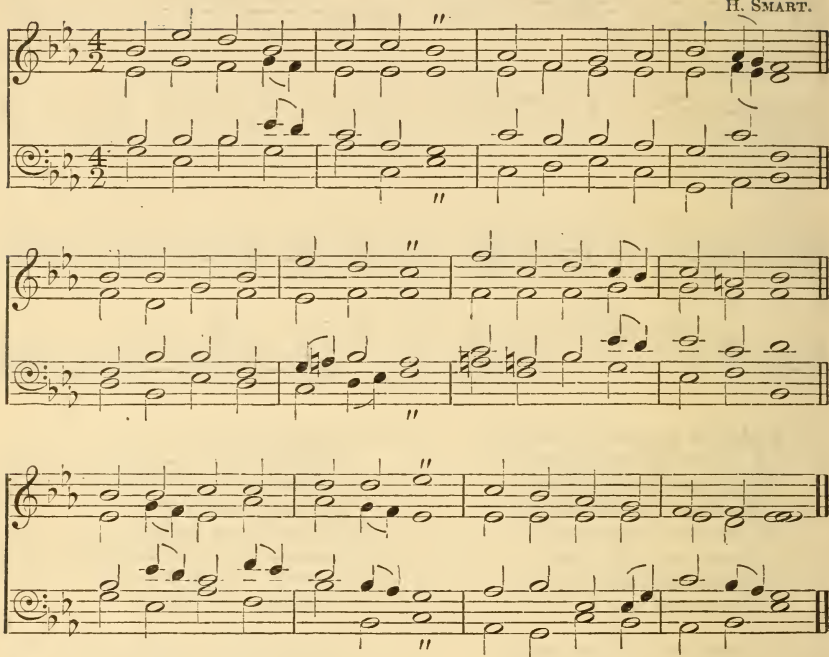
J. MONTGOMERY.

D\*

## 134

## Heathlands.—7.7.7.7.7.

H. SMART.



1 ZION'S daughter, weep no more,  
 Though thy troubled heart be sore  
 He of Whom the Psalmist sung,  
 He Who woke the prophet's tongue,  
 Christ, the Mediator Blest,  
 Brings the everlasting rest.

*p* 2 In a garden man became  
 Heir of sin, and death, and shame;  
 Jesus in a garden wins  
 Life and pardon for our sins:  
 Through His hour of agony  
 Praying in Gethsemane.

*r* 3 There for us He intercedes;  
 There with God the Father pleads;  
*pp* Willing there for us to drain  
 To the dregs the cup of pain,  
 That in everlasting day  
 He may wipe our tears away.

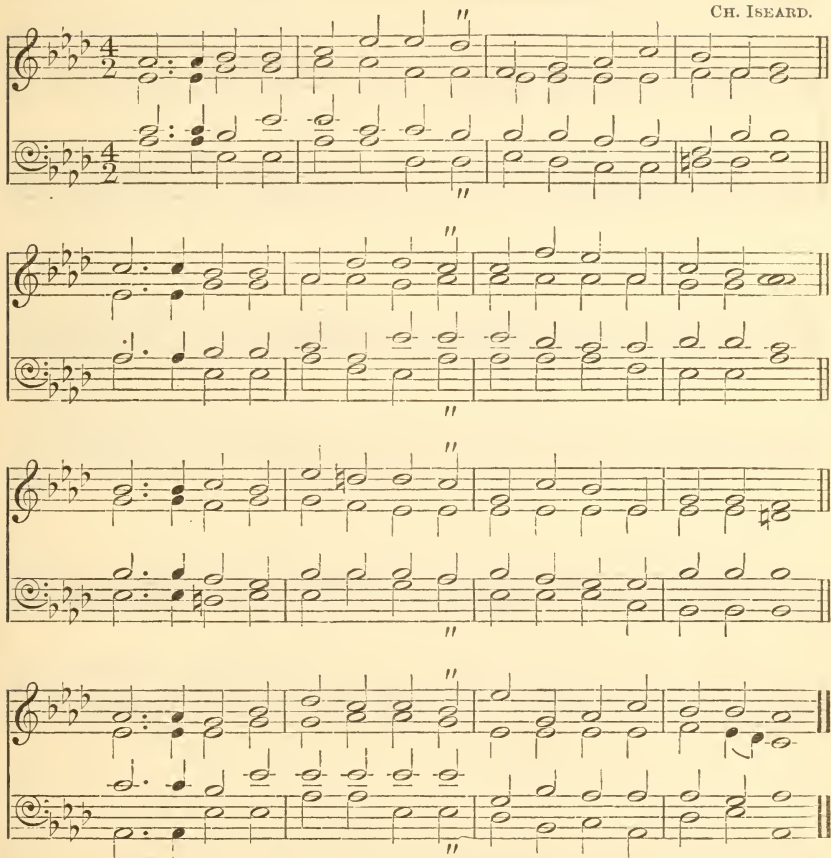
*f* 4 Therefore to His Name be given  
 Glory both in earth and heaven;  
 To the Father, and the Son,  
 And the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Honour, praise, and glory be  
 Now and through eternity.

H. BAKER.

## 135

## Elthorne.—8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7.

CH. ISEARD.



*f* 1 SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph  
 See the King in royal state  
 Riding on the clouds His chariot  
 To His heavenly palace gate;  
*f* Hark! the choirs of angel-voices  
 Joyful hallelujahs sing,  
 And the portals high are lifted  
 To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,  
 With the trump of jubilee!  
 Lord of battles, God of armies,  
 He has gained the victory!

*p* He Who on the cross did suffer,  
 He Who from the grave arose,  
*f* He has vanquished sin and Satan,  
 He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,  
 He was parted from His friends;  
 While their eager eyes beheld Him,  
 He upon the clouds ascends; (Him,  
 He Who walked with God, and pleased  
 Preaching truth, and doom to come,  
 Christ, our Enoch, is translated  
 To His everlasting home.

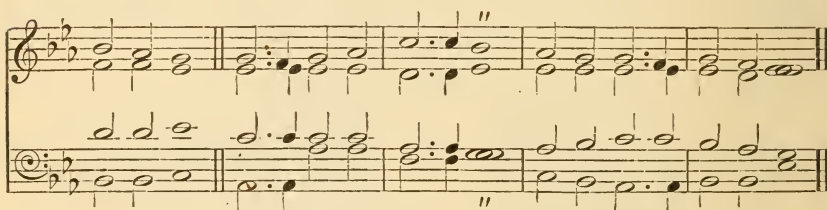
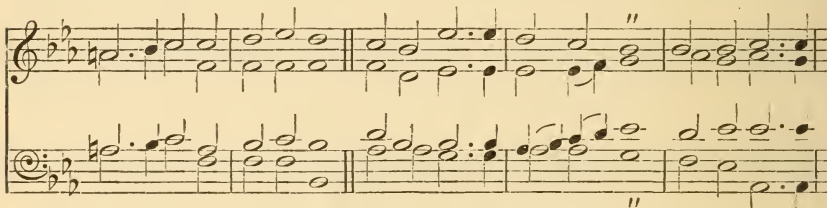
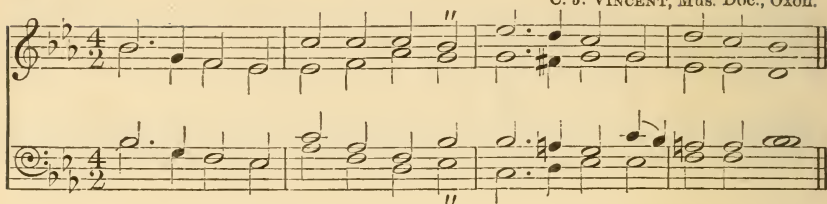
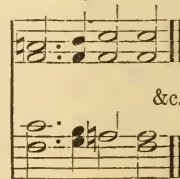
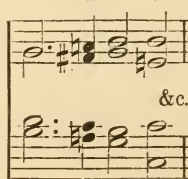
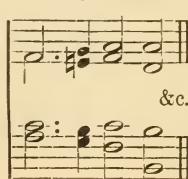
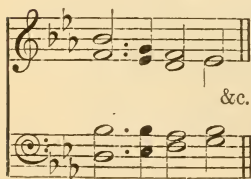
4 Thou hast raised our human nature  
 In the clouds to God's right hand;  
 There we sit in heavenly places,  
*f* There with Thee in glory stand:  
 Jesus reigns, adored by angels;  
 Man with God is on the throne;  
*f* Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension  
 We by faith behold our own.

C. WORDSWORTH

136

Southwick.—87.887.77.77.

C. J. VINCENT, Mus. Doc., OXON.

*Organ accompaniment, ad lib.**For 1st line.**For 3rd line.**For 4th line.**For 5th line.*



- 1 **T**HOU art coming, O my Saviour!  
 Thou art coming, O my King!  
 In Thy beauty all-resplendent,  
 In Thy glory all-transcendent:  
*f* Well may we rejoice and sing;  
 Coming! In the opening east  
 Herald brightness slowly swells;  
 Coming! O my glorious Priest,  
 Hear we not Thy golden bells?
- 2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;  
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way,  
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee  
 We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee  
 All our hearts could never say;  
 What an anthem that will be  
 Ringing out our love to Thee,  
*f* Pouring out our rapture sweet  
 At Thine own all-glorious feet.
- 3 Thou art coming; at Thy table  
 We are witnessing for this: [est  
 While remembering hearts Thou meet-  
 In communion clearest, sweetest,  
 Earnest of our coming bliss;

Showing not Thy death alone,  
 And Thy love exceeding great,  
 But Thy coming, and Thy throne,  
 All for which we long and wait.

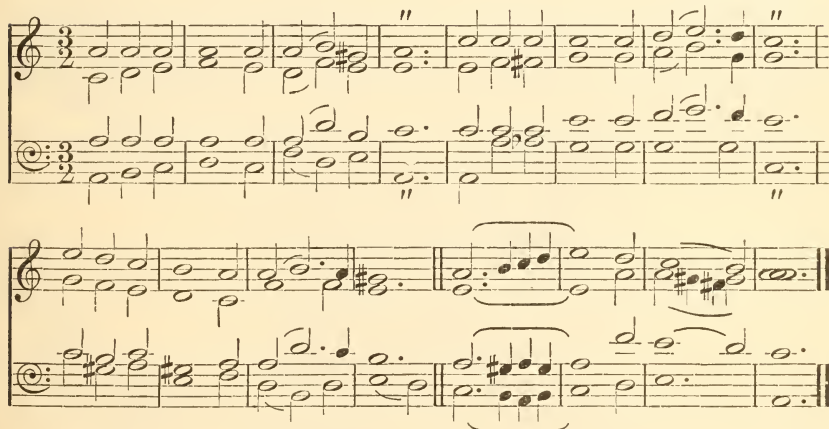
- 4 Thou art coming; we are waiting  
 With a hope that cannot fail,  
 Asking not the day or hour,  
 Resting on Thy word of power,  
 Anchored safe within the veil.  
 Time appointed may be long,  
 But the vision must be sure;  
*f* Certainty shall make us strong,  
 Joyful patience can endure.

- f* 5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,  
 Thee our own beloved Lord!  
 Every tongue Thy name confessing,  
 Worship, honour glory, blessing  
 Brought to Thee with one accord;  
 Thee our Master and our Friend,  
*ff* Vindicated, and enthroned,  
 Unto earth's remotest end  
 Glorified, adored, and owned!  
 F. R. HAVERGAL.

137

Conquest.—888.4.

EDWIN LEMARE.



- 1 **T**HE strife is o'er, the battle done:  
 The victory of life is won:  
 The song of triumph has begun—  
*f* Hallelujah!
- 2 The powers of death have done their  
 worst,  
 But Christ their legions hath dispersed;  
*f* Let shouts of holy joy outburst—  
*ff* Hallelujah!

- 3 The three sad days have quickly sped;  
 He rises glorious from the dead;  
*ff* All glory to our risen Head!  
 Hallelujah!

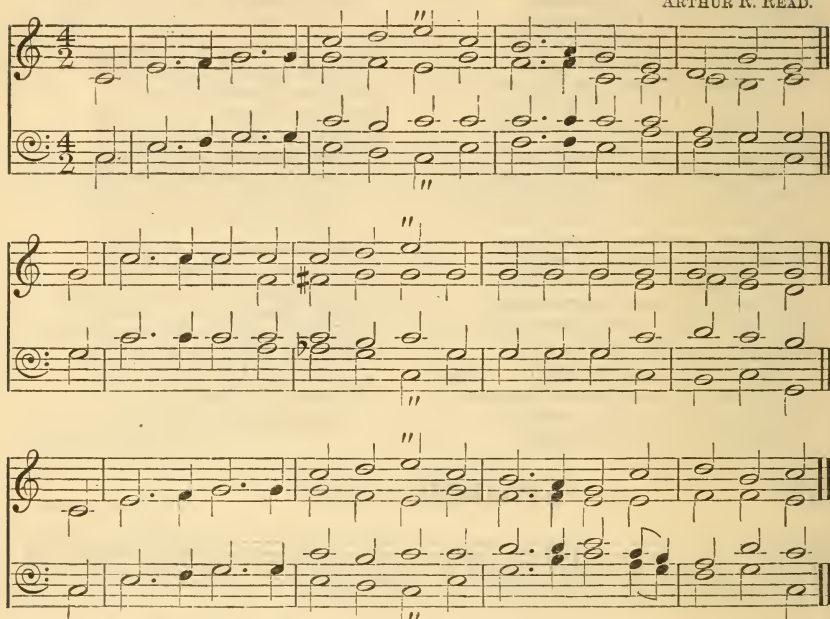
- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;  
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell;  
*ff* Let hymns of praise his triumph tell;  
 Hallelujah!

- 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
 From death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
*f* That we may live, and sing to Thee  
*ff* Hallelujah!  
 F. PORT.

## 138

## King of Glory.—88.88.88.

ARTHUR R. READ.



1 **M**Y heart is full of Christ, and longs  
 Its glorious matter to declare!  
 Of Him I make my loftier songs,  
 I cannot from His praise forbear;  
*f* My ready tongue makes haste to sing  
 The glories of my heavenly King.

*p* 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,  
 Perfect in comeliness Thou art;  
 Réplenished are Thy lips with grace,  
 And full of love Thy tender heart:  
 God ever blest! we bow the knee,  
 And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

*f* 3 'Gird on Thy thigh the Spirit's sword,  
 And take to Thee Thy power divine;  
 Stir up Thy strength, almighty Lord,  
 All power and majesty are Thine:  
 Assert Thy worship and renown;  
 O all redeeming God, come down!

*f* 4 Come, and maintain Thy righteous cause,  
 And let Thy glorious toil succeed;  
 Extend the victory of Thy cross,  
 Ride on, and prosper in Thy deed;  
 Through earth triumphantly ride on,  
 And reign in every heart alone.

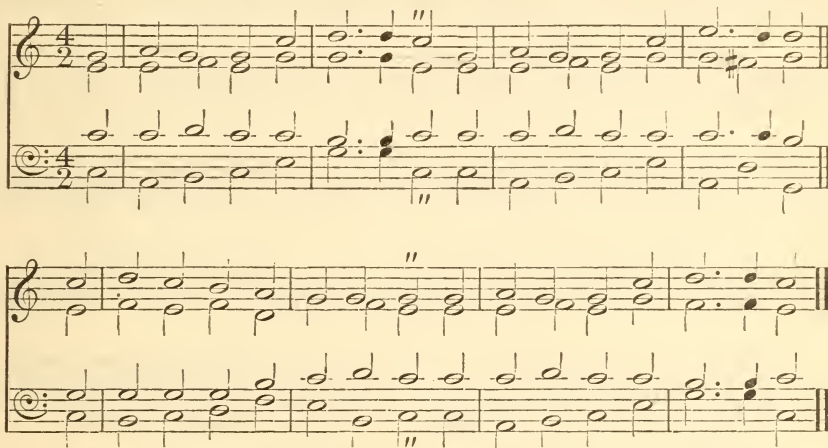
C. WESLEY.

# GOD THE SON—HIS NAMES AND PRAISE. 111

139—140

Redhead, No. 4.—L.M.

R. REDHEAD.



1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,  
Of Him who died upon the cross ;  
The sinner's Hope let men deride :  
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see  
In shining letters, God is love :  
p He bears our sins upon the tree :  
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross—it takes our guilt away ;  
It holds the fainting spirit up ;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.

f 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels' theme in heaven above.

T. KELLY.

140

Redhead, No. 4.—L.M.

1 O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven, to  
Thee,  
Clothed with all majesty divine,  
f Eternal power and glory be :  
Eternal praise and right is Thine.

f 2 Reign, Prince of Life, Who once Thy  
brow [thorn ;  
Didst yield to wear the wounding  
Reign throned beside the Father now,  
Adored the Son of God firstborn.

3 From angel hosts, that round Thee  
stand,  
With forms more pure than spotless  
snow,

From the bright burning seraph band,  
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

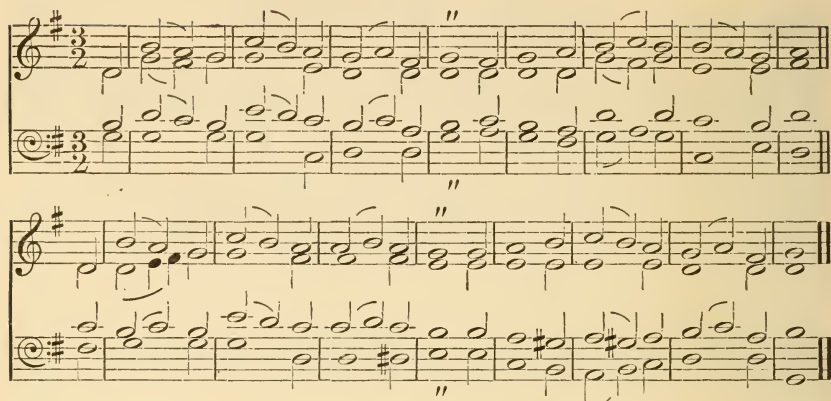
f 4 To Thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,  
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise ;  
All honour to Thy Name belongs :  
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

f 5 Jesus ! all earth shall speak the word ;  
Jesus ! all heaven resound it still :  
f Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord,  
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

R. PALMER.

## 141

## St. Luke.—L.M.



p 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee!  
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine through endless  
 days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
 Let evening blush to own a star;  
 He sheds the beams of light divine  
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
 'Tis midnight with my soul till He,  
 Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
 No! when I blush, be this my shame  
 That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may  
 When I've no guilt to wash away;  
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

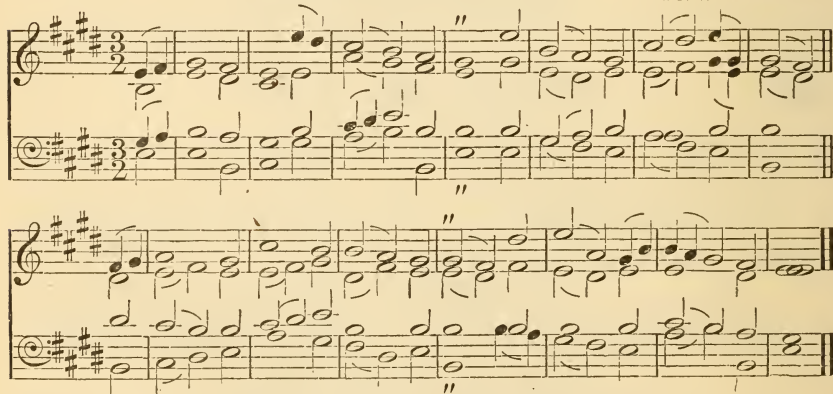
6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
 And O! may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

J. GRIGG AND B. FRANCIS.

## 142

## Manchester.—C.M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT.



f 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
 My great Redeemer's praise,  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 To spread through all the earth abroad  
 The honours of Thy name.



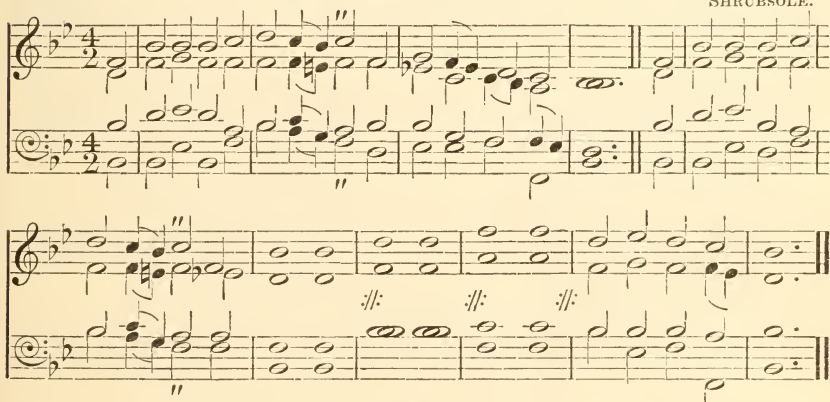
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks—and, listening to His voice,  
New life the dead receive,  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
The humble poor believe.
- f 6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.
- f 7 Look unto Him, ye nations, own  
Your God, ye fallen race;  
Look, and be saved through faith alone,  
Be justified by grace.
- p 8 See all your sins on Jesus laid:  
The Lamb of God was slain,  
His soul was once an offering made  
For every soul of man.
- 9 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,  
And Christ shall give you light,  
Cast all your sins into the deep,  
And wash the Æthiop white.
- 10 With me, your chief, ye then shall  
Shall feel your sins forgiven; [know,  
Anticipate your heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.

C. WESLEY.

143

## Miles' Lane.—C.M.

SHRUBSOLE.



- f 1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem  
To crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,  
And as they tune it fall  
Before His face who tunes their choir,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fixed this floating ball.  
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- p 5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call.  
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- p 7 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- ff 8 Let every tribe and every tongue  
On this terrestrial ball,  
Now shout in universal song  
The crownèd Lord of all.

- p 9 O that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall,  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

E. PERRONET AND J. RIPPON.

## 144

## St. Saviour.—C.M.

F. G. BAKER.



1 WHERE shall my soul begin to sing  
The great Redeemer's love?  
*f* To praise the everlasting King,  
Who left His throne above?

2 O love, what a delightful theme!  
How charming is the sound!

Twas love that did the world redeem,  
No other help was found.

3 Angels have strove, but all in vain,  
To view the great design;  
*p* 'Tis mystery all: they can't explain  
The depth of love divine.

4 My feeble song I cannot raise  
As angels do above;  
*f* Yet while I've breath I'll sing the praise  
Of this redeeming love.

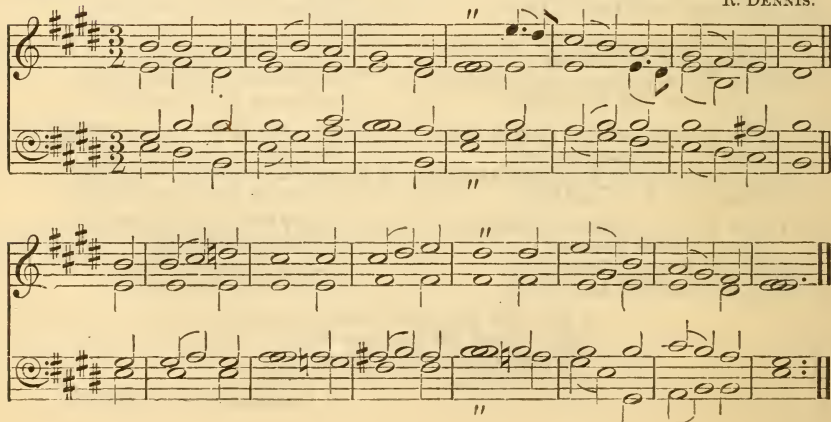
5 And when I lose this stammering tongue,  
I'll sing as loud as they;  
*ff* Salvation shall be all my song  
Through one eternal day.

W. SANDERS.

## 145

## Matlock.—C.M.

R. DENNIS.



1 JESUS! the name high over all,  
In hell, or earth, or sky,  
p Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given;  
It scatters all their guilty fear,  
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head;  
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,  
And life into the dead.

f 4 O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of His grace!  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,  
His saving truth proclaim,  
'Tis all my business here below  
To cry, 'Behold the Lamb!'

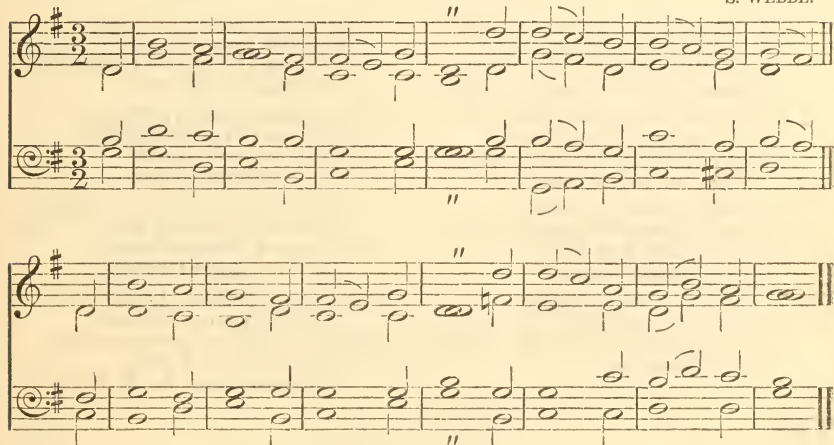
6 Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but gasp His name;  
f Preach Him to all, and cry in death,  
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'

C. WESLEY.

146

Belmont.—C.M.

S. WEBBE.



1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

p 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield, and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace!

p 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

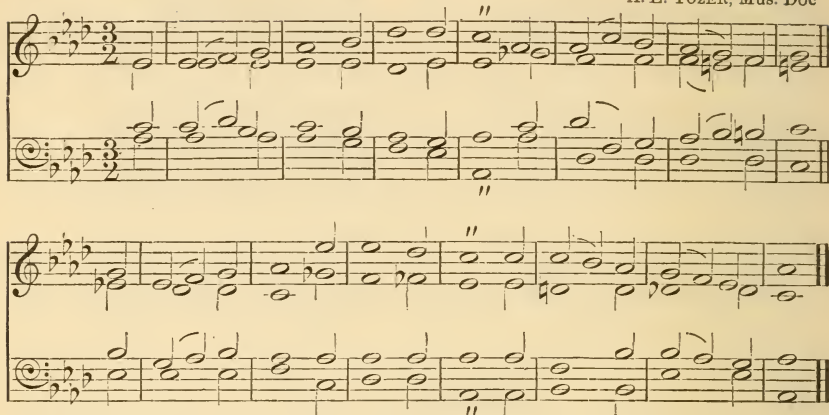
6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death!

J. NEWTON.

## 147—148

## Fazer.—C.M.

A. E. TOZER, Mus. Doc



*f* 1 WE sing to Thee, Thou Son of God,  
Fountain of life and grace!  
We praise Thee, Son of man, whose  
Redeemed our fallen race. [blood

2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,  
The Lamb for sinners slain;  
Who art by heaven and earth adored,  
Worthy o'er both to reign.

*f* 3 To Thee all angels cry aloud,  
Through heaven's extended coasts:—  
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord  
Of glory and of hosts.

*f* 4 The cherubim and seraphim  
Incessant sing to Thee;  
The worlds and all their powers therein  
Adore Thy majesty.

*f* 5 The prophets' goodly fellowship,  
In radiant garments dress,  
Praise Thee, Thou Son of God, and reap  
The fulness of Thy rest.

*f* 6 The apostles' glorious company  
Thy righteous praise proclaim:  
The martyred army glorify  
Thine everlasting name.

*f* 7 Through all the world, Thy churches  
To call on Thee, their Head, [join  
Brightness of Majesty Divine,  
Who every power hast made.

8 Among their number, Lord, we love  
To sing Thy precious blood;

*ff* Reign here and in the worlds above,  
Thou holy lamb of God.

J. CENNICK AND A. M. TOPLADY.

## 148

## Fazer.—C.M.

*f* 1 O JESUS, King most wonderful!  
Thou Conqueror renowned:  
*p* Thou sweetness most ineffable,  
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,  
Then truth begins to shine,  
Then earthly vanities depart,  
Then kindles love divine.

*p* 3 O Jesus, Light of all below!  
Thou Fount of living fire,  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
And all we can desire:

4 Jesus, may all confess Thy name,  
Thy wondrous love adore!  
And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame  
To seek Thee more and more.

*f* 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,  
Thee may we love alone,  
And ever in our lives express  
The image of Thine Own.

6 Abide with us, and let Thy light  
Shine, Lord, on every heart;  
Dispel the darkness of our night,  
And joy to all impart.

*f* 7 Jesus, our love and joy to Thee,  
The Father's Holy Son,  
All might, and praise, and glory be  
While endless ages run.

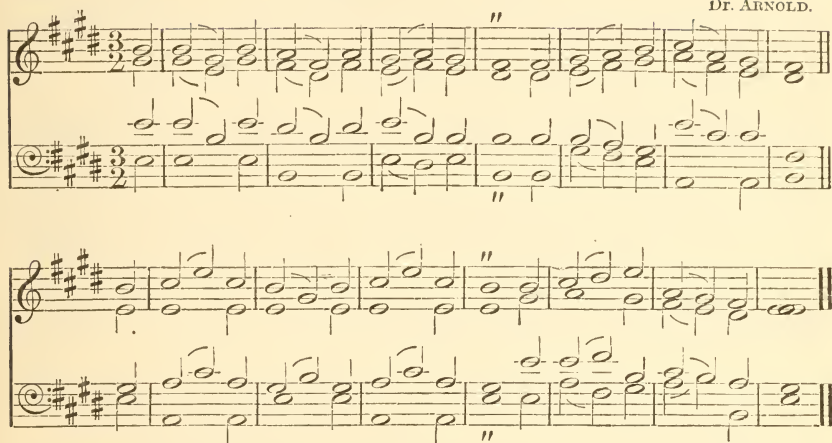
BERNARD, *trs.* by E. CASWALL



## 149—150

## Arnold's.—C.M.

DR. ARNOLD.



1 JESUS, I love Thy charming name,  
'Tis music to mine ear :

^ Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven should hear.

p2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,

^ My transport and my trust :

^ Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish  
In Thee doth richly meet ;

Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells within my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there,

^ The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

f5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name  
With my last labouring breath ;  
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,  
The antidote of death.

P. DODDRIDGE.

## 150

## Arnold's.—C.M.

f1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

f2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,  
'To be exalted thus !'

p 'Worthy the Lamb !' our hearts reply :  
'For He was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine ;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever Thine !

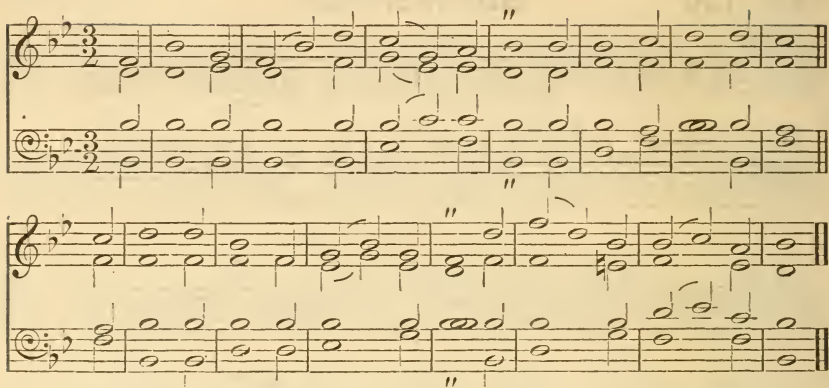
f4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
And speak Thine endless praise.

f5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

L. WATTS.

## 151

## Tyrrone.—C.M.



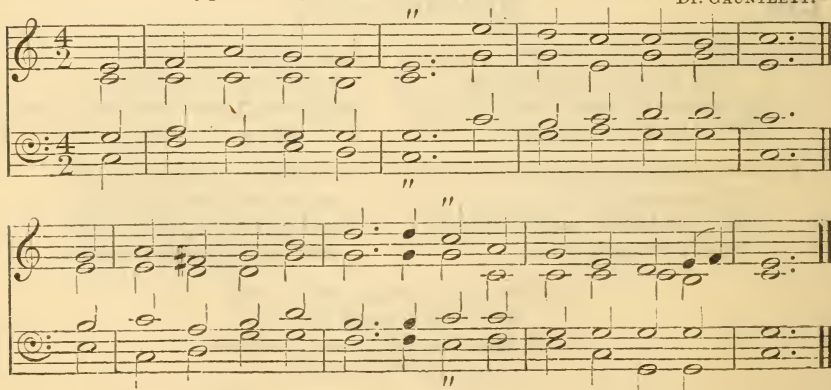
- 1 **T**HERE is a name I love to hear;  
I love to sing its worth;  
*p* It sounds like music in mine ear,  
The sweetest name on earth.
- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,  
*p* Who died to set me free;  
It tells me of His precious blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me of a Father's smile  
Beaming upon His child;  
It cheers me through this little while,  
Through desert, waste, and wild.
- 4 It tells me what my father hath  
In store for every day,  
And, though I tread a darksome path,  
Yields sunshine all the way.
- p* 5 It tells of One whose loving heart  
Can feel my deepest woe,

- Who in my sorrow bears a part  
That none can bear below.
- 6 It bids my trembling heart rejoice.  
It dries each rising tear,  
*p* It tells me, in 'a still small voice,'  
To trust and never fear.
- 7 Jesus, the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear;  
*f* No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.
- 8 This name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road,  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.
- 9 And there with all the blood-bought  
From sin and sorrow free, [throng,  
*f* I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesus' love to me.

F. WHITFIELD.

## 152

## St. George.—S.M.

By permission, from *The Church Hymn and Tune Book*. DR. GAUNTLETT.

*f* 1 **A**WAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb :  
Wake every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love ;  
Sing of His rising power ;  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues ;  
*f* Sing, till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs.

*f* 4 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ the eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear Him say,—  
'Ye blessed children, come ;'  
Soon will He call you hence away,  
And take His wanderers home.

*f* 6 There shall each raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim :  
And sing in sweeter notes the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

W. HAMMOND, M. MADAN, AND A. M. TOPLADY.

## 153

## University College.—77.77.

By permission, from *The Church Hymn and Tune Book*.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



1 'TIS for conquering kings to gain  
Glory o'er their myriads slain ;  
*f* Jesus, Thy more glorious strife  
Hath restored a world to life.

2 So none other name is given  
Unto mortals under heaven,  
Which can make the dead to rise,  
And exalt them to the skies.

*p* 3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,  
That which He so dearly bought,  
That salvation, mortals, say,  
Will you madly cast away ?

*f* 4 Rather gladly for that name  
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;  
Joyfully for Him to die  
Is not death but victory.

5 Jesus, dost Thou condescend  
To be called the sinner's Friend ?  
*f* Ours then shall it always be  
Thus to make our boast of Thee.

From the *Latin*, trs. by J. CHANDLER.

## 154

## College Street.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

R. W. STRICKLAND.



1 SHALL hymns of grateful love  
 Through heaven's high arches ring?  
 And all the hosts above  
 Their songs of triumph sing?  
*f* And shall not we take up the strain,  
 And send the echo back again?

2 Shall every ransomed tribe  
 Of Adam's scattered race  
 To Christ all power ascribe,  
 Who saved them by His grace?  
*f* And shall not we take up the strain,  
 And send the echo back again?

3 Shall they adore the Lord,  
 Who bought them with His blood?  
 And all the love record  
 That led them home to God?  
 And shall not we take up the strain,  
 And send the echo back again?

*f* 4 O spread the joyful sound,  
 The Saviour's love proclaim,  
 And publish all around  
 Salvation through His name,  
*ff* Till the whole world take up the strain,  
 And send the echo back again!

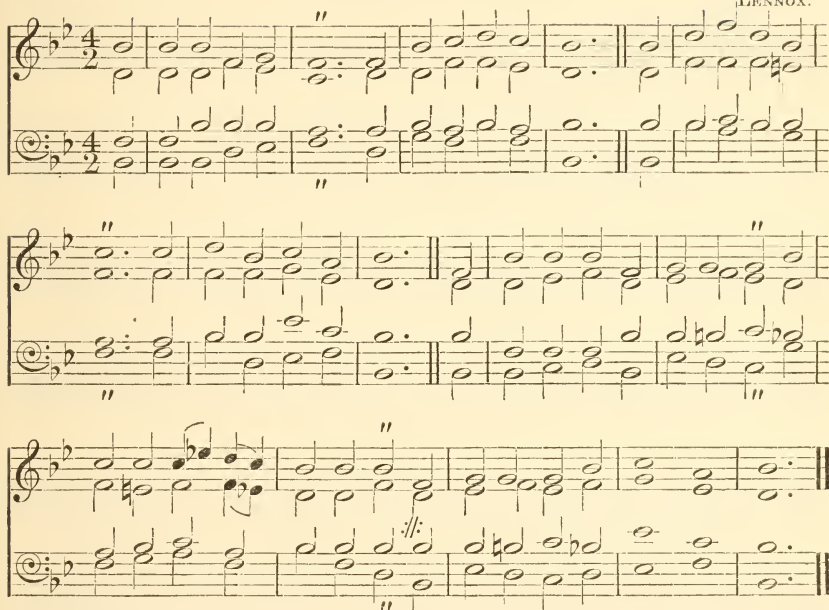
J. J. CUMMINS.



155

## Trumpet.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

LENNOX.



*f* 1 LET earth and heaven agree,  
 Angels and men be joined,  
 To celebrate with me  
 The Saviour of mankind ;  
 To adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
 And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

*f* 2 Jesus, transporting sound !  
 The joy of earth and heaven ;  
 No other help is found,  
 No other name is given,  
 By which we can salvation have :  
 But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious name !  
 It charms the hosts above ;  
 They evermore proclaim  
 And wonder at His love ;  
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze,  
 'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

*p* 4 His name the sinner hears,  
 And is from sin set free ;  
 'Tis music in his ears,  
 'Tis life and victory ;  
*f* New songs do now his lips employ,  
 And dances his glad heart for joy.

*p* 5 Stung by the scorpion sin,  
 My poor expiring soul  
 The balmy sound drinks in,  
 And is at once made whole :  
 See there my Lord upon the tree !  
 I hear, I feel, He died for me.

6 O unexampled love !  
 O all-redeeming grace !  
 How swiftly didst Thou move  
 To save a fallen race !  
*f* What shall I do to make it known  
 What Thou for all mankind hast done ?

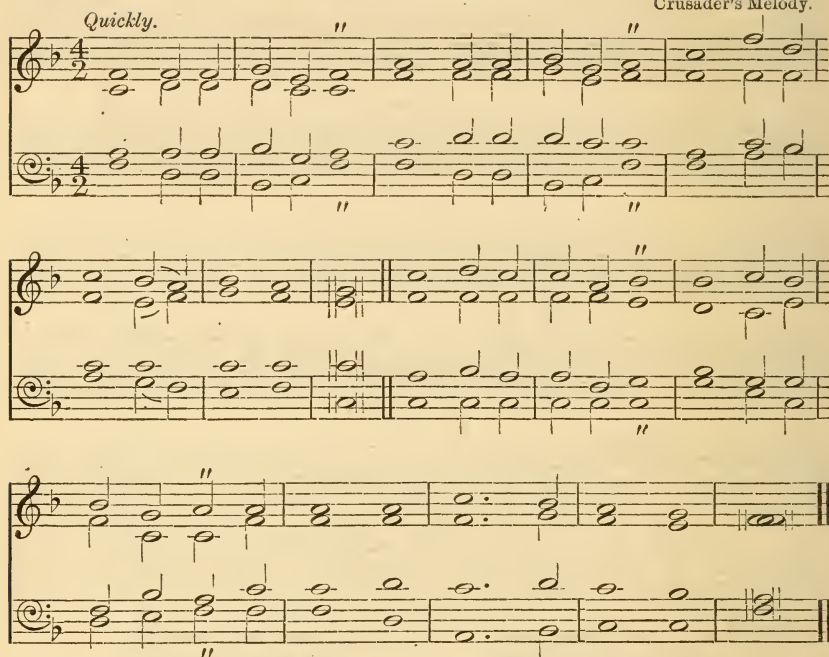
*ff* 7 O for a trumpet voice,  
 On all the world to call !  
 To bid their hearts rejoice  
 In Him who died for all !  
 For all, my Lord was crucified,  
 For all, for all, my Saviour died !

C. WESLEY.

## 156

## Escalon.—6 6 8.6 6 8.

Crusader's Melody.



*f* 1 MY heart and voice I raise,  
 To spread Messiah's praise;  
 Messiah's praise let all repeat:  
 The universal Lord,  
 By whose almighty word  
 Creation rose in form complete.

*p* 2 A servant's form He wore,  
 And in His body bore  
 Our dreadful curse on Calvary:  
 He like a victim stood,  
 And poured His sacred blood,  
 To set the guilty captive free.

3 But soon the Victor rose  
 Triumphant o'er His foes,  
 And led the vanquished host in chains:  
*f* He threw their empire down,  
 His foes compelled to own—  
 O'er all, the great Messiah reigns.

4 With mercy's mildest grace,  
 He governs all our race,  
 In wisdom, righteousness, and love:  
*f* Who to Messiah fly  
 Shall find redemption nigh,  
 And all His great salvation prove.

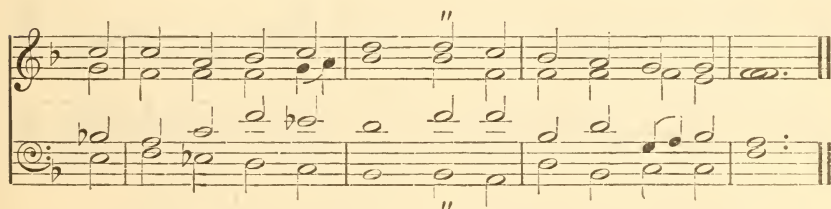
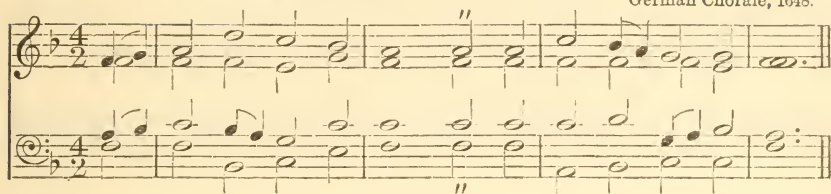
*ff* 5 Hail, Saviour, Prince of Peace!  
 Thy kingdom shall increase,  
 Till all the world Thy glory see;  
 And righteousness abound,  
 As the great deep profound,  
 And fill the earth with purity!

B. RHODES.

157

Munich.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

German Chorale, 1648.



1 O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,  
 Whom yet unseen we love,  
 O Name of might and favour,  
 All other names above :  
*p* We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
*Λ* To Thee alone we sing ;  
*f* We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
 Our holy Lord and King !

2 O Bringer of salvation,  
 Who wondrously hast wrought,  
 Thyself the revelation  
 Of love beyond our thought :  
*p* We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
*Λ* To Thee alone we sing ;  
*f* We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
 Our gracious Lord and King !

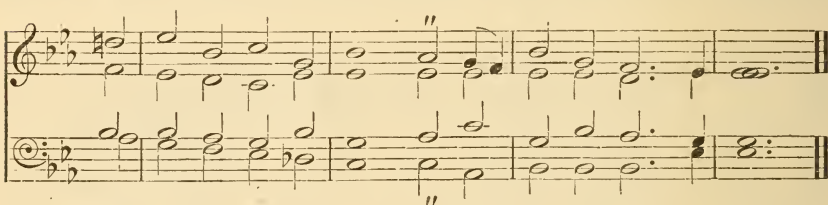
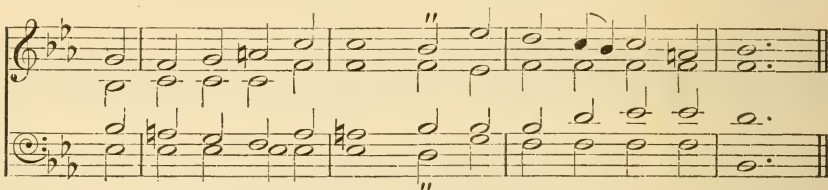
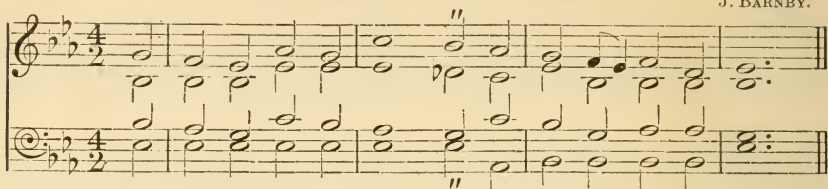
*f* 3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,  
 All grace and power Divine ;  
 The glory that excelleth,  
 O Son of God, is Thine :  
*p* We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
*Λ* To Thee alone we sing ;  
*f* We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
 Our glorious Lord and King !

4 O grant the consummation  
 Of this our song above,  
 In endless adoration,  
 And everlasting love :  
*f* Then shall we praise and bless Thee  
 Where perfect praises ring,  
*Λ* And evermore confess Thee  
 Our Saviour and our King !  
 F. R. HAVERGAL.

## 158

## Swanland.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

J. BARNBY.



*f* 1 WITH hearts in love abounding,  
 Prepare we now to sing  
 A lofty theme, resounding  
 Thy praise, almighty King;  
 Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,  
 Redeemed the human race;  
 Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,  
 Breathe words of truth and grace.

*f* 2 In majesty transcendent,  
 Gird on Thy conquering sword;  
 In righteousness resplendent,  
 Ride on, Incarnate Word!  
*ff* Ride on, O King Messiah,  
 To glory and renown;  
 Pierced by Thy darts of fire,  
 Be every foe o'erthrown!

*f* 3 So reign, O God, in heaven,  
 Eternally the same!  
 And endless praise be given  
 To Thine almighty name.  
 Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness,  
 Thy church on earth behold  
 In robes of purest whiteness,  
 In raiment wrought with gold.

*f* 4 And let each Gentile nation  
 Come gladly in her train,  
 To share Thy great salvation,  
 And join her grateful strain:  
*ff* Then ne'er shall note of sadness  
 Awake the trembling string;  
 One song of joy and gladness  
 The ransomed world shall sing!

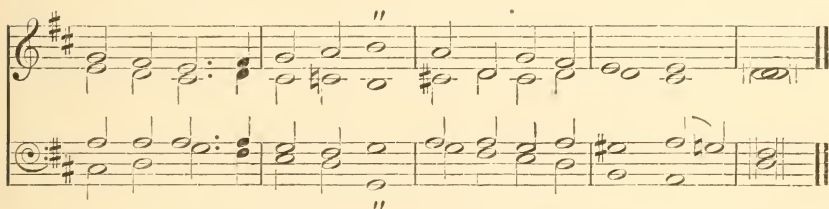
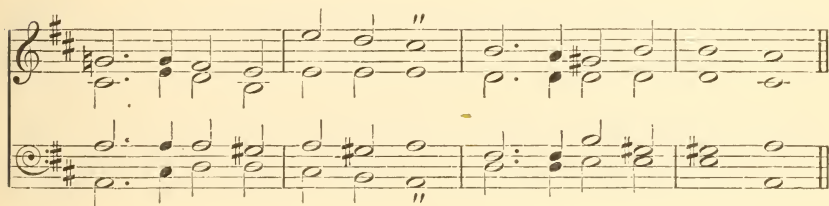
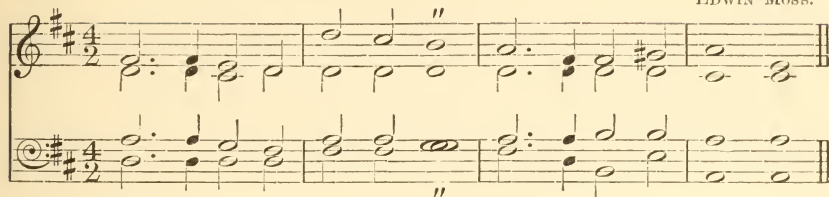
H. AUER.



## 159

## Melancthon.—7 6.7 6.7 7.

EDWIN MOSS.



*f* 1 JESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou,  
 Sun and Shield for ever !  
 Never canst Thou cease to shine,  
 Cease to guard us, never !  
 Cheer our steps as on we go,  
 Come between us and the foe.

*f* 2 Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,  
 Wine and Bread for ever !  
 Never canst Thou cease to feed  
 Or refresh us, never !  
 Feed us still on bread divine,  
 Drink we still this heavenly wine !

3 Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,  
 Life and Love for ever !  
 Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,  
 Or to love us, never !  
 All of life and love we need  
 Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.

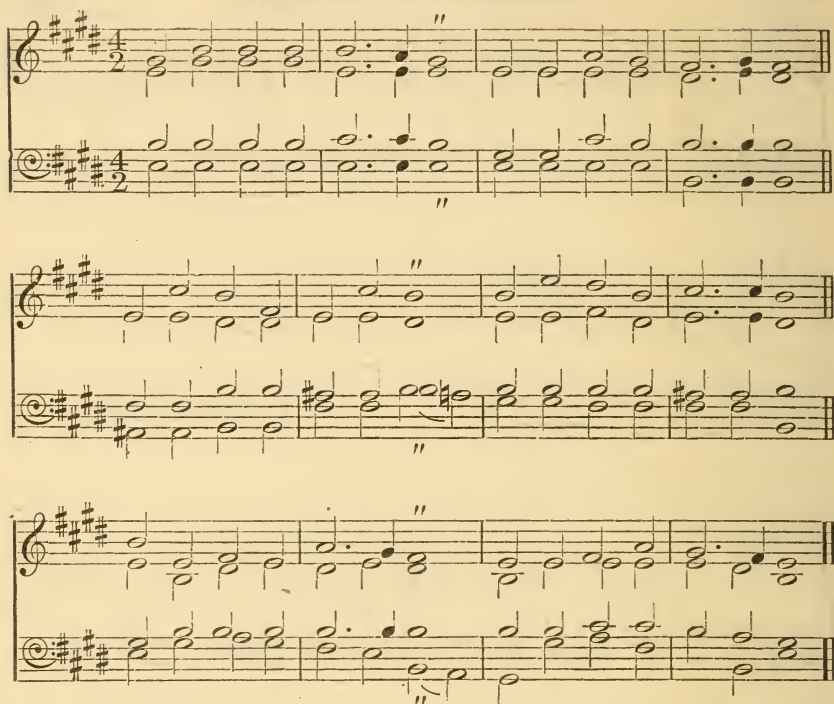
*p* 4 Jesus, Peace and Joy art Thou,  
 Joy and Peace for ever !  
 Joy that fades not, changes not,  
 Peace that leaves us never !  
 Joy and peace we have in Thee  
 Now and through eternity.

*f* 5 Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,  
 Strength and Song for ever !  
 Strength that never can decay,  
 Song that ceaseth never !  
 Still to us this strength and song,  
 Through eternal days prolong.

H. BONAR.

## 160

## Paraclete.—7 7.7 7.7 7.



*f* 1 GOD the Father's only Son,  
 Yet with Him in glory One,  
 One in wisdom, One in might,  
 Absolute and Infinite:  
 V Jesus! I believe in Thee,  
 Thou art Lord and God to me.

2. Preacher of eternal peace,  
 Christ, anointed to release,  
 Setting wide the dungeon door  
 Unto sinners chained before:  
 Jesus! I believe in Thee,  
 Prophet sent from God to me.

*p* 3 Low in sad Gethsemane,  
 High on dreadful Calvary,  
 In the garden, on the cross,  
 Making good our utter loss:  
 Jesus! I believe in Thee,  
 Priest and Sacrifice for me.

4 Ruler of Thy ransomed race,  
 And Protector by Thy grace,  
 Leader in the way we wend,  
 And Rewarder at the end:  
 V Jesus! I believe in Thee,  
 Christ, the King of kings to me.

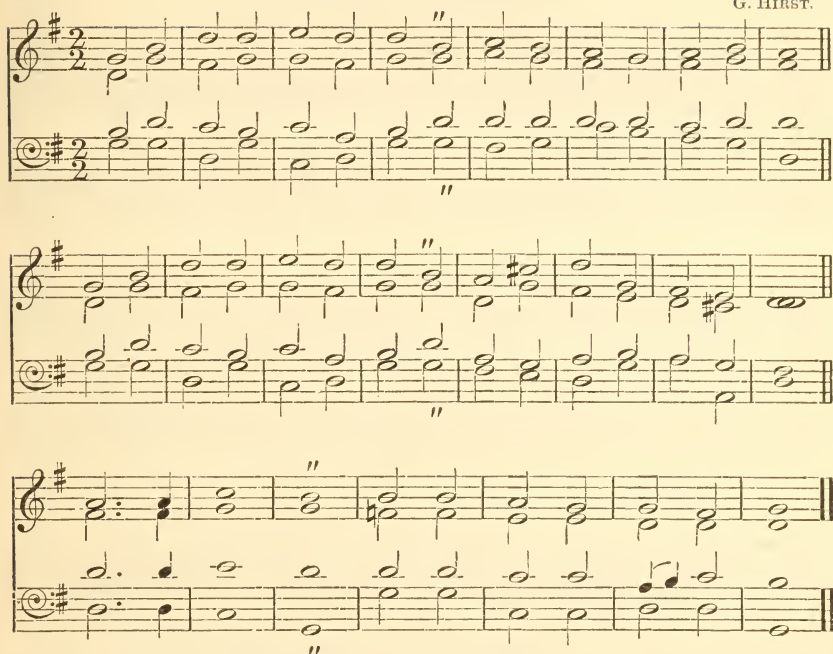
5 Light revealed through clouds of pain  
 That the blind might see again;  
 Love, content in death to lie,  
 That the dead might never die:  
 V Jesus! I believe in Thee,  
 Light, and Love, and Life to me.

6 All that I am fain to know,  
 While I watch and wait below;  
 All that I would find above,  
 All of everlasting love,  
*f* Jesus! I believe in Thee,  
 Thou art all in all to me.

161

## Olivet.—8 7.8 7.4 7.

G. HIRST.



*f* 1 LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious:  
 See the Man of Sorrows now,  
 From the fight returned victorious;  
 Every knee to Him shall bow.  
*ff* Crown Him, crown Him!  
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

*f* 2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him:  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
 While the vault of heaven rings.  
*ff* Crown Him, crown Him!  
 Crown the Saviour, King of kings.

*p* 3 Sinners in derision crown Him,  
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
 Own His title, praise His name.  
*ff* Crown Him, crown Him!  
 Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

*f* 4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation;  
 Hark! those loud triumphant chords;  
 Jesus takes the highest station:  
 O what joy the sight affords!  
*ff* Crown Him, crown Him,  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords!

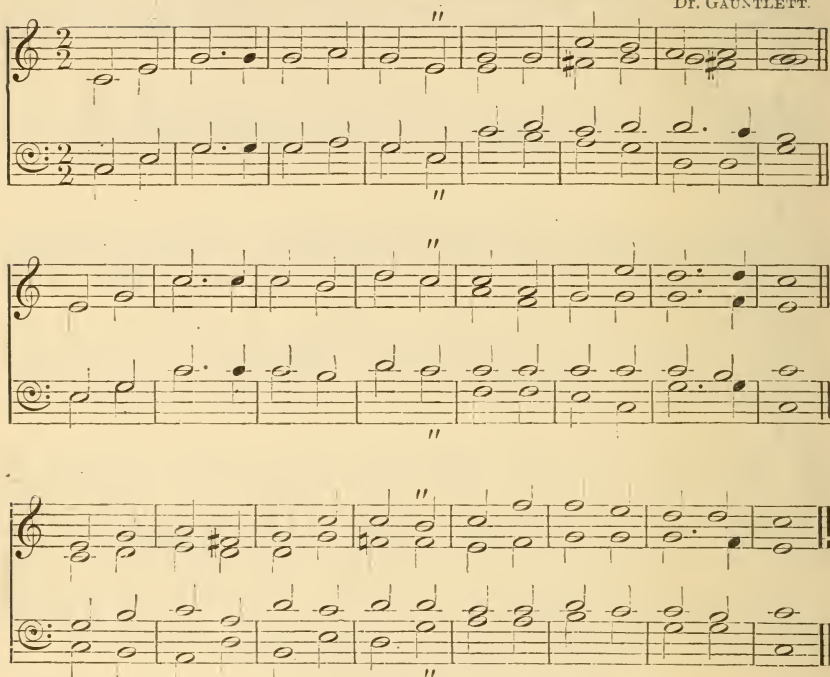
T. KELLY.

## 162

## Triumph.—8 7.8 7.8 7.

By permission from *The Church Hymn and Tune Book*.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



*f* 1 TO the Name that brings salvation,  
 Honour, worship, laud we pay:  
 That for many a generation  
 Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,  
 But to every tongue and nation  
 He in love proclaims to-day.

*f* 2 Name of gladness, name of pleasure,  
 By the tongue ineffable;  
*p* Name of sweetness passing measure,  
 To the ear delectable.  
 Tis our safeguard and our treasure,  
 Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

T 3 'Tis the Name for adoration,  
 'Tis the Name for victory,  
*p* 'Tis the Name for meditation  
 In this vale of misery,  
 'Tis the Name for veneration  
 By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the Name that whoso preaches  
 Finds it music in his ear;  
 'Tis the Name that whoso teaches  
 Finds more sweet than honey's cheer;  
 Who its perfect wisdom reaches,  
 Makes his saintly vision clear.

*f* 5 'Tis the Name by right exalted  
 Over every other name;  
 That when we are sore assaulted,  
 Puts our enemies to shame:  
 Strength to them that else had halted,  
 Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6 Jesus, we Thy Name adoring,  
 Long to see Thee as Thou art,  
 Of Thy clemency imploring  
 So to write it in our heart,  
*f* That hereafter, upward soaring,  
 We with angels may have part.

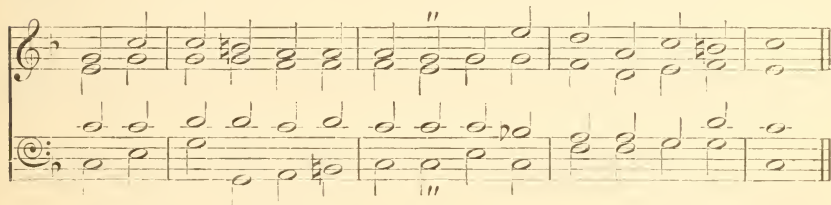
*From the Latin, trs. by J. M. NEALE.*



163

## Bethany.—8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7.

H. SMART.



1 COME, Thou Fount of every blessing!  
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace!  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Calls for songs of loudest praise.  
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above:  
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—  
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesu sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed His precious blood.

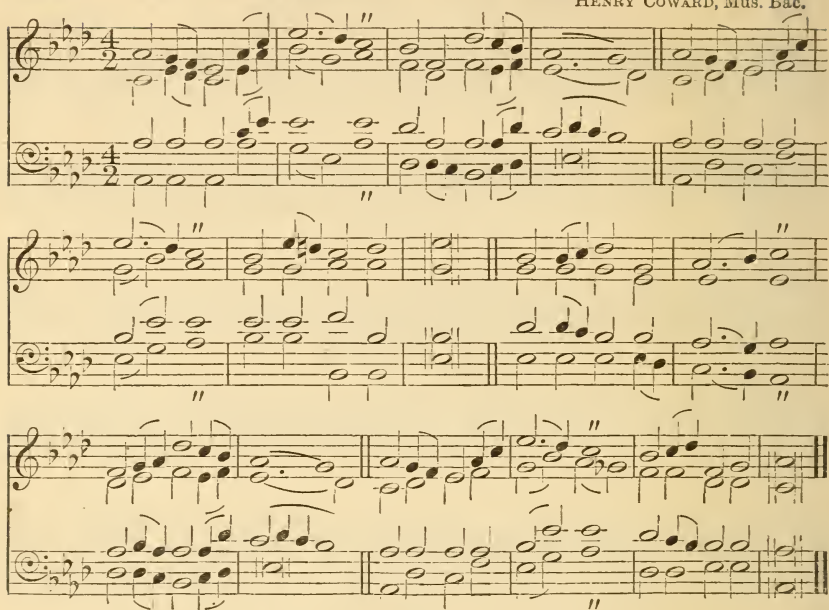
*f* 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrained to be:  
 Let that grace now like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee!  
*p* Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
 Prone to leave the God I love:  
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it,  
 Seal it from Thy courts above.

R. ROBINSON.

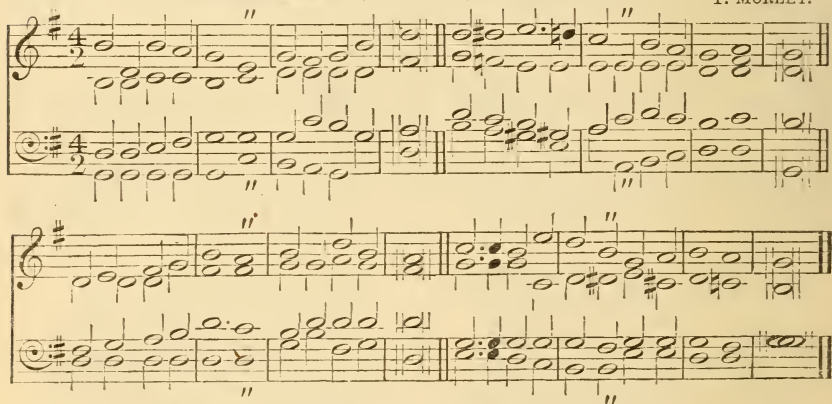
## 164

**Morfolk Park** (1st Tune).—6 5.6 5.6 5.6 5.

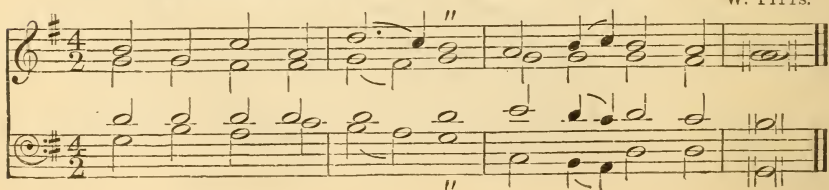
HENRY COWARD, Mus. Bac.

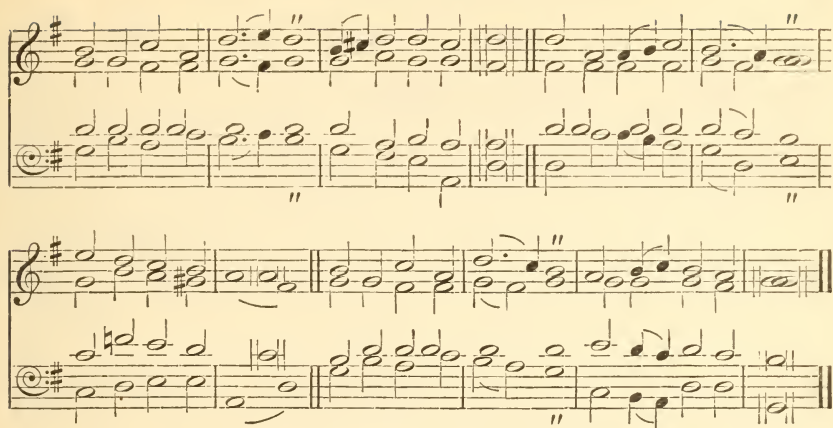
**St. Alban's** (2nd Tune).—6 5.6 5.6 5.6 5.

T. MORLEY.

**Princethorpe** (3rd Tune).—6 5.6 5.6 5.6 5.

W. PITTS.





*p* 1 SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour  
 Listen whilst we sing,  
 Hearts and voices raising  
 Praises to our King:  
 All we have we offer;  
 All we hope to be;  
 Body, soul, and spirit,  
 All we yield to Thee.

*p* 2 Farther, ever farther,  
 From Thy wounded side  
 Heedlessly we wandered,  
 Wandered far and wide;  
 Till Thou cam'st in mercy,  
 Seeking young and old,  
 Lovingly to bear them,  
 Saviour, to Thy fold.

3 Nearer, ever nearer,  
 Christ, we draw to Thee,  
 Deep in adoration,  
 Bending low the knee;  
 Thou for our redemption  
 Cam'st on earth to die;  
*f* Thou, that we might follow,  
 Hast gone up on high.

4 Great and ever greater  
 Are Thy mercies here;  
 True and everlasting  
 Are the glories there,  
 Where no pain or sorrow,  
 Toil or care is known,  
 Where the angel-legions  
 Circle round Thy throne.

5 Clearer still and clearer  
 Dawns the light from heaven,  
 In our sadness bringing  
 News of sin forgiven:  
 Life has lost its shadows,  
 Pure the light within;  
*f* Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
 On a world of sin.

*f* 6 Brighter still and brighter  
 Glows the western sun,  
 Shedding all its gladness  
 O'er our work that's done;  
 Time will soon be over,  
 Toil and sorrow past;  
 May we, blessèd Saviour,  
 Find a rest at last.

7 Onward, ever onward,  
 Journeying o'er the road  
 Worn by saints before us,  
 Journeying on to God;  
 Leaving all behind us,  
 May we hasten on,  
 Backward never looking  
 Till the prize is won.

*f* 8 Higher then and higher  
 Bear the ransomed soul,  
 Earthly toils forgotten,  
 Saviour, to its goal;  
 Where, in joys unthought of,  
 Saints with angels sing,  
*ff* Never weary raising  
 Praises to their King.

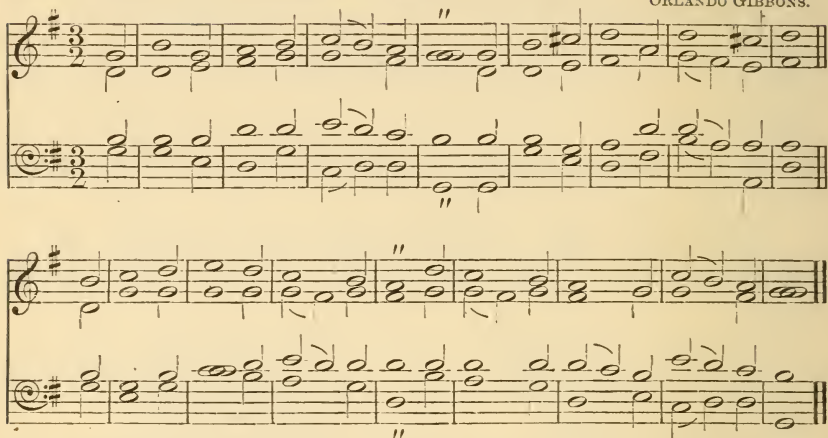
G. THRING.

## GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT.

165—166

Angel's Hymn.—L.M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS.



1 OUR Jesus is gone up on high,  
 For us the blessing to receive ;  
*f* It now comes streaming from the sky,  
 The Spirit comes, and sinners live.

2 To every one whom God shall call  
 The promise is securely made ;  
 To you far off—He calls you all ; [said :  
 Believe the word which Christ hath

3 'The Holy Ghost, if I depart,  
 The Comforter, shall surely come,  
 Shall make the contrite sinner's heart  
 His loved, His everlasting home.'

4 Lord, we believe to us and ours  
 The apostolic promise given ;  
 We wait the Pentecostal powers,  
 The Holy Ghost sent down from  
 heaven.

5 Ah ! leave us not to mourn below,  
 Or long for Thy return to pine ;  
*p* Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,  
 And fix in us the Guest Divine.

6 Assembled here with one accord,  
 Calmly we wait the promised grace,  
 The purchase of our dying Lord :  
 Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

7 If every one that asks may find,  
 If still Thou dost on sinners fall,  
 Come as a mighty rushing wind ;  
 Great grace be now upon us all.

8 Behold, to Thee our souls aspire,  
 And languish Thy descent to meet :  
*f* Kindle in each the living fire,  
 And fix in every heart Thy seat.  
 C. WESLEY.

166

Angel's Hymn.—L.M.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With light and comfort from above ;  
 Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide ;  
 O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,  
 And make us know and choose the way ;  
*p* Plant holy fear in every heart,  
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road  
 That we must take to dwell with God ;  
 Lead us to Christ—the living way,  
 Nor let us from His pasture stray.

4 Lead us to God—our final rest,  
 To be with Him for ever blest ;  
*f* Lead us to heaven, that we may share  
 Fulness of joy for ever there.

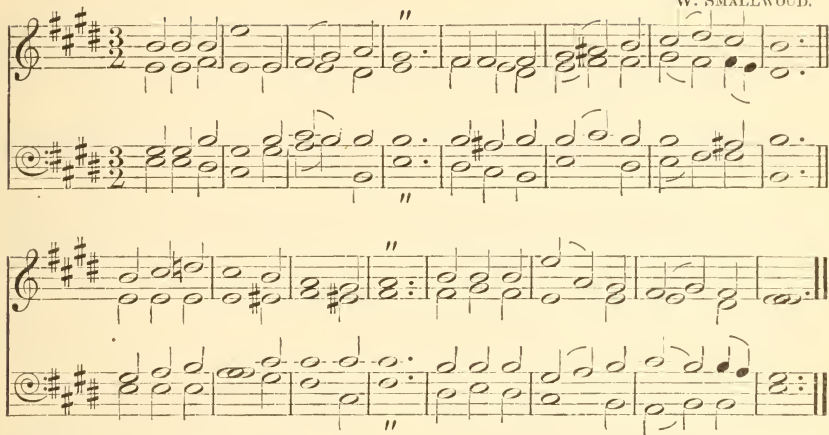
S. BROWNE.



## 167—168

## Antwerp.—L.M.

W. SMALLWOOD.



*f* 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was  
great,  
When all our Lord's disciples met ;  
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,  
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles He gave !  
And power to kill, and power to save !  
Furnished their tongues with wondrous  
words, [swords,  
Instead of shields, and spears, and

3 Thus armed, He sent the champions  
forth  
From east to west, from south to north :  
*f* 'Go, and your Saviour's cross proclaim ;  
Go, teach all nations in My name.'

4 These weapons of the holy war,  
Of what almighty force they are,  
To make our stubborn passions bow,  
And lay the proudest rebel low !

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,  
Are by these heavenly arms subdued ;  
*f* While Satan rages at his loss,  
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of grace ! my heart subdue,  
I would be led in triumph too,  
A willing captive to my Lord,  
*f* And sing the victory of His word.

I. WATTS.

## 168

## Antwerp.—L.M.

1 SPIRIT of the living God,  
In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.

*f* 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love  
To preach the reconciling word :  
Give power and unction from above,  
When'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;  
Confusion—order, in thy path ;  
*f* Souls without strength, inspire with  
might ;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare  
All the round earth her God to meet ;  
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations far and nigh ;  
The triumphs of the cross record :  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

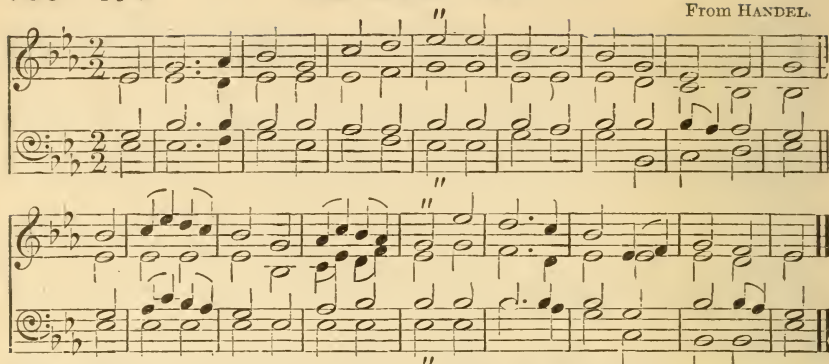
6 God from eternity hath willed  
All flesh shall His salvation see ;  
So be the Father's love fulfilled,  
The Saviour's sufferings crowned  
through Thee.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 169—170

## Samson.—L.M.

FROM HANDEL.



- 1 ON all the earth Thy Spirit shower:  
The earth in righteousness renew;  
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,  
And to Thy sceptre all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,  
Let Him opposers all o'erturn,  
And every law of sin reverse, [one.  
That faith and love may make all
- 3 Yea, let Thy Spirit, in every place  
His richest energy declare;  
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,  
The kingdom of Thy Christ prepare.
- 4 Grant this, O holy God and true;  
The ancient seers Thou didst inspire;  
To us perform the promised due;  
Descend, and crown us now with fire.  
H. MORE.

## 170

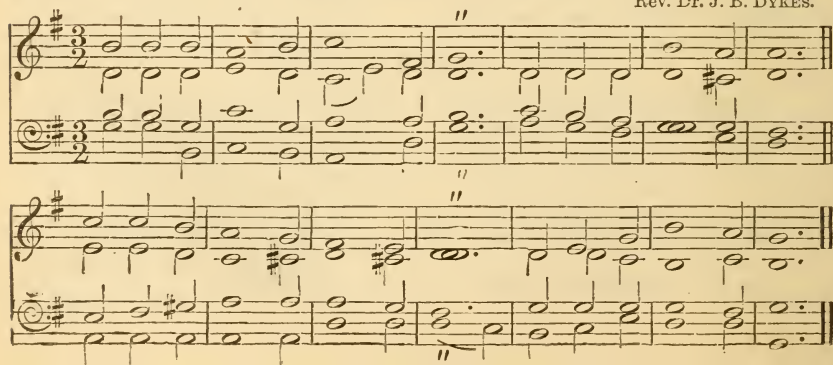
## Samson.—L.M.

- 1 JESUS, we on the word depend,  
Spoken by Thee while present here:  
The Father in Thy name will send  
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
- 2 That promise made to Adam's race,  
Now, Lord, in us, e'en us fulfil,  
And give the Spirit of Thy grace,  
To teach us all Thy perfect will.
- 3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,  
That Guide infallible impart,  
To bring Thy sayings to our mind,  
And write them on our faithful heart.
- 4 He only can the words apply  
Through which we endless life possess,  
And give to each his legacy,  
His Lord's unutterable peace.
- 5 That peace of God, that peace of Thine,  
O might He now to us bring in,  
And fill our souls with power divine,  
And make an end of fear and sin.
- 6 The length and breadth of love reveal,  
The height and depth of Deity,  
And all the sons of glory seal, [Thee!  
And change, and make us all like  
C. WESLEY.

## 171

## St. Agnes.—C.M.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



- 1** **S**PIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,  
And make our hearts Thy home :  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
O come—Great Spirit—come.
- p* **2** Come as the light—to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe ;  
And lead us in those paths of life  
Where all the righteous go.
- 3** Come as the fire—and purge our hearts  
Like sacrificial flame ;  
*f* Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.
- p* **4** Come as the dew—and sweetly bless  
This consecrated hour ;

May barrenness rejoice to own  
Thy fertilizing power.

- 5** Come as the dove—and spread Thy  
The wings of peaceful love ; wings,  
And let Thy church on earth become  
Blessed as the church above.

- f* **6** Come as the wind—with rushing sound  
And Pentecostal grace :  
That all of woman born may see  
The glory of Thy face.

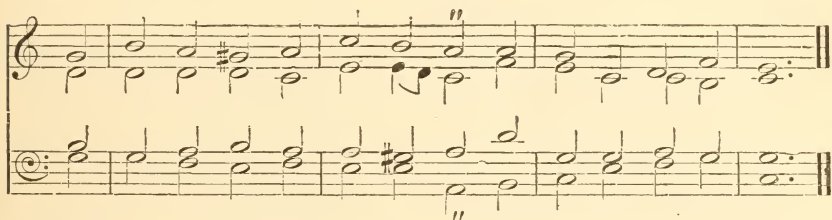
- 7** Spirit Divine ! attend our prayers,  
Make a lost world Thy home ;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
O come—Great Spirit—come !

A. REED.

172

Westminster.—C.M.

J. TURLE.



- f* **1** **W**HEN God of old came down from  
heaven,  
In power and wrath He came ;  
Before His feet the clouds were riven ;  
Half darkness and half flame :

- p* **2** But when He came the second time,  
He came in power and love ;  
Softer than gale at morning prime  
Hovered His holy Dove.

- f* **3** The fires, that rushed on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,  
*p* Now gently light, a glorious crown,  
On every sainted head.

- 4** And as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
The voice exceeding loud,

- f* The trumpet, that angels quake to hear,  
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;

- 5** So, when the Spirit of our God  
Came down His flock to find,  
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
A rushing, mighty wind.

- 6** It fills the church of God ; it fills  
The sinful world around :  
*p* Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
No place for it is found.

- 7** To other strains our souls are set :  
A giddy whirl of sin  
Fills ear and brain, and will not let  
Heaven's harmonies come in.

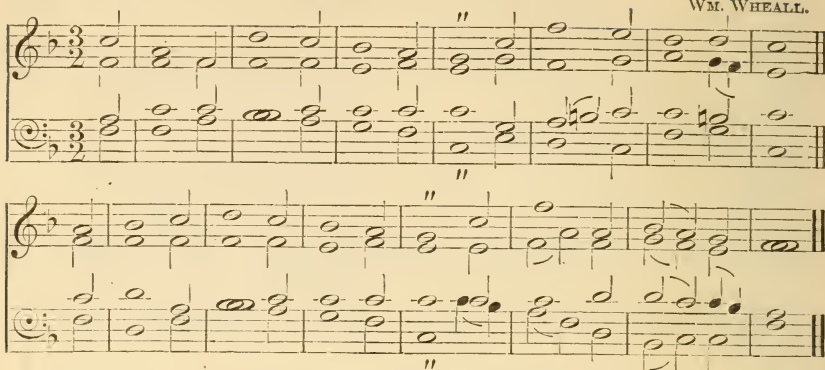
- s* **8** Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and  
Open our ears to hear ; (Power,  
*f* Let us not miss the accepted hour ;  
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

J. KEELE.

## 173—174

## Bedford.—C.M.

WM. WHEALL.



1 SPIRIT of truth, on this Thy day  
 To Thee for help we cry,  
 To guide us through the dreary way  
 Of dark mortality.

2 We ask not, Lord, Thy cloven flame,  
 Or tongues of various tone ;  
 But long Thy praises to proclaim  
 With fervour in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill  
 Is found on earth no more :  
 Enough for us to trace Thy will  
 In Scripture's sacred lore.

4 We neither have nor seek the power  
 Ill demons to control ;  
 But Thou in dark temptation's hour  
 Shalt chase them from the soul.

5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,  
 No mystic dreams we share ;  
 Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,  
 And bless Thee in our prayer.

6 When tongues shall cease, and power  
 And knowledge empty prove, [decay,  
 Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay,  
 With faith, with hope, with love.

R. HEBER.

## 174

## Bedford.—C.M.

*f* 1 WHY should the children of a King  
 Go mourning all their days ?  
 Great Comforter, descend, and bring  
 The tokens of Thy grace.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all Thy saints,  
 And seal the heirs of heaven ?  
 When wilt Thou banish our complaints,  
 And show our sins forgiven ?

3 Assure our conscience of her part  
 In the Redeemer's blood ;  
 And bear Thy witness with our heart,  
 That we are born of God.

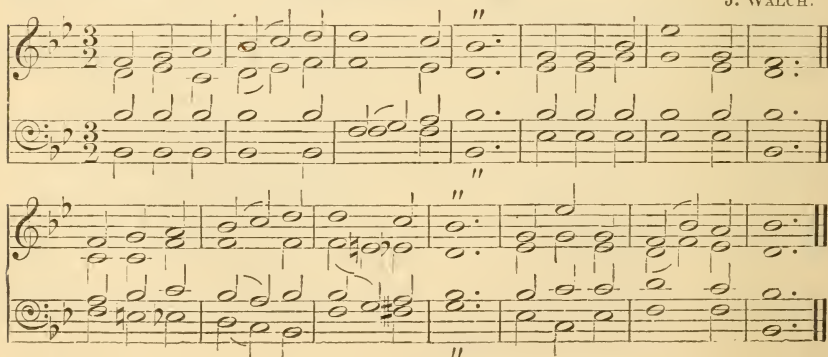
*f* 4 Thou art the earnest of His love,  
 The pledge of joys to come :  
 And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
 Will safe convey us home !

I. WATTS.

## 175—176

## Eagley.—C.M.

J. WALCH.





- 1 **ENTHRONED** on high, Almighty  
Thy Holy Ghost send down ; [ Lord  
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,  
And all Thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire  
Their wondrous powers impart ;  
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,  
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light, and love !  
Thy heavenly influence give ;

- Quicken our souls born from above,  
That we in Christ may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal  
The glories of His grace ;  
And bring us where no clouds conceal  
The brightness of His face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,  
Life's ever-springing well ;  
Till God in us, and we in God,  
In love eternal dwell.

T. HAWES.

## 176

## Eagley.—C.M.

- 1 **COME**, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers :  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 O how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys ;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
- p3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;

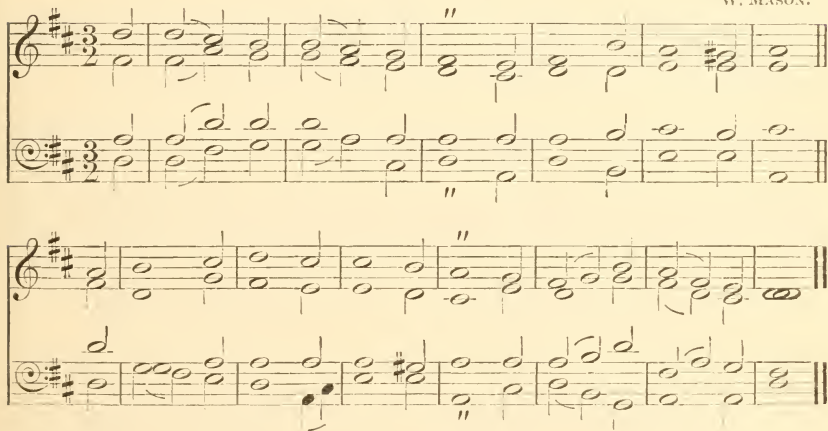
- Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- p4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever be  
In this poor dying state ;  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers :  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

I. WATTS.

## 177

## Tuam.—S.M.

W. MASON.



- 1 **L**ORD God, the Holy Ghost,  
In this accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
Descend in all Thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The Spirit of all grace.
- f3 Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind,  
One soul, one feeling breathe.

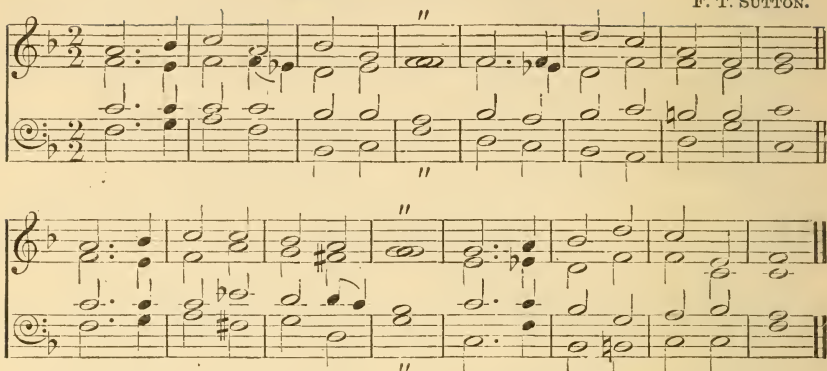
- p4 The young, the old inspire,  
With wisdom from above ;  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,  
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of light, explore,  
And chase our gloom away—  
With lustre shining more and more,  
Unto the perfect day.
- 6 Spirit of truth, be Thou,  
In life and death, our Guide ;  
O Spirit of adoption, now  
May we be sanctified.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 178

## Trimmell.—77.77.

F. T. SUTTON.



1 GRANTED is the Saviour's prayer,  
I Sent the gracious Comforter ;  
Promise of our parting Lord,  
Jesus now to heaven restored.

*f* 2 Christ, who now gone up on high,  
Captive leads captivity ;  
While His foes from Him receive  
Grace, that God with man may live.

3 God, the everlasting God,  
Makes with mortals His abode ;  
Whom the heavens cannot contain,  
He vouchsafes to dwell in man.

4 Never will He thence depart,  
Inmate of an humble heart ;  
Carrying on His work within,  
Striving till He casts out sin.

*p* 5 There He helps our feeble moans,  
Deepens our imperfect groans,  
Intercedes in silence there,  
Sighs the unutterable prayer.

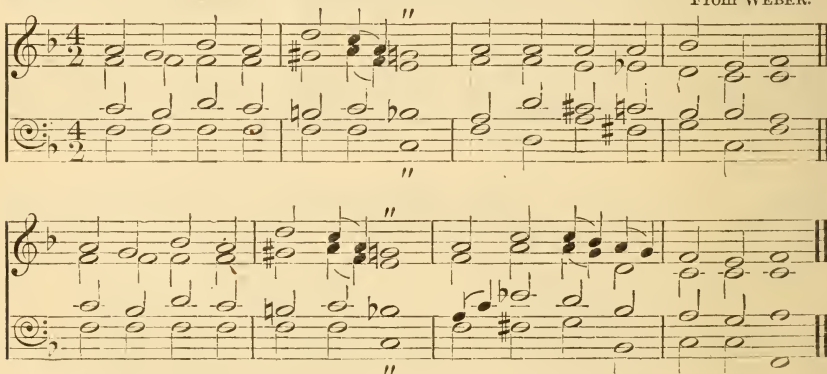
6 Come, divine and peaceful Guest,  
Enter our devoted breast ;  
*f* Life divine in us renew,  
Thou the Gift, and Giver too !

C. WESLEY.

## 179

## Weber.—77.77.

FROM WEBER.



*p* 1 HOLY Spirit ! pity me, [Thee ;  
Pierced with grief for grieving  
Present, though I mourn apart,  
Listen to a wailing heart.

*p* 2 Sins unnumbered I confess,  
Of exceeding sinfulness,  
Sins against Thyself alone,  
Only to Omniscience known.

3 Deafness to Thy whispered calls,  
Rashness 'midst remembered falls,  
Transient fears beneath the rod,  
Treacherous trifling with my God ;

4 Tasting that the Lord is good,  
Pining then for poisoned food ;  
At the fountains of the skies  
Craving creaturely supplies !

- 5 Worldly cares at worship time;  
 Grovelling aims in works sublime;  
 Pride, when God is passing by!  
 Sloth, when souls in darkness die!
- p* 6 Chilled devotions, changed desires,  
 Quenched corruption's earlier fires;  
 Sins like these my heart deceive,  
 Thee, who only know'st them, grieve.
- 7 O how lightly have I slept,  
 With Thy daily wrongs unwept!  
*p* Sought Thy chidings to defer,  
 Shunned the wounded Comforter.

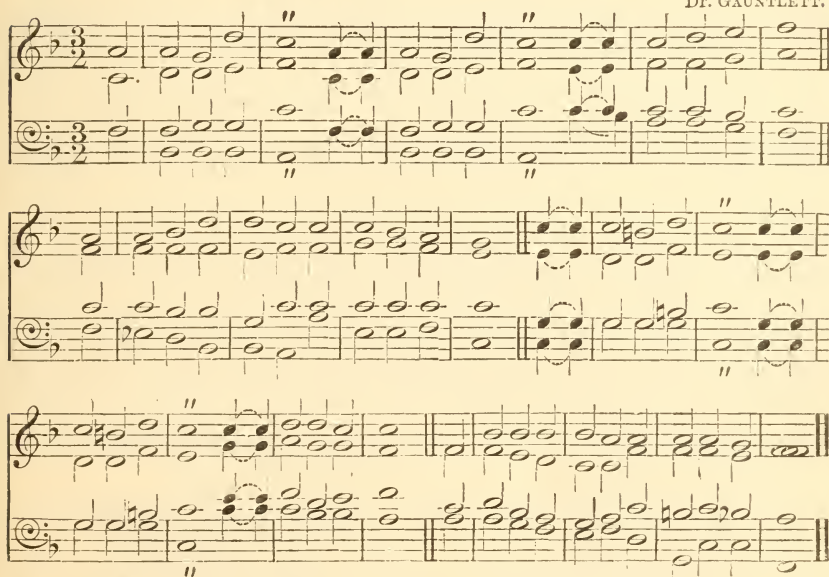
- 8 Woke to holy labours fresh,  
 With the plague-spot in my flesh;  
 Angel seemed to human sight,  
 Stood a leper in Thy light!
- 9 Still Thy comforts do not fail,  
 Still Thy healing aids avail;  
*p* Patient Inmate of my breast,  
 Thou art grieved, yet I am blest.
- 10 O be merciful to me,  
 Now in bitterness for Thee!  
 Father, pardon through Thy Son  
 Sins against Thy spirit done!

W. M. BUNTING.

180

Hosanna.—5 5 5.11.5 5 5.11.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



- 1 *f* AWAY with our fears,  
 Our troubles and tears?  
 The Spirit is come,  
 The witness of Jesus returned to His home;  
 The pledge of our Lord  
 To His heaven restored  
 Is sent from the sky,  
 And tells us our Head is exalted on high.
- 2 Our Advocate there  
 By His blood and His prayer  
 The gift hath obtained,  
 For us He hath prayed, and the Comforter  
 Our glorified Head [gained;  
 His Spirit hath shed,  
 With His people to stay,  
 Never again will He take Him away.
- 3 Our heavenly Guide  
 With us shall abide,  
 His comforts impart, [heart.  
 And set up His kingdom of love in the

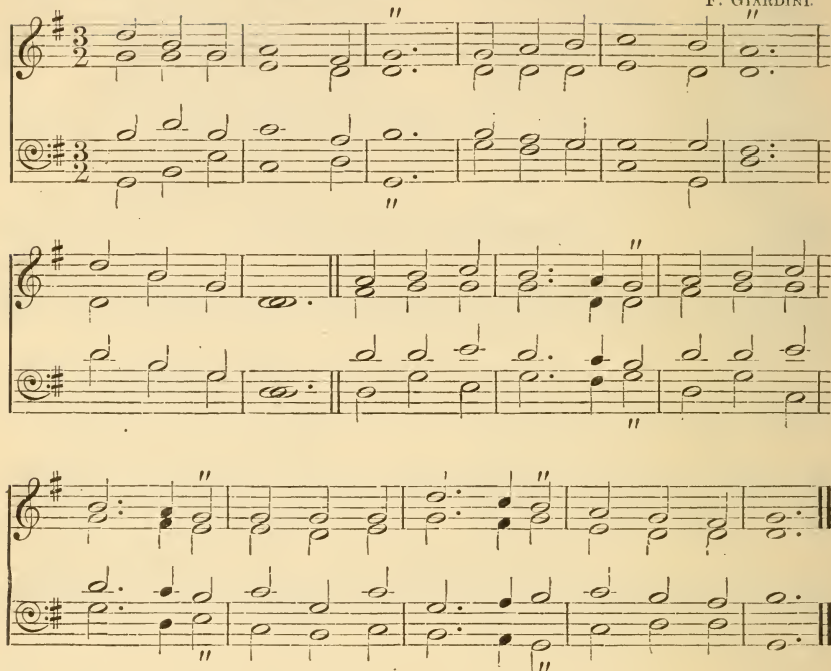
- f* The heart that believes  
 His kingdom receives,  
 His power and His peace,  
 His life, and His joy's everlasting increase.
- 4 The presence divine  
 Doth inwardly shin',  
 The Shechinah shall rest  
 On all our assemblies, and glow in our  
 By day, and by night [breast;  
 The pillar of light  
 Our steps shall attend,  
 And convey us safe to our prosperous end.
- 5 *f* Then let us rejoice  
 In heart and in voice,  
 Our Leader pursue, [through:  
 And shout as we travel the wilderness  
 ff With the Spirit remove  
 To Zion above,  
 Triumphant arise, [skies.  
 And walk with our God, till we fly to the

C. WESLEY.

## 181

## MOSCOW.—6 6 4. 6 6 4.

F. GIARDINI.



1 COME, Holy Ghost, in love,  
 Shed on us from above  
 Thine own bright ray :  
 Divinely good Thou art,  
 Thy sacred gifts impart  
 To gladden each sad heart ;  
 O come to-day.

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,  
 Our most delightful Guest,  
 With soothing power ;  
 Rest which the weary know,  
 Shade mid the noon-tide glow,  
 Peace when deep griefs o'erflow ;  
 Cheer us this hour !

3 Come, Light serene and still,  
 p Our inmost bosoms fill ;  
 Dwell in each breast :  
 We know no dawn but Thine ;  
 Send forth Thy beams divine,  
 On our dark souls to shine,  
 And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires,  
 p Extinguish passion's fires,  
 Heal every wound :  
 Our stubborn spirits bend,  
 Our icy coldness end,  
 Our devious steps attend,  
 While heavenward bound !

f 5 Come, all the faithful bless !  
 Let all who Christ confess  
 His praise employ ;  
 Give virtue's rich reward,  
 Victorious death accord,  
 And with our glorious Lord  
 Eternal joy !

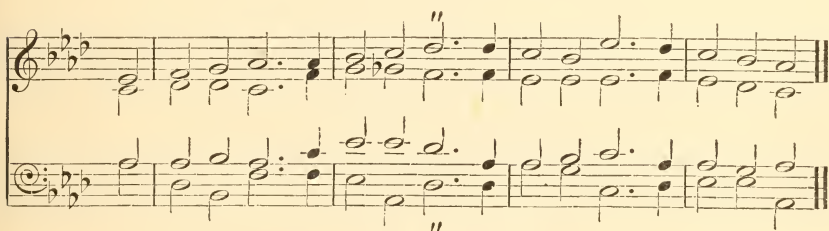
ROBERT II. OF FRANCE, *trs.* by R. PALMER.



182

Leslie.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

H. T. LESLIE, Mus. Doc.



1 **O** THOU that hearest prayer,  
 Attend our humble cry,  
 And let Thy servants share  
 Thy blessing from on high,  
 We plead the promise of Thy word—  
 Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

*p* 2 If earthly parents hear  
 Their children when they cry—  
 If they with love sincere,  
 Their children's wants supply—  
 Much more wilt Thou Thy love display,  
 And answer when Thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, Thou;  
 We, children of Thy grace;  
 O let Thy Spirit now  
 Descend and fill the place,  
*f* That all may feel the heavenly flame,  
 And all unite to praise Thy name.

*f* 4 O may that sacred fire,  
 Descending from above,  
 Our frozen hearts inspire  
 With fervent zeal and love;  
 Enlighten our beclouded eyes,  
 And teach our grovelling souls to rise.

5 And send Thy Spirit down  
 On all the nations, Lord,  
 With great success to crown  
 The preaching of Thy word;  
 That heathen lands may own Thy sway,  
 And cast their idol-gods away.

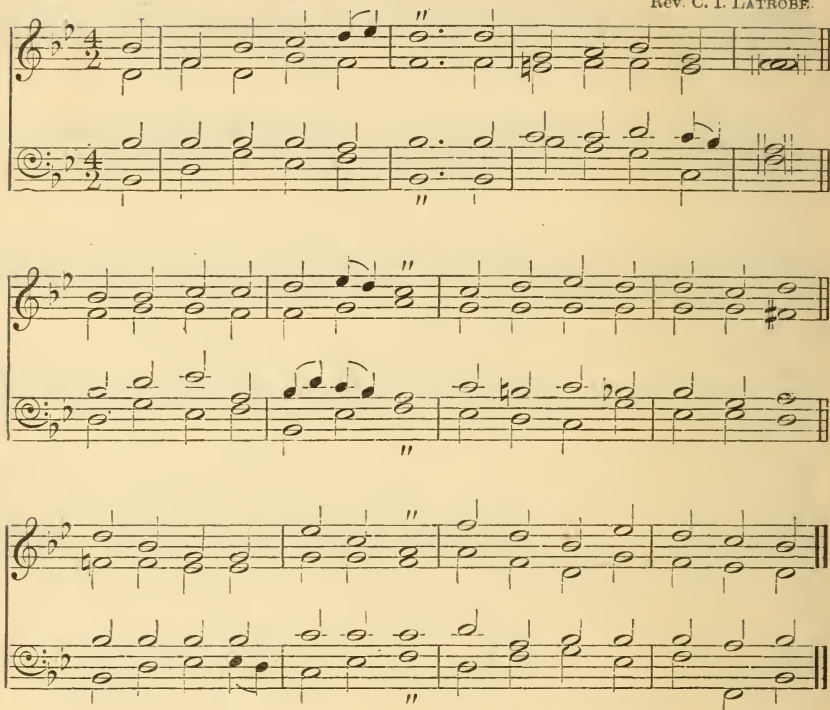
*f* 6 Then shall Thy kingdom come  
 Among our fallen race,  
 And the whole earth become  
 The temple of Thy grace;  
*ff* Whence pure devotion shall ascend,  
 And songs of praise, till time shall end.

J. BURTON.

183

## Fulneck.—6 6.7 7.7 7.

Rev. C. I. LATROBE.



1 **E**THERNAL Spirit, come  
 Into Thy meanest home;  
 From Thy high and holy place,  
 Where Thou dost in glory reign,  
 Stoop in condescending grace,  
 Stoop to the poor heart of man.

2 To Thee my hands I lift,  
 And wait the heavenly gift;  
 Giver, Lord, of life divine,  
 In my sinful heart appear;  
 Grant the grace for which I pine,  
 Give Thyself, the Comforter!

3 No comfort can there be  
 But what proceeds from Thee.  
 Spirit, Principle of grace,  
 Sum of my destinies Thou art;  
 Deck me with Thy holiness,  
 Breathe Thyself into my heart.

4 My ruined soul repair,  
 And fix Thy mansion there;  
 Claim me for Thy constant shrine;  
 All Thy glorious self reveal;  
 Sealer of the life divine,  
 God, in me for ever dwell!

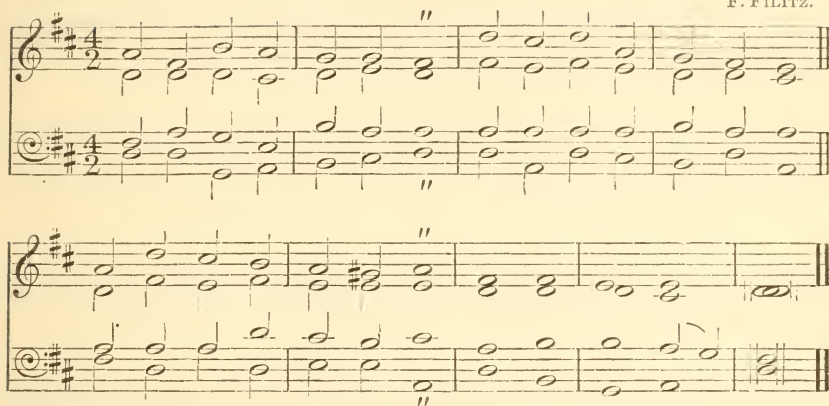
5 'Amen,' my heart replies,  
 Uplifted to the skies.  
 Make me, Lord, Thy blest abode!  
 Let my soul and body be  
 Filled with the indwelling God,  
 Filled to all eternity.

A. M. TOPLADY.

184

## Capetown.—777.5.

F. FILITZ.



1 COME to our dark nature's night  
 With Thy blessèd inward light.  
*p* Holy Ghost, the Infinite,  
 Comforter Divine.

*p* 2 We are sinful ; cleanse us, Lord :  
 Sick and faint ; Thy strength afford :  
 Lost, until by Thee restored,  
 Comforter Divine.

*p* 3 Orphans are our souls and poor ;  
 Give us, from Thy heavenly store,  
*f* Faith, love, joy, for evermore,  
 Comforter Divine.

4 Like the dew, Thy peace distil ;  
 Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
 Things of Christ unfolding still,  
 Comforter Divine.

*p* 5 Gentle, awful, Holy Guest,  
 Make Thy temple in each breast,  
 There Thy presence be confessed.  
 Comforter Divine.

*p* 6 With us, for us, intercede,  
 And with voiceless groanings plead  
 Our unutterable need,  
 Comforter Divine.

7 Dwell in us, as in the Son,  
 With His Father ever one,  
 In adoring union,  
 Comforter Divine.

8 In us 'Abba, Father' cry ;  
 Earnest of the bliss on high,  
 Seal of immortality  
*f* Comforter Divine.

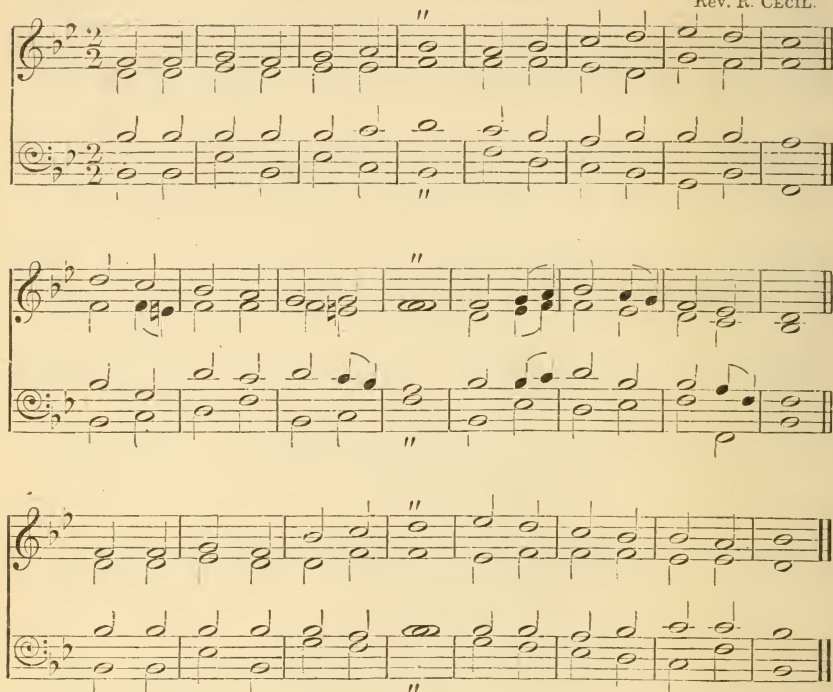
9 Search for us the depths of God ;  
 Upwards by the starry road,  
 Bear us to Thy high abode,  
*f* Comforter Divine.

G. RAWSON.

## 185

## St. John.—77.77.77.

Rev. R. CECIL.



1 GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me !  
 I myself would gracious be ;  
 And with words that help and heal  
 Would Thy life in mine reveal ;  
 And with actions bold and meek  
 f Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me !  
 I myself would truthful be ;  
 And with wisdom kind and clear  
 Let Thy life in mine appear ;  
 And with actions brotherly  
 Speak my Lord's sincerity.

p 3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me !  
 I myself would tender be ;  
 Shut my heart up like a flower  
 At temptation's darksome hour,  
 Open it when shines the sun,  
 And His love by fragrance own.

f 4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me !  
 I myself would mighty be—  
 Mighty so as to prevail  
 Where unaided man must fail ;  
 Ever by a mighty hope  
 Pressing on, and bearing up.

p 5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me !  
 I myself would holy be :  
 Separate from sin, I would  
 Choose and cherish all things good ;  
 And whatever I can be  
 Give to Him who gave me Thee.

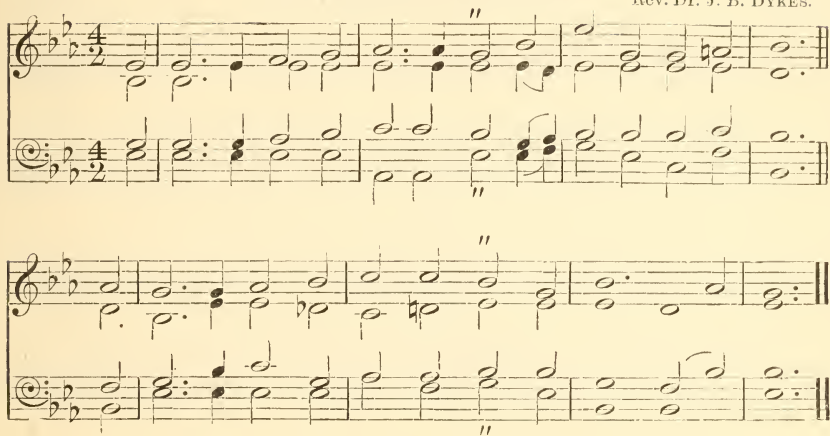
T. T. LYNCH.



186

## St. Cuthbert.—8 6.8 4.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.

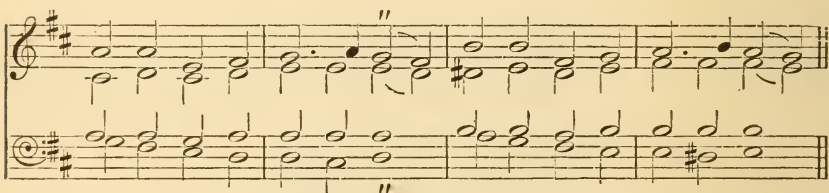
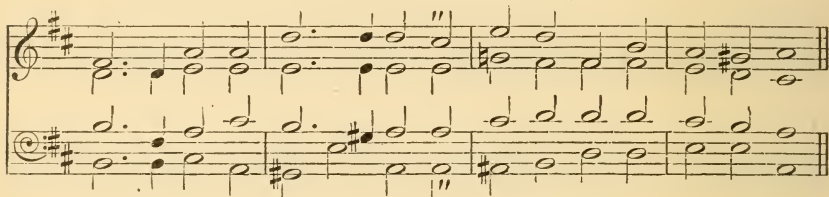
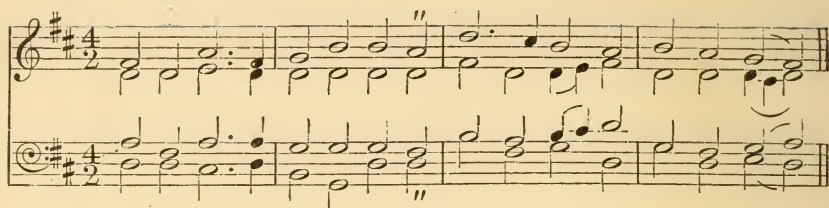


- p* 1 ( ) UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
 His tender last farewell,  
 A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed  
 With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,  
 With sheltering wings outspread,  
*p* The holy balm of peace and love  
 On each to shed.
- f* 3 He came in tongues of living flame  
 To teach, convince, subdue ;  
 All-powerful as the wind He came—  
*p* As viewless too.
- 4 He came sweet influence to impart  
 A gracious, willing Guest,  
 While He can find one humble heart  
 Wherein to rest.
- p* 5 And His that gentle voice we hear  
 Soft as the breath of even,  
 That checks each fault, that calms each fear.  
*pp* And speaks of heaven.
- 6 And every virtue we possess,  
 And every conquest won,  
 And every thought of holiness,  
 Are His alone.
- p* 7 Spirit of purity and grace,  
 Our weakness pitying see :  
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
*f* And meet for Thee !

H. AUBER.

## 187

## Clevedon.—87.87.77.88.



*f* 1 HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,  
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night;  
 Come, Thou source of sweetest gladness  
 Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy  
 Loving Spirit, God of Peace! [light!  
 Great Distributor of grace!  
 Rest upon this congregation,  
 Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no  
 measure,  
 As a gracious Shower descend,  
 Bringing down the richest treasure  
 Man can wish, or God can send!  
 O Thou Glory, shining down  
 From the Father and the Son,  
 Grant us Thy illumination!  
 Rest upon this congregation!

3 Manifest Thy love for ever;  
 Fence us in on every side;  
 In distress be our Reliever,  
 Guard and teach, support and guide!  
 Let Thy kind effectual grace  
 Turn our feet from evil ways;  
 Show Thyself our new Creator,  
 And conform us to Thy nature!

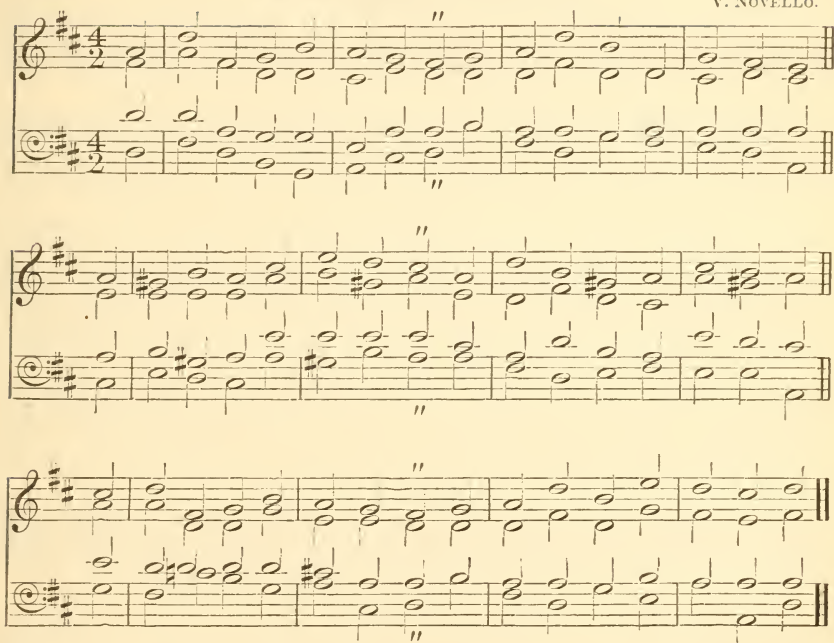
4 Be our Friend on each occasion,  
 God! omnipotent to save!  
 When we die, be our Salvation,  
 When we're buried, be our Grave!  
 And, when from the grave we rise,  
 Take us up above the skies,  
 Seat us with Thy saints in glory,  
 There for ever to adore Thee!

P. GERHARDT, *trs.* by A. M. TOPLADY.

188

## Rochester.—88.8 8.88.

V. NOVELLO.



1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
 And lighten with celestial fire.  
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
 Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart,  
 Thy blessèd unction, from above  
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

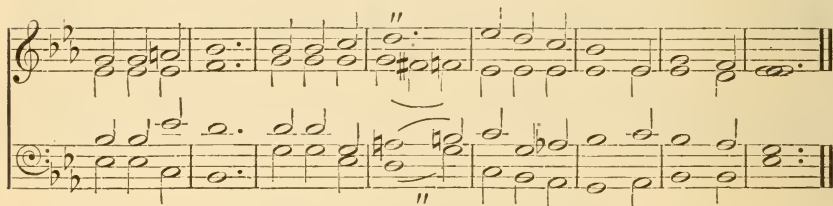
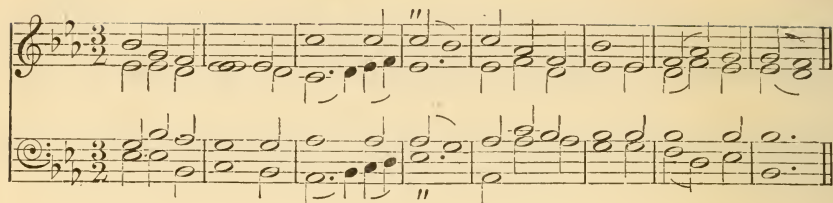
2 Enable with perpetual light  
 The dulness of our blinded sight,  
 Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
 With the abundance of Thy grace.  
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:  
 Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
 And Thee of both to be but One,  
 That, through the ages all along,  
 This, this may be our endless song:  
 Praise to Thy eternal merit,  
 f Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

GREGORY THE GREAT, *trs.* by BP. COSINS.

## 189

## St. Philip.—888888.



1 **F**ATHER, if Thou my Father art,  
 Send forth the Spirit of Thy Son,  
 Breathe Him into my panting heart,  
 And make me know as I am known ;  
 Make me Thy conscious child, that I  
 May 'Father, Abba, Father,' cry.

2 I want the Spirit of power within,  
 Of love, and of a healthful mind ;  
 Of power to conquer inbred sin ;  
 Of love, to Thee and all mankind ;  
 Of health, that pain and death defies,  
 Most vigorous when the body dies.

3 When shall I hear the inward Voice,  
 Which only faithful souls can hear ?  
 Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys  
 Attend the promised Comforter ;  
*f* O come, and righteousness divine,  
 And Christ, and all with Christ, are  
 mine !

4 O that the Comforter would come,  
 Nor visit as a transient guest,  
 But fix in me His constant home,  
 And take possession of my breast,  
 And fix in me His loved abode,  
 The temple of indwelling God !

*f* 5 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,  
 Attest that I am born again ;  
 Come and baptize me now with fire,  
 Nor let Thy former gifts be vain :  
 I cannot rest in sins forgiven ;  
 Where is the earnest of my heaven ?

6 Where the indubitable seal  
 That ascertains the kingdom mine ?  
 The powerful stamp I long to feel,  
 The signature of love Divine ?  
*f* O shed it in my heart abroad,  
 Fulness of love, of heaven, of God !

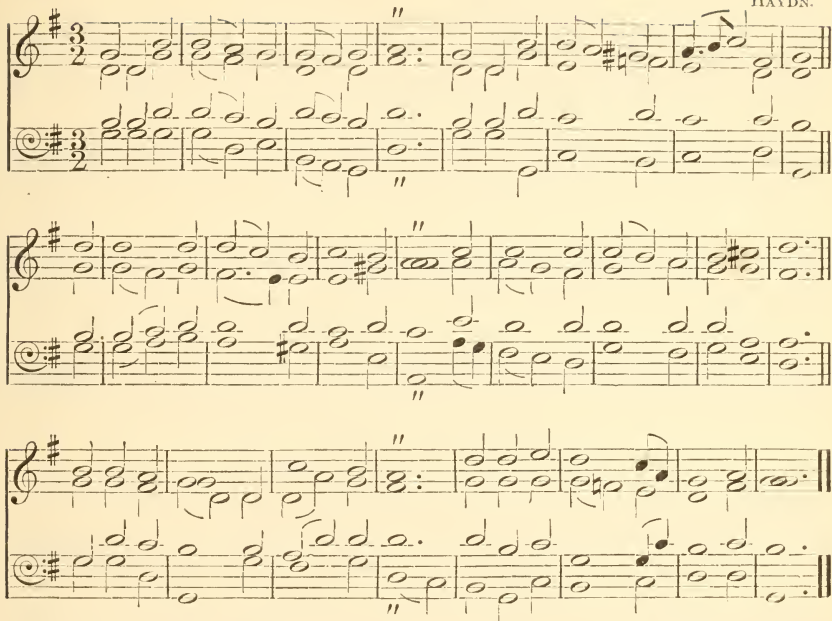
C. WESLEY.



190

## Creator.—88.88.88.

HAYDN.



1 CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
 The world's foundations first were laid,  
 Come, visit every humble mind;  
*p* Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;  
 From sin and sorrow set us free,  
 And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated heat,  
 The Father's promised Paraclete,  
 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,  
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring  
*f* To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high  
 Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;  
*f* Make us eternal truths receive,  
 And practise all that we believe;  
 Give us Thyself, that we may see  
 The Father and the Son by Thee.

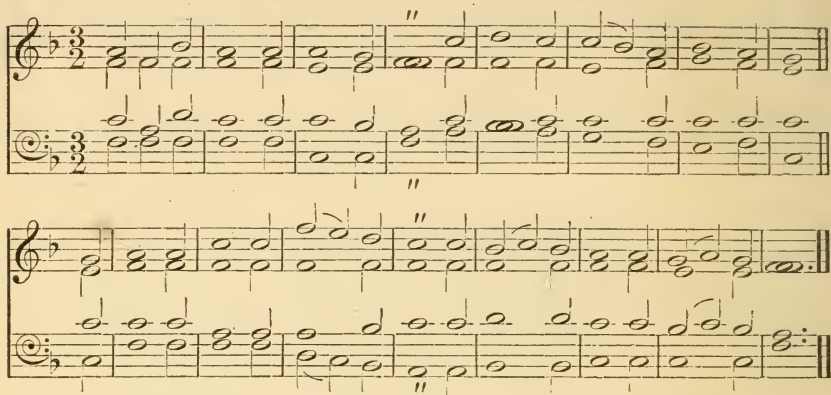
*f* 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,  
 Attend the Almighty Father's name:  
 The Saviour Son be glorified,  
*p* Who for lost man's redemption died;  
 And equal adoration be,  
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

*From the Latin, trs. by J. DRYDEN.*

## THE HOLY TRINITY.

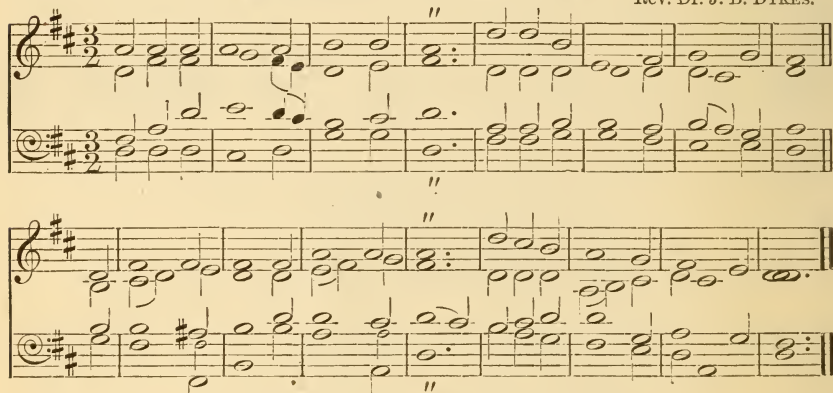
191

Blockley (1st Tune).—L.M.



Rivaulx (2nd Tune).—L.M.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



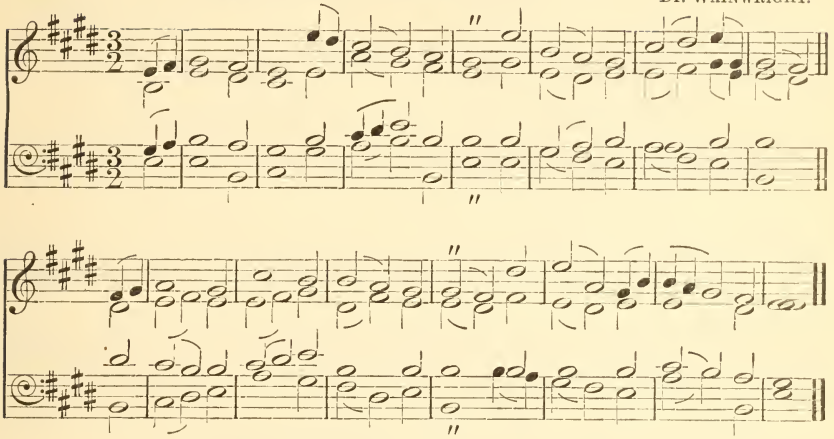
- p* 1 FATHER of heaven, whose love profound  
 A ransom for our souls hath found,  
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
 To us Thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,  
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
*p* Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
 To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
 The soul is raised from sin and death,  
 Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
 To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah—Father, Spirit, Son—  
 Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,  
*p* Before Thy Throne we sinners bend;  
 Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

J. COOPER.

192

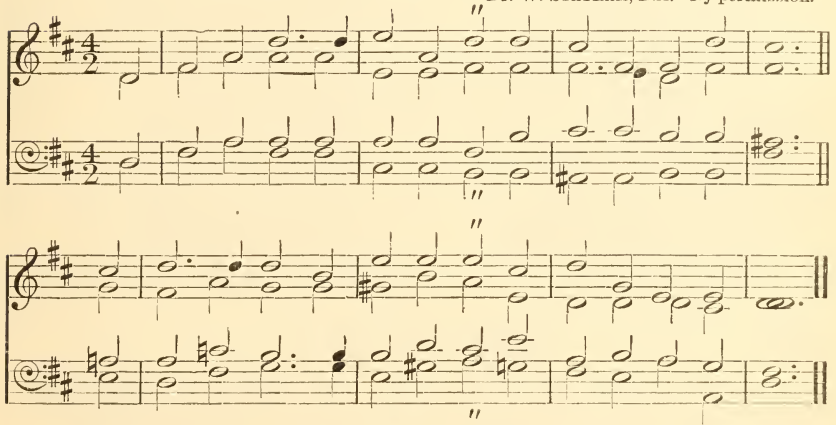
## Manchester (1st Tune).—C.M.

Dr. WAINWRIGHT.



## Iban forth (2nd Tune).—C.M.

Dr. W. STATHAM, B.A. By permission.



*f* 1 TO God be glory, peace on earth,  
To all mankind, goodwill;  
We bless, we praise, we worship Thee,  
And glorify Thee still.

*f* 2 And thanks for Thy great glory give,  
That fills our souls with light;  
O Lord, our heavenly King, the God  
And Father of all might:—

3 And Thou begotten Son of God,  
Before all time begun: [God,  
Thou Lord and God, Thou Lamb of  
The Father's only Son.

*p* 4 Have mercy, Thou that tak'st the sins  
Of all mankind away:  
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,  
And hear us when we pray.

5 O Thou, who sitt'st at God's right hand,  
Upon the Father's throne;  
*p* Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ,  
The everlasting Son:—

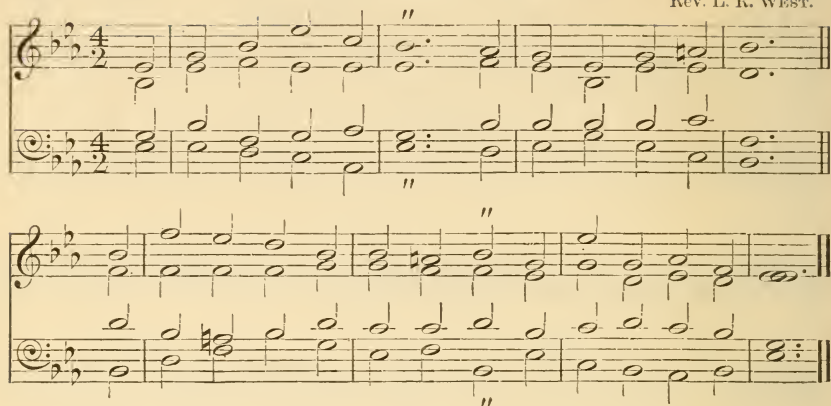
*f* 6 Thou, Lord, who, with the Holy Ghost,  
Whom heaven and earth adore,  
In glory of the Father, art  
Most high for evermore.

From the Greek, *trs.* by N. TATE AND N. BRADY.

## 193

## Tytherton.—S.M.

Rev. L. R. WEST.



1 **F**ATHER, in whom we live,  
In whom we are, and move,  
*f* The glory, power, and praise receive  
Of Thy creating love.

*f* 2 Let all the angel-throng  
Give thanks to God on high;  
While earth repeats the joyful song,  
And echoes to the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,  
Let all the ransomed race  
*f* Render in thanks their lives to Thee  
For Thy redeeming grace.

4 The grace to sinners showed  
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,  
*ff* And cry, 'Salvation to our God,  
Salvation to the Lamb!'

5 Spirit of Holiness,  
Let all Thy saints adore  
Thy sacred energy, and bless  
Thine heart-renewing power.

6 Not angel-tongues can tell  
Thy love's ecstatic height,  
The glorious joy unspeakable,  
The beatific sight.

7 Eternal, Triune Lord!  
Let all the hosts above,  
*f* Let all the sons of men, record  
And dwell upon Thy love.

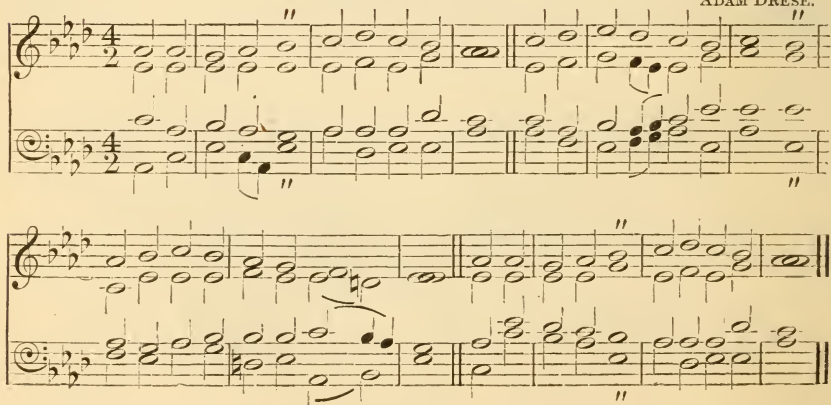
8 When heaven and earth are fled  
Before Thy glorious face,  
*ff* Sing all the saints Thy love hath made  
Thine everlasting praise!

C. WESLEY.

## 194

## Spire.—5 5.8 8.5 5.

ADAM DRESE.





*f* 1 FATHER, throned on high,  
Yet to mortals nigh,  
While the hosts of heaven adore Thee,  
We with awe fall down before Thee;  
And with rapture raise  
Songs of love and praise.

2 O eternal Word,  
Our Incarnate Lord,  
*f* We to Thee thanksgiving render,  
Thee, Thy Church's strong Defender;  
And as Monarch own  
None but Thee alone.

3 O Thou Spirit of Grace,  
Source of holiness,  
Who the Saviour's sceptre wieldest,  
And from Satan's vengeance shieldest;

*f* 'Tis by Thee we live,  
Praise to Thee we give.

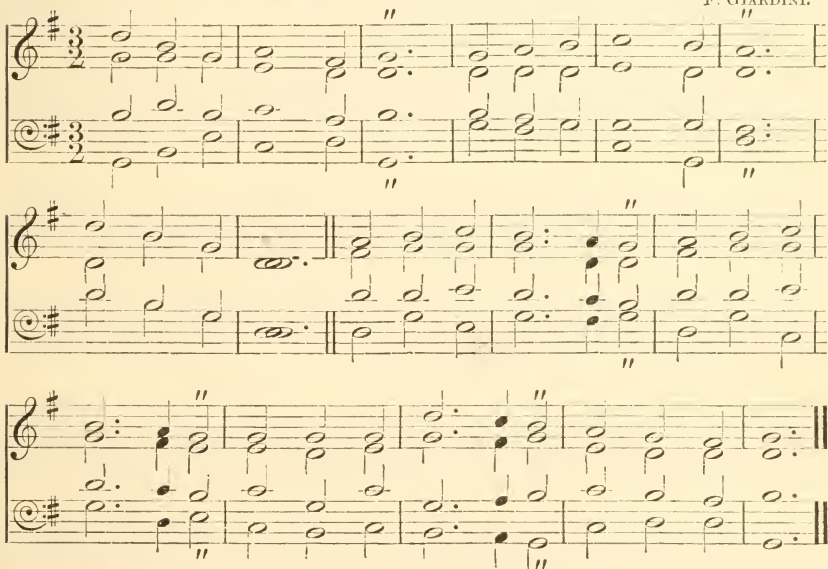
*f* 4 Had we angels' tongues  
With seraphic songs,  
Bowing hearts and knees before Thee,  
Triune God, we would adore Thee  
In the highest strain  
For the Lamb once slain.

P. NYBERG AND J. A. LA TROBE.

195

MOSCOW.—6 6 4.6 6 6 4.

F. GIARDINI.



*f* 1 COME, Thou Almighty King,  
Help us Thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise;  
Father, all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of days.

*f* 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Let Thine Almighty aid,  
Our sure defence be made,  
Our souls on Thee be stayed;  
Lord, hear our call.

*p* 3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend.

Come, and Thy people bless,  
And give Thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

*p* 4 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour;  
Thou Who Almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

*f* 5 To the great One in Three  
Eternal praises be,  
Hence, evermore!  
His sovereign Majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity,  
Love and adore.

Anon., 1757.



197

## St. Saviour.—777.777.777.

A. R. GAUL, Mus. Bac.

*f* 1 MIGHTY Father, blessèd Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
 Ever more Thy will be done.  
 Threefold is Thy glorious night,  
 Threefold is Thy name of light,  
 Veiled before our mortal sight.  
 Threefold let our praises be,  
 Great mysterious One, to Thee,  
 Undivided Trinity.

*p* 2 Into mystery deeper, higher  
 Thou dost awfully retire,  
 Lowliest reverence to inspire;  
 That within the golden door,  
 Sense and sight must wait before,

Faith may enter and adore:  
 Mystery—'tis all around;  
 Mystery—but holy ground;  
 Where Thy mercy may be found.

3 O my God, mine all Thou art:  
 Take my whole in every part,  
 Body, spirit, mind, and heart,  
 Threefold is Thy love to me;  
*f* Threefold let my graces be,  
 Faith and hope and charity.  
 Thus shall best Thy will be done,  
 Mighty Father, blessèd Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

## 198

## Exeter.—8 7.8 7.7 7.7 7.

J. TILLEARD.



- 1 **H** EAVENLY Father, all creation  
Shows the wonders of Thy hand;  
Now accept our adoration,  
Lord, Thy blessing now command:  
Thee the Fount of life we own,  
Thee our Maker, Thee alone;  
Hear our prayers, accept the praise,  
We, Thy flock, Thy children, raise.
- 2 Son of God, who didst from heaven  
Come to save our ruined race,  
Who to us Thyself hast given,  
Lord of mercy, truth, and grace;  
*f* Thy redeeming love we sing;  
Lord, to Thee our hearts we bring;  
At Thy call we come to Thee,  
*p* At Thy name we bow the knee.



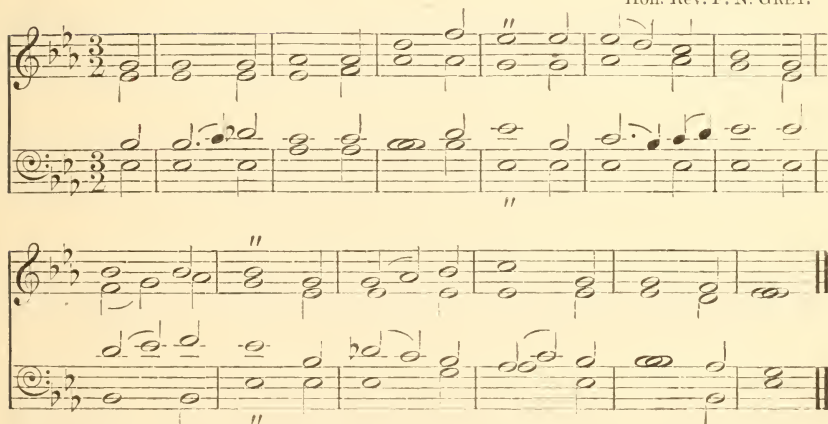
- 3 Holy Ghost, whose inspiration  
Is of life and light the spring,  
Bless us with Thy visitation,  
Love and peace and gladness bring;  
Guide us on our heavenly way;  
Keep us, lest we go astray;  
*f* Father, Son, and Spirit pure,  
Ever shall Thy praise endure.

Anon.

199

## St. Aidan.—8 8 8.

Hon. Rev. F. N. GREY.



- 1 O GOD of life, whose power benign,  
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,  
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

- 2 O Father, all-creating Lord,  
Be Thou by every tongue implored,  
Be Thou by every heart adored.

- p* 3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,  
We worship Thee, whose dying pain  
For us did endless life regain.

- 4 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care  
Doth for us heavenly joys prepare,  
May we in Thy communion share.

- 5 Father, protect us here below;  
Jesus, Thy mercy may we know;  
O Holy Ghost, Thy power bestow.

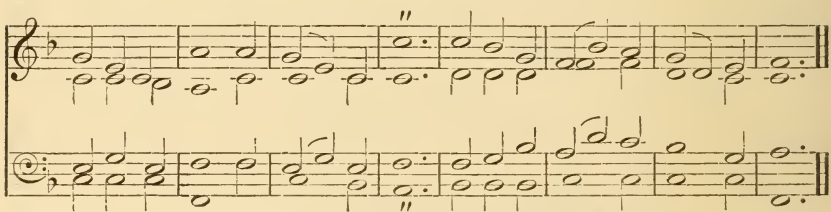
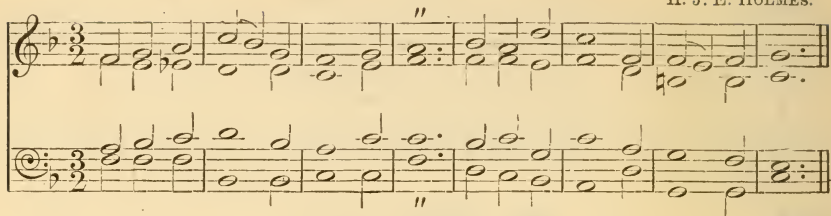
- f* 6 O Holy, Blessèd Trinity,  
With faith we sinners bow to Thee,  
In heaven and earth exalted be.

A. T. RUSSELL.

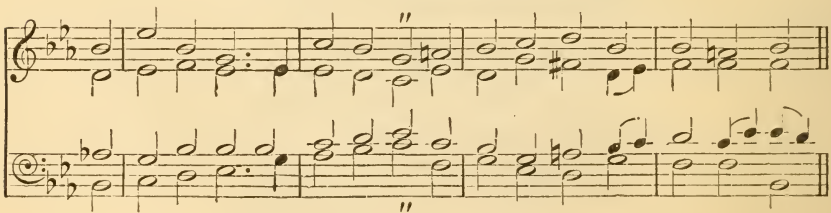
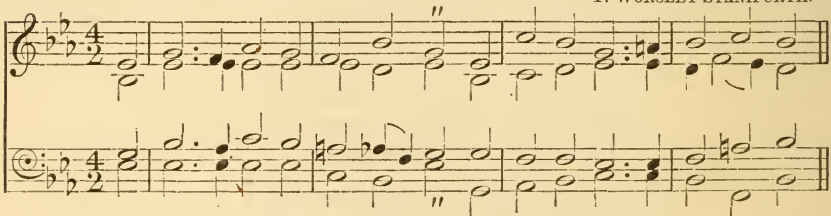
## 200

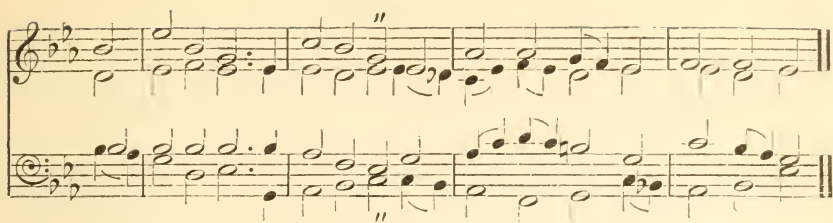
**Pater Omnium** (*1st Tune*).—8 8.8 8.8 8.

H. J. E. HOLMES.

**St. Paul** (*2nd Tune*).—8 8.8 8.8 8.

T. WORSLEY STANIFORTH.





1 **I**NFINITE God, to Thee we raise  
 Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;  
 By all Thy works on earth adored,  
 We worship Thee, the common Lord;  
 The everlasting Father own,  
 And bow our souls before Thy throne.

*f* 2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,  
 The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;  
 Cherubs proclaim Thy praise aloud,  
 And seraphs shout the Triune God;  
 And 'Holy, holy, holy,' cry,  
 'Thy glory fills both earth and sky!'

3 God of the patriarchal race,  
 The ancient seers record Thy praise,  
 The goodly apostolic band  
 In highest joy and glory stand;

*f* And all the saints and prophets join  
 To extol Thy majesty divine.

4 Head of the martyrs' noble host,  
 Of Thee they justly make their boast;  
 The church, to earth's remotest bounds,  
 Her heavenly Founder's praise resounds;  
*f* And strives, with those around the throne,  
 To hymn the mystic Three in One.

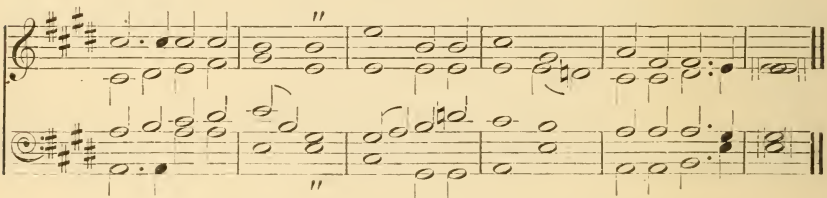
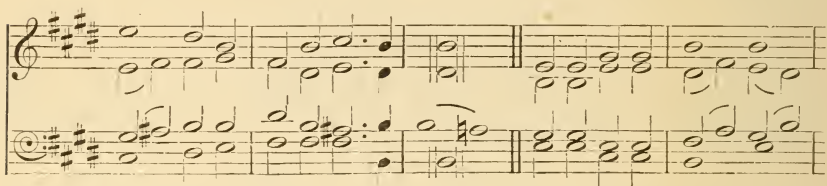
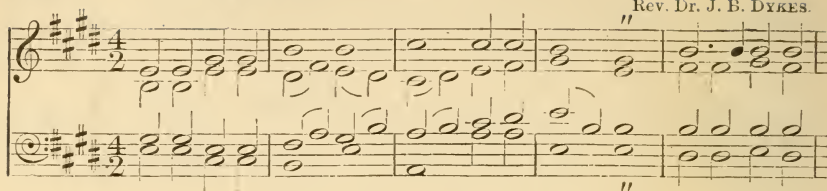
*f* 5 Father of endless majesty,  
 All might and love they render Thee;  
 Thy true and only Son adore,  
 The same in dignity and power;  
 And God the Holy Ghost declare,  
 The sants' eternal Comforter.

*From the Latin, trs. by C. WESLEY.*

## 201

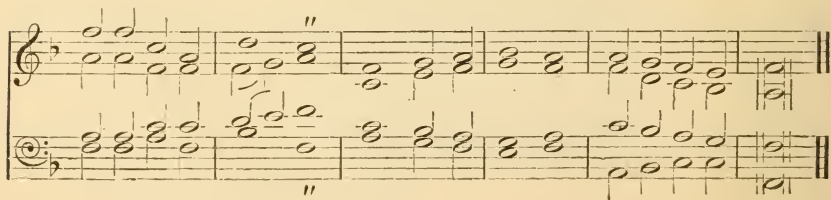
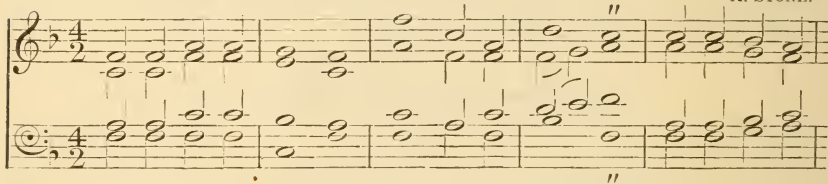
## Micæa (1st Tune).—11 12.12 10.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



## Trinity (2nd Tune).—11 12.12 10.

A. STONE.





*p* 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty,  
 Gratefully adoring our song shall rise to Thee;  
 Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty,  
*f* God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity.

*p* 2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,  
 Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
 Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

*p* 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
 Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee  
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

*p* 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty,  
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea:  
 Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty,  
*p* God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity.

R. HEBER.

## THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

202

Winchester.—L.M.

CRASSELLIUS.



*f* 1 **T**HE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,  
 In every star Thy wisdom shines;  
 But when our eyes behold Thy word,  
 We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
 And nights and days Thy power  
 confess;

But the blest volume Thou hast writ,  
 Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise  
 Round the whole earth and never  
 stand;

So when Thy truth began its race,  
 It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,  
 Till through the world Thy truth has  
 run—  
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,  
 That see the light or feel the sun.

*f* 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
 Bless the dark world with heavenly  
 light;

Thy gospel makes the simple wise, [right.  
 Thy laws are pure, Thy judgment

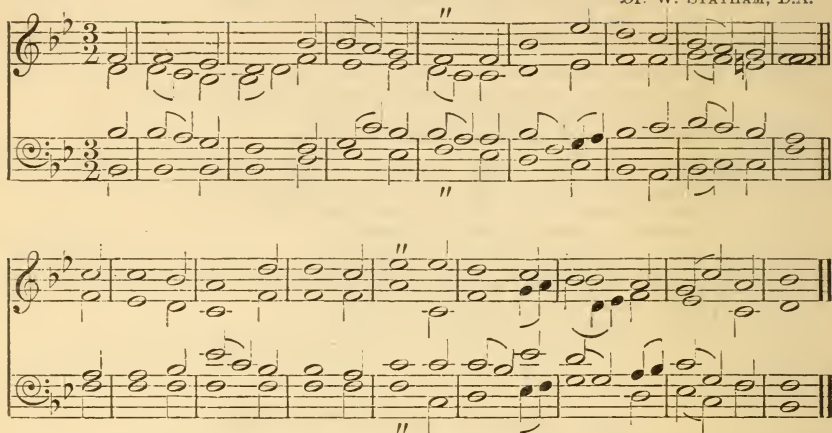
*f* 6 The noblest wonders here we view,  
 In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;  
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
 And make Thy word my guide to  
 heaven.

I. WATTS.

## 203

## Olney.—L.M.

Dr. W. STATHAM, B.A.



- 1 O GOD, who didst Thy will unfold  
 In wondrous modes to saints of old,  
 By dream, by oracle, or seer,  
 Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear?
- 2 What though no answering voice is heard!  
 Thine oracles, the written Word,  
 Counsel and guidance still impart,  
 Responsive to the upright heart.
- 3 What though no more by dreams is shown  
 That future things to God are known;  
 Enough the promises reveal:  
 Wisdom and love the rest conceal.
- 4 Faith asks no signal from the skies,  
 To show that prayers accepted rise;  
 Our Priest is in the holy place,  
 And answers from the throne of grace.
- 5 No need of prophets to inquire:  
 The sun is risen; the stars retire;  
 The Comforter is come, and sheds  
 His holy unction on our heads.
- 6 Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire;  
 Answer our sacrifice by fire:  
 And by Thy mighty acts declare  
 Thou art the God who heareth prayer.

J. CONDER.

204

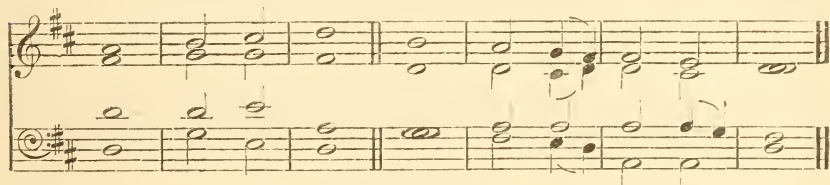
## Farrant.—C.M.

R. FARRANT.



## Chant.

BOYCE.



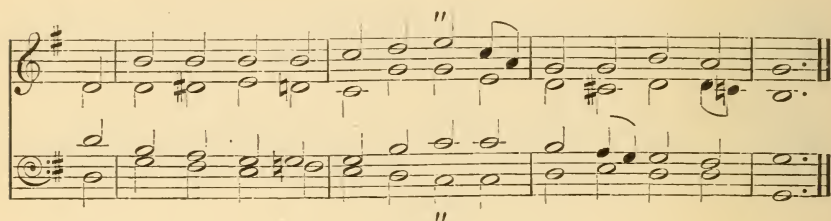
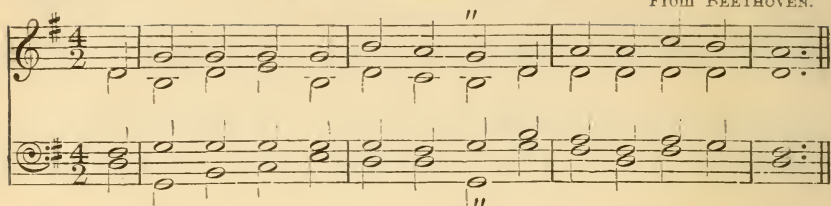
- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given!  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 Its light, descending from above,  
Our gloomy world to cheer,  
*f* Displays a Saviour's boundless love,  
And brings His glories near.
- p* 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,  
And where his feet have trod;  
And brings to view the matchless grace  
Of a forgiving God.
- f* 7 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life shall guide our way;  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.
- 4 When once it penetrates the mind  
It conquers every sin;  
The enlightened soul begins to find  
The path of peace divine.
- p* 5 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears:  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 6 O'er all the straight and narrow way  
Its radiant beams are cast;  
A light whose ever-cheering ray  
Grows brightest at the last.

J. FAWCETT.

## 205

## Emmanuel.—C.M.

FROM BEETHOVEN.



## Chant.

SIR G. ELVEY.



*f* 1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun :  
It gives a light to every age ;  
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat ;  
Its truths upon the nations rise ;  
They rise, but never set.

*p* 3 The Spirit breathes upon the word,  
And brings the truth to sight ;  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.

*f* 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

*f* 5 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above !

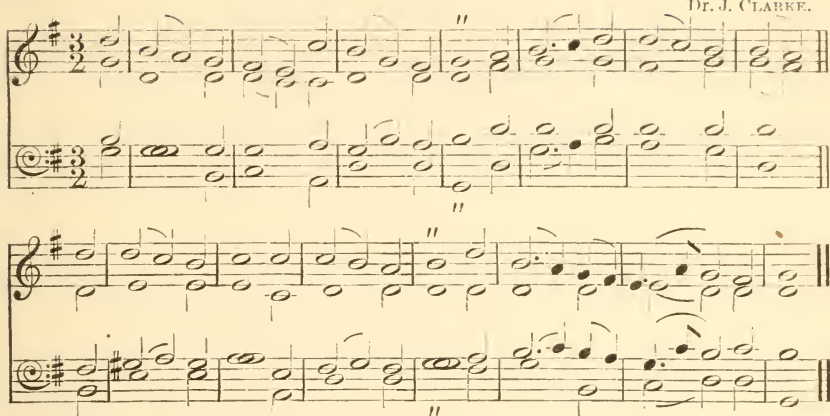
W. COWPER.



206

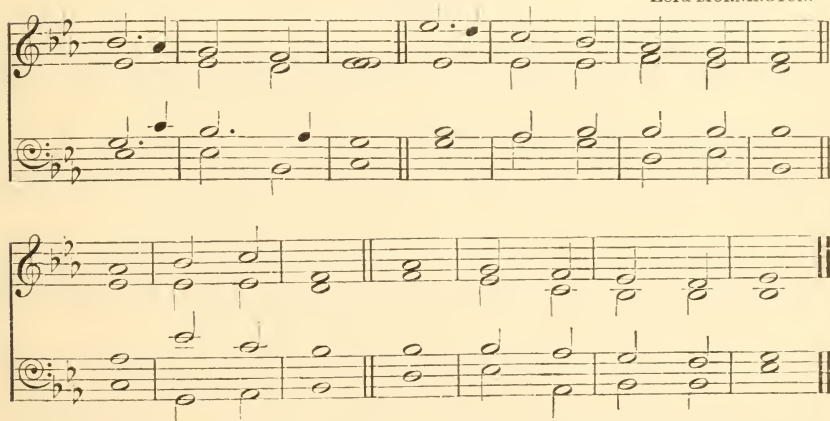
## Bishophthorpe.—C.M.

Dr. J. CLARKE.



## Chant.

Lord MORNINGTON.



1 **B**EFORE Thy mercy-seat, O Lord,  
Behold, Thy servants stand,  
To ask the knowledge of Thy word,  
The guidance of Thy hand.

2 Let Thy eternal truths, we pray,  
Dwell richly in each heart;  
That from the safe and narrow way  
We never may depart.

3 Lord, from Thy word remove the seal  
Unfold its hidden store,  
And as we read, teach us to feel  
Its value more and more.

*f* 4 Help us to see a Saviour's love  
Shine forth from every page,  
And let the thoughts of joys above  
Our inmost souls engage :—

5 Thus, while Thy word our footsteps guides,  
Shall we be truly blest,  
And soon arrive where love provides  
*p* An everlasting rest.

W. H. BATHURST.

## 207

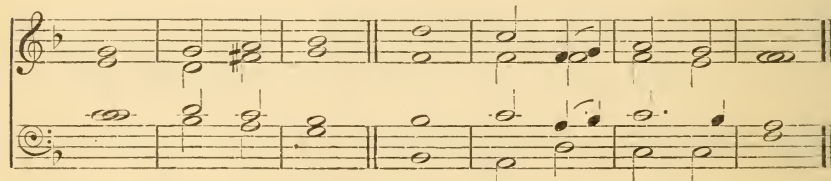
## Dublin.—C.M.

Sir J. STEVENSON.



## Chant.

LANGDON.



1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
f For ever be Thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

p 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find :  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows  
And yields a free repast ;  
And richer fruits than nature shows  
Invite the longing taste.

p 4 Amidst these gloomy wilds below,  
When dark and sad we stray,  
Here beams of heaven relieve our woe,  
And guide to endless day.

5 Here springs of consolation rise,  
To cheer the fainting mind :  
And thirsty souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.

6 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
f And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

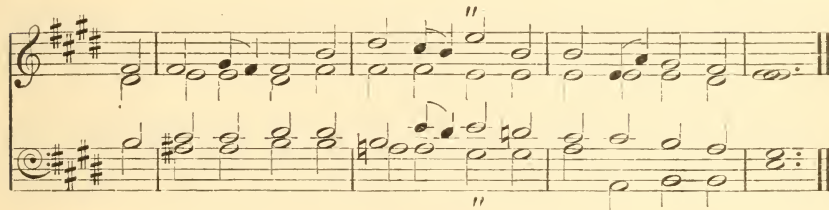
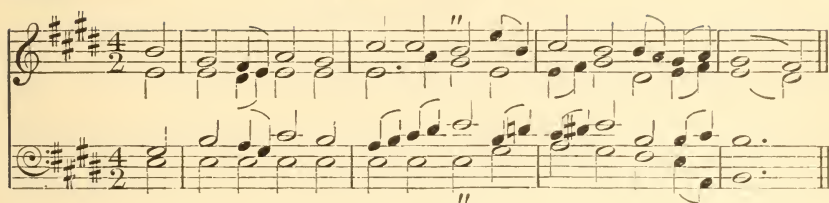
7 O may these hallowed pages be  
Our joy by day and night ;  
And still new beauties may we see,  
And still increasing light.

8 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
f O grant our fervent prayer ;  
Teach us to love Thy sacred word,  
And view the Saviour there.

A. STEELE.

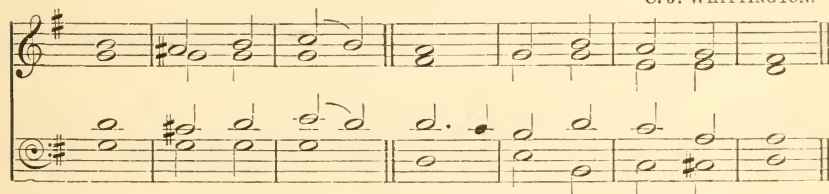
208

## Rome.—C.M.



## Chant.

C. J. WHITTINGTON.



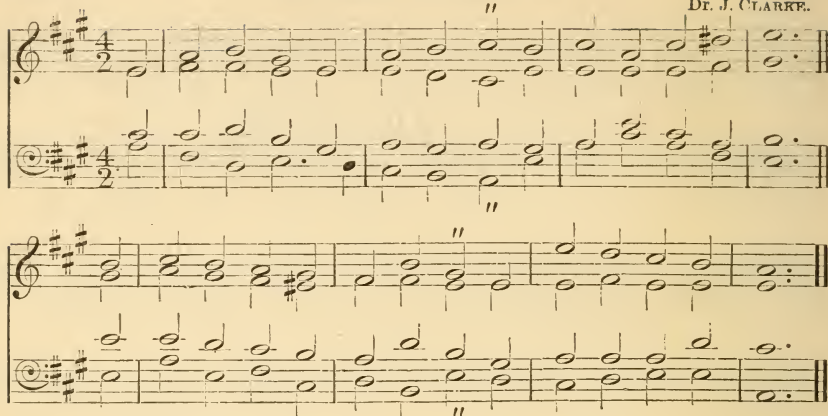
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace<br/>Our path when wont to stray;<br/>Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,<br/>Brook, by the traveller's way:</p> <p>2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,<br/>True manna from on high;<br/>Our guide and chart, wherein we read<br/>Of realms beyond the sky:</p> | <p>3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,<br/>And radiant cloud by day; [bark,<br/>When waves would whelm our tossing<br/>Our anchor and our stay:</p> <p>4 Word of the everlasting God,<br/>Will of His glorious Son;<br/>Without Thee how could earth be trod,<br/>Or heaven itself be won?</p> <p>5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn<br/>The wisdom it imparts;<br/>And to its heavenly teaching turn,<br/>With simple childlike hearts.</p> |
|--|--|

B. BARTON.

## 209

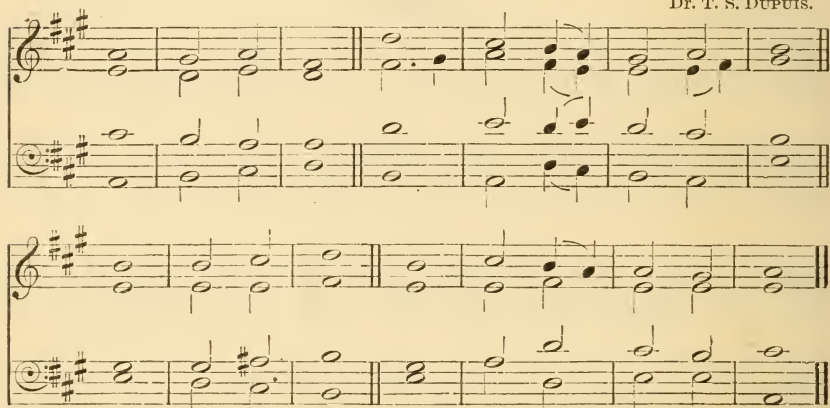
## St. Magnus.—C.M.

Dr. J. CLARKE.



## Chant.

Dr. T. S. DUPUIS.



1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;  
 Let us Thine influence prove;—  
 Source of the old prophetic fire;  
 Fountain of light and love;—

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee  
 The prophets wrote and spoke:  
 Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,  
 Unseal the sacred book.

*p* 3 Expand Thy wings, Celestial Dove;  
 Brood o'er our nature's night;  
 On our disordered spirits move,  
 And let there now be light.

*f* 4 God, through Himself, we then shall know,  
 If Thou within us shine;  
 And sound, with all Thy saints below,  
 The depths of love divine.

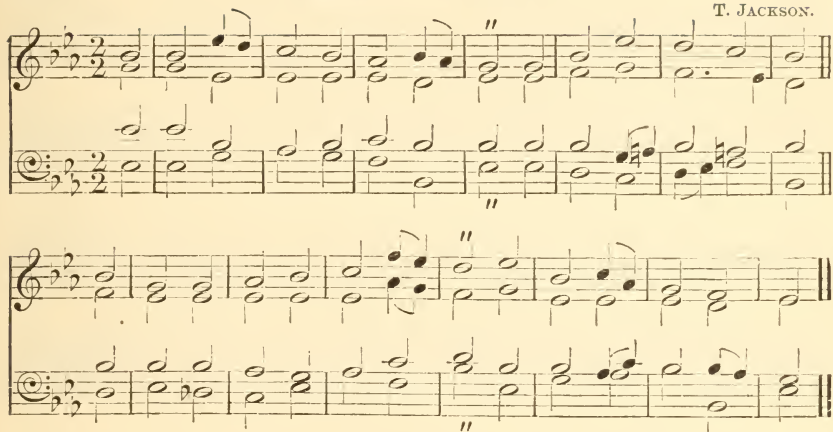
C. WESLEY.



## 210

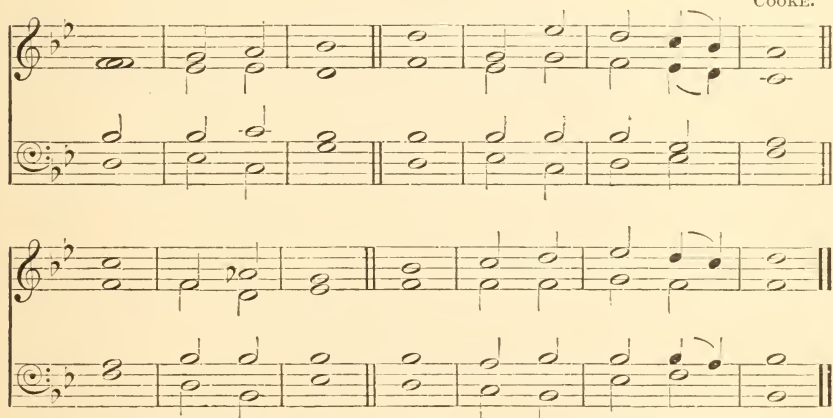
## Byzantium.—C.M.

T. JACKSON.



## Chant.

COOKE.



- 1 **A** LMIGHTY God! Thy word is cast  
 Like seed into the ground:  
 Now let the dew of heaven descend,  
 And righteous fruits abound.
- p* 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
 This holy seed remove;  
**A** But give it root in every heart,  
 To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
 Thy rising plant destroy:  
 But let it yield a hundred-fold,  
 The fruits of peace and joy.
- A** 4 Nor let Thy word so kindly sent  
 To raise us to Thy throne  
*p* Return to Thee, and sadly tell  
 That we reject Thy Son.
- 5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,  
 Thy quickening grace bestow;  
**A** That all whose souls the truth receive,  
 Its saving power may know.
- f* 6 Great God, come down, and on Thy  
 Thy mighty power bestow, [word  
 That all who hear the joyful sound,  
 Thy saving grace may know.

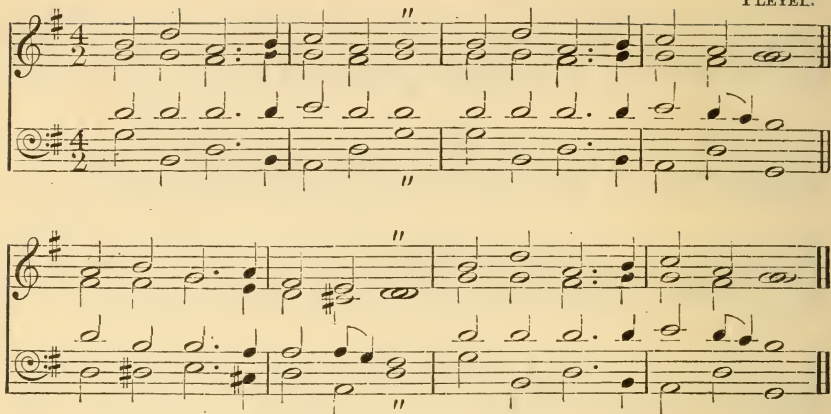
J. CAWOOD.

F\*

## 211

## Pleyel.—77.77.

PLEYEL.



*f* 1 **S** SPREAD, O spread, thou mighty word,  
 Spread the kingdom of the Lord;  
 Wheresoe'er his breath has given  
 Life to beings meant for heaven.

2 Tell them how the Father's will  
 Made the world and keeps it still;  
 How He sent His Son to save  
 All who help and comfort crave.

*f* 3 Tell of our Redeemer's love,  
 Who for ever doth remove,  
 By His holy sacrifice,  
 All the guilt that on us lies.

*p* 4 Tell them of the Spirit given  
 Now to guide us up to heaven;  
 Strong and holy, just and true,  
 Working both to will and do.

5 Word of life most pure and strong,  
 Lo! for thee the nations long;  
*f* Spread till, from its dreary night,  
 All the world awakes to light.

6 Up! the ripening fields ye see,  
 Mighty shall the harvest be;  
 But the reapers still are few,  
 Great the work they have to do.

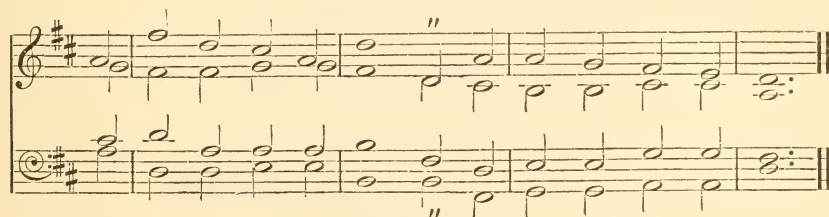
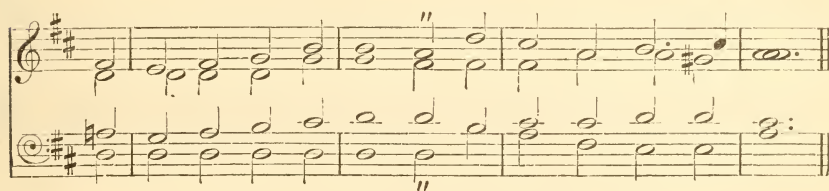
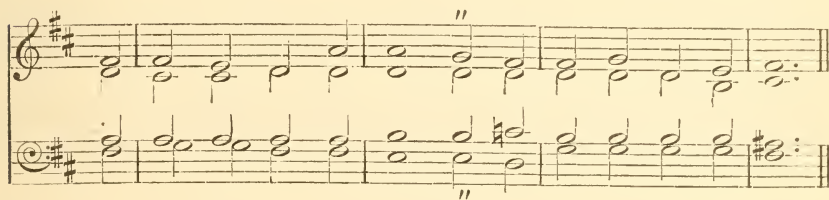
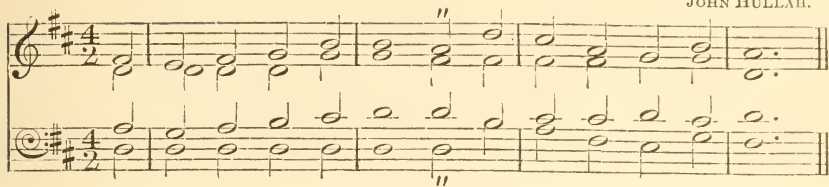
*f* 7 Lord of harvest, let there be  
 Joy and strength to work for Thee;  
 Let the nations far and near  
 See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

C. WINKWORTH.

212

## Bentley.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

JOHN HULLAH.



1 **O** WORD of God incarnate,  
 O Wisdom from on high,  
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,  
 O Light of our dark sky ;  
*f* We praise Thee for the radiance  
 That from the hallowed page,  
 A lantern to our footsteps,  
 Shines on from age to age.

2 The church from her dear Master  
 Received the gift divine,  
 And still that light she lifteth  
 O'er all the earth to shine.  
 It is the golden casket  
 Where gems of truth are stored ;  
 It is the heaven-drawn picture  
 Of Christ the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner,  
 Before God's host unfurled ;  
 It shineth like a beacon  
 Above the darkling world ;  
 It is the chart and compass,  
 That o'er life's surging sea,  
 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,  
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

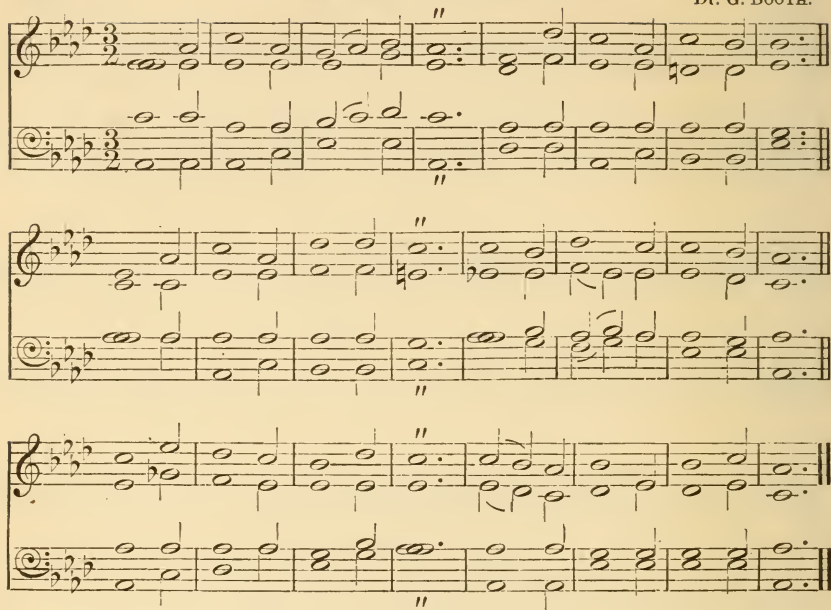
4 O make Thy church, dear Saviour,  
 A lamp of purest gold,  
 To bear before the nations  
 Thy true light as of old :  
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
 By this their path to trace,  
*f* Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
 They see Thee face to face.

W. W. How.

## 213

## St. Margaret.—77.77.77.

Dr. G. BOOTH.



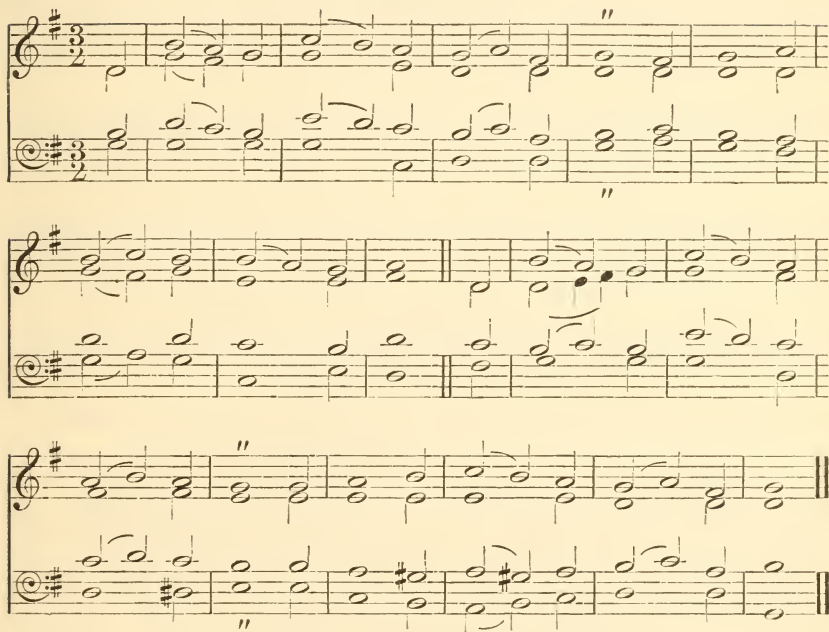
- p* 1 **H**OLY Father, Thou hast given  
 Holy Truth from highest heaven ;  
 Words of counsel wise and pure,  
 Words of promise bright and sure ;  
 Light that guides us back to Thee,  
 Back to peace and purity.
- 2 Clearer than the sun at noon,  
 Fairer than the silver moon,  
 Through the clouds and through the night,  
 Ever shines this heavenly light ;  
 Help us, Lord, to lift our eyes,  
 Take its guidance and be wise.
- 3 Here the wisdom from above,  
 Beaming holiness and love,  
 Kindling hope, dispelling fear,  
 Shines to save ; for Christ is here :  
 Knowing, trusting Him, we come  
 From our wanderings gladly home.
- f* 4 Blessèd Saviour, Light Divine,  
 Thou hast bid us rise and shine ;  
 Grant Thy grace, and we shall be  
 Children of the day in Thee,  
 Showing all around the road  
 Back to life, and love, and God.

W. BRUCE.



214

St. Luke.—L.M.



*p* 1 **D**EEP in the dust before Thy throne  
 Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;  
 Great God, we own the unhappy name  
 Whence sprang our nature and our shame.

*p* 2 But whilst our spirits, filled with awe,  
 Behold the terrors of Thy law,  
 We sing the honours of Thy grace,  
 That sent to save our ruined race.

*f* 3 We sing Thine everlasting Son,  
 Who joined our nature to His own :  
 Adam the second, from the dust,  
 Raises the ruins of the first.

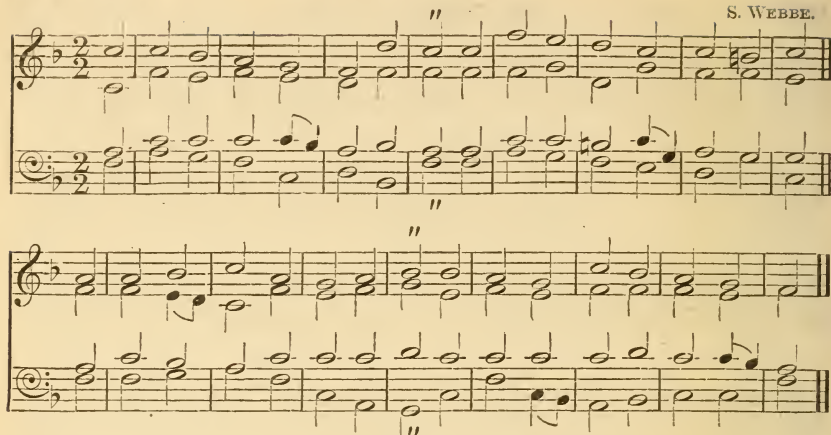
*f* 4 Where sin did reign, and death abound,  
 There have the sons of Adam found  
 Abounding life ; there glorious grace  
 Reigns through the Lord our Righteousness.

I. WATTS.

## 215—216

## Melcombe.—L.M.

S. WEBBE.



*p* 1 **A**RISE my tenderest thoughts, arise,  
To torrents melt my streaming  
eyes;

And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

*p* 2 See human nature sunk in shame:  
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;  
The Father wounded through the Son;  
The world abused, and souls undone.

*p* 3 See the short course of vain delight,  
Closing in everlasting night;

*pp* In flames that no abatement know,  
Though briny tears for ever flow.

*p* 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;  
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;  
And fain my pity would reclaim,  
And snatch the firebrands from the  
flame.

*f* 5 But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves;  
*f* Thine own all-saving arm employ,  
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

P. DODDRIDGE.

## 216

## Melcombe.—L.M.

1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,  
That seeks relief for all his woe?  
Where shall the guilty conscience find  
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven?  
Or form our natures fit for heaven?  
*p* Can souls all o'er defiled with sin [clean?  
Make their own powers and passions

*f* 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,  
Till Jesus brings His gospel nigh;  
*f* 'Tis there such power and glory dwell  
As save rebellious souls from hell.

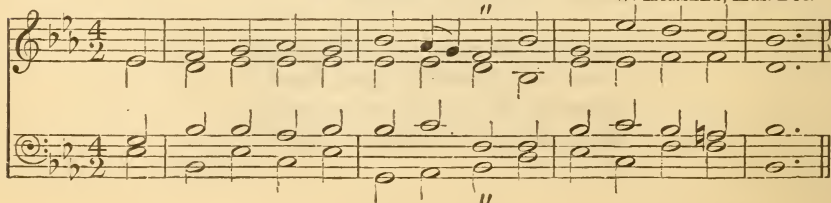
*f* 4 This is the pillar of our hope,  
That bears our fainting spirits up:  
We read the grace, we trust the word,  
And find salvation in the Lord.

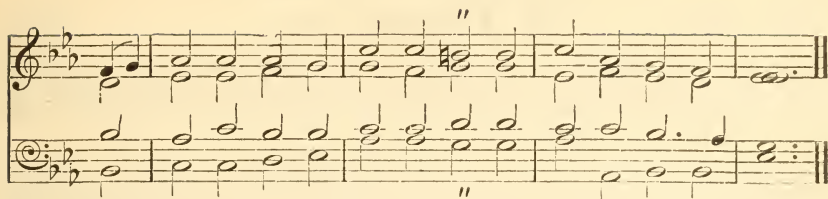
I. WATTS.

## 217

## Horsley.—C.M.

W. HORSLEY, Mus. Doc.





*p* 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load !  
The heart unchanged can never rise  
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power Divine  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'Tis Thine, Eternal Spirit, Thine,  
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis Thine the passions to recall,  
And upwards bid them rise ;  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live ;  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis Thine alone to give.

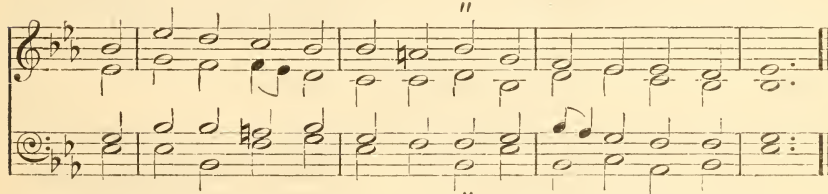
*f* 5 O change these sinful hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine !  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be Thine !

A. STEELE.

218

## French (Dundee).—C.M.

*Scotch Psalter.*



*p* 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is !  
Our sin how deep it stains !  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word—  
Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord.

*f* 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,  
And runs to this relief ;  
I would believe Thy promise, Lord ;  
O help my unbelief !

4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly ;  
Here let me wash my guilty soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.

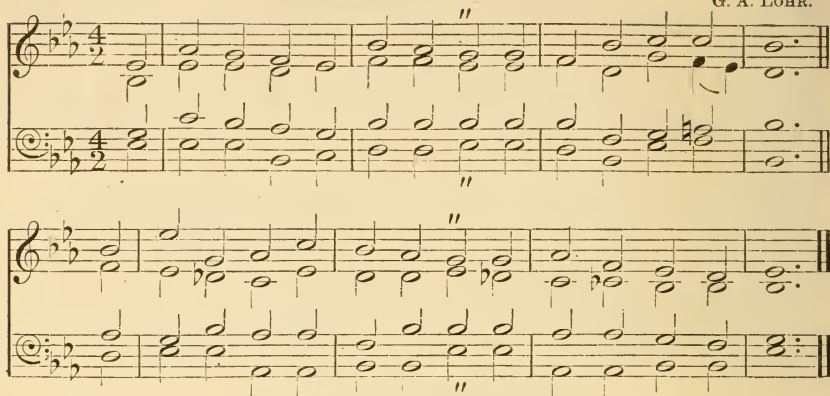
5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall ;  
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all.

I. WATTS.

## 219—220

## St. Frances.—C.M.

G. A. LÖHR.



- 1 **E**NSLAVED to sense, to pleasure  
Fond of created good; [prone,  
p Father, our helplessness we own,  
And trembling taste our food.
- 2 Trembling, we taste; for ah! no more  
To Thee the creatures lead:  
Changed, they exert a baneful power,  
And poison while they feed.
- 3 Cursed for the sake of wretched man,  
They now engross him whole;  
With pleasing force on earth detain  
And sensualize his soul.
- 4 Grovelling on earth we still must lie,  
Till Christ the curse repeal;  
Till Christ, descending from on high,  
Infected nature heal.
- 5 Come, then, our heavenly Adam, come,  
Thy healing influence give:  
Hallow our food, reverse our doom,  
And bid us eat and live!
- 6 The bondage of corruption break;  
For this our spirits groan:  
Thy only will we fain would seek,  
O save us from our own!
- 7 Turn the full stream of nature's tide;  
Let all our actions tend [guide,  
To Thee, their Source: Thy love the  
Thy glory be the end.
- 8 Earth then a scale to heaven may be;  
Sense shall point out the road;  
f The creatures all shall lead to Thee,  
And all we taste be God.

C. WESLEY.

## 220

## St. Frances.—C.M.

- 1 **L**ONG have I seemed to serve Thee,  
With unavailing pain: [Lord,  
p Fasted, and prayed, and read Thy word,  
And heard it preached in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with the assembly join,  
And near Thine Altar drew;  
A form of godliness was mine,  
The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law;  
Nor knew its deep design:  
The length and breadth I never saw,  
The height, of love divine.
- 4 To please Thee thus, at length I see,  
Vainly I hoped and strove:  
For what are outward things to Thee,  
Unless they spring from love?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires  
Truth in the inward parts:  
Our full consent, our whole desires,  
Our undivided hearts.
- 6 But I of means have made my boast,  
Of means an idol made;  
The spirit in the letter lost,  
The substance in the shade.
- p 7 Where am I now, or what my hope?  
What can my weakness do?  
f Jesus! to Thee my soul looks up:  
'Tis Thou must make it new.

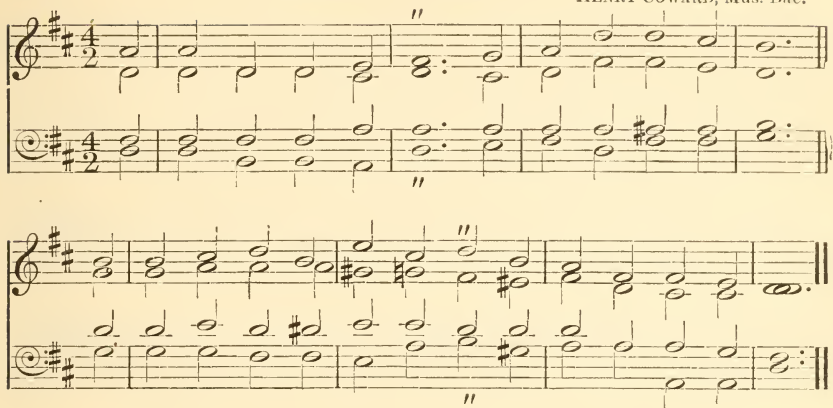
C. WESLEY.



221

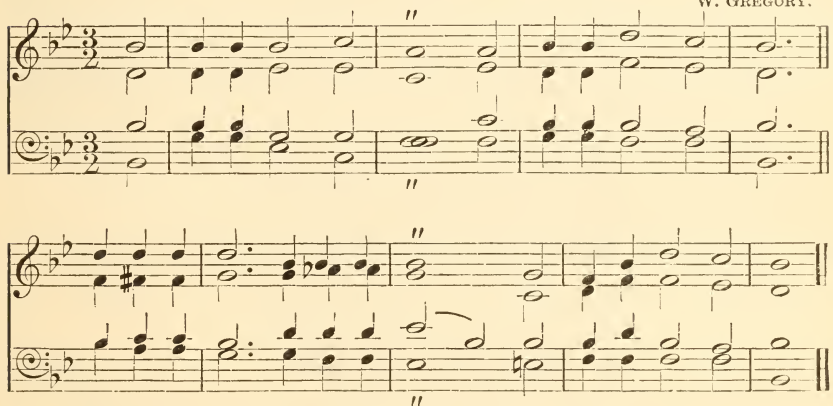
## Clegg (1st Tune).—S.M.

HENRY COWARD, Mus. Bac.



## St. John (2nd Tune).—S.M.

W. GREGORY.



*p* 1 HOW heavy is the night  
That hangs upon our eyes,  
Till Christ, with His reviving light,  
Over our souls arise !

*p* 2 Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of heaven :  
*f* But in His righteousness arrayed,  
We see our sins forgiven.

*p* 3 Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways ;  
His hands infected nature cure  
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree  
To hold our souls in vain ;  
*f* He sets the sons of bondage free,  
And breaks the accursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore Thy ways  
To bring us near to God ;

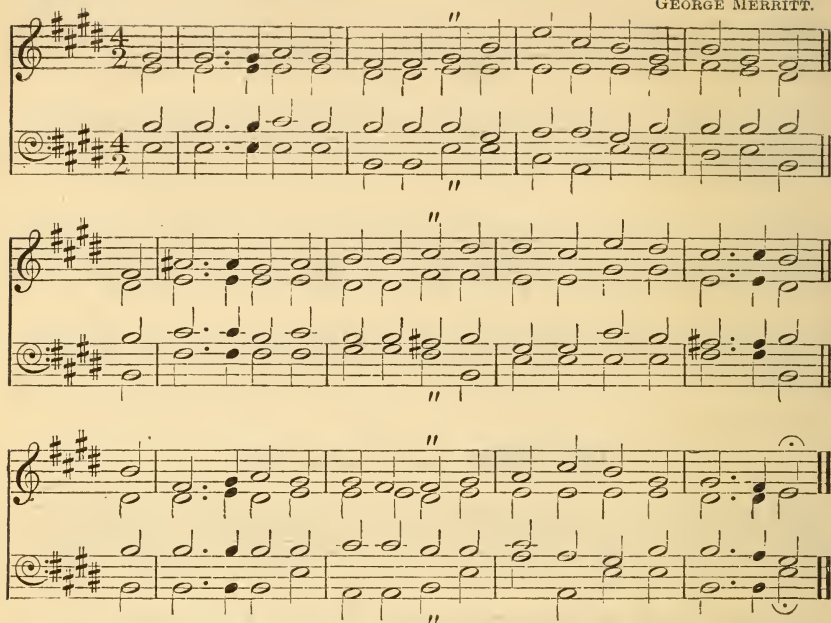
Thy sovereign power, Thy healing grace,  
And Thine atoning blood.

I. WATTS.

## 222

## Supplication.—888888.

GEORGE MERRITT.



1 **F**ATHER of omnipresent grace!  
 We seem agreed to seek Thy face;  
*p* But every soul assembled here  
 Doth naked in Thy sight appear:  
 Thou know'st who only bows the knee,  
 And who in heart approaches Thee.

2 Thy Spirit hath the difference made  
 Betwixt the living and the dead;  
 Thou now dost into some inspire  
 The pure, benevolent desire:  
 O that e'en now Thy powerful call  
 May quicken and convert us all.

3 The sinners suddenly convince,  
 O'erwhelmed beneath their load of sins;  
*f* To-day, while it is called to-day,  
 Awake, and stir them up to pray,  
 Their dire captivity to own,  
 And from the iron furnace groan.

4 Then, then acknowledge, and set free  
 The people bought, O Lord, by Thee!  
 The sheep for whom their Shepherd bled,  
 For whom we in Thy Spirit plead:  
 Let all in Thee redemption find,  
 And not a soul be left behind.

C. WESLEY.

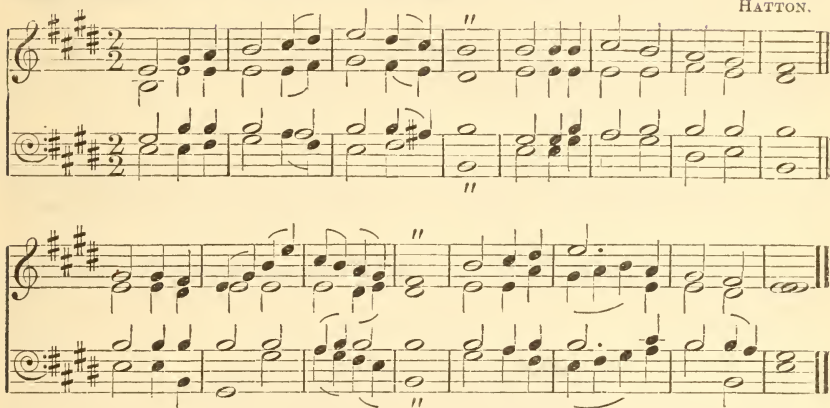
# MAN—HIS REDEMPTION.

279

223—224

Duke Street.—L.M.

HATTON.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 <b>F</b>ATHER, whose everlasting love<br/>Thine only Son for sinners gave,<br/>Whose grace to all did freely move,<br/>And sent Him down the world to save.</p> <p>f2 Help us Thy mercy to extol,<br/>Immense, unfathomed, unconfined ;<br/>To praise the Lamb who died for all,<br/>The general Saviour of mankind.</p> <p>3 Thy undistinguishing regard<br/>Was cast on Adam's fallen race ;<br/>For all Thou hast in Christ prepared<br/>Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.</p> | <p>p4 The world He suffered to redeem ;<br/>For all He hath the atonement made,<br/>For those that will not come to Him<br/>The ransom of His life was paid.</p> <p>5 Why, then, Thou universal Love,<br/>Should any of Thy grace despair ?<br/>To all, to all, Thy bowels move,<br/>But straitened in our own we are.</p> <p>f6 Arise, O God, maintain Thy cause !<br/>The fulness of the Gentiles call ;<br/>Lift up the standard of Thy cross,<br/>And all shall own Thou diedst for all.</p> |
|---|--|

C. WESLEY.

224

Duke Street.—L.M.

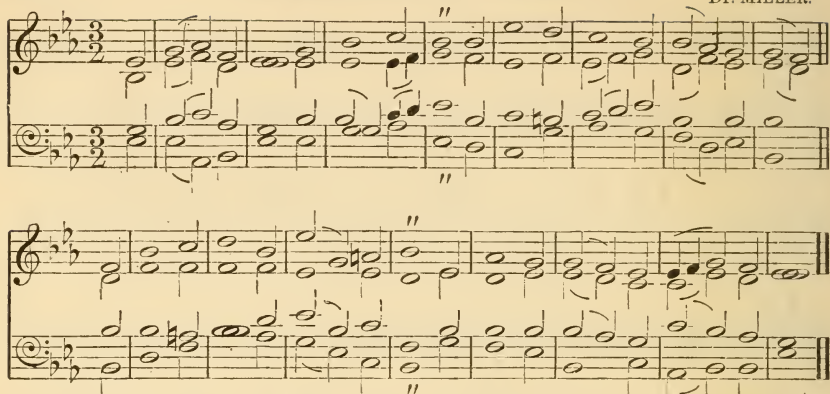
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>p1 <b>S</b>HEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye<br/>The thousands of our Israel see :<br/>To Thee, in their behalf we cry,<br/>Ourselves but newly found in Thee.</p> <p>2 See, where o'er desert wastes they err,<br/>And neither food nor feeder have,<br/>Nor fold, nor place of refuge near ;<br/>For no man cares their souls to save.</p> <p>3 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought,<br/>Nor know they their Redeemer nigh ;<br/>p Thy perish, whom Thyself hast bought ;<br/>Their souls for lack of knowledge die.</p> | <p>p4 The pit its mouth hath opened wide,<br/>To swallow up its careless prey ; [died,<br/>Why should they die, when Thou hast<br/>Hast died to bear their sins away ?</p> <p>5 Why should the foe Thy purchase seize ?<br/>Remember, Lord, Thy dying groans :<br/>The need of all Thy sufferings these ;<br/>O claim them for Thy ransomed ones !</p> <p>6 Extend to these Thy pardoning grace ;<br/>To these be Thy salvation showed :<br/>f O add them to Thy chosen race !<br/>O sprinkle all their hearts with blood !</p> <p>f7 Still let the publicans draw near :<br/>Open the door of faith and heaven ;<br/>And grant their hearts Thy word to hear,<br/>And witness all their sins forgiven.</p> |
|--|---|

C. WESLEY.

## 225

## Rockingham.—L.M.

Dr. MILLER.



1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
 On which the Prince of Glory died,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the cross of Christ my God:  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

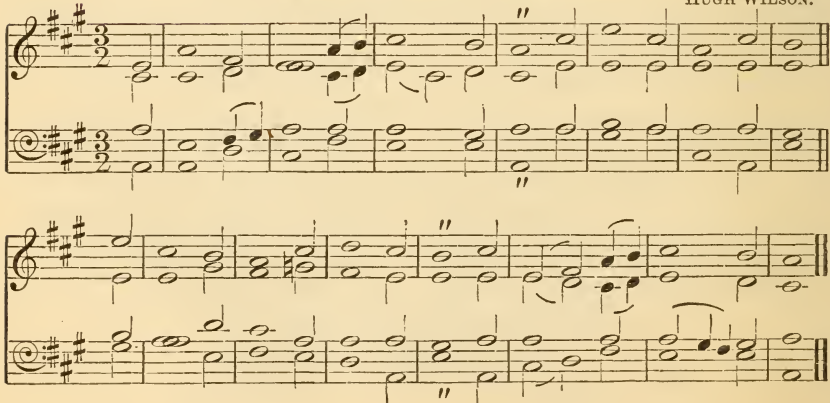
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all!

I. WATTS.

## 226

## Martyrdom.—C.M.

HUGH WILSON.





1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,  
Thy blessing we implore ;  
Open the door to preach Thy word—  
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save  
From sin and Satan's power ;  
And let them now acceptance have,  
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls ! Thou know'st to prize  
What Thou hast bought so dear ;  
Come, then, and in Thy people's eyes  
With all Thy wounds appear.

4 The hardness from their hearts remove,  
Thou who for all hast died ;  
Show them the tokens of Thy love—  
Thy feet, Thy hands, Thy side.

5 Thy side an open fountain is  
Where all may freely go,  
And drink the living streams of bliss,  
And wash them white as snow.

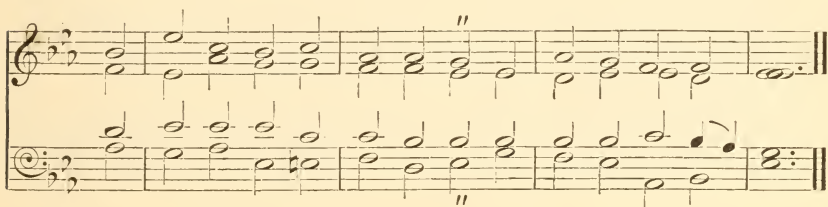
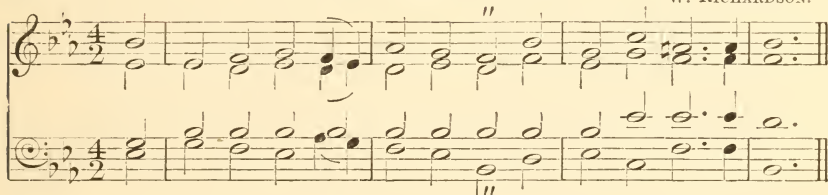
6 Ready Thou art the blood to apply,  
And prove the record true ;  
And all Thy wounds to sinners cry,  
'I suffered this for you.'

C. WESLEY.

227

## St. Bernard.—C.M.

W. RICHARDSON.



*p* 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.

*p* 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief ;  
He saw, and, O amazing love !  
He flew to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste He fled ;  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

*f* 4 O ! for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak !

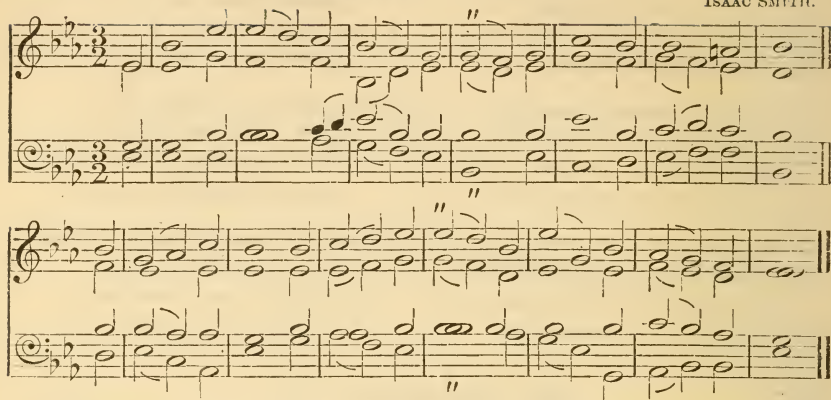
*ff* 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold !  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.

I. WATTS.

## 228

## Abbridge.—C.M.

ISAAC SMITH.



- 1 INFINITE, unexhausted Love!  
 (Jesus and Love are one):  
 If still to me Thy bowels move,  
 They are restrained to none.
- f* 2 What shall I do my God to love;  
 My loving God to praise; [to prove,  
 The length, and breadth, and height  
 And depth of sovereign grace!
- V* 3 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,  
 Immense and unconfined:  
*f* From age to age it never ends;  
 It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world its breadth is  
 Wide as infinity! [known,  
 So wide, it never passed by one,  
 Or it had passed by me.
- p* 5 My trespass was grown up to heaven;  
*V* But far above the skies,

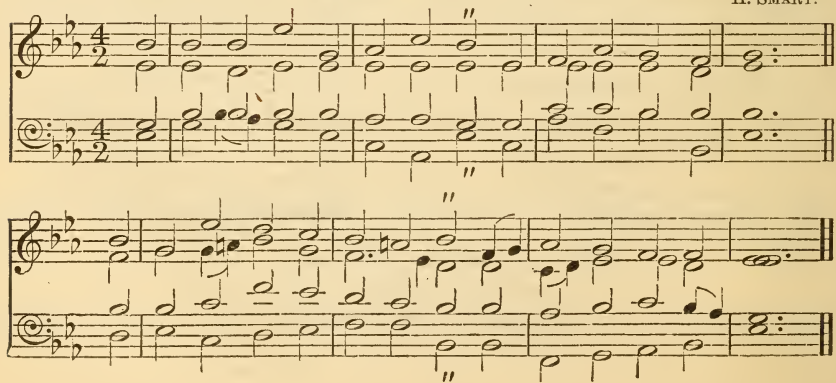
- In Christ abundantly forgiven,  
*f* I see Thy mercies rise!
- 6 The depth of all-redeeming love,  
 What angel-tongue can tell?
- f* O may I to the utmost prove  
 The gift unspeakable!
- 7 Deeper than hell, it plucked me thence;  
 Deeper than inbred sin:  
 Jesus's love my heart shall cleanse,  
 When Jesus enters in.
- f* 8 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take  
 Possession of Thine own:  
 My longing heart vouchsafe to make  
 Thine everlasting throne!
- f* 9 Assert Thy claim, maintain Thy right;  
 Come quickly from above,  
 And sink me to perfection's height,  
 The depth of humble love.

C. WESLEY.

## 229—230

## Gordon.—C.M.

H. SMART.



1 **A** PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
p There humbly fall before His feet,  
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh:  
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,  
p And such, O Lord, am I.

p 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed;  
By foes without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That, sheltered near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious name.

6 'Poor tempest-tossèd soul, be still,  
My promised grace receive;'

f 'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,  
I can, I do believe.

J. NEWTON.

## 230

## Gordon.—C.M.

f 1 PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our God!  
When all was sin and shame,  
A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against the foe—  
Should strive and should prevail!

f 4 O generous love! that He, who smote  
In man for man the foe,  
p The double agony in man  
For man should undergo.

p 5 And in the garden secretly,  
And on the cross on high,  
Should teach His brethren, and inspire  
To suffer and to die!

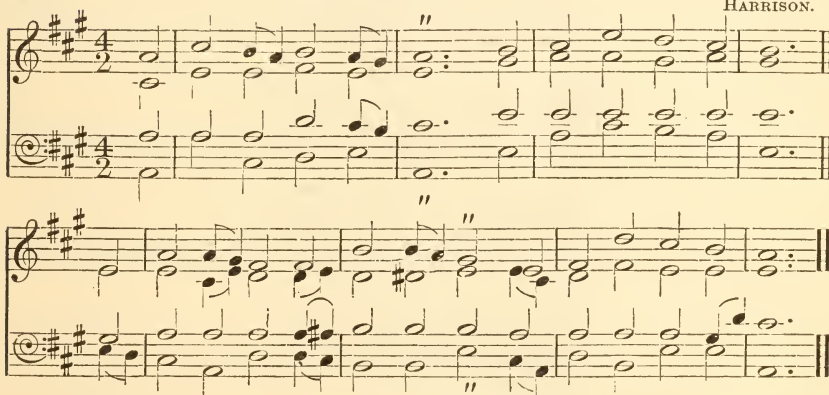
f 6 Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.

J. H. NEWMAN.

## 231

## Cambridge.—S.M.

HARRISON.



1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain  
Could give the guilty conscience peace  
Or wash away our stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.

p 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,

While like a penitent I stand,  
And here confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burden Thou didst bear  
When hanging on the accursèd tree,  
And knows her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice  
To feel the curse remove;

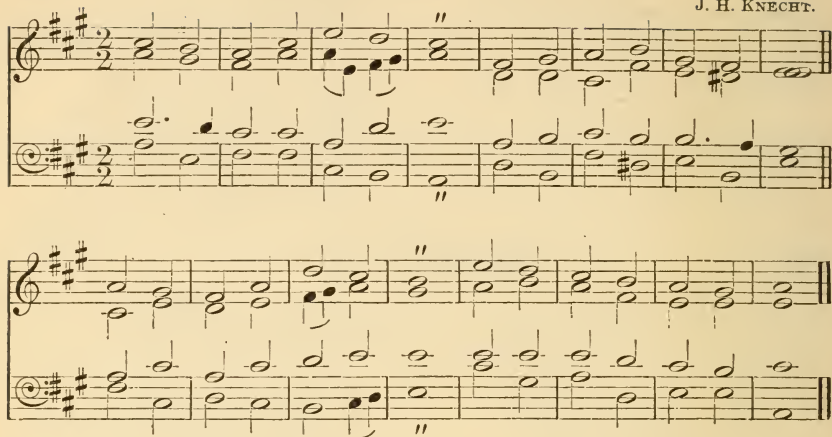
f We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice  
And trust His bleeding love.

I. WATTS.

## 232

## Vienna.—77.77.

J. H. KNECHT.



*f* 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;  
Ye who His salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.

*p* 3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;  
Λ Banish all your guilty fears;  
*f* See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancelled by redeeming love.

*p* 4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves to death and sin,  
Λ Now from bliss no longer rove;  
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

*f* 5 Welcome, all by sin opprest,  
Welcome to His sacred rest,  
Nothing brought Him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When His Spirit leads us home,  
When we to His glory come,  
We shall all the fulness prove  
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

# 7 Hither, then, your music bring,  
Strike aloud each tuneful string;  
Mortals, join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love!

J. LANGFORD.



233

## Pardon.—6's (12 lines).

H. T. LEWIS, Mus. Bac.

1 CLING to the Crucified!  
 His death is life to thee,  
 Life for eternity:  
*p* His pains thy pardon seal;  
 His stripes thy bruises heal;  
 His cross proclaims thy peace,  
 Bids every sorrow cease:  
*f* His blood is all to Thee;  
 It purges thee from sin,  
 It sets thy spirit free,  
 It keeps thy conscience clean:  
*ff* Cling to the Crucified!

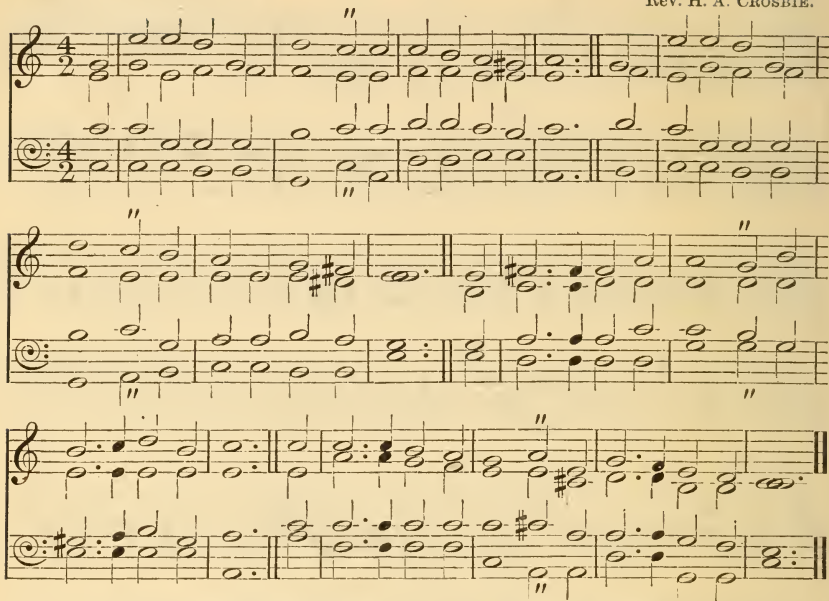
2 Cling to the Crucified!  
*p* His is the heart of love,  
 Full as the hearts above:  
 Its depths of sympathy  
 Are all awake for thee:  
 His countenance is light  
 E'en in the darkest night:  
*f* That love shall ne'er depart;  
 That light grow never dim:  
 Charge thou thy faithless heart  
 To find its all in Him:  
*ff* Cling to the Crucified!

H. BONAR.

## 234

## Mossleigh.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

Rev. H. A. CROSBIE.



*p* 1 O JESUS, Thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door!  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er!  
*f* Shame on us, Christian brothers,  
His name and sign who bear;  
O shame—thrice shame upon us,  
*p* To keep Him standing there!  
2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking!  
And lo, that hand is scarred!  
And thorns Thy brow encircle!  
And tears Thy face have marred!

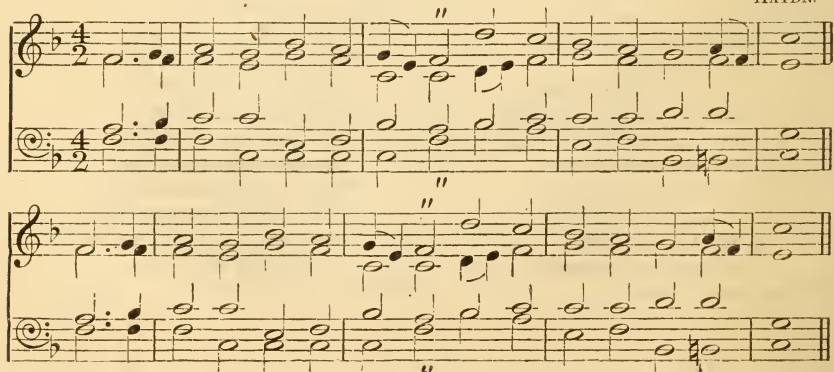
O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal,  
*p* So fast to bar the gate!  
*p* 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading!  
In accents meek and low,  
'I died for you, My children,  
And will ye treat Me so?'  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door!  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore!

W. W. How.

## 235—236

## Austria.—8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7.

HAYDN.





**1** HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus!

Hail, Thou Galilean King!

Thou didst suffer to release us,  
Thou didst free salvation bring.

Hail, Thou universal Saviour!

Who hast borne our sin and shame,

By whose merits we find favour:

Life is given through Thy name.

**2** Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,

All our sins on Thee were laid:

By Almighty love anointed,

Thou hast full atonement made.

*f* All Thy people are forgiven,

Through the virtue of Thy blood:

Opened is the gate of heaven,

*p* Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

*f* **3** Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,

There for ever to abide;

All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,

Seated at Thy Father's side:

There for sinners Thou art pleading,

There Thou dost our place prepare;

Ever for us interceding

Till in glory we appear.

*f* **4** Worship, honour, power, and blessing,

Christ is worthy to receive.

Loudest praises, without ceasing,

Meet it is for us to give:

*ff* Help, ye bright angelic spirits,

Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;

Help to sing our Saviour's merits,

Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

J. BAKWELL.

## 236

## Austria.—87.87.87.87.

*p* **1** SEE the blessed Saviour dying  
On the cross for ruined man;  
There the willing spotless Victim,  
Working out redemption's plan;  
Listen to His loving accents,  
'Father, O forgive!' He cries:  
Hark! again He speaks, 'Tis finished!  
Ere He bows His head and dies.

*p* **2** With this cruel death before Him,  
Every insult, pang, foreseen, [pose,  
Nought could move Him from His pur-  
No dismay could intervene;  
Yea, and through the contradiction,  
Nothing could His calmness move:  
O the wondrous depths eternal  
Of His own almighty love!

**3** Love, which made Him 'Prince of Glory,'

Come to die, the 'Sinner's Friend,'

Love beyond the reach of mortals,

Deepest thoughts to comprehend.

Sinner, make this love thy portion,

Slight not love so vast and free;

Still unblest, if unforgiven—

Come! the Saviour calleth thee.

A. MIDLANE.

## 237

## Sovereignty (1st Tune).—3 8.8.8.8.8.

J. NEWTON.

188

MAN—HIS REDEMPTION

237

Sovereignty (1st Tune).—3 8.8.8.8.8.

J. NEWTON.

188

MAN—HIS REDEMPTION

237

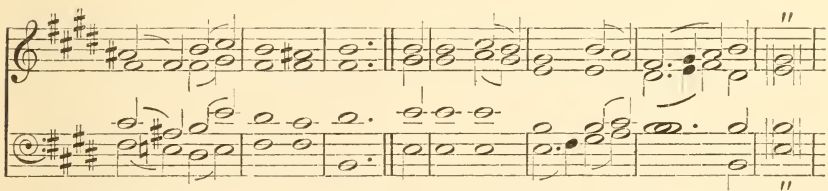
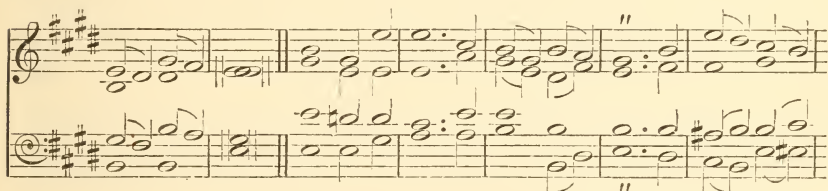
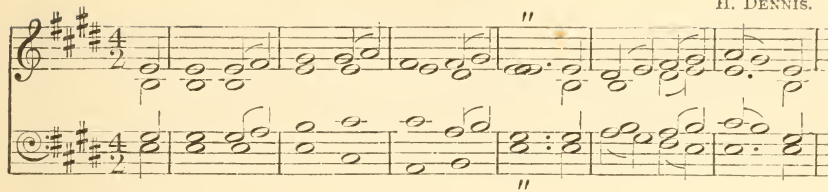
Sovereignty (1st Tune).—3 8.8.8.8.8.

J. NEWTON.



## Euphony (2nd Tune).—8 8.8 8.8 8.

H. DENNIS.



1 **W**OULD Jesus have the sinner die?  
*p* Why hangs he then on yonder tree?  
 What means that strange expiring cry?  
 (Sinners, He prays for you and me,  
 'Forgive them, Father, O forgive,  
 They know not that by Me they live!')

2 Adam descended from above,  
 Our loss of Eden to retrieve:  
 Great God of universal love,  
 If all the world in Thee may live,  
*f* In us a quickening spirit be,  
 And witness Thou hast died for me!

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,  
*p* Thee—by Thy painful agony,  
 Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,  
 Thy cross and passion on the tree,  
 Thy precious death and life—I pray,  
 Take all, take all my sins away!

*p* 4 O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet, [tears  
 And bathe and wash them with my  
 The story of Thy love repeat  
 In every drooping sinner's ears,  
*f* That all may hear the quickening sound,  
 Since I, even I, have mercy found.

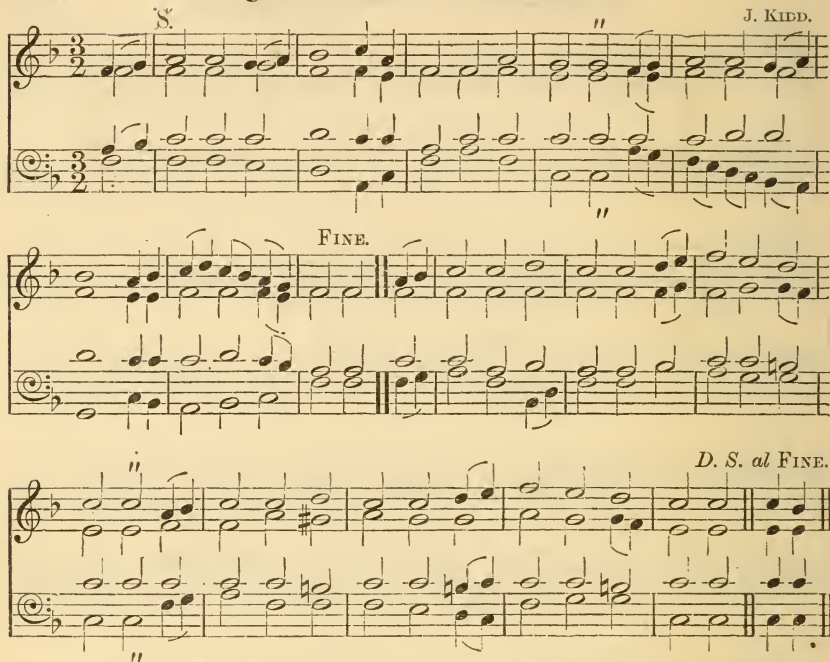
5 O let Thy love my heart constrain!  
 Thy love for every sinner free,  
 That every fallen soul of man  
 May taste the grace that found out me;  
*f* That all mankind with me may prove  
 Thy sovereign everlasting love.

C. WESLEY.

## 238

## Free Grace.—12 12.12 12

J. KIDD.



- f* 1 THE voice of free grace cries, 'Escape to the mountain,  
For Adam's lost race He has opened a fountain,  
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,  
His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.'
- ff* Hallelujah to the Lamb who has bought us a pardon,  
We will praise Him again when we pass over Jordan.
- 2 This fountain's so wide, we may all find salvation,  
In Jesus's side there is plenteous redemption;  
Though your sins be increased as high as a mountain  
His blood can remove them, it streams from the fountain:  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- f* 3 In Jesus rejoice, triumphantly glorious,  
O'er sin, death, and hell, He is more than victorious;  
With shouting proclaim, 'O trust in His passion,  
We all may be saved with a certain salvation':  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- f* 4 Our Jesus proclaims His name all victorious,  
He reigns over all, and His kingdom is glorious;  
To Jesus our King the great congregation,  
With triumph will sing, in ascribing salvation:  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.
- 5 On Zion we shall stand when escaped to the shore;  
With palms in our hands we will praise Him the more;  
*ff* We will range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,  
And sing of salvation for ever and ever:  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

R. BURSDALL.

## 239—240

Holly.—L.M.

G. HEWS.



*p* 1 SAY, sinner, bath a voice within  
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul;  
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,  
 And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path  
 Of worldliness and vanity,  
 And pointed to the coming wrath,  
 And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,  
 It was the Spirit's gracious call;  
*f* It bade thee make the better choice,  
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;  
 Regard in time the warning kind;  
 That call thou may'st not always slight  
 And yet the gate of mercy find.

*p* 5 God's Spirit will not always strive  
 With hardened, self-destroying man;  
 Ye who persist His love to grieve,  
 May never hear His voice again.

6 Sinner, perhaps this very day  
 Thy last accepted time may be;  
 O shouldst thou grieve Him now away,  
 Then hope may never beam on thee!

A. B. HYDE.

## 240

Holly.—L.M.

1 WHY will ye lavish out your years  
 Amidst a thousand trifling cares,  
 While on this various range of thought,  
 The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,  
 And famish your immortal mind,  
*p* While angels with regret look down  
 To see you spurn a heavenly crown?

3 The eternal God calls from above,  
 And Jesus pleads His bleeding love;

*f* Awakened conscience gives you pain;  
 And shall they join their pleas in vain?

4 Not so your dying eyes shall view  
 Those objects which you now pursue;  
 Not so shall heaven and hell appear,  
 When the decisive hour is near.

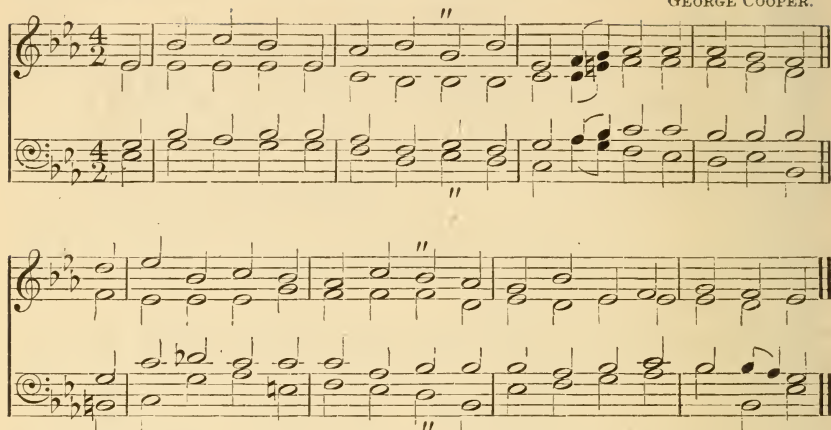
*f* 5 Almighty God, Thy power impart,  
 To fix convictions on the heart:  
 Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,  
 And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

## 241—242

## St. Sepulchre.—L.M.

GEORGE COOPER.



1 DEEP are the wounds that sin has made ;

Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;  
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 And can no sovereign balm be found ?  
And is no kind physician nigh,  
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?

3 There is a great Physician near ;  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live !  
See in His heavenly smiles appear  
Such ease as nature cannot give.

4 See in the dying Saviour's blood  
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow !  
'Tis only this dear, sacred flood  
Can ease thy pain, and heal Thy woe.

*f* 5 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,  
For here a sovereign cure is found,  
A cordial for the fainting heart,  
A balm for every painful wound.

A. STEELE.

## 242

## St. Sepulchre.—L.M.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,  
Mercy is found, and peace is given ;  
But soon, ah ! soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day !  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !

Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found !

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave ;  
Before His bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.

*f* 5 Now God invites—how blest the day !  
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !  
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.

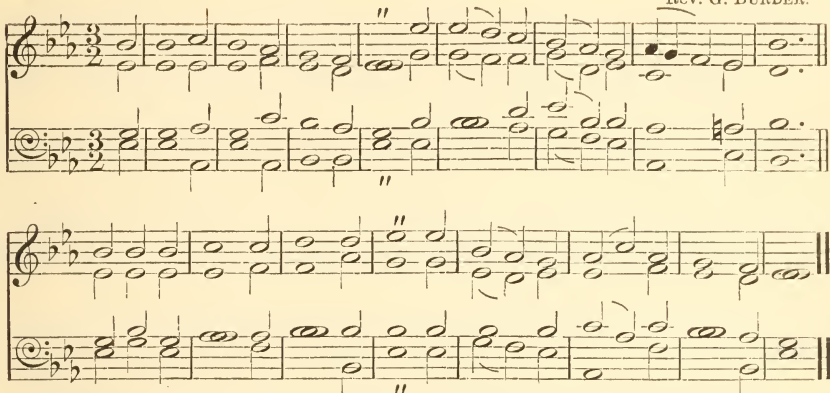
T. DWIGHT.



## 243—244

## Luton.—L.M.

Rev. G. BURDER.



*f* 1 COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast ;  
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;  
 Ye need not one be left behind,  
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;  
 The invitation is to all :  
*f* Come, all the world ; come, sinner, thou ;  
 All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,  
*p* Ye restless wanderers after rest,  
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and  
*f* In Christ a hearty welcome find. [blind,

4 Ye vagrant souls, on you I call ;  
 (O that my voice could reach you all !)  
 Ye all may now be justified ;  
*f* Ye all may live, for Christ hath died.

5 My message as from God receive ;  
 Ye all may come to Christ, and live ;  
*p* O let His love your hearts constrain,  
 Nor suffer Him to die in vain !

6 His love is mighty to compel ;  
 His conquering love consent to feel ;  
 Yield to His love's resistless power,  
 And fight against your God no more.

7 See Him set forth before your eyes,  
 That precious, bleeding Sacrifice !  
 His offered benefits embrace,  
 And freely now be saved by grace.

*f* 8 This is the time ; no more delay ;  
 This is the Lord's accepted day ;  
 Come in, this moment, at His call,  
 And live for Him who died for all.

C. WESLEY.

## 244

## Luton.—L.M.

1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh !  
 ('Tis God invites the fallen race ;)  
 Mercy and free salvation buy ;  
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

*f* 2 Come to the living waters, come !  
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;  
 Return, ye weary wanderers, home !  
 And find My grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise !  
 For you in healing streams it rolls ;  
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
 Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,  
 Leave all you have and are behind,  
 Frankly the gift of God receive,  
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

*p* 5 Why seek ye that which is not bread,  
 Nor can your hungry souls sustain !

On ashes, husks, and air ye feed ;  
 Ye spend your little all in vain.

6 In search of empty joys below,  
 Ye toil with unavailing strife ;  
 Whither, ah ! whither would ye go ?  
 I have the words of endless life.

7 Harken to Me with earnest care,  
 And freely eat substantial food,  
 The sweetness of My mercy share,  
 And taste that I alone am good.

8 I bid you all My goodness prove,  
 My promises for all are free,  
 Come taste the manna of My love,  
 And let your souls delight in Me.

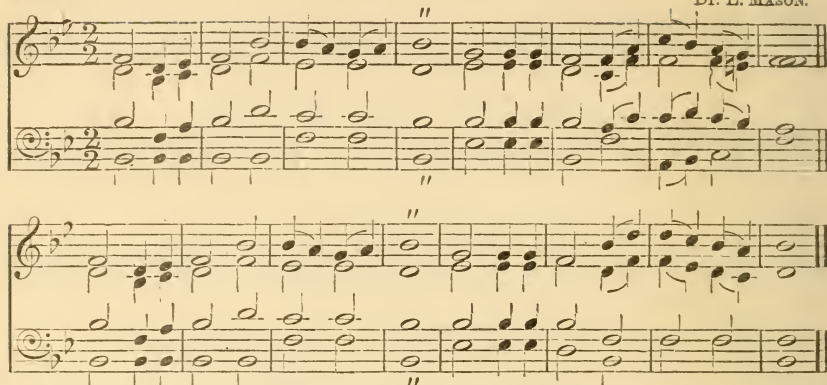
*f* 9 Your willing ear and heart incline,  
 My words believably receive ;  
 Quickened, your souls, by faith divine,  
 An everlasting life shall live.

J. WESLEY.

## 245

## Ernan.—L.M.

Dr. L. MASON.



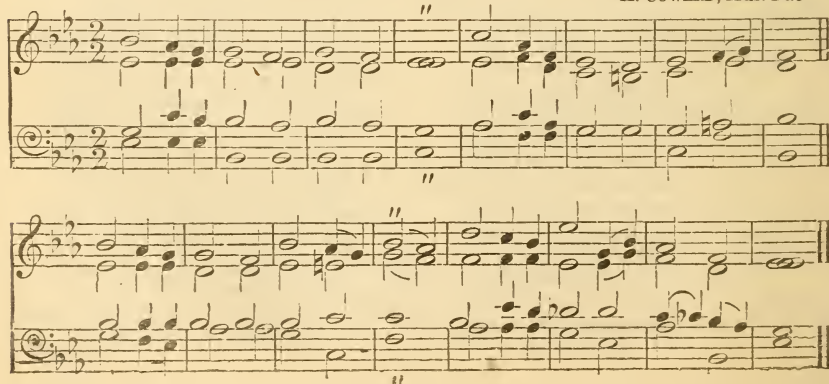
- 1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word ;  
Haste to the supper of my Lord ;  
Be wise to know your gracious day ;  
All things are ready, come away !
- 2 Ready the Father is to own  
And kiss His late-returning son ;  
Ready your loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you His bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of His love,  
Just now the stony to remove ;  
To apply and witness with the blood,  
And wash and seal the sons of God.
- f 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
To triumph in your blest estate ;  
Tuning their harps, they long to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Are ready, with Their shining host :  
f All heaven is ready to resound,  
'The dead's alive ! the lost is found !'
- f 6 Come, then, ye sinners, to your Lord,  
In Christ to paradise restored ;  
His proffered benefits embrace,  
The plenitude of gospel grace :
- 7 A pardon written with His blood,  
The favour and the peace of God,  
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,  
The mystic joys of penitence.
- p 8 The godly grief, the pleasing smart,  
The meltings of a broken heart,  
The tears that tell your sins forgiven,  
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven.
- 9 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,  
The unutterable tenderness,  
The genuine, meek humility,  
The wonder, 'Why such love to me ?'
- 10 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,  
The sight that veils the seraph's face,  
The speechless awe that dares not move,  
And all the silent heaven of love.

C. WESLEY.

## 246

## Entreaty (1st Tune).—L.M.

H. COWARD, Mus. Bac.



## Ibartel (2nd Tune).—L.M.

Dr. L. MASON.



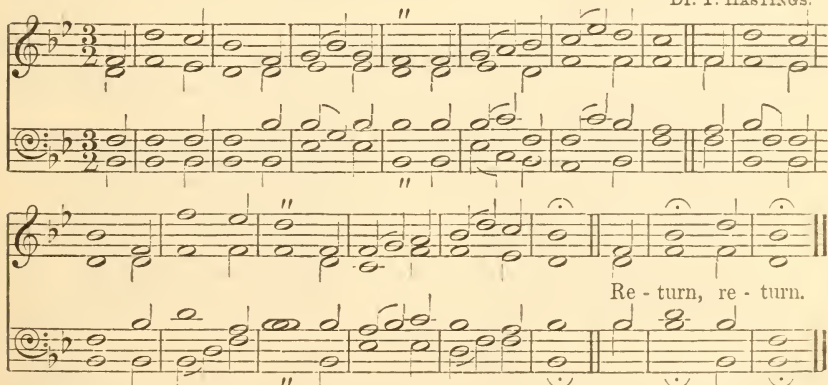
- 1 **BEHOLD!** a Stranger's at the door!  
*p* **D** He gently knocks, has knocked be-  
 Has waited long; is waiting still; [fore:  
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 But will He prove a friend indeed?  
 He will; the very Friend you need:  
 The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,  
 With garments dyed at Calvary.
- p* 3 O lovely attitude! He stands  
 With melting heart and laden hands:  
 O matchless kindness! and He shows  
 This matchless kindness to His foes!
- f* 4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,  
 His feet depart, and ne'er return:  
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand  
 When at His door denied you'll stand.
- 5 Yet know (nor of the terms complain)  
 Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign;  
 To reign, and with no partial sway;  
 Thoughts must be slain that disobey.
- 6 Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace!  
 O may Thy gentle reign increase;  
*f* Throw wide the door, each willing mind;  
 And be His empire all mankind.

J. GRIGG.

## 247

## Wanderer.—C.M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.



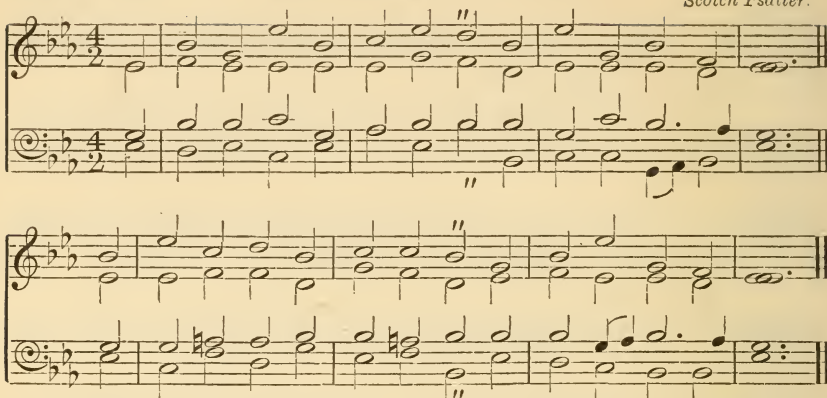
- 1 **RETURN,** O wanderer, to thy home!  
 Thy Father calls for thee:  
 No longer now an exile roam,  
 In guilt and misery.  
 Return, return.
- f* The Spirit and the Bride say—Come:  
 O now for refuge flee!  
 Return, return.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home!  
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee;
- f* 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home!  
 'Tis madness to delay:  
*p* There are no pardons in the tomb,  
 And brief is mercy's day.  
 Return, return.

T. HASTINGS.

## 248—249

## London New.—C.M.

Scotch Psalter.



- 1 **L**ET every mortal ear attend  
And every heart rejoice ;  
*f* The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.
- 2 O all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind ;
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast ;  
*f* And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- f* 4 O ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die :

- Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join :  
*f* Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 Great God ! the treasure of Thy love  
Are everlasting mines ;  
Deep as our helpless miseries are,  
And boundless as our sins.
- f* 7 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day :  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

I. WATTS.

## 249

## London New.—C.M.

- 1 **O** WHY should gloomy thoughts arise,  
And darkness fill the mind ;  
Why should that bosom heave with sighs,  
And yet no refuge find ?
- 2 Hast thou not heard of Gilead's balm—  
The great Physician there,  
Who can thy slavish fear disarm,  
And save thee from despair ?
- 3 Remain not overwhelmed with grief,  
And filled with sore dismay,

- Nor looking downward for relief,  
Without one cheering ray :
- f* 4 Lift up thy streaming eyes to heaven,  
The great Atonement see :  
And all thy sins shall be forgiven ;  
Believe, and thou art free.
- 5 For thee the Saviour suffered shame,  
And shed His precious blood :  
*f* Believe, believe in Jesus' name,  
And be at peace with God.

T. HASTINGS.

## 250

## Serenity.—S.M.

C. BRYAN.







**1** THE Spirit in our hearts  
*p* Is whispering, 'Sinner, come ;'  
 The Bride, the church of Christ, pro-  
 To all her children, 'Come.' [claims

**2** Let him that heareth say  
 To all about him, 'Come :'  
*f* Let him that thirsts for righteousness  
 To Christ, the fountain, come.

**3** Yea, whosoever will,  
 O let him freely come,  
 And freely drink the stream of life ;  
 'Tis Jesus bids him come.

**4** Lo ! Jesus, who invites,  
 Declares, 'I quickly come,'  
*f* Lord, even so we wait Thine hour :  
 O blest Redeemer, come !

H. U. ONDERDONK.

**251**

**Sacred Harmony.—7.7.7.**

J. KIDD.



**1** WELCOME, welcome ! sinner, hear !  
 Hang not back through shame or  
 Doubt not, nor distrust the call, [fear ;  
 Mercy is proclaimed to all.

**2** Welcome to the offered peace ;  
 Welcome, prisoner, to release !  
 Burst thy bonds ; be saved ; be free !  
 Rise and come—He calleth thee.

**3** Welcome, weeping penitent !  
 Grace hath made thy heart relent ;  
 Welcome, long estrangèd child !  
 God in Christ is reconciled.

**4** Welcome to the cleansing fount  
 Springing from the sacred mount ;  
 Welcome to the feast divine,  
 Bread of life and living wine.

**5** All ye weary and distressed,  
 Welcome to relief and rest :  
 All is ready ; hear the call :  
*f* There is ample room for all.

**6** None can come that shall not find  
 Mercy called whom Grace inclined :  
 Nor shall any willing heart  
 Hear the bitter word—Depart !

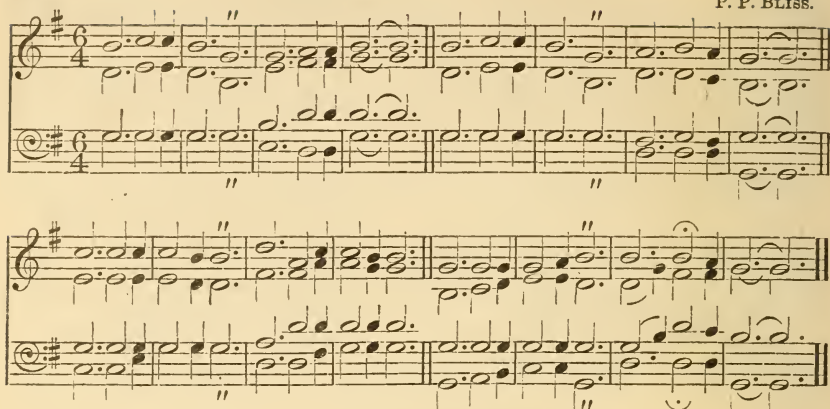
**7** O the virtue of that price,  
 That redeeming sacrifice !  
 Come, ye bought, but not with gold ;  
*f* Welcome to the sacred fold !

J. CONDER.

## 252

## Cæsarea.—5 4.5 4.6 6.6 4.

P. P. BLISS.



1 WHY unbelieving?  
 Why wilt thou spurn  
*p* Love that so gently  
 Pleads thy return?  
 Come, ere thy fleeting day  
 Fades into night away;  
 Now mercy's call obey—  
 To Jesus come.

2 Why unbelieving?  
*p* Wounding thy Lord,  
 Grieving His Spirit,  
 Doubting His word?  
*pp* Think, 'twas for thee He died;  
 Think of His bleeding side;  
 Now to the crucified—  
 To Jesus come.

3 Why unbelieving?  
 Thou canst be blest;  
 Jesus will pardon,  
 He'll give thee rest.  
*f* Why wilt thou longer wait?  
 Haste to the Open Gate,  
 Come, ere it be too late—  
 To Jesus come.

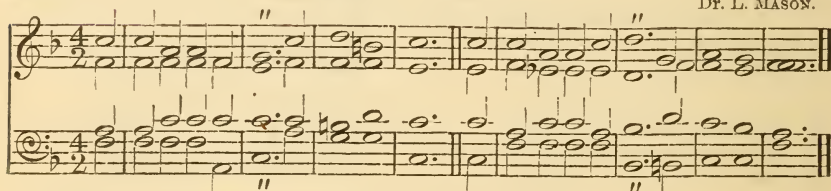
4 Why unbelieving?  
 Trifle no more;  
*pp* Death may be near thee,  
 E'en at thy door.  
*p* Come with a broken heart,  
 Come, helpless as thou art,  
 Come, choose the better part—  
 To Jesus come.

Unknown.

## 253

## Main.—6 4.6 4.

DR. L. MASON.



1 TO-DAY, the Saviour calls  
 You, wanderers, home;  
 O ye benighted souls,  
 Why longer roam?

2 To-day, the Saviour calls;  
 O listen now!  
 Within these sacred walls  
 To Jesus bow.

3 To-day, the Saviour calls;  
 For refuge fly:  
*p* The storm of vengeance falls,  
*pp* Ruin is nigh.

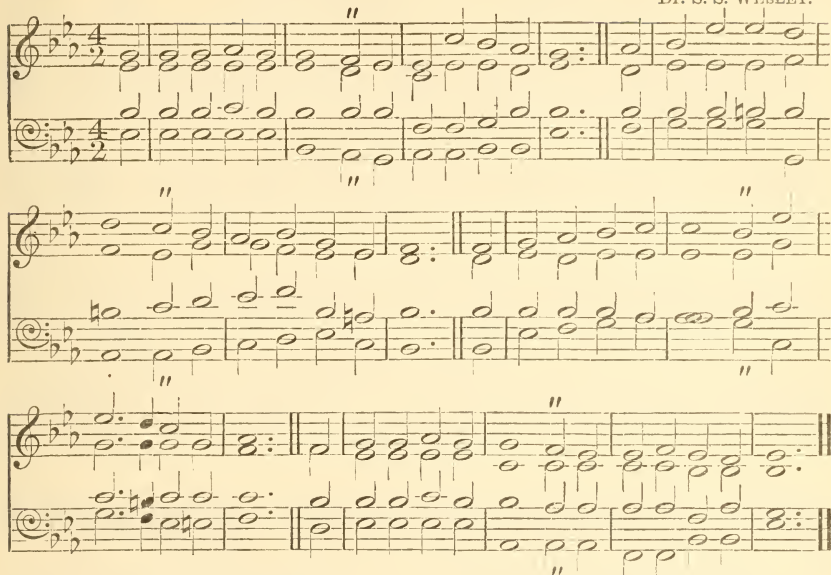
4 The Spirit calls to-day;  
 Yield to His power:  
*pp* O grieve Him not away,  
 'Tis mercy's hour!

T. HASTINGS.

## 254—255

## Æurelia.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

Dr. S. S. WESLEY.



1 ( ) COMFORT to the dreary !  
 O joy to the oppressed !—  
 Come unto Me, ye weary,  
 And I will give you rest.  
 O come in all your weakness !  
 Ye sons of guilt and woe ;  
 And learn of Him with meekness,  
 Who stooped for us so low.

2 Ye slaves of servile error,  
 Wearied with fruitless pains,  
 Whose faith is doubt and terror,  
 Believe, and lose your chains.  
 Renounce the superstition  
 To Christ's light yoke preferred ;  
 And turn from vain tradition  
 To His redeeming word.

3 Ye who the world have courted,  
 And suffered from its spite ;  
 Ye who with sin have sported,  
 And felt its serpent-bite ;  
 Come, learn, your follies quitting,  
 That this world's gain is loss ;  
 To His mild rule submitting,  
 Who bare for you the cross.

4 O come, and make the trial !  
 His service is release ;  
 If hard the self-denial,  
 Its fruit is joy and peace.  
 His grace, your souls defending,  
 Shall nerve you for the strife :  
 Peace all your steps attending ;  
 The prize, immortal life. J. CONDER.

## 255

## Æurelia.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

1 ' COME unto Me, ye weary,  
 And I will give you rest.'  
 O blessed voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to hearts oppressed  
 It tells of benediction,  
 Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
 Of joy that hath no ending,  
 Of love which cannot cease.

2 ' Come unto Me, dear children,  
 And I will give you light.'  
 O loving voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to cheer the night !  
 Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
 And we had lost our way,  
 But morning brings us gladness,  
 And songs the break of day.

3 ' Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
 And I will give you life.'  
 O peaceful voice of Jesus,  
 Which comes to end our strife ;  
 The foe is stern and eager,  
 The fight is fierce and long ;  
 But Thou hast made us mighty,  
 And stronger than the strong.

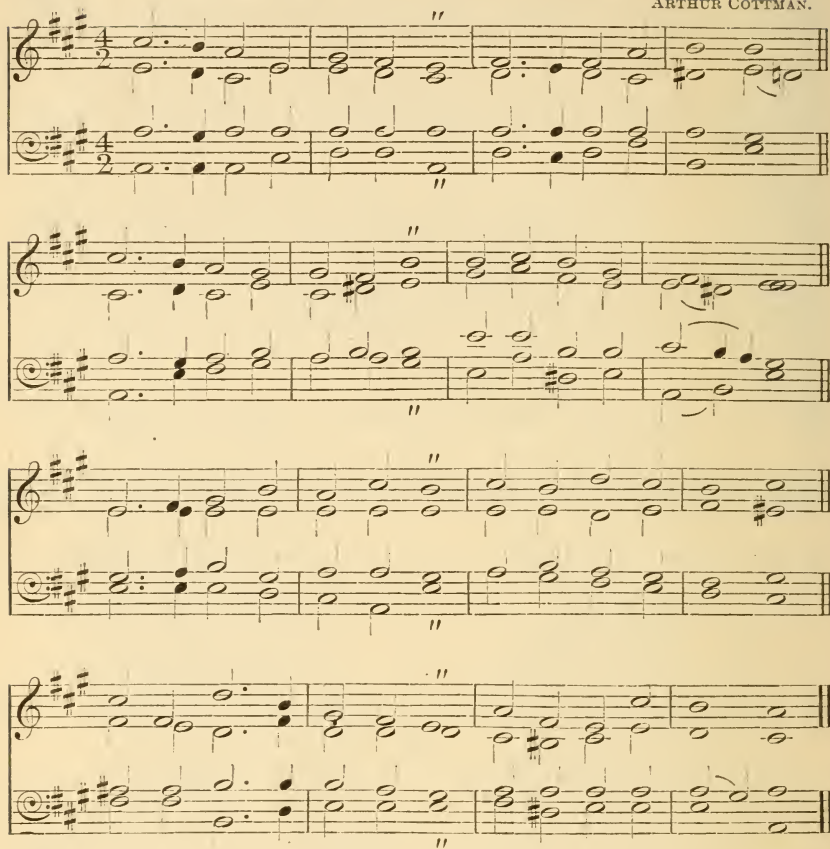
4 ' And whosoever cometh,  
 I will not cast him out.'  
 O patient voice of Jesus,  
 Which drives away our doubt !  
 Which calls us very sinners,  
 Unworthy though we be,  
 Of love so free and boundless,  
 To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

## 256

## Beachley.—7 6.7 6.7 6. (Trochaic).

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



1 DYING souls, fast bound in sin,  
 Trembling and repining,  
 With no ray of light divine  
 On your pathway shining,  
 Why in darkness wander on,  
 Filled with consternation?  
*f* Jesus lives—in Him alone  
 Can you find salvation.

2 Worthless all your righteousness;  
 You the law have broken;  
 Flee, then, to His sovereign grace,  
 Mercy thus hath spoken;  
 Why, in deeds that you have done,  
 Seek for consolation?  
*f* Jesus lives—in Him alone  
 Can you find salvation.

*p* 3 Prostrate bow, confess your guilt,  
 Own your lost condition!  
 Yield to Him whose blood was spilt,  
 Unreserved submission:  
 Then no more in anguish groan;  
 Seek His mediation;  
 Jesus lives—in Him alone  
 Can you find salvation.

4 Linger not on all the plain:  
 Vengeance is pursuing;  
 Midst the dying and the slain,  
 Save your souls from ruin:  
 Flee to Him who can atone;  
 Flee from condemnation;  
*f* Jesus lives—in Him alone  
 Can you find salvation.

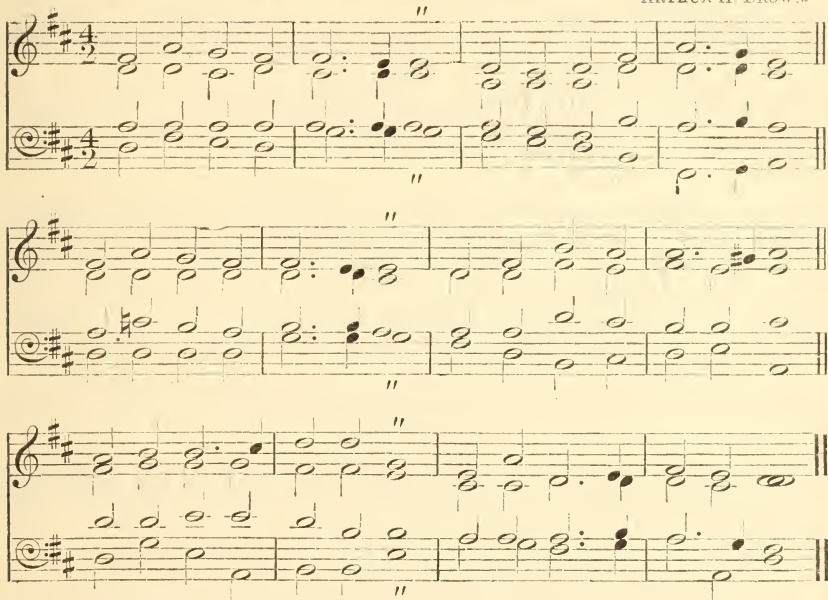
T. HASTINGS.



257—258

Dale Abbey.—77.77.77.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



*p* 1 **W** E A R Y souls, that wander wide  
From the central point of bliss,  
Turn to Jesus crucified,  
Fly to those dear wounds of His :  
Sink into the purple flood ;  
Rise into the life of God !

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,  
Peace unspeakable, unknown ;  
By His pain He gives you ease,  
Life by His expiring groan :  
*f* Rise exalted by His fall ;  
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,  
God to you His Son hath given !  
Ye may now be happy too ;  
Find on earth the life of heaven :  
Live the life of heaven above,  
All the life of glorious love.

*f* 4 This the universal bliss,  
Bliss for every soul designed ;  
God's original promise this,  
God's great gift to all mankind :  
*ff* Blest in Christ this moment be,  
Blest to all eternity !

C. WESLEY.

258

Dale Abbey.—77.77.77.

1 **F** R O M the cross uplifted high,  
Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What melodious sounds I hear,  
Bursting on my ravished ear !  
*f* Love's redeeming work is done ;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne :  
Why beneath thy burdens groan !  
On My pierced body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid ;  
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son ;  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Spread for thee, the festal board,  
See with richest dainties stored ;  
To my Father's bosom pressed,  
Yet again a child confessed,  
Never from His house to roam—  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end ;  
Lo ! I come, Thy Saviour, Friend,  
*f* Safe thy spirit to convey  
To the realm of endless day,  
Up to My eternal home :  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

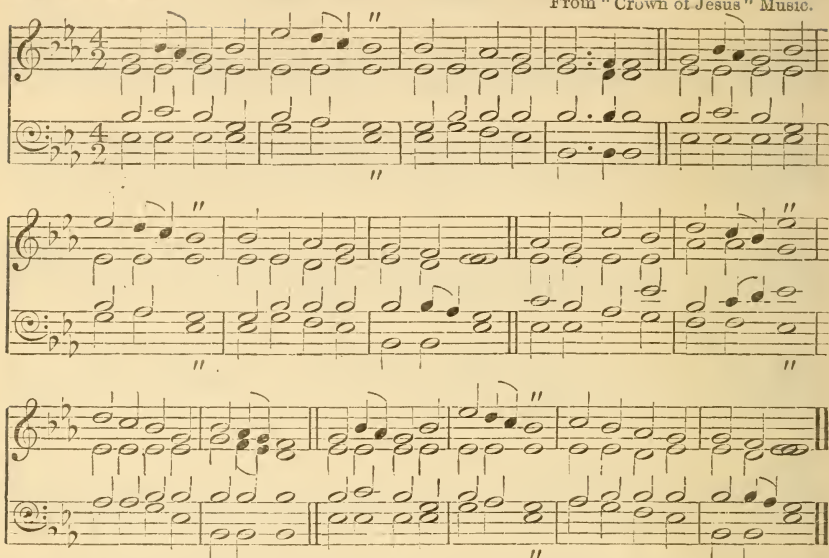
T. HAWES.

G\*

## 259—260

## Titchfield.—77.77.77.77.

From "Crown of Jesus" Music.



1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Maker, asks you why;  
 God, who did your being give,  
 Made you with Himself to live:  
 He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the work of His own hands;  
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
 Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why;  
 God, who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died Himself, that ye might live:  
 Will you let Him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
 Will you slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why;  
 He who all your lives hath strove,  
 Wooed you to embrace His love:  
 Will you not His grace receive?  
 Will you still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why,  
 Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead, already dead within,  
 Spiritually dead in sin,  
 Dead to God while here you breathe,  
 Pant ye after second death?  
 Will you still in sin remain,  
 Greedy of eternal pain?  
 O ye dying sinners, why,  
 Why will you for ever die?

C. WESLEY.

## 260

## Titchfield.—77.77.77.77.

1 WHAT could your Redeemer do  
 More than He hath done for you  
 To procure your peace with God,  
 Could He more than shed His blood?  
 After all His waste of love,  
 All His drawings from above,  
 Why will you your Lord deny?  
 Why will you resolve to die?

2 Turn, He cries, ye sinners, turn;  
 By His life your God hath sworn  
 He would have you turn and live,  
 He would all the world receive.  
 If your death were His delight,  
 Would He you to life invite?  
 Would He ask, entreat, and cry,  
 Why will you resolve to die?

3 Sinners, turn, while God is near:  
 Dare not think Him insincere:  
 Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,  
 All day long He spreads His hands,  
 Cries, 'Ye will not happy be!  
 No, ye will not come to Me!  
 Me, who life to none deny:  
 Why will you resolve to die?'

4 Can you doubt if God is love?  
 If to all His bowels move?  
 Will you not His word receive?  
 Will you not His oath believe?  
 See! the suffering God appears!  
 Jesus weeps! believe His tears!  
 Mingled with His blood, they cry,  
 Why will you resolve to die?

C. WESLEY.

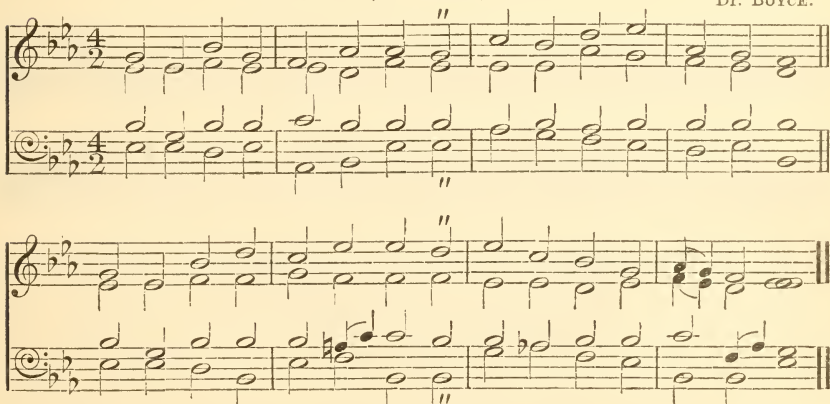
261

## Stuttgart (1st Tune).—8 7.8 7.

C. F. WITT.  
*Psalmodia Sacra*, 1715.

## Sharon (2nd Tune).—8 7.8 7.

DR. BOYCE.



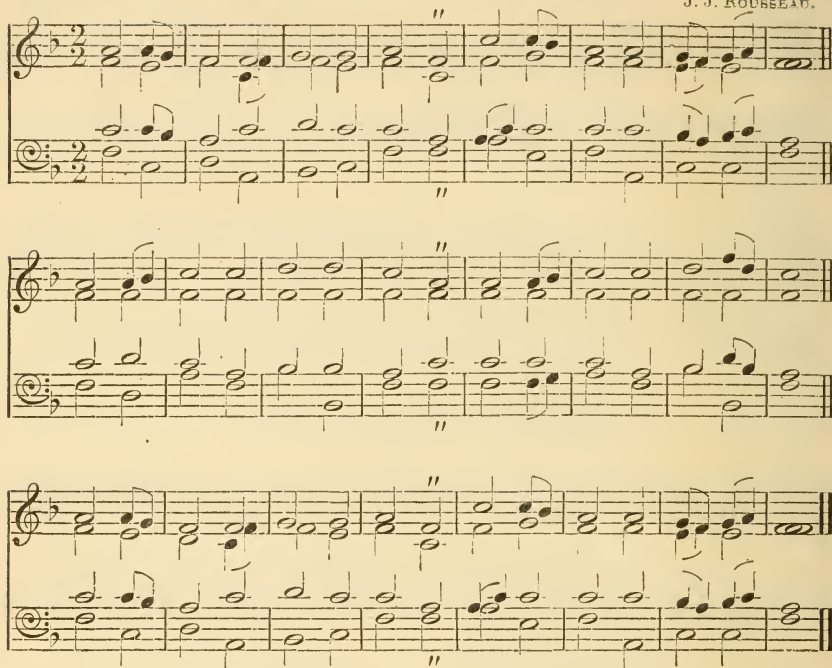
- 1 SOULS of men, why will ye scatter,  
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?  
Foolish hearts why will ye wander  
From a love so true and deep?
- p 2 Was there ever kindest shepherd  
Half so gentle, half so sweet  
As the Saviour, who would have us  
Come and gather round His feet?
- 3 There's a wideness in God's mercy  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in His justice  
Which is more than liberty.
- 4 There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven;  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.
- 5 There is grace enough for thousands  
Of new worlds as great as this:
- 6 There is room for fresh creations  
In that upper home of bliss.
- f 6 There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.
- 7 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus,  
And O come not doubting thus,  
But with faith that trusts more bravely  
His great tenderness for us.
- 8 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 9 If our love were but more simple  
We should take Him at His word,  
f And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. FABER.

## 262

## Rousseau.—8 7 8 7 4 7.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.



1 **H**ARK! the gospel news is sounding;  
 Christ hath suffered on the tree;  
 Streams of mercy are abounding;  
 Grace for all is rich and free.  
 Now, poor sinner,  
 Look to Him who died for thee.

2 O escape to yonder mountain!  
 Now begin to watch and pray;  
 Christ invites you to the fountain,  
 Come, and wash your sins away:  
 Do not tarry,  
 Come to Jesus while you may.

3 Grace is flowing like a river;  
 Millions there have been supplied;  
 Still it flows as fresh as ever  
 From the Saviour's wounded side:  
 None need perish:  
 All may live, for Christ hath died.

f 4 Christ alone shall be our portion;  
 Soon we hope to meet above—  
 Then we'll bathe in the full ocean  
 Of the great Redeemer's love;  
 All His fulness,  
 We shall then for ever prove.

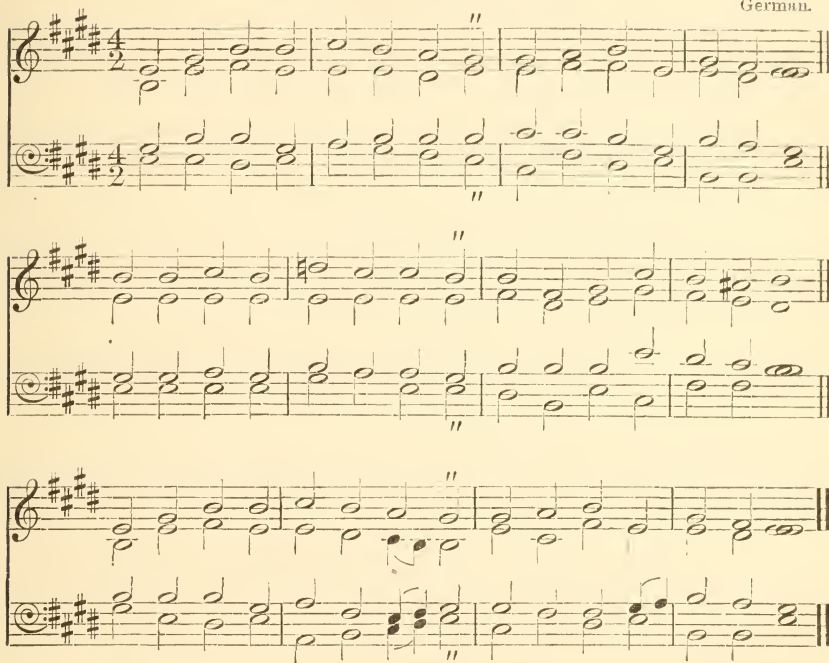
W. SANDERS.



## 263

## Mannheim.—8 7.8 7.4 7.

German.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message<br/>         Sent in mercy from above ?<br/>         Every sentence, O how tender !<br/>         Every line is full of love :<br/>         Listen to it !<br/>         Every line is full of love.</p>       | <p>p 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour ;<br/>         Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,<br/>         And with news of consolation<br/>         Chase away the falling tears,<br/>         Tender heralds !<br/>         Chase away the falling tears.</p> |
| <p>2 Hear the heralds of the gospel<br/>         News from Zion's King proclaim—<br/>         'Pardon to each rebel sinner,<br/>         Free forgiveness in His name.'<br/>         How important !<br/>         'Free forgiveness in His name.'</p> | <p>4 Who hath our report believed ?<br/>         Who received the joyful word !<br/>         Who embraced the news of pardon<br/>         Spoken to you by the Lord ?<br/>         Can you slight it,<br/>         Spoken to you by the Lord ?</p>                   |

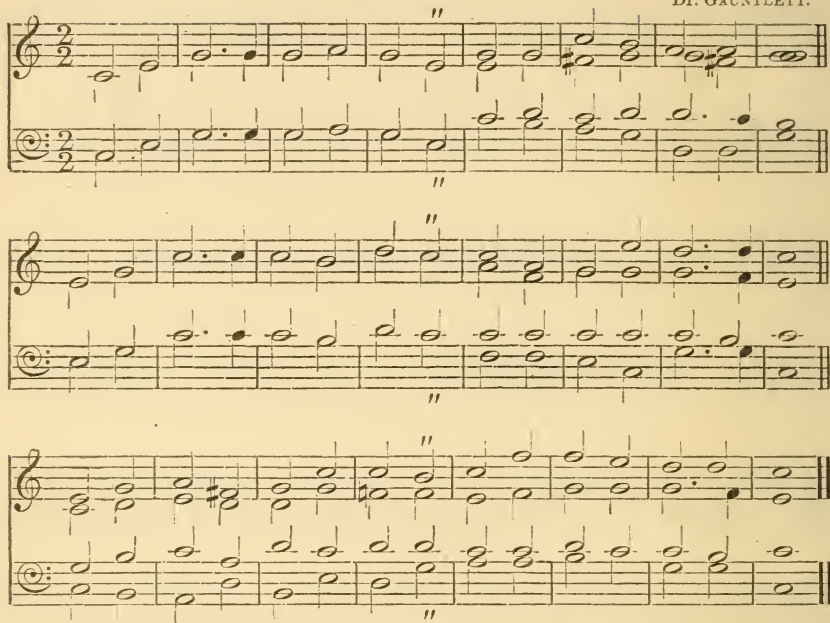
5 O ye angels, hovering round us,  
     Waiting spirits, speed your way !  
*f* Haste ye to the court of heaven,  
     Tidings bear without delay :  
*ff* Rebel sinners  
     Glad the message will obey.

J. ALLEN.

## 264

## Triumph.—87.87.47.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power :  
He is able,  
He is willing ; doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come, and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify ;  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings you nigh—  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
All the fitness He requireth,  
Is to feel your need of Him :  
This He gives you ;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall ;  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all :  
Not the righteous—  
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo ! your Saviour prostrate lies ;  
On the blood-stained tree behold Him ;  
Hear Him cry before He dies—  
'It is finished !'  
Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! the Incarnate God, ascended,  
Pleads the merits of His blood ;  
Venture on Him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude ;  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels joined in concert  
Sing the praises of the Lamb,  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with His name :  
Hallelujah !

ff Sinners here may sing the same.

J. HART.

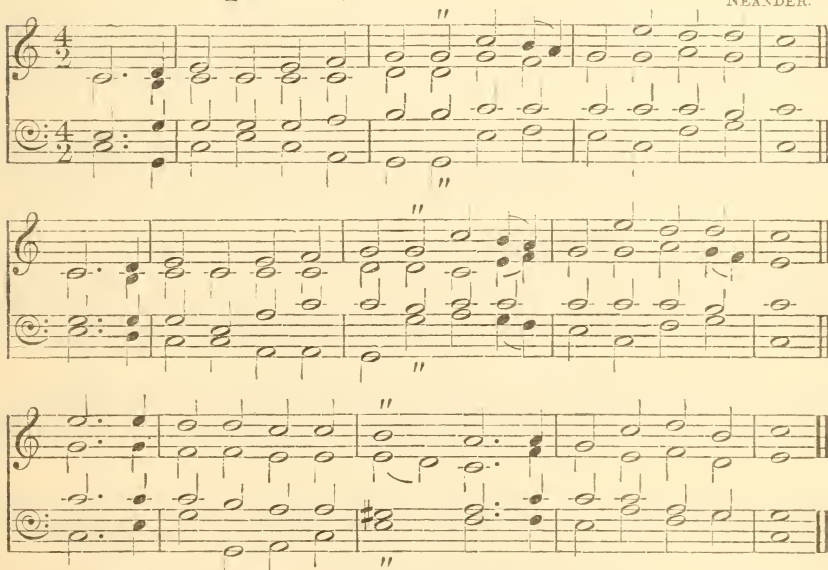
265

**Darmstadt** (1st Tune).—8 7 8 7 7 7.

From the German.

**Paran** (2nd Tune).—8 7 8 7 7 7.

NEANDER.



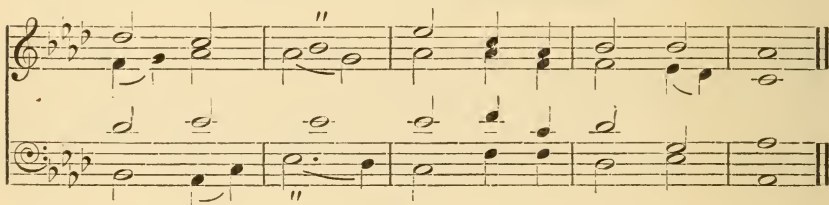
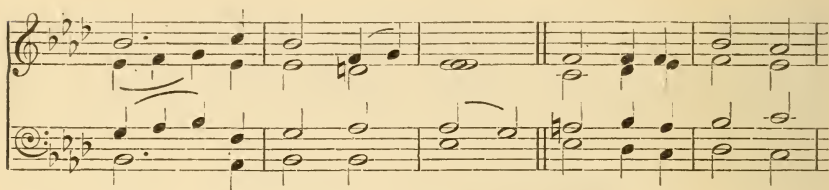
- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,  
 Sinners ruined by the fall;  
 Here a pure and healing fountain  
 Flows to you, to me, to all,  
 In a full, perpetual tide,  
 Opened when our Saviour died.
- p 2 Come, in poverty and meanness;  
 Come, defiled without, within;  
 From infection and uncleanness,  
 From the leprosy of sin,  
 Wash your robes and make them white;  
 Ye shall walk with God in light.
- p 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,  
 Wounded, impotent, and blind;  
 Here the guilty, free remission,  
 Here the troubled, peace may find.
- f 4 He that drinks shall live for ever;  
 'Tis a soul-renewing flood:  
 God is faithful; God will never  
 Break His covenant in blood,  
 Signed when our Redeemer died,  
 Sealed when He was glorified.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 266

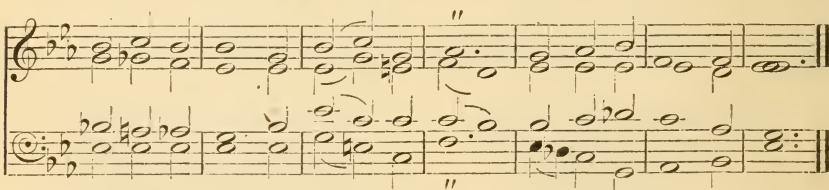
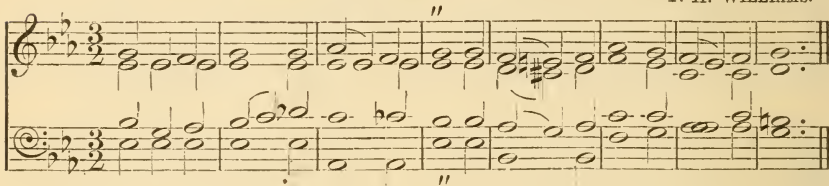
## Alicia (1st Tune).—8 8 8.6.

DR. H. MIDDLETON.



## Keighley (2nd Tune).—8 8 8.6.

T. H. WILLIAMS.



1 JUST as thou art, without one trace  
 Of love, or joy, or inward grace,  
 Or meetness for the heavenly place,  
*p* O guilty sinner, come!

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree!  
 The stripes, thy due, were laid on Me,  
 That peace and pardon might be free:  
*p* O wretched sinner, come!

3 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?  
 Trust not the world—it gives no rest;  
 I bring relief to hearts oppressed:  
*p* O weary singer, come!

4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;  
 Count all thy gains but empty dross;  
 My grace repays all earthly loss  
*p* O needy sinner, come!



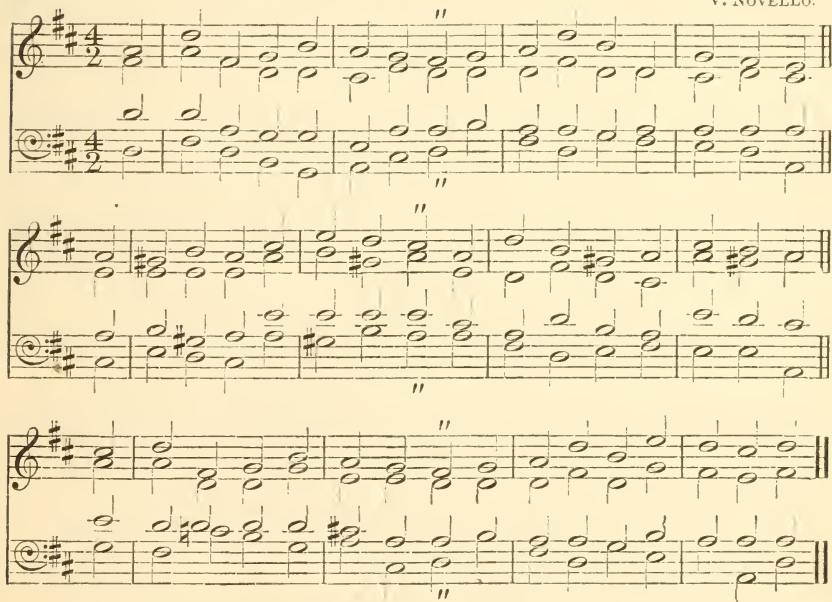
5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,  
 Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears:  
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,  
*p* O trembling sinner, come!

*f* 6 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!'  
 Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come!  
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may  
 Thy Saviour bids thee come! [come:  
 R. S. COOK.

267

Rochester.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

V. NOVELLO.



1 SEE, sinners, in the gospel glass,  
 The friend and Saviour of mankind!  
 Not one of all the apostate race  
 But may in Him salvation find!  
 His thoughts, and words, and actions prove  
 His life and death—that God is love!

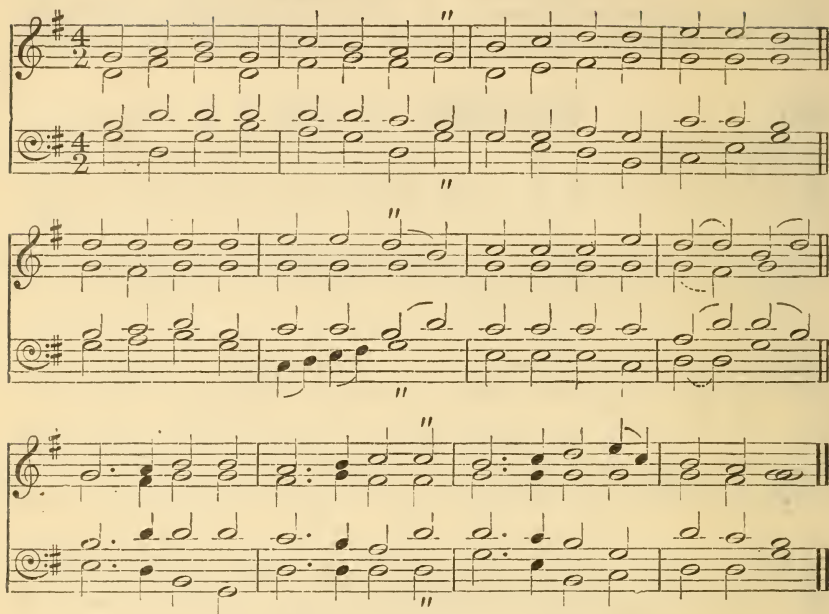
*p* 2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears  
 The sins of all the world away!  
 A servant's form He meekly wears,  
 He sojourns in a house of clay;  
 His glory is no longer seen,  
 But God with God is man with men.

3 See where the God Incarnate stands,  
 And calls His wandering creatures home!  
 He all day long spreads out His hands,  
 'Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!  
 Ye all may hide you in My breast;  
 Believe, and I will give you rest.

*f* 4 'Ah! do not of my goodness doubt;  
 My saving grace for all is free;  
 I will in no wise cast him out  
 That comes a sinner unto Me:  
 I can to none Myself deny,  
 Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?' C. WESLEY.

## 268

## Welcome.—Irregular.



1 COME, O come, thou vilest sinner ;  
 Christ is ready to receive ;  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
 Jesus' balm can cure more.  
*f* Hallelujah, hallelujah,  
 Hallelujah to the Lamb !

2 Welcome, welcome, brother Christian,  
 To a rich and heavenly place :  
 Enter in, thou new-born creature,  
 Christ is here, there's nothing sweeter.  
 Hallelujah, &c.

*p* 3 O how dead we all have been !  
 Christ revives His work again ;  
 He is bringing to His fold,  
 Rich and poor, young and old.  
 Hallelujah, &c.

*f* 4 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise  
 To the God of all our praise ;  
 He that sends us light from high :  
 There let all our wishes fly.  
 Hallelujah, &c.

5 When we reach that blissful place,  
 We shall with our Jesus feast ;  
*f* We shall with Him happy be,  
 Sing to all eternity.  
 Hallelujah, &c.

*Unknown.*

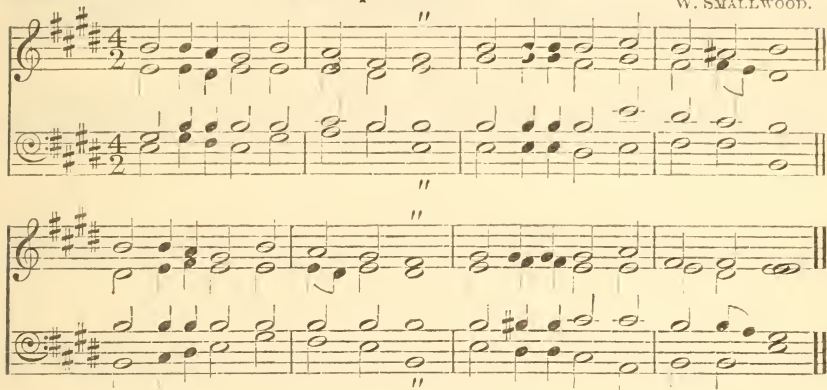
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—  
REPENTANCE AND TURNING TO GOD.

211

269—270

Thampstead.—L.M.

W. SMALLWOOD.



p 1 **W**HEREWITH, O God, shall I draw  
near,  
And bow myself before Thy face?  
How in Thy purer eyes appear?  
What shall I bring to gain Thy grace?

2 Can gifts avert the wrath of God?  
Can these wash out my guilty stain?  
Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,  
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

3 Whoe'er to Thee themselves approve,  
Must take the path Thy word hath  
showed;  
Justice pursue, and mercy love,  
And humbly walk by faith with God.

4 But though my life henceforth be Thine,  
Present for past can ne'er atone;  
Though I to Thee the whole resign,  
I only give Thee back Thine own.

9 He ever lives for me to pray;  
He prays that I with Him may reign;  
Amen to what my Lord doth say!  
Jesus, Thou canst not pray in vain.

p 5 What have I then wherein to trust?  
I nothing have, I nothing am;  
Excluded is my every boast,  
My glory swallowed up in shame.

p 6 Guilty I stand before Thy face:  
On me I feel Thy wrath abide:  
'Tis just the sentence should take place;  
'Tis just—but O, Thy Son hath died!

7 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled;  
He bore our sins upon the tree;  
Beneath our curse He bowed His head;  
'Tis finished! He hath died for me!

8 See where before the throne He stands,  
And pours the all-prevailing prayer!  
Points to His side, and lifts His hands,  
And shows that I am graven there!

C. WESLEY.

270

Thampstead.—L.M.

1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be  
That I shall find my all in Thee,  
The fulness of Thy promise prove,  
The seal of Thine eternal love?

p 2 A poor blind child I wander here,  
If haply I may feel Thee near:  
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,  
Amid the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only Thee, I fain would find,  
And cast the world and flesh behind;  
Thou, only Thou, to me be given,  
Of all Thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?  
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,  
A helpless soul that comes to Thee,  
With only sin and misery.

p 5 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure;  
I want, do Thou enrich the poor;  
Under Thy mighty hand I stoop,  
O lift the abject sinner up!

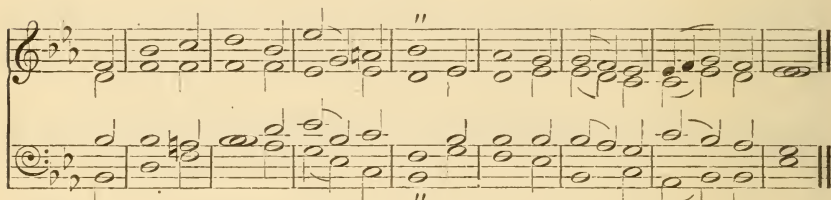
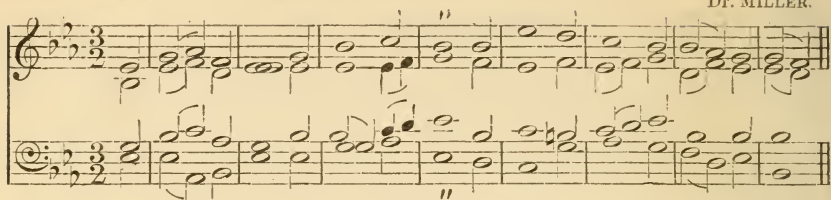
6 Lord, I am blind, be Thou my sight;  
Lord, I am weak, be Thou my might;  
A helper of the helpless be.  
And let me find my all in Thee!

C. WESLEY.

## 271—272

## Rockingham.—L.M.

Dr. MILLER.



1. MY God, my Father, dost Thou call  
Thy long-lost wandering child to  
Thee?

And canst Thou, wilt Thou pardon all?  
I come, I come; Lord, save Thou me.

2 O Jesus, art Thou passing by [power?  
With all Thy goodness, grace, and  
And dost Thou hear my broken cry?  
I come, I come, in mercy's hour.

3 O Holy Spirit, is it Thou, [long?  
My tenderest Friend, refused too  
And art Thou pleading, striving now?

I come, I come; make weakness  
strong.

4 Yes, Lord, I come; Thy heart of love  
Is moving, kindling, drawing mine;  
I cast me at Thy feet to prove  
The bliss, the heaven of being Thine.

H. BICKERSTETH.

## 272

## Rockingham.—L.M.

1 GOD of my life, what just return,  
Can sinful dust and ashes give!

*p* I only live my sin to mourn;  
To love my God I only live.

2 To Thee, benign and saving Power,  
I consecrate my lengthened days:

While, marked with blessings, every  
hour

*f* Shall speak Thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employed  
Thine image in my soul to see:

Fill with Thyself the mighty void:  
Enlarge my heart to compass Thee.

4 O give me, Saviour, give me more!  
Thy mercies to my soul reveal:

Alas! I see their endless store;  
But, O! I cannot, cannot feel.

5 The blessing of Thy love bestow:  
For this my cries shall never fail;

*f* Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
I will not, till my suit prevail.

6 I'll weary Thee with my complaint;  
Here at Thy feet for ever lie,

*p* With longing, sick; with groaning,  
faint;

O give me love, or else I die!

7 Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,  
And fix in me Thy lasting home:

Be mindful of Thy gracious word;  
Thou, with Thy promised Father, come

8 Prepare, and then possess, my heart;  
O take me, seize me from above!

*f* Thee may I love, for God Thou art:  
Thee may I feel, for God is love.

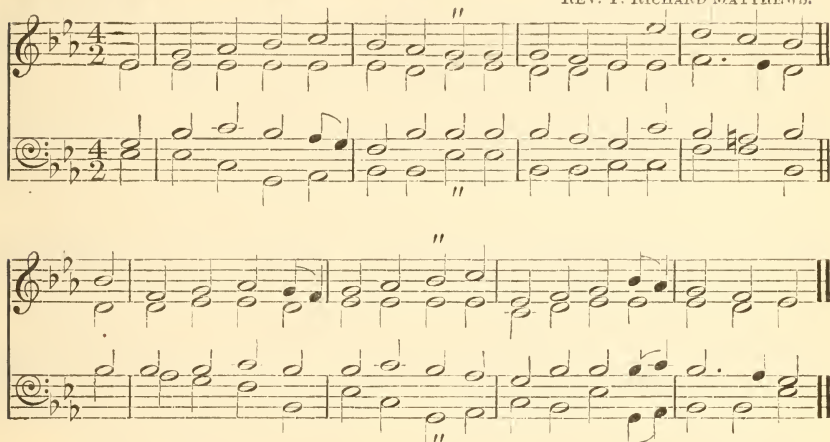
C. WESLEY.



## 273--274

## Ludborough.—L.M.

REV. T. RICHARD MATTHEWS.



*p* 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;  
 Let a repenting rebel live:  
 Are not Thy mercies large and free?  
 May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My sins, though great, do not surpass  
 The power and glory of Thy grace:  
 Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,  
 So let Thy pardoning love be found.

*p* 3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
 And make my guilty conscience clean!  
 Here, on my heart, the burden lies,  
 And past offences pain mine eyes.

*p* 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess  
 Against Thy law, against Thy grace:  
 Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe  
 I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
 Whose hope still hovering round Thy word  
 Would light on some sweet promise there,  
 Some sure support against despair.

I. WATTS.

## 274

## Ludborough.—L.M.

*p* 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
 Though all my crimes before thee  
 Behold them not with angry look, (lie,  
 But blot their memory from Thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,  
 And form my soul averse to sin;  
 Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
 Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,  
 Cast out and banished from Thy sight:  
 Thine holy joys, my God, restore,  
 And guard me that I fall no more.

*p* 4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,  
 His help and comfort still afford;  
 And let a wretch come near Thy throne  
 To plead the merits of Thy Son.

*p* 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
 Is all the sacrifice I bring;  
 The God of grace will ne'er despise  
 A broken heart for sacrifice.

*p* 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
 And owns Thy dreadful sentence just;  
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
 And save the soul condemned to die.

7 Then will I teach the world Thy ways;  
 Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;  
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
 And they shall praise a pardoning God.

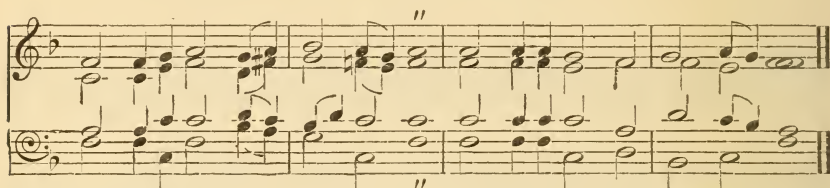
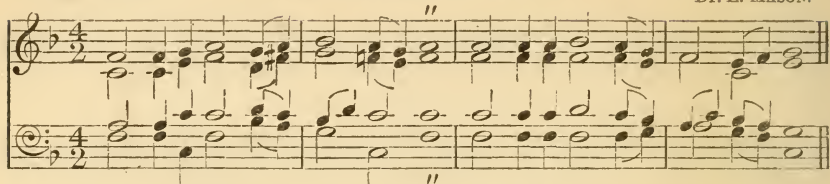
*p* 8 O may Thy love inspire my tongue!  
 Salvation shall be then my song;  
 And all my powers shall join to bless  
 The Lord my strength and righteousness.

I. WATTS.

## 275—276

## Boston.—L.M.

Dr. L. MASON.



*p* 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone !

O that I could at last submit !

At Jesus' feet to lay it down,

To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,  
The God of my salvation see ?

*p* Weary, O Lord, Thou know'st I am,  
Yet still I cannot come to Thee.

3 Rest for my soul I long to find ;  
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art ;

Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

4 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free ;

I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

5 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God,  
Thy light and easy burden prove ;  
The cross, all stained with hallowed  
The labour of Thy dying love. [blood,

6 I would ; but Thou must give the power,  
My heart from every sin release ;  
Bring near, bring near, the joyful hour,  
And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

7 Come, Lord ! the drooping sinner cheer,  
Nor let Thy chariot-wheels delay ;

Appear, in my poor heart appear !  
My God, my Saviour, come away !

C. WESLEY.

## 276

## Boston.—L.M.

*p* 1 LORD, I was blind ! I could not see  
In Thy marred visage any grace ;

But now the beauty of Thy face

*f* In radiant vision dawns on me.

2 Lord, I was deaf ! I could not hear  
The thrilling music of Thy voice ;

But now I hear Thee and rejoice,  
And all Thy uttered words are dear !

3 Lord, I was dumb ! I could not speak  
The grace and glory of Thy name

But now, as touched with living flame,

*f* My lips Thine eager praises wake.

*p* 4 Lord, I was dead ! I could not stir

My lifeless soul to come to Thee ; [me,  
But now, since Thou hast quickened

*f* I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

*f* 5 For Thou hast made the blind to see,  
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,

The dead to live ; and lo, I break  
The chains of my captivity.

W. T. MATSON.

## 277

## Nuremberg.—L.M.

FROM BEST'S *Eighty Chorales*.



*p* 1 WITH broken heart and contrite sigh  
 A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;  
 Thy pardoning grace is rich and free,  
*p* O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast, [sed,  
 With deep and conscious guilt oppress—  
 Christ and His cross my only plea,  
*p* O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand, with tearful eyes,  
 Nor dare uplift them to the skies;

But Thou dost all my anguish see,  
 O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
 Can for a single sin atone;  
 To Calvary alone I flee,  
*p* O God, be merciful to me!

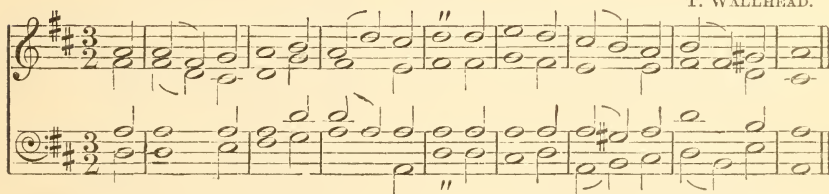
5 And when redeemed from sin and hell,  
 With all the ransomed throng I dwell  
 My raptured song shall ever be,  
*f* God has been merciful to me!

C. ELVEN.

## 278

## Brimington.—L.M.

T. WALLHEAD.



*p* 1 JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,  
 Lost and undone, for aid I flee,  
 Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
 Open Thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity, and heal my sin-sick soul;  
 'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;  
*p* Fallen, till in me Thine image shine,  
 And lost I am, till Thou art mine.

3 Awake, the woman's conquering Seed,  
 Awake, and bruise the serpent's head;  
*f* Tread down Thy foes, with power con-  
 The sinful passions of my soul. [trol,

4 The mansion for Thyself prepare,  
 Dispose my heart by entering there;  
 'Tis this alone can make me clean,  
 'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

5 At last I own it cannot be  
 That I should fit myself for Thee;  
 Here then to Thee I all resign,  
 Thine is the work, and only Thine.

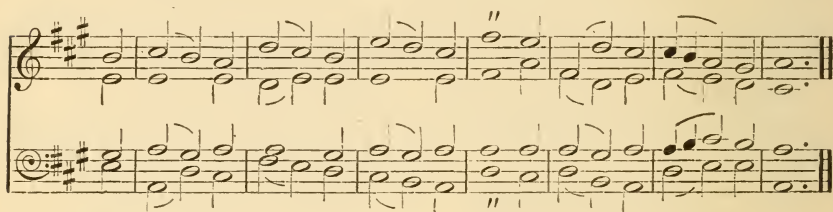
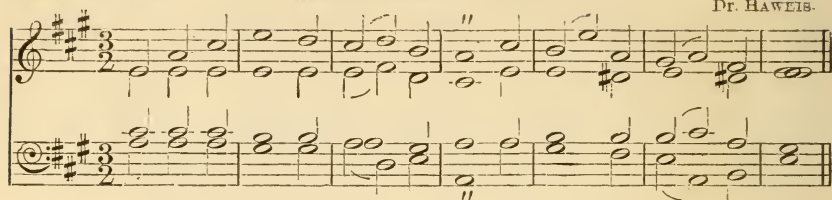
6 What shall I say Thy grace to move?  
 Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love:  
 I give up every plea beside,  
 'Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died.'

C. WESLEY

## 279—280

## Richmond.—C.M.

Dr. HAWES.



*f* 1 COME, O Thou all-victorious Lord,  
Thy power to us make known!  
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,  
And break these hearts of stone!

*p* 2 O that we all might now begin  
Our foolishness to mourn!  
And turn at once from every sin,  
And to our Saviour turn!

3 Give us ourselves and Thee to know,  
In this our gracious day;  
Repentance unto life bestow,  
And take our sins away.

4 Conclude us first in unbelief,  
And freely then release:  
*p* Fill every soul with sacred grief,  
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,  
And then enrich the poor;  
The knowledge of our sickness give,  
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessèd sense of guilt impart,  
And then remove the load;  
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart  
In Thine atoning blood.

7 Our desperate state through sin declare,  
And speak our sins forgiven;  
*f* By perfect holiness prepare,  
And take us up to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

## 280

## Richmond.—C.M.

1 COME, let us to the Lord our God  
With contrite hearts return;  
Our God is gracious, not will leave  
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,  
And stills the stormy wave:  
And though His arm be strong to smite,  
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;  
The dawn shall bring us light;  
*f* God shall appear, and we shall rise  
With gladness in His sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know Him and rejoice;  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs His voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,  
Diffusing fragrance round;  
As showers that usher in the spring,  
And cheer the thirsty ground.

6 So shall His presence bless our souls,  
And shed a joyful light;  
That hallowed morn shall chase away  
The sorrows of the night.

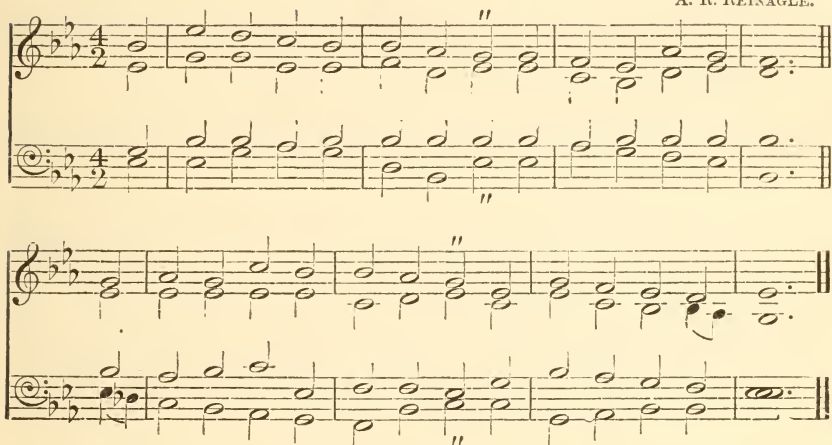
J. MORRISON.



281

## St. Peter.—C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



*p* 1 OUT of the depth of self-despair,  
 To Thee, O Lord, I cry;  
 My misery mark, attend my prayer,  
 And bring salvation nigh.

*p* 2 If thou art rigorously severe,  
 Who may the test abide?  
 Where shall a sinful man appear,  
 Or how be justified?

3 But O forgiveness is with Thee,  
 That sinners may adore,  
 With filial fear Thy goodness see,  
 And never grieve Thee more.

4 My soul, while still to Him it ties,  
 Prevents the morning ray:  
 O that His mercy's beams would rise,  
 And bring the gospel day!

5 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,  
 Mercy with Him remains,  
*f* Plenteous redemption through His blood,  
 To wash out all your stains.

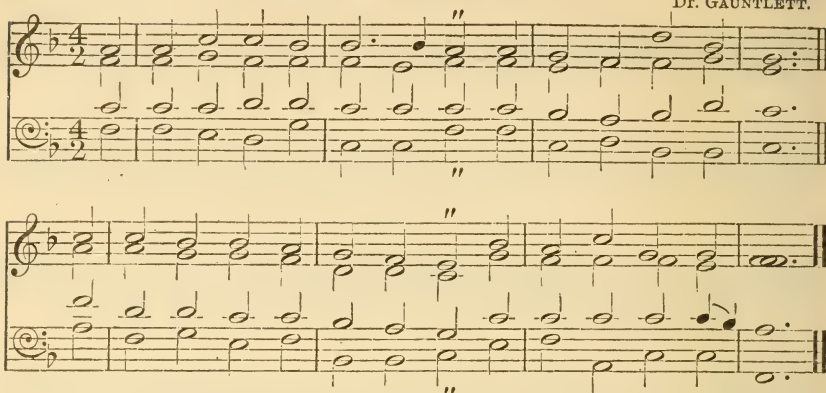
*f* 6 His Israel Himself shall clear,  
 From all their sins redeem;  
 The Lord our Righteousness is near,  
 And we are just in Him.

C. WESLEY.

## 282

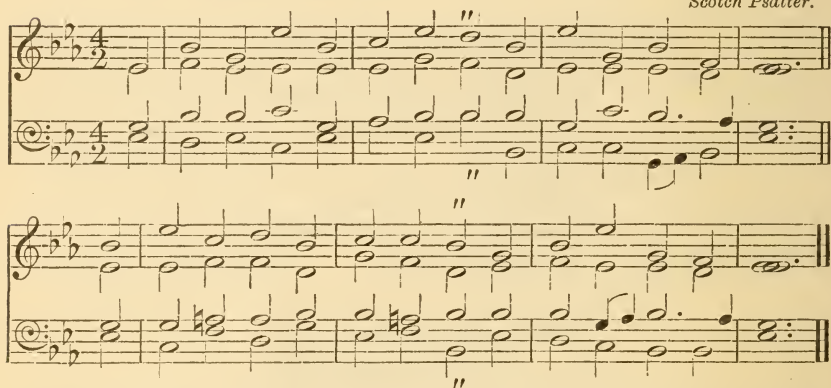
## Southwell (1st Tune).—C.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



## London New (2nd Tune).—C.M.

Scotch Psalter.



*f* 1 O THAT Thou wouldst the heavens  
In majesty come down! [rend,  
Stretch out Thine arm omnipotent,  
And seize me for Thine own!

*f* 2 Descend, and let Thy lightning burn  
The stubble of Thy foe;  
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,  
And make the mountains flow.

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,  
And curb my headstrong will;  
Thou only canst drive back the tide,  
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I cannot break my chain,  
Or e'er throw off my load?

*f* The things impossible to men  
Are possible to God.

*p* 5 Is there a thing too hard for Thee,  
Almighty Lord of all,

Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,  
And make the mountains fall.

6 Who, who shall in Thy presence stand,  
And match Omnipotence,  
Ungrasp the hold of Thy right hand,  
Or pluck the sinner thence?

7 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail;  
Nearer to save Thou art,  
*f* Stronger than all the powers of hell,  
And greater than my heart.

8 Lo! to the hills I lift mine eye,  
Thy promised aid I claim;  
Father of mercies, glorify  
Thy favourite Jesus' name.

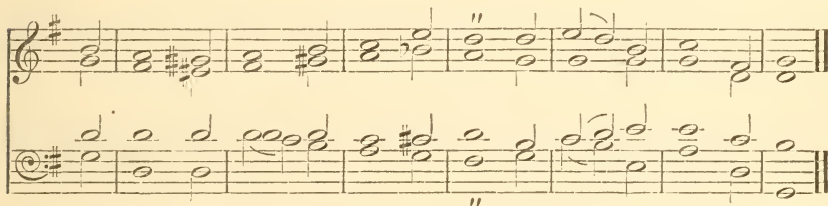
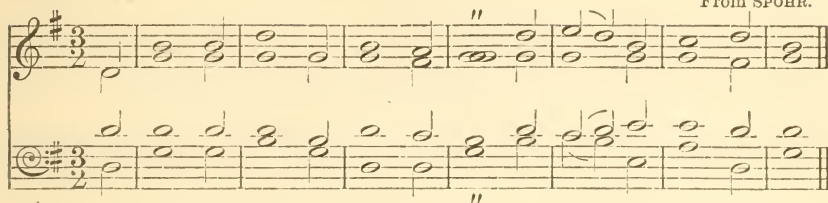
9 Salvation in that name is found,  
Balm of my grief and care;  
A medicine for my every wound,  
All, all I want is there.

C. WESLEY.

## 283—284

## Spohr.—C.M.

FROM SPOHR.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 JESUS, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,<br/>The weary sinner's Friend ;<br/>Come to my help, pronounce the word,<br/>And bid my troubles end.</p> <p><i>f</i> 2 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,<br/>And life, and liberty ;<br/>Shed forth the virtue of Thy name,<br/>And Jesus prove to me !</p> <p>3 Faith to be healed Thou know'st I have,<br/>For Thou that faith hast given :<br/>Thou canst, Thou wilt the sinner save,<br/>And make me meet for heaven.</p> <p>4 Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine ;<br/>Thou wilt victorious prove ;<br/><i>f</i> For everlasting strength is Thine,<br/>And everlasting love.</p> | <p>5 Thy powerful Spirit shall subdue<br/>Unconquerable sin :<br/>Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,<br/>And write Thy law within.</p> <p>6 Bound down with twice ten thousand<br/>Yet let me hear Thy call, [ties,<br/><i>f</i> My soul in confidence shall rise,<br/>Shall rise and break through all.</p> <p><i>f</i> 7 Speak, and the deaf shall hear Thy<br/>The blind his sight receive ; [voice ;<br/>The dumb in songs of praise rejoice ;<br/>The heart of stone believe.</p> <p><i>f</i> 8 The Æthiop then shall change his skin ;<br/>The dead shall feel Thy power ;<br/>The loathsome leper shall be clean,<br/>And I shall sin no more.</p> |
|---|--|

C. WESLEY.

## 284

## Spohr.—C.M.

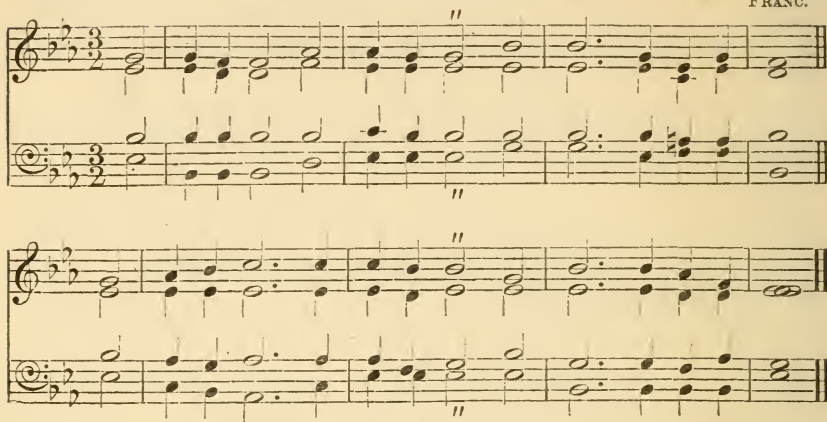
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast<br/>A thousand thoughts revolve,<br/>Come, with your guilt and fear op-<br/>And firmly thus resolve:— [pressed,</p> <p><i>f</i> 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin<br/>Like mountains round me close :<br/>I know His courts, I'll enter in,<br/>Whatever may oppose.</p> <p><i>p</i> 3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,<br/>And there my guilt confess ;<br/>I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone<br/>Without His sovereign grace.</p> | <p>4 I'll to the gracious King approach,<br/>Whose sceptre pardon gives,<br/>Perhaps He may command my touch,<br/>And then the suppliant lives.</p> <p>5 Perhaps He will admit my plea—<br/>Perhaps he'll hear my prayer ;<br/>But if I perish, I will pray,<br/>And perish only there.</p> <p>6 I can but perish if I go ;<br/>I am resolved to try :<br/><i>f</i> For if I stay away, I know<br/>I must for ever die.</p> |
|--|---|

E. JONES.

## 285

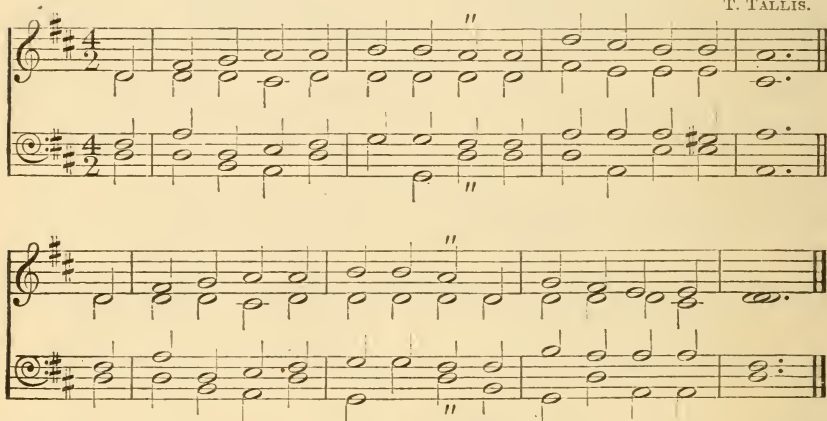
## Resting (1st Tune).—C.M.

FRANC.



## Tallis's Ordination Hymn (2nd Tune).—C.M.

T. TALLIS.



*p* 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I.

*p* 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown  
And love beyond degree?

*pp* 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the world's Creator, died  
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While His dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
*f* Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.

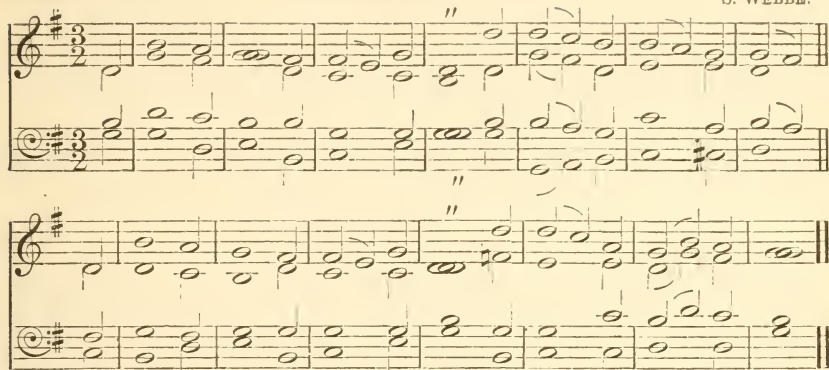
I. WATTS.



## 286—287

## Belmont.—C.M.

S. WEBBE.



- 1 JESUS, if still Thou art to-day  
As yesterday the same,  
Present to heal, in me display  
The virtue of Thy name.
- 2 If still Thou goest about to do  
Thy needy creatures good,  
On me, that I Thy praise may show,  
Be all Thy wonders showed.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,  
Thy miracles repeat;  
With pitying eyes behold me fall,  
A leper at Thy feet.
- p* 4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-aborred,  
I sink beneath my sin;  
But, if Thou wilt, a gracious word  
Of Thine can make me clean.
- 5 Thou seest me deaf to Thy command,  
Open, O Lord, my ear;  
Bid me stretch out my withered hand,  
And lift it up in prayer.

- p* 6 Silent (alas! Thou know'st how long),  
My voice I cannot raise;  
But O! when Thou shalt loose my tongue,  
*f* The dumb shall sing Thy praise.
- 7 Lame at the pool I still am found;  
Give, and my strength employ;  
*f* Light as a hart I then shall bound,  
The lame shall leap for joy.
- p* 8 Blind from my birth to guilt and Thee,  
And dark I am within;  
The love of God I cannot see,  
The sinfulness of sin.
- 9 But Thou, they say, art passing by,  
O let me find Thee near!  
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,  
Thou Son of David, hear!
- 10 Behold me waiting in the way  
For Thee, the Heavenly Light;  
*f* Command me to be brought, and say,  
'Sinner receive thy sight!'

C. WESLEY.

## 287

## Belmont.—C.M.

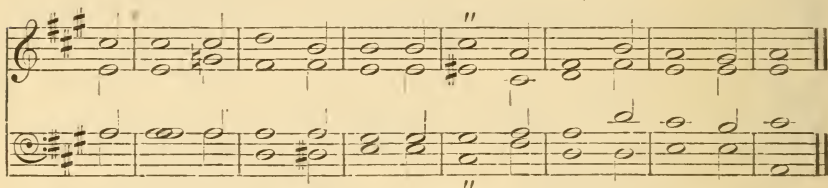
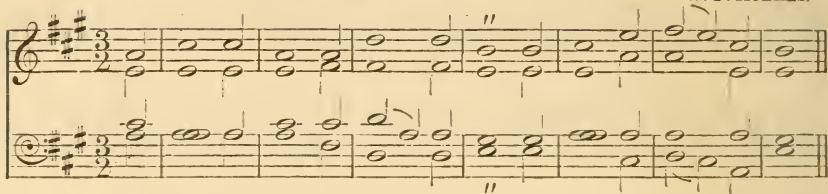
- 1 WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,  
Thy quickening Spirit give;  
Call me, Thou Son of God, that I  
May hear Thy voice, and live.
- p* 2 While, full of anguish and disease,  
My weak, distempered soul  
Thy love compassionately sees,  
O let it make me whole!
- 3 Cast out Thy foes, and let them still  
To Jesus' name submit;  
Clothe with Thy righteousness and heal,  
And place me at Thy feet.
- 4 To Jesus' name, if all things now  
A trembling homage pay,  
O let my stubborn spirit bow,  
My stiff-necked will obey!
- 5 I know in Thee all fulness dwells,  
And all for wretched man:
- Fill every want my spirit feels,  
And break off every chain!
- f* 6 If Thou impart Thyself to me,  
No other good I need:  
If Thou, the Son, shalt make me free,  
I shall be free indeed.
- 7 I cannot rest, till in Thy blood  
I full redemption have:  
But Thou, through whom I come to God,  
Canst to the utmost save.
- 8 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,  
Thou wilt redeem my soul:  
*f* Lord, I believe, and not in vain;  
My faith shall make me whole.
- f* 9 I too, with Thee, shall walk in white;  
With all Thy saints shall prove,  
What is the length, and breadth, and  
And depth of perfect love. [height,

C. WESLEY.

## 288

## Centenary.—C.M.

W. P. HOLMES.



*p* 1 O LORD, turn not Thy face away  
From them that lowly lie,  
Lamenting sore their sinful life,  
With tears and bitter cry.

2 Thy mercy gates are open wide  
To them that mourn their sin;  
O shut them not against us, Lord,  
But let us enter in.

*p* 3 We need not to confess our fault,  
For surely Thou canst tell;  
What we have done, and what we are  
Thou knowest very well.

4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,  
With tears we come to Thee,  
*p* As children that have done amiss  
Fall at their father's knee.

5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat  
The blessing which we crave,  
When Thou dost know before we speak  
The thing that we would have?

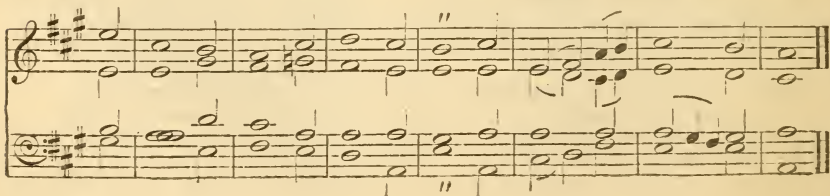
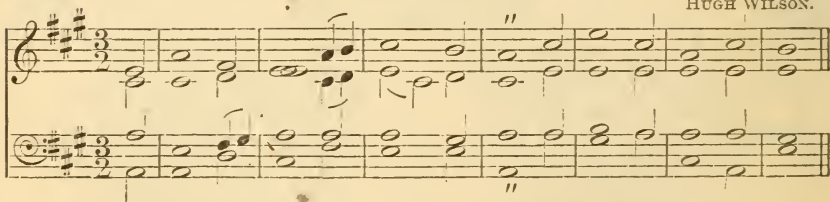
6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,  
This is the total sum;  
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;  
O let Thy mercy come!

J. MARDLEY.

## 289

## Martyrdom.—C.M.

HUGH WILSON.



1 **L**ORD, like the publican, I stand,  
And lift my heart to Thee ;  
Thy pardoning grace, O God, command ;  
*p* Be merciful to me !

2 I smite upon my anxious breast,  
O'erwhelmed with agony ;  
O save my soul, by sin oppressed ;  
*p* Be merciful to me !

3 My guilt, my shame I all confess,  
I have no hope nor plea  
But Jesus' blood and righteousness ;  
*p* Be merciful to me !

*pp* 4 The chief of sinners though I am,  
And vile beyond degree,  
To die for me Immanuel came ;  
*p* Be merciful to me !

5 Here at Thy cross I still would wait,  
Nor from its shelter flee,  
Till Thou, O God, in mercy great,  
Art merciful to me !

T. RAFFLES.

## 290—291

## St. Agnes.—C.M.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



*p* 1 **W**HEN, wounded sore, the stricken  
Lies bleeding and unbound, [soul  
One only hand, a piercèd hand,  
Can salve the sinner's wound.

*p* 2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,  
And tears of anguish flow,  
One only heart, a broken heart,  
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain  
Over some foul dark spot,  
One only stream, a stream of blood,  
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,  
His hand that brings relief, [joys,  
His heart that's touched with all our  
*p* And feebleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord !  
Unseal that cleansing tide ;  
We have no shelter from our sin  
*p* But in Thy wounded side.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

## 291

## St. Agnes.—C.M.

*p* 1 **O** FOR that tenderness of heart  
Which bows before the Lord,  
Acknowledging how just Thou art,  
And trembling at Thy word !

*p* 2 O for those humble, contrite tears,  
Which from repentance flow ;  
The consciousness of guilt, which fears  
The long-suspended blow !

*p* 3 Saviour, to me, in pity, give  
The sensible distress ;  
The pledge Thou wilt at last receive,  
And bid me die in peace—

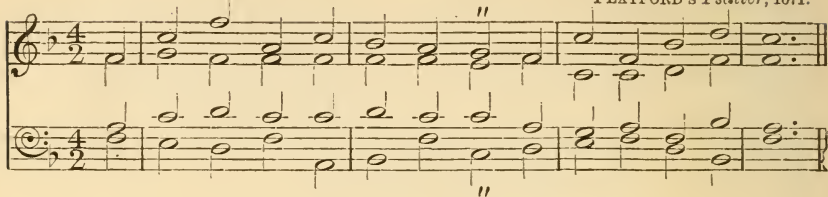
4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,  
Before the evil come ;  
My spirit hide with saints above,  
*p* My body in the tomb.

C. WESLEY.

## 292

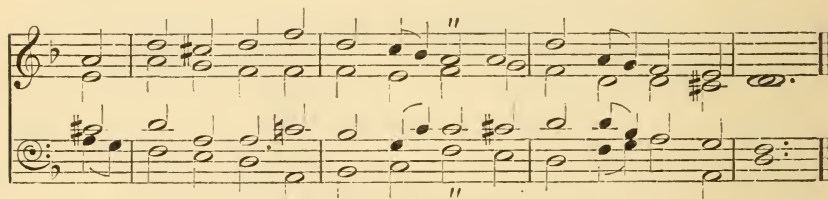
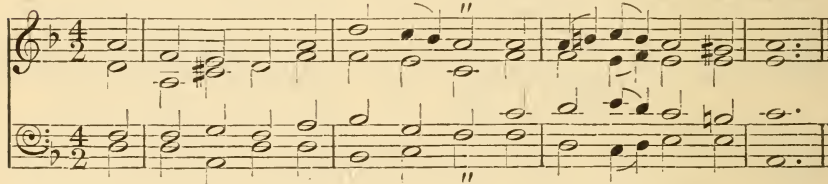
## St. David (1st Tune).—C.M.

PLAYFORD'S Psalter, 1671.



## Bangor (2nd Tune).—C.M.

WILLIAM TANSUR.



*p* 1 **M**ERCY alone can meet my case;  
 For mercy, Lord, I cry;  
 Jesus! Redeemer! show Thy face  
 In mercy, or I die.

2 Save me, for none beside can save,  
 At Thy command I tread,  
 With failing step, life's stormy wave—  
 The wave goes o'er my head.

*f* 3 I perish, and my doom were just;  
 But wilt Thou leave me?—No!  
*f* I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust;  
 I will not let Thee go.

4 Still sure to me Thy promise stands,  
 And ever must abide:  
 Behold it written on Thy hands,  
 And graven in Thy side.

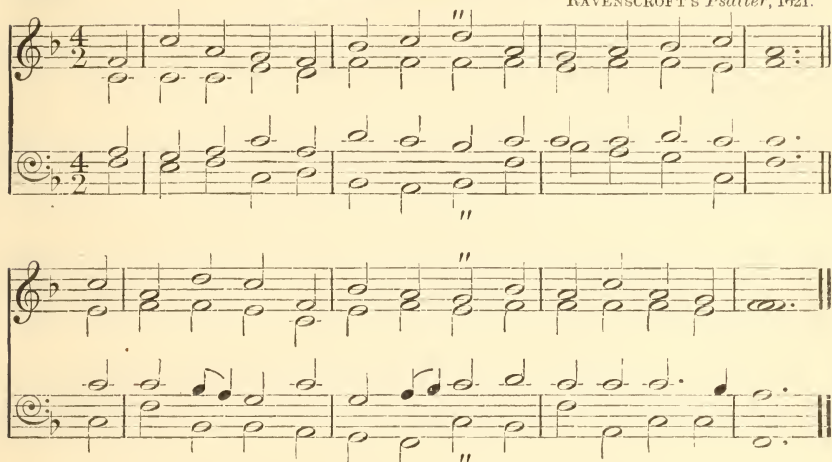
*f* 5 To this, this only will I cleave;  
 Thy word is all my plea;  
 That word is truth, and I believe:—  
 Have mercy, Lord, on me.

J. MONTGOMERY.



## 293

## Gloucester.—C.M.

RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalter*, 1921.

*f* **1** LET the redeemed give thanks and praise  
To a forgiving God!

My feeble voice I cannot raise  
Till washed in Jesus' blood:

**2** Till, at Thy coming from above,  
My mountain-sins depart,  
And fear gives place to filial love,  
And peace o'erflows my heart.

**3** Prisoner of hope, I still attend  
The appearing of my Lord,  
These endless doubts and fears to end,  
And speak my soul restored;

**4** Restored by reconciling grace,  
With present pardon blest,  
And fitted by true holiness  
For my eternal rest.

**5** The peace which man can ne'er conceive,  
The love and joy unknown,  
Now, Father to Thy servant give,  
And claim me for Thine own.

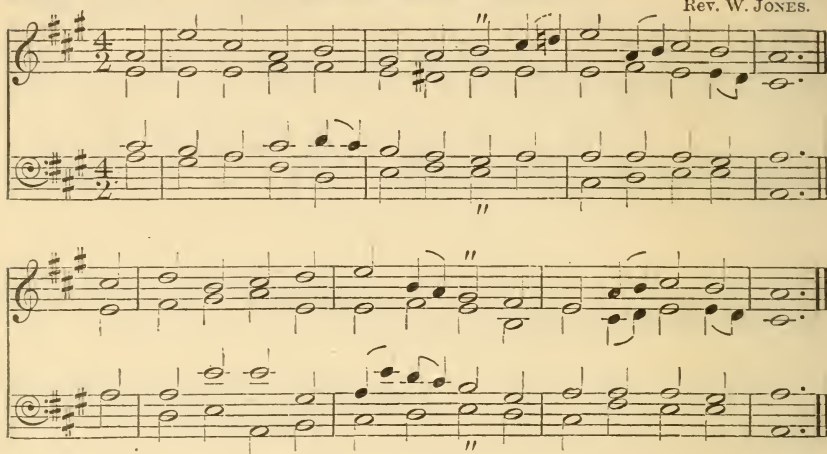
**6** My God, in Jesus pacified,  
My God, Thyself declare,  
And draw me to His open side  
And plunge the sinner there.

C. WESLEY.

## 294—295

## St. Stephen.—C.M.

Rev. W. JONES.



1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,  
Who did the world redeem;  
Who gave His life that I might live  
A life concealed in Him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,  
My heart's extreme desire,  
Live happy in my Saviour's love  
And in His arms expire!

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,  
That, kept by mercy's power,  
I may from every evil cease,  
*p* And never grieve Thee more.

4 Now if Thy gracious will it be,  
E'en now, my sins remove,  
And set my soul at liberty  
By Thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,  
Thou pardoning God, descend:  
*f* Number me with salvation's heirs,  
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,  
Of all in earth or heaven,  
*f* But let me feel Thy blood applied,  
And live and die forgiven.

C. WESLEY.

## 295

## St. Stephen.—C.M.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh,  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye!

*p* 2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,  
A wretched wanderer mourn;  
Hast thou not bid me seek Thy face?  
Hast Thou not said, Return?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail  
To drive me from Thy feet?  
O let not this dear refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat!

*p* 4 Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,  
Without one cheering ray,  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy  
How desolate my way! [night,

5 O shine on this benighted heart,  
With beams of mercy shine!  
And let Thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine!

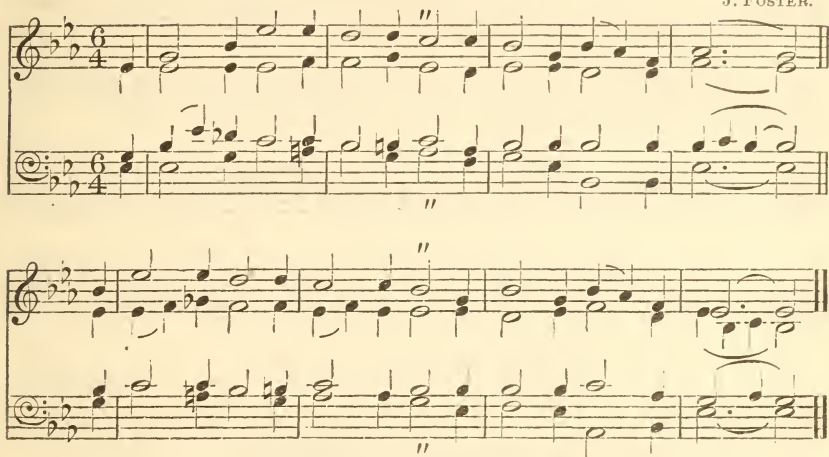
6 Thy presence only can bestow  
Delights which never cloy:  
Be this my solace here below,  
*f* And my eternal joy.

A. STEELE.

## 296

## Claremont.—C.M.

J. FOSTER.



*p* 1 **B**EHOLD a sinner at Thy feet,  
Oppressed with grief and care;  
I bow before Thy mercy-seat,  
And lift my heart in prayer.

*p* 2 To Thee I lift my streaming eyes;  
My heart is filled with pain;  
Regard, O Lord, my mournful cries,  
Nor let me seek in vain!

3 None ever stood in greater need  
Of pardoning grace than I;  
Thy death on Calvary, to! I plead;  
O save me or I die!

4 Welcome, O Saviour, to my heart!  
Possess Thy humble throne;  
*f* Bid every rival hence depart,  
And claim me for Thine own.

5 The world and Satan I forsake,  
To Thee I all resign;  
My longing heart, O Jesus, take,  
And make it all divine!

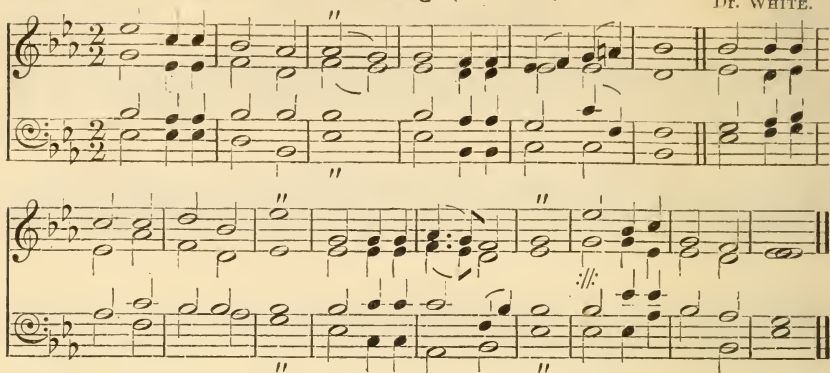
*f* 6 O may I never turn aside,  
Nor from Thy bosom flee;  
*f* Let nothing here my heart divide,  
I give it all to Thee!

H. BOURNE AND W. SANDERS,

## 297

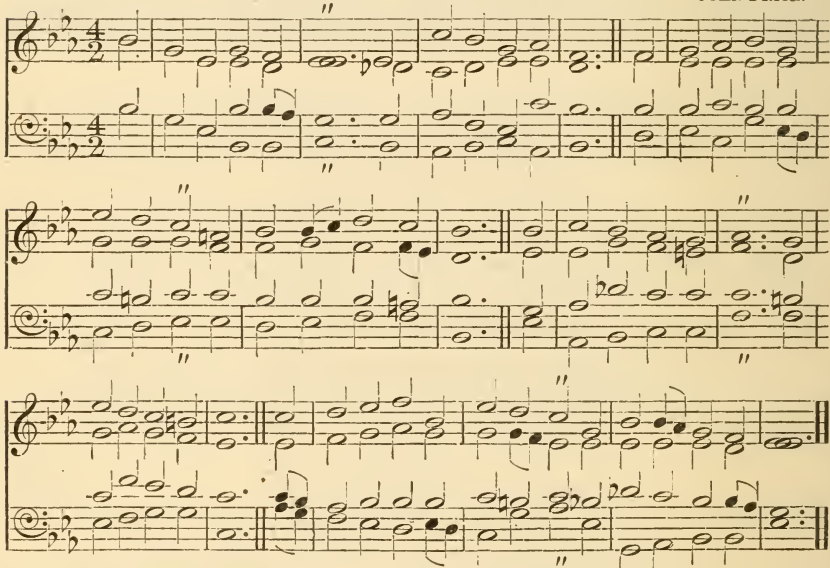
## Fonthill Abbey (1st Tune).—S.M.

Dr. WHITE.



## Ethel (2nd Tune).—S.M.D.

JOHN PRICE.



- 1 **A**H! whither should I go,  
*p* Burdened, and sick, and faint,  
 To whom should I my troubles show,  
 And pour out my complaint?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come,  
 Ah! why do I delay?  
 He calls the weary sinner home,  
*p* And yet from Him I stay!
- 3 What is it keeps me back,  
 From which I cannot part,  
 Which will not let my Saviour take  
 Possession of my heart?
- 4 Some cursed thing unknown  
 Must surely lurk within,  
 Some idol, which I will not own,  
 Some secret bosom-sin.

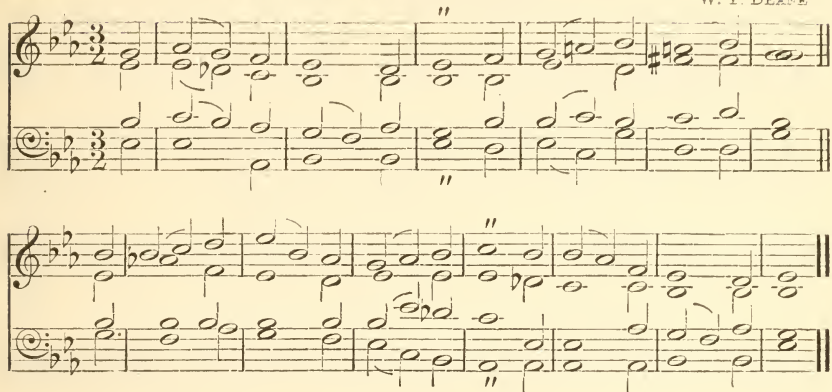
- 5 Jesus, the hindrance show,  
 Which I have feared to see;  
 Yet let me now consent to know  
 What keeps me out of Thee:
- 6 Searcher of hearts, in mine  
 Thy trying power display;  
 Into its darkest corners shine,  
 And take the veil away.
- 7 I now believe in Thee,  
 Compassion reigns alone;  
 According to my faith to me  
 O let it, Lord, be done!
- 8 In me is all the bar,  
 Which Thou wouldst fain remove;  
*f* Remove it, and I shall declare  
 That God is only love. C. WESLEY.



## 298

## Whitefriars (1st Tune).—S.M.

W. T. DEANE



## Aston (2nd Tune).—S.M.

JOHN HEYWOOD.



- 1 WHEN shall Thy love constrain,  
And force me to Thy breast?  
When shall my soul return again  
To her eternal rest?
- p* 2 Ah! what avails my strife,  
My wandering to and fro?  
Thou hast the words of endless life:  
Ah! whither should I go?
- f* 3 Thy condescending grace  
To me did freely move;  
It calls me still to seek Thy face,  
And stoops to ask my love.
- p* 4 Lord, at Thy feet I fall!  
I groan to be set free;  
I fain would now obey the call,  
And give up all for Thee.
- p* 5 To rescue me from woe,  
Thou didst with all things part;

Didst lead a suffering life below,  
To gain my worthless heart.

- p* 6 My worthless heart to gain,  
The God of all that breathe  
Was found in fashion as a man  
*pp* And died a cursed death.

- f* 7 And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?

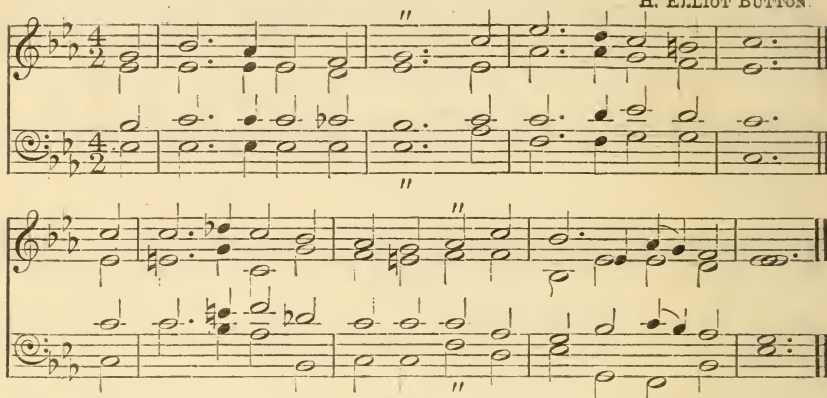
- f* 8 Nay, but I yield, I yield!  
I can hold out no more,  
*p* I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own Thee Conqueror.

- f* 9 Though late, I all forsake,  
My friends, my all resign;  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever Thine!

## 299

## Rothesay.—S.M.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



p1 OPPRESSED with sin and woe,  
A burdened heart I bear ;  
Opposed by many a mighty foe,  
Yet will I not despair.

2 With this polluted heart  
I dare to come to Thee—  
Holy and mighty as Thou art—  
For Thou wilt pardon me.

p3 I feel that I am weak,  
And prone to every sin ;

But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,  
Wilt give me strength within.

4 I need not fear my foes ;  
I need not yield to care ;  
I need not sink beneath my woes,  
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

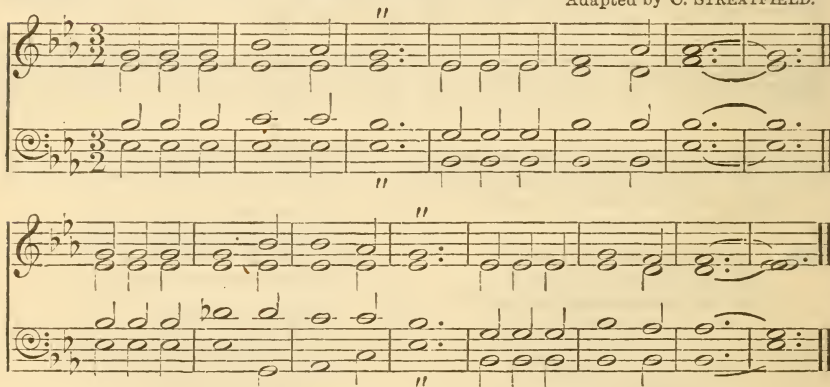
5 In my Redeemer's name,  
I give myself to Thee ;  
And, all unworthy as I am,  
My God will welcome me.

A. BRONTË.

## 300

## Langton.—S.M.

Adapted by C. STREATFIELD.



p1 O THAT I could repent !  
O that I could believe !  
Thou by Thy voice the marble rend,  
The rock in sunder cleave.

2 Thou, by Thy two-edged sword,  
My soul and spirit part,  
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,  
And break my stubborn heart !

p3 Saviour, and Prince of peace,  
The double grace bestow ;  
Unloose the bands of wickedness,  
And let the captive go.

p4 Grant me my sins to feel,  
And then the load remove ; [heal,  
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to  
The balm of pardoning love.

5 For Thy own mercy's sake  
The cursèd thing remove ;  
And into Thy protection take  
The prisoner of Thy love.

p 6 In every trying hour  
Stand by my feeble soul,  
And screen me from my nature's power,  
Till Thou hast made me whole.

7 This is Thy will, I know,  
That I should holy be,  
Should let my sin this moment go,  
This moment turn to Thee.

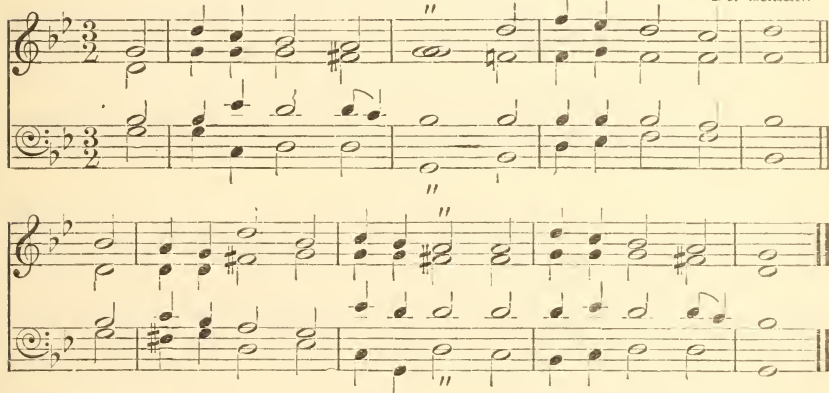
8 O might I now embrace  
Thy all-sufficient power,  
And never more to sin give place.  
And never grieve Thee more !

C. WESLEY.

301

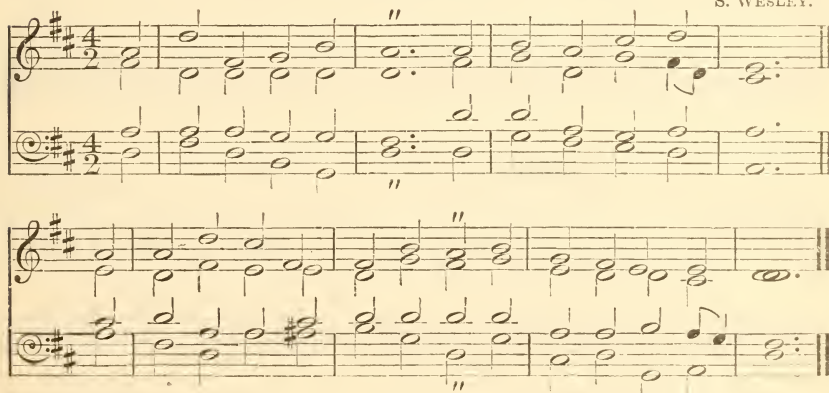
## Wirksworth (1st Tune).—S.M.

Dr. GREEN.



## Doncaster (2nd Tune).—S.M.

S. WESLEY.



p 1 OUT of the deep I call  
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee ;  
Before Thy throne of grace I fall,  
Be merciful to me.

p 2 Out of the deep I cry,  
The woful deep of sin,  
Of evil done in days gone by,  
Of evil now within.

p 3 Out of the deep of fear,  
And dread of coming shame,  
From morning watch till night is near,  
I plead the Precious Name.

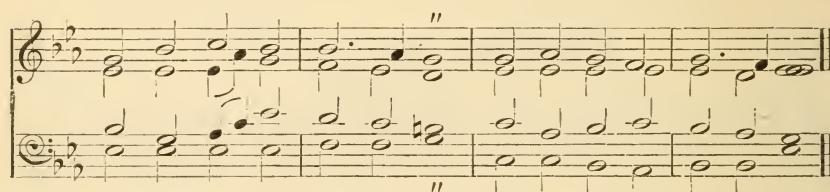
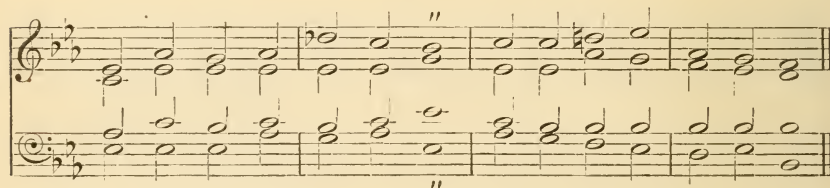
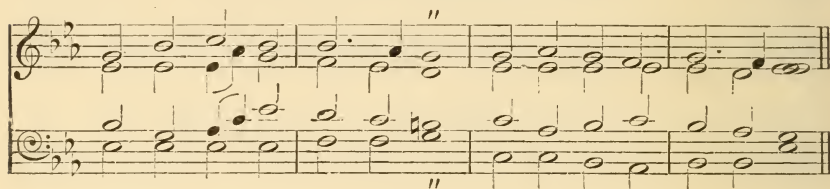
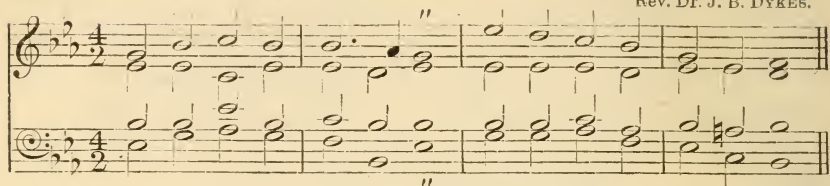
4 Lord, there is mercy now,  
As ever was with Thee ;  
Before Thy throne of grace I bow,  
Be merciful to me.

H. BAKER.

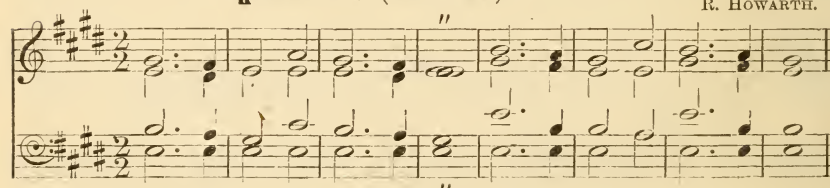
302

**Hollingside** (1st Tune).—77.77.77.77.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.

**Pulchra** (2nd Tune).—77.77.

R. HOWARTH.





1 **J**ESUS, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high :

*p* 2 Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last !

3 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;

*p* Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me :

*f* 4 All my trust on Thee is stayed ;  
All my help from Thee I bring :  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

5 Thou, O Christ, art all I want !  
More than all in Thee I find :  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

*p* 6 Just and holy is Thy name ;  
I am all unrighteousness :  
False and full of sin I am ;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

7 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within :

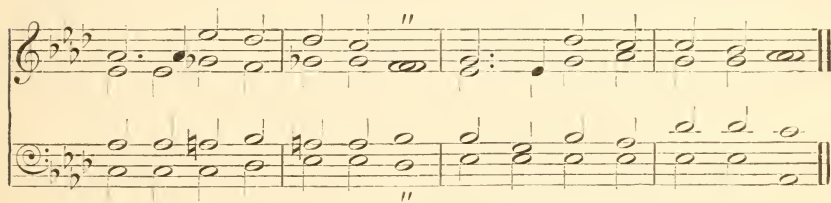
8 Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee :  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
*f* Rise to all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

## 303

## Litany.—7 7. 7 7.

W. WOODWARD.



*p* 1 **S**INFUL, sighing to be blest ;  
Bound, and longing to be free ;  
Weary, waiting for my rest :  
God be merciful to me.

2 Goodness I have none to plead,  
Sinfulness in all I see,  
I can only bring my need :  
God be merciful to me.

*p* 3 Broken heart and downcast eyes  
Dare not lift themselves to Thee ;  
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs :  
God be merciful to me.

4 From this sinful heart of mine  
To Thy bosom I would flee :  
I am not my own, but Thine :  
God be merciful to me.

*f* 5 There is One beside the throne,  
And my only hope and plea  
Are in Him, and Him alone :  
God be merciful to me.

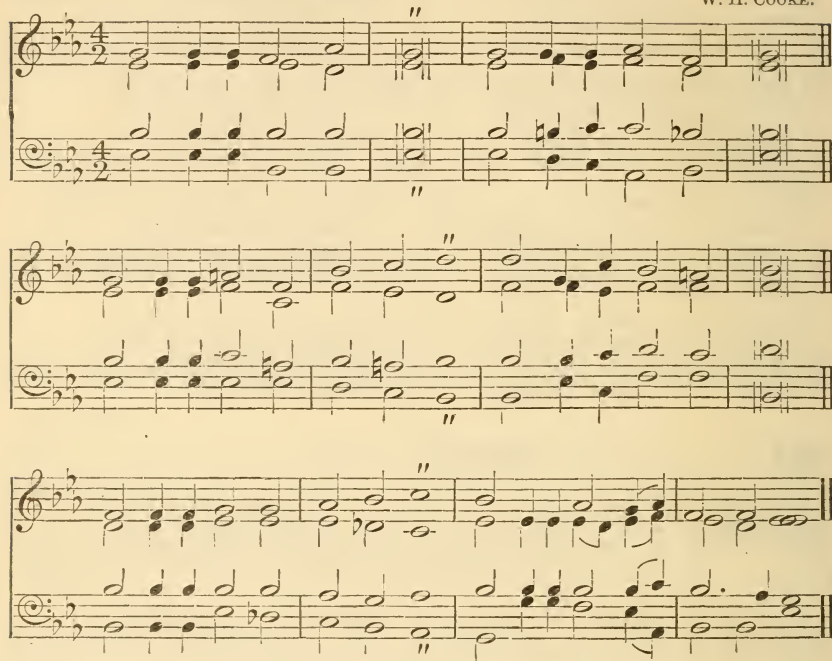
*f* 6 He my cause will undertake,  
My Interpreter will be ;  
He's my all ; and for His sake  
God be merciful to me.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

## 304

## Bath.—6 6.8 6.8 8.

W. H. COOKE.



1 JESUS, I rest on Thee,  
In Thee myself I hide:

*p* Laden with guilt and misery,  
Where can I rest beside?  
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast  
My weary soul alone can rest.

*p* 2 The slave of sin and fear,  
Thy truth my bondage broke,  
And now my spirit loves to wear  
Thy light and easy yoke:  
The love, which fills my grateful breast  
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.

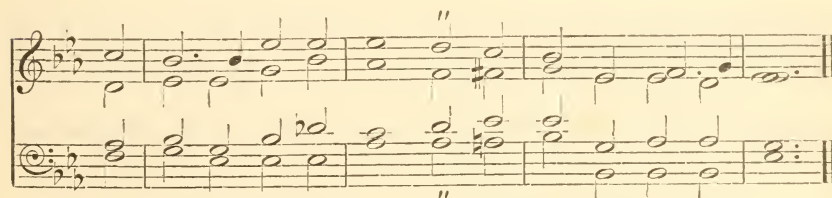
3 Soon the bright glorious day,  
The rest of God, shall come;  
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,  
And I shall reach my home:  
*f* Then of the promised land possessed  
My soul shall know eternal rest.

J. G. DECK.

## 305

## St. George's, Bolton.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

J. WALCH.



*p* 1 I COULD not do without Thee,  
 O Saviour of the lost,  
 Whose precious blood redeemed me  
 At such tremendous cost!  
 Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,  
 Thy precious blood must be  
 My only hope and comfort,  
 My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,  
 I cannot stand alone,  
*p* I have no strength or goodness,  
 No wisdom of my own;  
 But Thou, beloved Saviour,  
 Art all in all to me,  
 And perfect strength in weakness  
 Is theirs who lean on Thee.

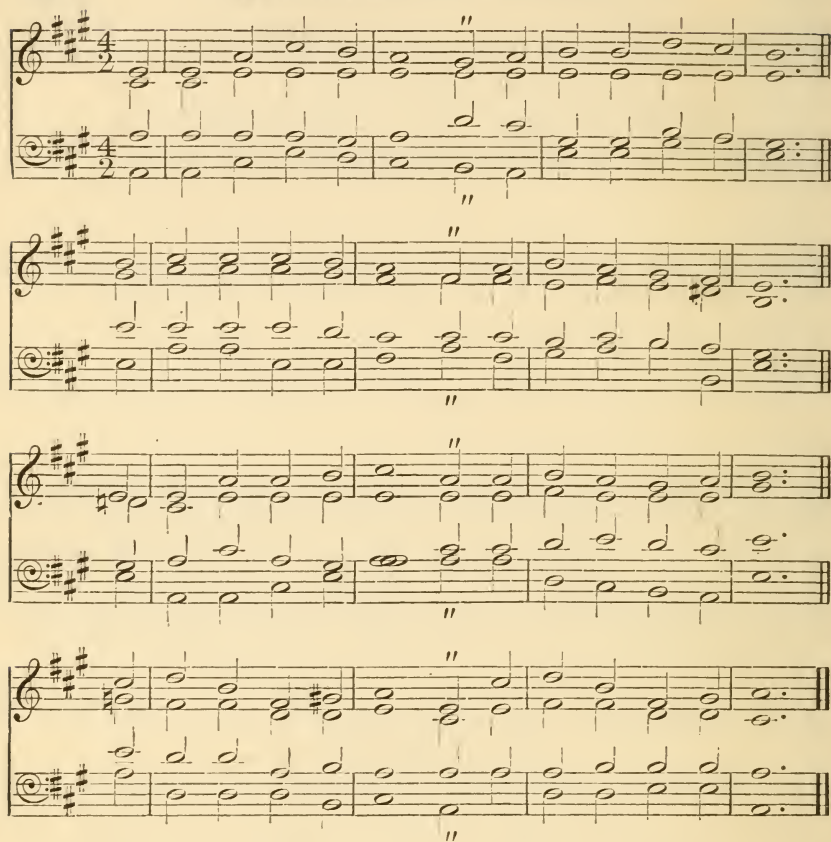
3 I could not do without Thee;  
 No other friend can read  
*p* The spirit's strange deep longings,  
 Interpreting its need;  
 No human heart could enter  
 Each dim recess of mine,  
 And soothe, and hush, and calm it,  
 O blessed Lord, but Thine!

4 I could not do without Thee,  
 For years are fleeting fast,  
*p* And soon in solemn loneliness  
 The river must be passed;  
 But Thou wilt never leave me,  
 And though the waves roll high,  
 I know Thou wilt be near me,  
 And whisper, 'It is I.'

F. R. HAVERGAL

## 306

## Madagascar.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.



p 1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
 The spotless Lamb of God ;  
 He bears them all and frees us  
 From the accursèd load.  
 I bring my guilt to Jesus  
 To wash my crimson stains  
*f* White in His blood most precious,  
 Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus ;  
 All fulness dwells in Him :  
 He heals all my diseases ;  
 He doth my soul redeem.  
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
 My burdens and my cares ;  
 He from them all releases ;  
 He all my sorrows shares.

p 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
 This weary soul of mine ;  
 His right hand me embraces ;  
 I on His breast recline  
 I love the name of Jesus,  
 Immanuel, Christ the Lord ;  
 Like fragrance on the breezes  
 His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;  
 I long to be like Jesus,  
 The Father's Holy Child.  
*f* I long to be with Jesus  
 Amid the heavenly throng ;  
 To sing, with saints, His praises  
 To learn the angels' song.

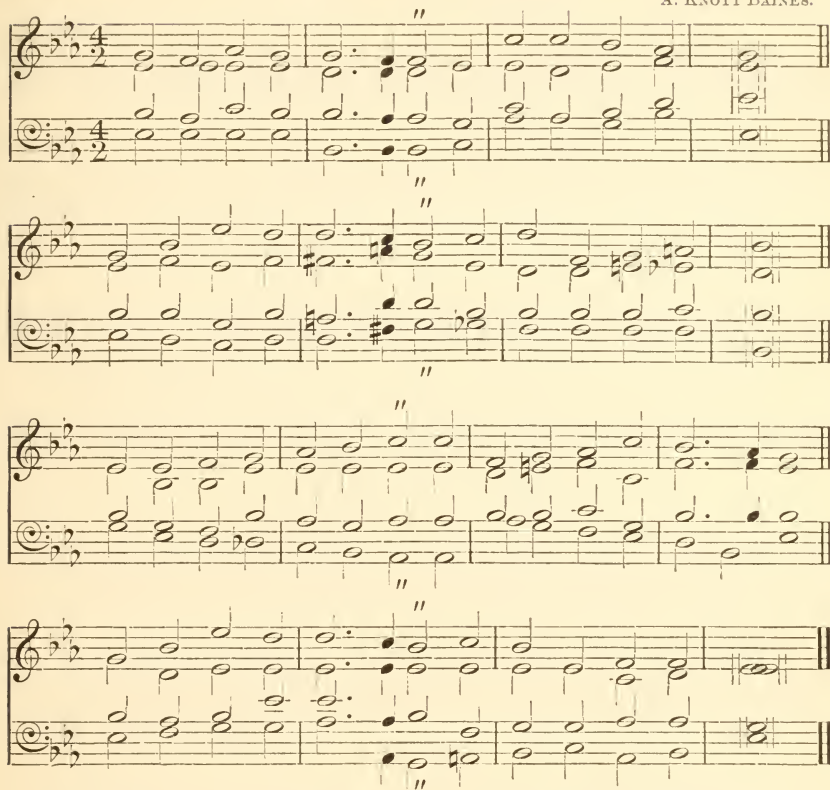
H. BONAR.



## 307

## Greenock.—7 6.7 6.7 8.7 6.

A. KNOTT BAINES.



1 LET the world their virtue boast,  
Their works of righteousness ;

*p* I, a wretch undone and lost,  
Am freely saved by grace ;

Other title I disclaim ;

This, only this, is all my plea,

*p* I the chief of sinners am,

But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound  
Like Jordan's swelling stream,

*f* Who their heaven in Christ have  
And give the praise to Him ; [found

*p* Meanest follower of the Lamb,  
His steps I at a distance see ;

I the chief of sinners am,

But Jesus died for me.

3 I, like Gideon's fleece, am found  
Unwatered still, and dry,  
While the dew on all around  
Falls plenteous from the sky ;

Yet my Lord I cannot blame,  
The Saviour's grace for all is free ;

*p* I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

4 Surely He will lift me up,  
For I of Him have need,  
I cannot give up my hope,  
Though I am cold and dead ;  
To bring fire on earth He came,  
O that it now might kindled be !

*p* I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

5 Jesus, Thou for me hast died,  
And Thou in me shalt live ;  
I shall feel Thy death applied,  
I shall Thy life receive ;

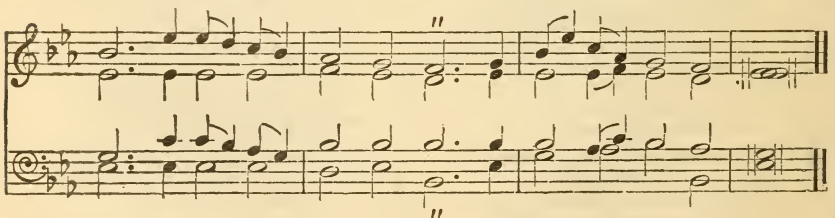
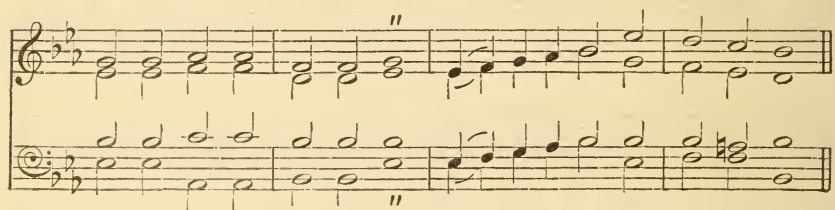
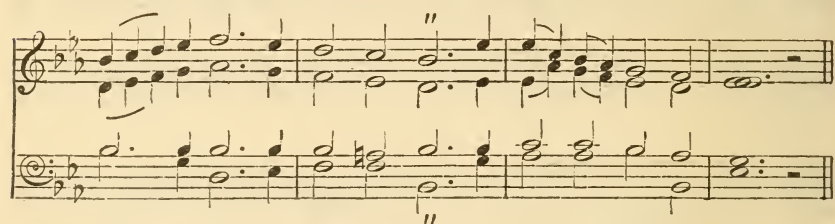
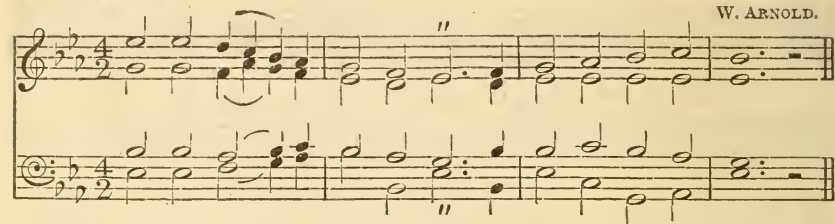
*p* Yet, when melted in the flame  
Of love, this shall be all my plea,  
I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me.

C. WESLEY.

308—309

Jostab.—7 6.7 6.7 8.7 6.

W. ARNOLD.



\* These four bars are sometimes omitted.

1 **L**AMB of God, for sinners slain,  
To Thee I feebly pray :

*p* **A** Heal me of my grief and pain,  
O take my sins away !  
From this bondage, Lord, release,  
No longer let me be oppress ;  
**A** Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to Thy breast !

2 Wilt Thou cast a sinner out  
Who humbly comes to Thee ?

**A** No, my God, I cannot doubt  
Thy mercy is for me ;  
Let me then obtain the grace,  
*f* And be of Paradise possess ;  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to Thy breast !

3 Worldly good I do not want,  
Be that to others given ;  
Only for Thy love I pant,  
My all in earth and heaven :  
**A** This the crown I fain would seize,  
The good wherewith I would be blest ;  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to Thy breast !

*f* 4 This delight I fain would prove,  
And then resign my breath ;  
Join the happy few whose love  
Was mightier than death :  
Let it not my Lord displease  
That I would die to be Thy guest ;  
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,  
And take me to Thy breast !

C. WESLEY.

309

JOSIAH.—7 6.7 6.7 8 5,3.

1 **G**OD of my salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe,  
Simply do I now draw near,  
Thy blessing to receive :  
*p* Full of sin, alas ! I am,  
But to Thy wounds for refuge flee ;  
**A** Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

*p* 2 Standing now, as newly slain,  
To Thee I lift mine eye !  
Balm of all my grief and pain,  
Thy blood is always nigh :  
**A** Now, as yesterday, the same  
Thou art, and wilt for ever be :  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

*p* 3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
Nor can Thy grace procure ;  
**A** Empty send me not away,  
For I, Thou know'st, am poor :  
*pp* Dust and ashes is my name,  
My all is sin and misery ;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

*p* 4 No good word, or work, or thought,  
Bring I to gain Thy grace ;  
**A** Pardon I accept unbought,  
Thy proffer I embrace :  
Coming, as at first I came,  
To take, and not bestow on Thee ;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour, from Thy wounded side  
I never will depart ;  
Here will I my spirit hide  
When I am pure in heart :

**A** Till my place above I claim,  
This only shall be all my plea :  
**V** Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

C. WESLEY.

## 310

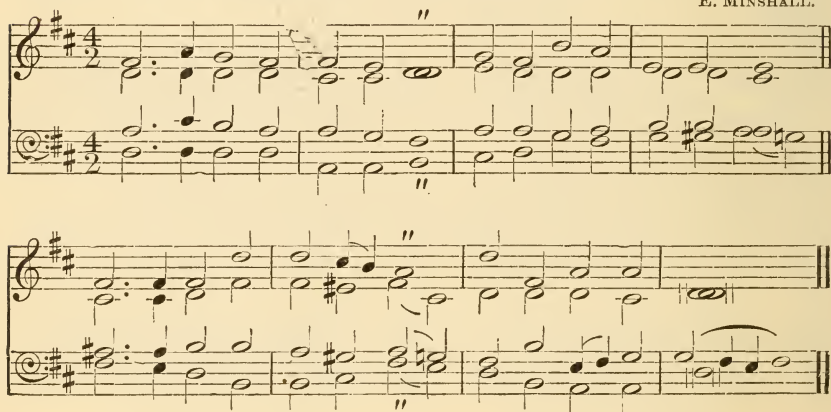
## Ledbury (1st Tune).—777.5.

A. KING, Mus. Doc.



## Iborton (2nd Tune).—777.5.

E. MINSHALL.



1 GOD of pity, God of grace,  
When we humbly seek Thy face,  
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place:  
*p* Hear, forgive and save.

2 When we in Thy temple meet,  
Spread our wants before Thy feet,  
Pleading at the mercy-seat:  
*p* Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,  
And we long to do Thy will,  
Turning to Thy holy hill:  
*p* Lord, accept and save.

*p* 4 Should we wander from Thy fold,  
And our love to Thee grow cold,  
With a pitying eye behold:  
*pp* Lord, forgive and save.

*p* 5 Should the hand of sorrow press,  
Earthly care and want distress,  
May our souls Thy peace possess:  
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,  
When we lift our hearts to Thee,  
From our burden set us free:  
*p* Hear, forgive and save.

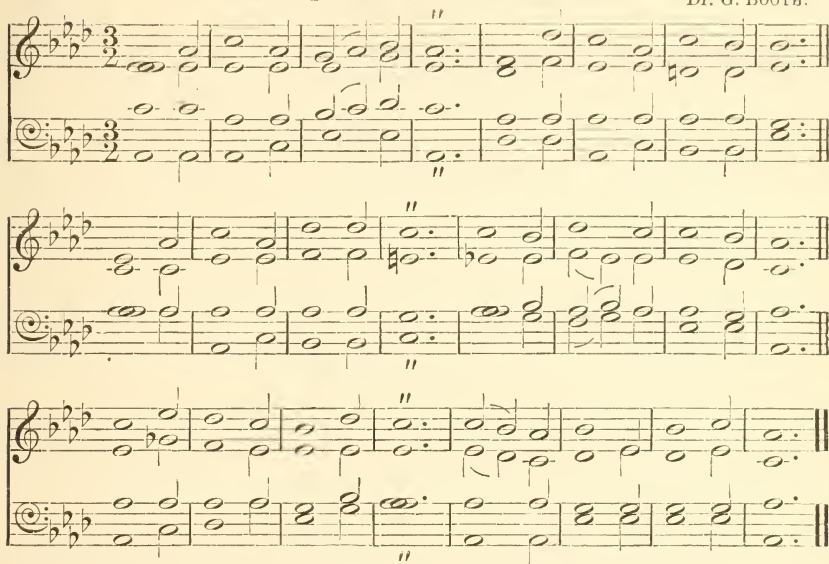
E. F. MORRIS.



311

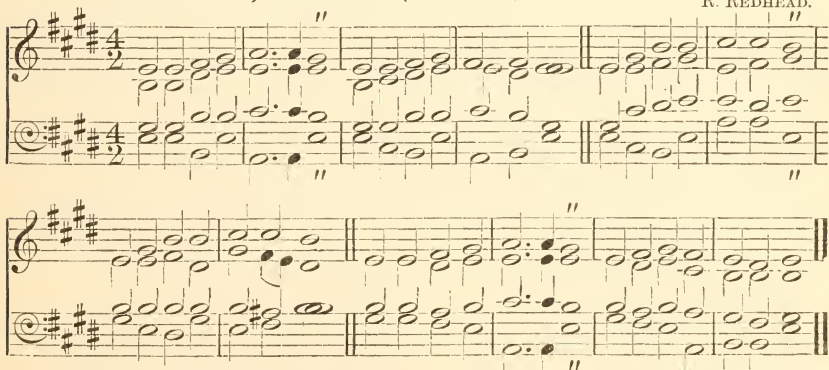
## St. Margaret (1st Tune).—7 7.7 7.7 7.

Dr. G. BOOTH.



## Redhead, No. 76 (2nd Tune).—7 7.7 7.7 7.

R. REDHEAD.



1 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee !  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy riven side which flowed,  
*f* Be of sin the double cure—  
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

*p* 2 Not the labours of my hands  
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands.  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone ;  
*f* Thou must save, and Thou alone.

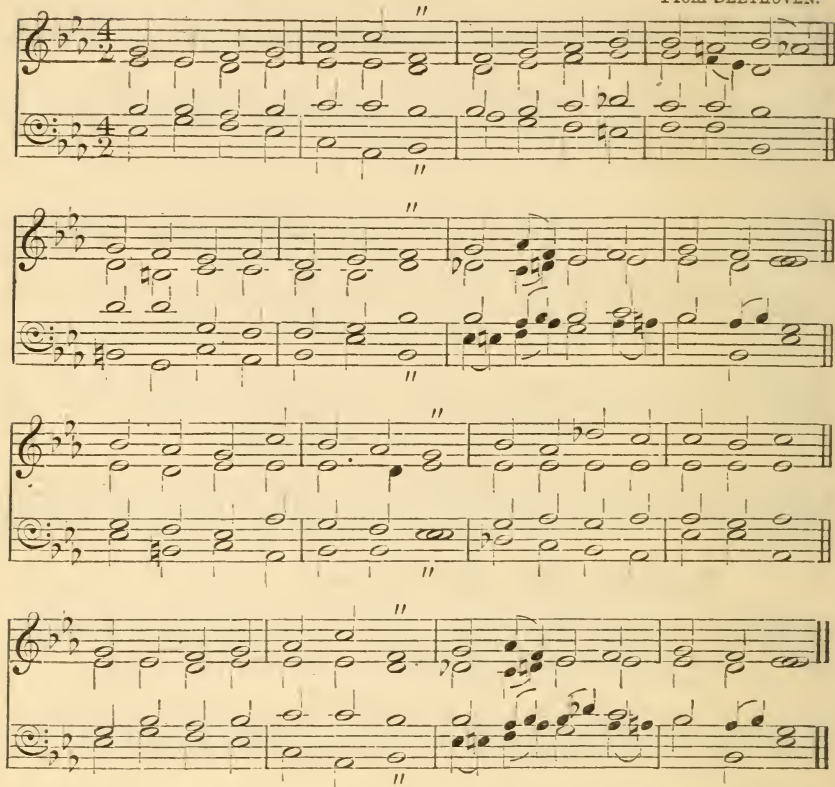
3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;  
*pp* Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
 Vile, I to the Fountain fly—  
*f* Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

*p* 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyes shall close in death  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,  
 See Thee on Thy judgment-throne—  
*pp* Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee !

A. M. TOPLADY.

## 312 Invocation (St. Agnes).—7.7.7.7.7.7.

FROM BEETHOVEN.



*p* 1 SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee,  
 Low we bow the adoring knee ;

When, repentant, to the skies  
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;  
 O by all Thy pains and woe,  
 Suffered once for man below :

*pp* Bending from Thy throne on high,  
 Hear our solemn litany.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,  
 By Thy life of want and tears,  
 By Thy days of sore distress  
 In the savage wilderness ;  
 By the dread mysterious hour  
 Of the insulting tempter's power :

*pp* Turn, O turn a favouring eye,  
 Hear our solemn litany.

3 By the sacred griefs that wept  
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;  
 By the boding tears that flowed  
 Over Salem's loved abode ;

By the anguished sigh that told  
 Treachery lurked within Thy fold :  
 From Thy seat above the sky,  
 Hear our solemn litany.

*pp* 4 By Thine hour of dire despair ;  
 By Thine agony of prayer ;  
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;  
 By the gloom that veiled the skies  
 O'er the dreadful Sacrifice,  
 Listen to our humble cry,  
 Hear our solemn litany.

5 By Thy deep expiring groan ;  
 By the sad sepulchral stone ;  
 By the vault whose dark abode  
 Held in vain the rising God :  
*f* O from earth to heaven restored,  
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
 Listen, listen to the cry  
*pp* Of our solemn litany !

R. GRANT.

313

Even me.—87.87. (*With Refrain.*)

W. B. BRADBURY.



## REFRAIN.



- 1 **L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing  
 Thou art scattering full and free,  
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing :  
 Let some blessing fall on me—  
 Even me, even me,  
 Let some blessing fall on me.
- p 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father !  
 Sinful though my heart may be ;  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
 Let Thy mercy fall on me !—  
 Even me, even me,  
 Let Thy mercy fall on me.
- p 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour !  
 Let me love and cling to Thee ;  
 I am longing for Thy favour,  
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me !—  
 Even me, even me,  
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
- p 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !  
 Thou canst make the blind to see ;  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me !—  
 Even me, even me,  
 Speak the word of power to me.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless ;  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free ;  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless ;  
 Magnify them all in me !  
 Even me, even me,  
 Magnify them all in me.
- p 6 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing,  
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee !  
 While the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, O bless me !—  
 Even me, even me,  
 Blessing others, O bless me.

E. CONDER.

## 314

## Normandy.—87.87.87.87.

AM! BOST.



**L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling  
 Borders on the shades of death,  
 Come, and by Thy love revealing  
 Dissipate the clouds beneath :  
 The new heaven and earth's Creator,  
 In our deepest darkness rise,  
 Scattering all the night of nature,  
 Pouring eyesight on our eyes.

**p**2 Still we wait for Thine appearing ;  
 Life and joy Thy beams impart,  
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering  
 Every poor benighted heart :  
 Come and manifest the favour  
 God hath for our ransomed race ;  
 Come, Thou universal Saviour,  
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.

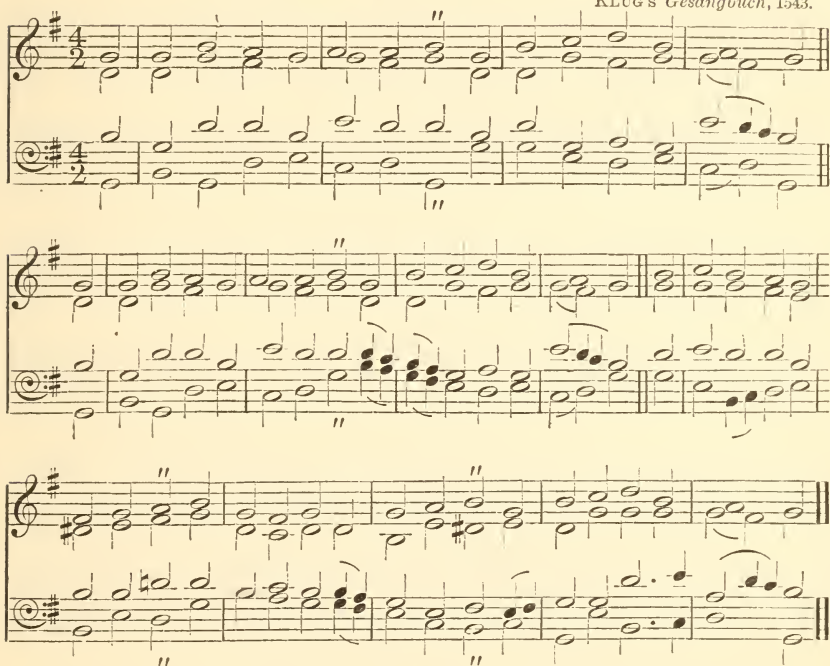
**p**3 Save us in Thy great compassion,  
 O Thou mild pacific Prince !  
 Give the knowledge of salvation,  
 Give the pardon of our sins :  
 By Thy all-restoring merit,  
 Every burdened soul release ;  
 Every weary, wandering spirit  
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

C. WESLEY.



## 315

## Luther's Hymn.—8 7.8 7.8 8 7.

KLUG's *Gesangbuch*, 1543.

*p* 1 OUT of the depths I cry to Thee,  
Lord God, O hear my wailing !

Thy gracious ear incline to me,  
And make my prayer availing ;  
On my misdeeds in mercy look,  
*p* O deign to blot them from Thy book,  
Or who can stand before Thee ?

2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love  
Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving !  
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove  
Sin in my heart is living :  
None guiltless in Thy sight appear ;  
All who approach Thy throne must fear,  
*p* And humbly trust Thy mercy.

3 Thou canst be merciful while just—  
This is my hope's foundation ;  
On Thy redeeming grace I trust—  
Grant me, then, Thy salvation :  
Shielded by Thee I stand secure,  
Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,  
And I rely upon Thee.

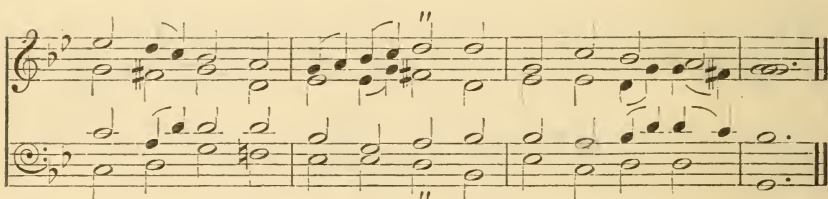
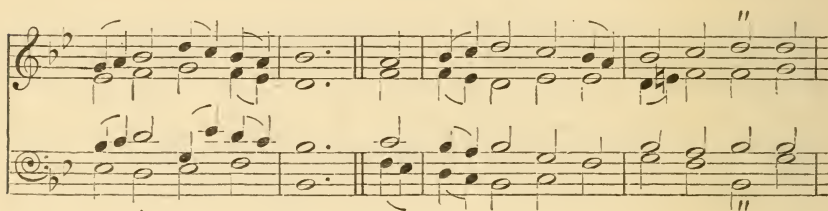
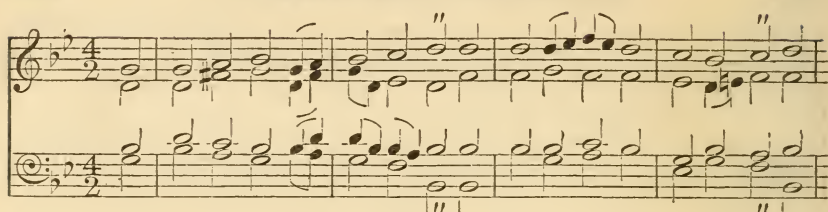
4 Like those who watch for midnight's  
To hail the dawning morrow, [hour,  
I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,  
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow ;  
So thus let Israel hope in Thee,  
And he shall find Thy mercy free,  
And Thy redemption plenteous.

5 Where'er the greatest sins abound,  
By grace they are exceeded ;  
Thy helping hand is always found  
With aid where aid is needed :  
Thy hand, the only hand to save,  
Will rescue Israel from the grave,  
And pardon his transgression.

M. LUTHER.

316

Latrobe.—886.886.



*p* 1 **O** THOU who hast our sorrows borne,  
 Help us to look on Thee and mourn  
 On Thee Whom we have slain;  
 Have pierced a thousand, thousand  
 And by reiterated crimes [times,  
 Renewed Thy mortal pain.

*p* 2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see  
 The man transfix'd on Calvary,  
 To know Thee, Who Thou art,  
 The One Eternal God and True!  
 And let the sight affect, subdue,  
 And break my stubborn heart.

*p* 3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,  
 Reveal the charity Divine  
 That suffered in my stead,  
 That made Thy soul a sacrifice,  
*pp* And quenched in death those loving  
 And bowed that sacred head. [eyes

4 The veil of unbelief remove;  
 And by Thy manifested love,  
 And by Thy sprinkled blood,  
 Destroy the love of sin in me,  
 And get Thyself the victory,  
 And bring me back to God.

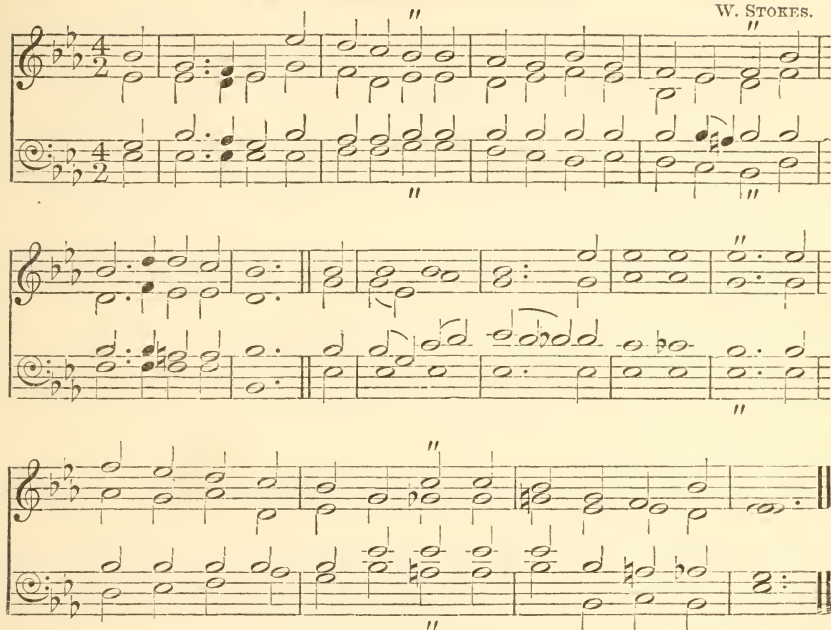
5 Now by Thy dying love constrain  
 My soul to love its God again,  
*f* Its God to glorify:  
 And, lo! I come Thy cross to share,  
 Echo Thy sacrificial prayer,  
 And with my Saviour die!

C. WESLEY.

317

## Ravendale.—8 8 6.8 8 6.

W. STOKES.



*p* 1 STILL, Lord, I languish for Thy grace ;  
 Reveal the beauties of Thy face,

The middle wall remove ;

Appear and banish my complaint ;

Come and supply my only want,

Fill all my soul with love.

2 O conquer this rebellious will !

Willing Thou art and ready still,

Thy help is always nigh ;

The hardness from my heart remove,

And give me, Lord, O give me love,

*p* Or at Thy feet I die !

*p* 3 To Thee I lift my mournful eye ;

Why am I thus ?—O tell me why

I cannot love my God !

The hindrance must be all in me ;

It cannot in my Saviour be,

Witness that streaming blood !

4 It cost Thy blood my heart to win,

To buy me from the power of sin,

And make me love again ;

Come then, my Lord, Thy right assert,

Take to Thyself my ransomed heart,

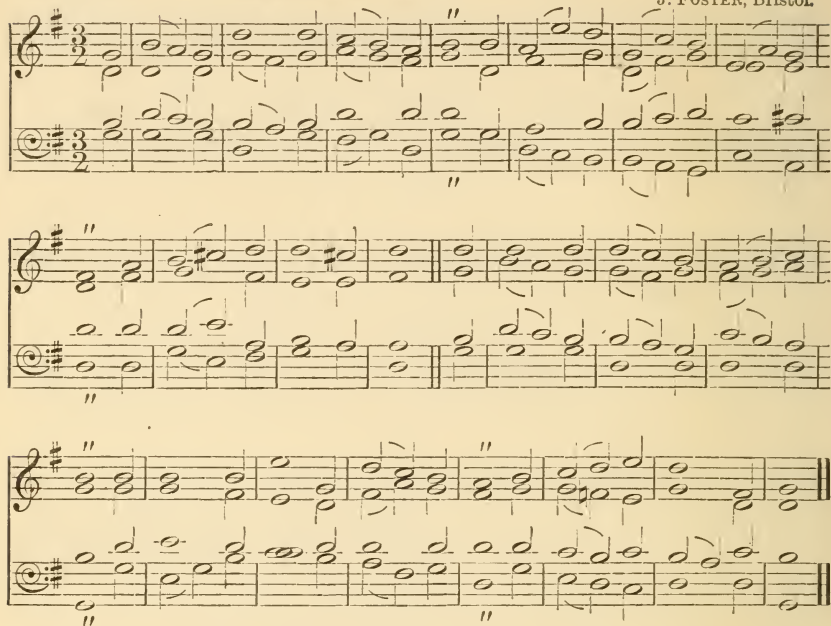
Nor bleed nor die in vain.

C. WESLEY.

## 318—319

## Pembroke.—8 8 6.8 8 6.

J. FOSTER, Bristol.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 THEE, Jesus, Thee, the sinner's Friend,<br/> I follow on to apprehend,<br/> Renew the glorious strife;<br/> Divinely confident and bold,<br/> With faith's strong arm on Thee lay<br/> Thee, my eternal life. [hold—</p> <p>p 2 Thy heart, I know, Thy tender heart<br/> Doth in my sorrows feel its part,<br/> And at my tears relent;<br/> My powerful sighs Thou canst not bear,<br/> Nor stand the violence of my prayer—<br/> My prayer omnipotent.</p> <p>3 Give me the grace, the love I claim;<br/> Thy Spirit now demands Thy name;<br/> Thou know'st the Spirit's will;<br/> p He helps my soul's infirmity,<br/> And strongly intercedes for me<br/> With groans unspeakable.</p> | <p>4 Prisoner of hope, to Thee I turn,<br/> And, calmly confident, I mourn,<br/> And pray, and weep for Thee;<br/> Tell me Thy love, Thy secret tell,<br/> Thy mystic name in me reveal,<br/> Reveal Thyself in me.</p> <p>5 Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,<br/> O Lord of hosts, Thy glorious name!<br/> The Lord, the gracious Lord,<br/> Long-suffering, merciful, and kind;<br/> The God who always bears in mind<br/> His everlasting word.</p> <p>6 Plenteous He is in truth and grace;<br/> He wills that all the fallen race<br/> Should turn, repent, and live;<br/> His pardoning grace for all is free;<br/> Transgression, sin, iniquity,<br/> He freely doth forgive.</p> |
| <p>7 Mercy He doth for thousands keep;<br/> He goes and seeks the one lost sheep,<br/> And brings His wanderer home;<br/> And every soul that sheep might be:<br/> Come then, my Lord, and gather me,<br/> My Jesus, quickly come!</p>  |  |

C. WESLEY.



## 319

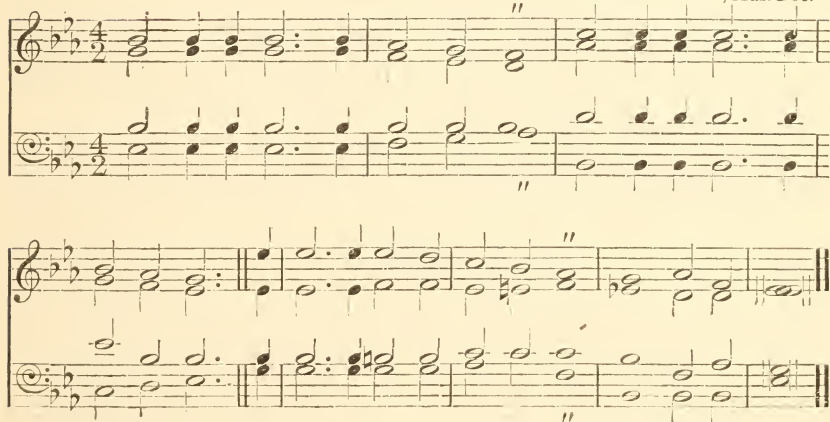
## Pembroke.—8 8 6.8 8 6.

- 1 O JESUS, let me bless Thy name !  
 All sin, alas ! Thou know'st I am,  
 But Thou all pity art ;  
 Turn into flesh my heart of stone ;  
 Such power belongs to Thee alone ;  
 Turn into flesh my heart.
- 2 A poor, unloving wretch, to Thee  
 For help against myself I flee ;  
 Thou only canst remove  
 The hindrances out of the way,  
 And soften my unyielding clay,  
 And mould it into love.
- 3 O let Thy Spirit shed abroad  
 The love, the perfect love of God,  
 In this cold heart of mine !  
 O might He now descend, and rest,  
 And dwell for ever in my breast,  
 And make it all divine ?
- 4 What shall I do my suit to gain ?  
 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
 I plead what Thou hast done !  
 Didst Thou not die the death for me ?  
 Jesus remember Calvary,  
 And break my heart of stone !
- 5 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood,  
 My Friend and Advocate with God,  
 My ransom and my Peace ;  
 Surety, Who all my debt hast paid,  
 For all my sins atonement made,  
 The Lord, my Righteousness.
- C. WESLEY.

## 320

## Banford.—8 8 8.4.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

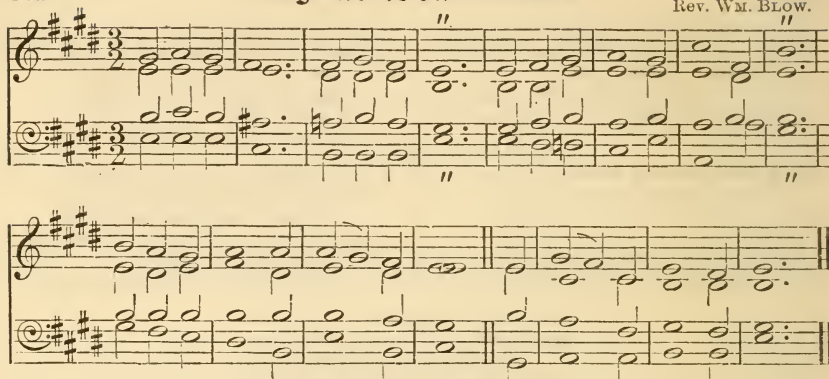


- 1 O LAMB of God ! that tak'st away  
 Our sin and bidd'st our sorrow  
 cease,  
 Turn Thou, O turn this night to day—  
 Grant us Thy peace !
- 2 The troubled world hath war without ;  
 The restless wayward heart within  
 Hath fear, and weariness, and doubt,  
 And death and sin.
- 3 And there are needs that none can  
 know,  
 And tears no eye but Thine can see ;  
 Hopes nought can satisfy below :  
 We look to Thee.
- 4 Probe deep the wound if so Thou wilt,  
 If pain must wake us. Purge our  
 dross :  
 Help us to lay our load of guilt  
 Beneath Thy cross ;
- 5 That we, amid the toil and strife,  
 And storms that never end below, [life,  
 Through all the chance and change of  
 Thy peace may know :
- 6 The peace that is not ours, but Thine—  
 O safe and true and deathless thou ! —  
 Gainst which all storms in vain com-  
 p Grant, grant to us ! [bine,
- A. BOND.

## 321

## Agnus Dei.—8 8 8.6.

Rev. WM. BLOW.



- 1 DRAWN to the cross which Thou hast  
blessed  
With healing gifts for souls distressed,  
To find in Thee my Life, my Rest—  
p Christ crucified, I come ! [wrought  
2 Stained with the sins which I have  
In word and deed and secret thought,  
For pardon which Thy blood hath bought,  
p Christ crucified, I come !  
3 Weary of selfishness and pride,  
False pleasures gone, vain hopes denied,  
Deep in Thy wounds my shame to hide,  
p Christ crucified, I come !  
4 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,  
Thy grace abused, my misspent years ;

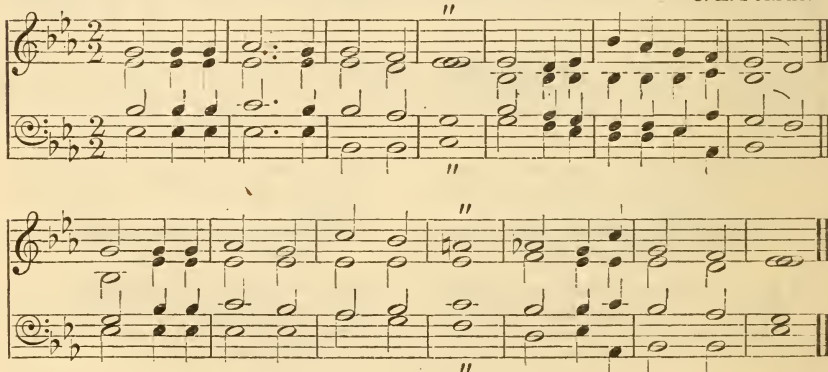
- Yet now to Thee, for cleansing tears,  
p Christ crucified, I come !  
5 I would not, if I could, conceal  
The ills which only Thou canst heal,  
So to the cross, where sinners kneel,  
p Christ crucified, I come !  
6 Wash me, and take away each stain,  
Let nothing of my sin remain ;  
For cleansing, though it be through  
pain,  
p Christ crucified, I come.  
7 To be what Thou wouldst have me be,  
Accepted, sanctified in Thee,  
Through what Thy grace shall work in me,  
p Christ crucified, I come.

G. S. IRONS.

## 322

## Gainsworth.—8 8 8.6.

C. H. PURDAY.



- p 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
p O Lamb of God, I come !  
2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot ;

- To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
p O Lamb of God, I come ! [spot,  
3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fighting and fears, within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

*p* 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee, to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

6 Just as I am (Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down),  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

*p* 5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

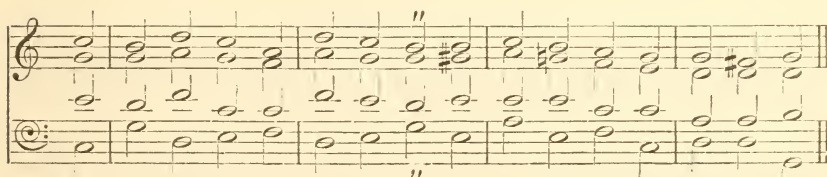
*p* 7 Just as I am, of that free love [prove,  
The breadth, length, depth and height to  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

C. ELLIOTT.

323

Colmar.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

MICHAEL GASTERITZ.



1 **F**ATHER of lights, from whom pro-  
ceeds  
Whate'er Thy every creature needs ;  
Whose goodness, providently nigh,  
Feeds the young ravens when they cry,  
To Thee I look ; my heart prepare,  
Suggest and hearken to my prayer.

*p* 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,  
Wayward, and impotent, and blind ;  
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,  
Averse from good, and prone to ill ;  
Thou know'st how wide my passions  
rove, [love.  
Nor checked by fear, nor charmed by

*p* 2 Since by Thy light myself I see,  
Naked, and poor, and void of Thee,  
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,  
Preventing what my lips would say ;  
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,  
And ere I speak Thou know'st them all.

4 Fain would I know, as known by Thee,  
And feel the indigence I see ;  
Fain would I all my vileness own,  
And deep beneath the burden groan ;  
*pp* Abhor the pride that lurks within,  
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

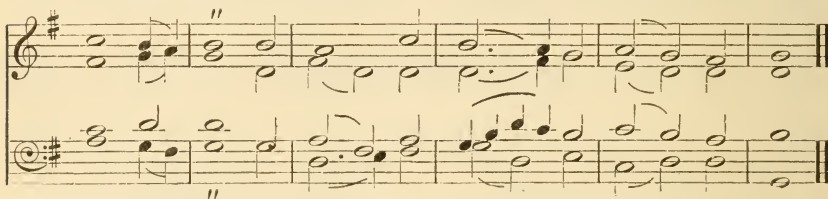
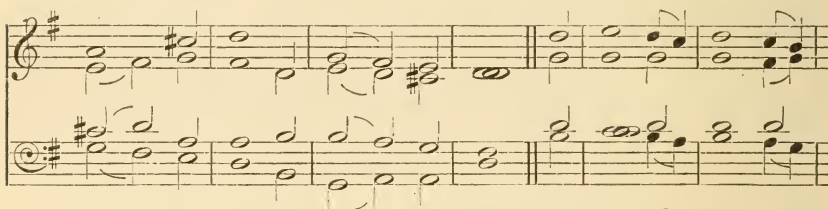
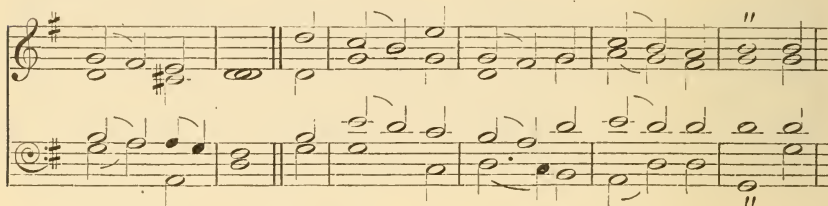
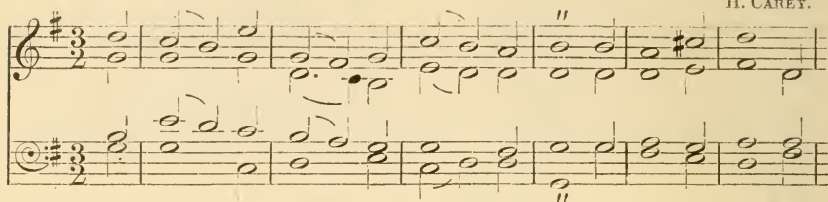
*p* 5 Ah ! give me, Lord, myself to feel,  
My total misery reveal !  
Ah ! give me, Lord (I still would say),  
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray ;  
My business this, my only care,  
My life, my every breath, be prayer !

C. WESLEY.

324—325

Carey's.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

H. CAREY.



1 JESUS, if still the same Thou art,  
 If all Thy promises are sure,  
 Set up Thy kingdom in my heart,  
 And make me rich, for I am poor :  
 To me be all Thy treasures given,  
 The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounced the mourners  
 blest ;  
 And lo ! for Thee I ever mourn :  
 I cannot, no, I will not rest,  
 Till Thou, my only rest, return ;  
 Till Thou, the Prince of peace, appear,  
 And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the blessedness bestowed  
 On all that hunger after Thee ?  
 I hunger now, I thirst for God ;  
 See the poor fainting sinner, see,  
 And satisfy with endless peace,  
 And fill me with Thy righteousness.

4 Ah, Lord ! if Thou art in that sigh,  
 Then hear Thyself within me pray ;  
 Hear in my heart Thy Spirit's cry,  
 Mark what my labouring soul would  
 say ;  
 Answer the deep unuttered groan,  
 And show that Thou and I are one.



- 5 Shine on Thy work, disperse the gloom ;  
 Light in Thy light I then shall see,  
 Say to my soul, 'Thy light is come,  
 Glory Divine is risen on thee ;  
 f Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er ;  
 Look up, for thou shalt weep no more.' | f 6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,  
 And trust Thou wilt not long delay :  
 Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,  
 Upon Thy word myself I stay ;  
 | Into Thine hands my all resign,  
 And wait till all Thou art is mine.

C. WESLEY.

## 325

Carey's.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

- p 1 THE harvest of my joys is past,  
 The summer of my comforts fled,  
 Yet am I unredeemed at last,  
 pp And sink unsaved among the dead,  
 If on the margin of the grave  
 Thou canst not in a moment save. | 2 Destroy me not by Thy delay ;  
 pp Delay is endless death to me !  
 But the last moment of my day  
 Is as a thousand years to Thee :  
 Come, Jesus, while my head I bow,  
 And show me Thy salvation now !

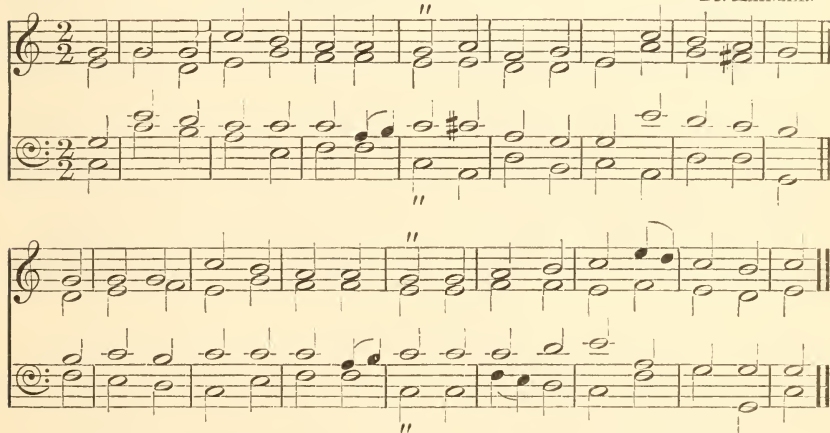
C. WESLEY.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

## 326

Mainzer.—L.M.

DR. MAINZER.



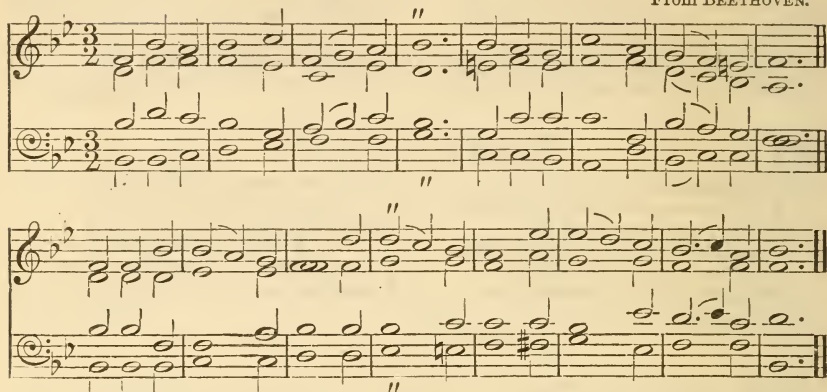
- 1 AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,  
 Whose Spirit breathes the active  
 flame ;  
 Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,  
 To-day as yesterday the same ;  
 2 To Thee our humble hearts aspire,  
 And ask the gift unspeakable ;  
 Increase in us the kindled fire,  
 In us the work of faith fulfil.  
 3 By faith we know Thee strong to save ;  
 (Save us, a present Saviour Thou !)  
 What'er we hope, by faith we have,  
 Future and past subsisting now. | 4 To him that in Thy name believes  
 Eternal life with Thee is given ;  
 Into himself he all receives,  
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.  
 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,  
 Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,  
 With strong, commanding evidence,  
 Their heavenly origin display.  
 f 6 Faith lends its realizing light,  
 The clouds disperse, the shadows  
 fly ;  
 The invisible appears in sight,  
 And God is seen by mortal eye.

C. WESLEY.

## 327

## Fulda.—L.M.

FROM BEETHOVEN.



1 JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
*f* 'Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

*f* 2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,  
For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
Fully absolved through these I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

*p* 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,  
Who from the Father's bosom came,  
Who died for me, e'en me, to atone,  
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,  
Which at the mercy-seat of God  
For ever doth for sinners plead,  
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more  
Than sands upon the ocean shore,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,  
For all a full atonement made.

6 When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies,  
E'en then this shall be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.

7 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,  
Let the whole world Thy mercy prove!  
*f* Now let Thy word o'er all prevail;  
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

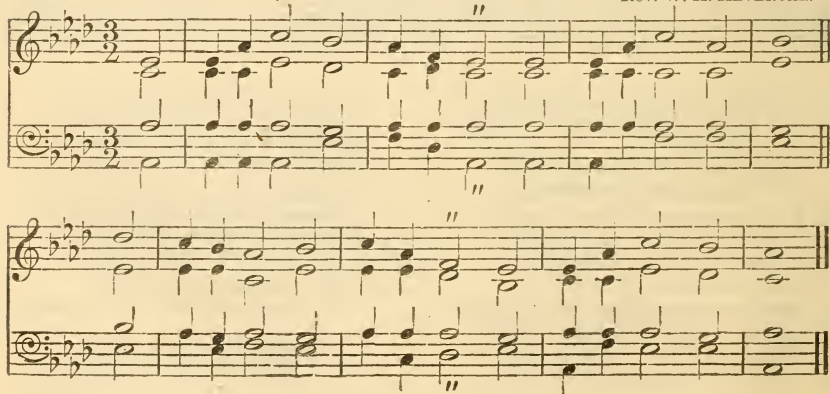
*f* 8 O let the dead now hear Thy voice,  
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness!

N. L. VON ZINZENDORF, *trs.* by J. WESLEY.

## 328

## Evan.—C.M.

REV. W. H. HAVBERGAL.



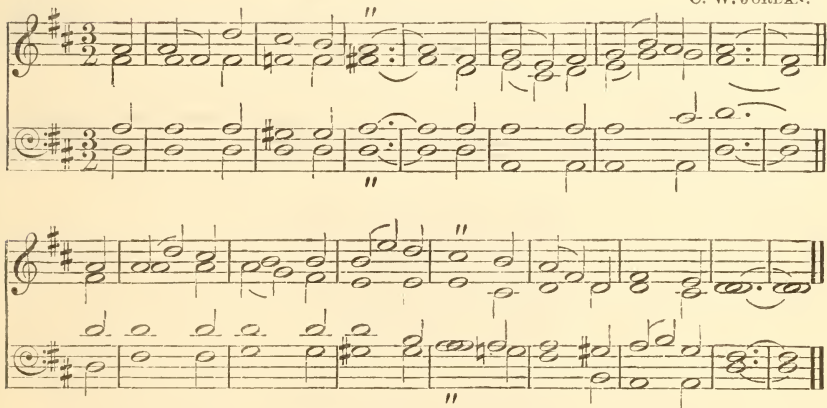
- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day;  
 And there have I, as vile as he,  
 Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood,  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransomed church of God  
 Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler sweeter song  
 I'll sing Thy power to save: [tongue  
 When this poor lisping stammering  
 Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,  
 Unworthy though I be,  
 For me a blood-bought free reward,  
 A golden harp for me:
- 7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,  
 And formed by power divine,  
 To sound in God the Father's ears  
 No other name but Thine.

W. COWPER.

## 329

## "Rhodes.—S.M.

C. W. JORDAN.



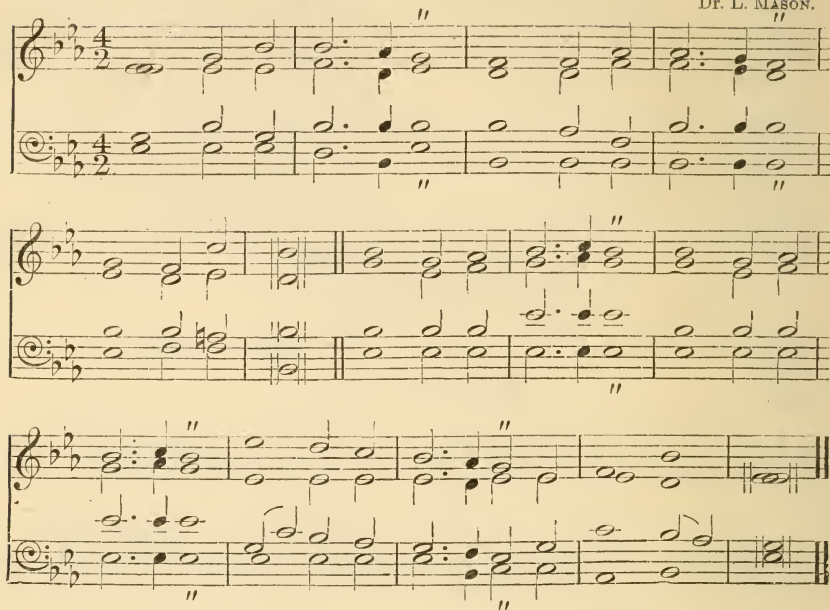
- 1 **S**PIRIT of faith, come down,  
 Reveal the things of God;  
 And make to us the Godhead known,  
 And witness with the blood:
- 2 'Tis Thine the blood to apply,  
 And give us eyes to see;  
 Who did for every sinner die  
 Hath surely died for me.
- 3 No man can truly say  
 That Jesus is the Lord,  
 Unless thou take the veil away,  
 And breathe the living word.
- 4 Then, only then, we feel  
 Our interest in His blood,  
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,  
 'Thou art my Lord, my God!'
- 5 O that the world might know  
 The all-atoning Lamb!  
 Spirit of faith, descend, and show  
 The virtue of His name;
- 6 The grace which all may find,  
 The saving power impart  
 And testify to all mankind,  
 And speak in every heart.
- 7 Inspire the living faith  
 Which whoso'er receives,  
 The witness in himself he hath,  
 And consciously believes;
- 8 The faith that conquers all,  
 And doth the mountain move,  
 And saves whoso'er on Jesus call,  
 And perfects them in love.

C. WESLEY.

## 330

## Barlan.—6 6 4.6 6 6 4.

Dr. L. MASON.



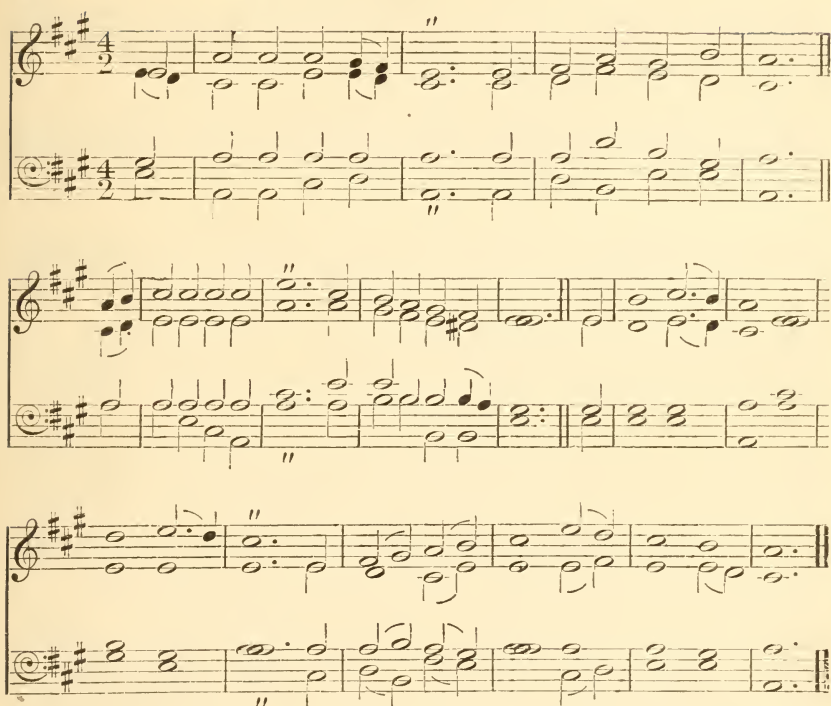
- 1 MY faith looks up to Thee,  
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
 Saviour Divine;  
*p* Now hear me while I pray;  
 Take all my guilt away;  
 O let me from this day  
 Be wholly Thine!
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my fainting heart,  
 My zeal inspire;  
*p* As Thou hast died for me,  
 O may my love to Thee,  
 Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
*f* A living fire!
- p* 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
 Be Thou my Guide;  
 Bid darkness turn to day,  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
 Nor let me ever stray  
*p* From Thee aside.
- p* 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
 When death's cold sullen stream  
 Shall o'er me roll,  
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
 Fear and distrust remove;  
*f* O bear me safe above—  
 A ransomed soul!

R. PALMER.



## 331

## Millennium.—6 6.6 6.8 8.



**1** **A** RISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
Before the throne my Surety stands;  
My name is written on His hands.

**2** He ever lives above  
For me to intercede;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

**p 3** Five bleeding wounds He bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me;  
'Forgive him, O forgive,' they cry,  
'Nor let that ransomed sinner die!'

**p 4** The Father hears Him pray,  
His dear Anointed One;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of His Son;  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

**f 5** My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for His child,  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And, 'Father, Abba, Father,' cry!

C. WESLEY.

## 332

## New York.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

G. J. WEBB.



1 MY soul is now united  
 To Christ the living Vine ;  
 His grace I long have slighted,  
 But now I feel Him mine :  
 I was to God a stranger,  
 Till Jesus took me in ;  
 He freed my soul from danger,  
 And pardoned all my sin.

2 Soon as my all I ventured  
 On the atoning blood,  
 The Holy Spirit entered,  
 And I was born of God ;  
 f Still Christ is my Salvation—  
 What can I covet more ?  
 I fear no condemnation,  
 My Father's wrath is o'er.

3 By floods and flames surrounded,  
 I now my way pursue ;  
 Nor shall I be confounded  
 With glory in my view ;  
 f I taste a heavenly pleasure,  
 And need not fear a frown :  
 Christ is my joy and treasure,  
 My glory and my crown.

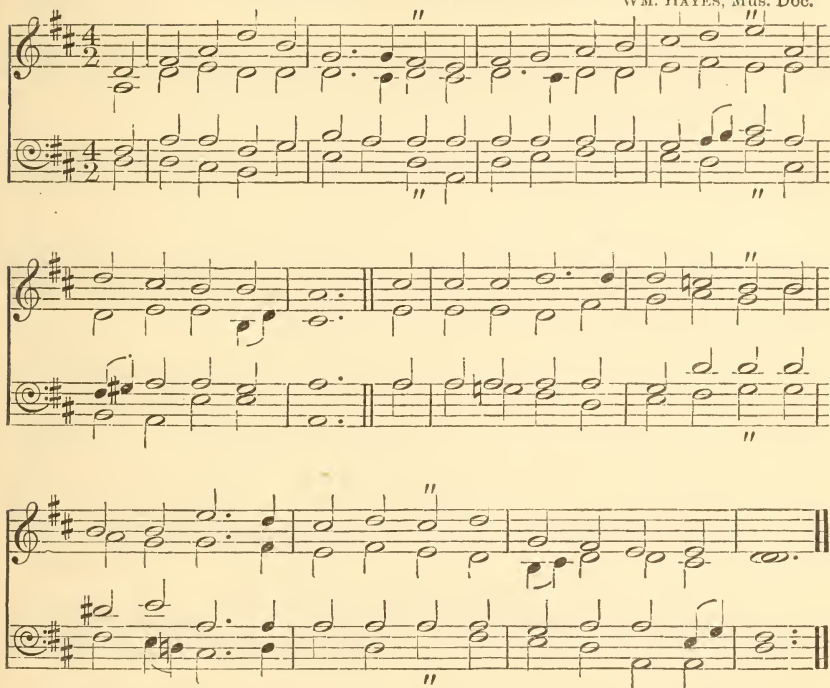
f 4 Christians, be not faint-hearted,  
 Though least among the flock ;  
 From Christ you'll ne'er be parted,  
 While built upon the Rock ;  
 ff Let's mend our pace to glory,  
 We soon shall meet above,  
 And tell the pleasing story  
 Of His redeeming love.

Unknown.

333

## Magdalen College.—8 8 6.8 8 6.

WM. HAYES, Mus. Doc.



*p* 1 **A**UTHOR of faith, to Thee I cry,  
 To Thee Who wouldst not have me  
 But know the truth and live; [die,  
 Open mine eyes to see Thy face,  
 Work in my heart the saving grace,  
 The life eternal give.

*p* 2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,  
 And blindly serve a God unknown,  
 Till Thou the veil remove;  
 The gift unspeakable impart;  
 And write Thy name upon my heart,  
 And manifest Thy love.

3 I know the work is only Thine,  
 The gift of faith is all divine;  
 But if on Thee we call,  
 Thou wilt the benefit bestow,  
 And give us hearts to feel and know  
 That Thou hast died for all.

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,  
 Come unto Thee, and rest from sin,  
 The blessing seek and find;  
 Thou bidd'st us ask Thy grace and have:  
 Thou canst, Thou wouldst this moment  
 Both me and all mankind. [save

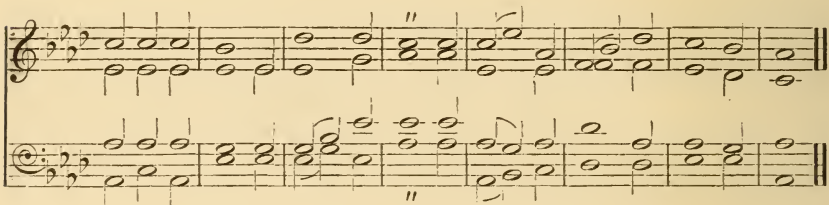
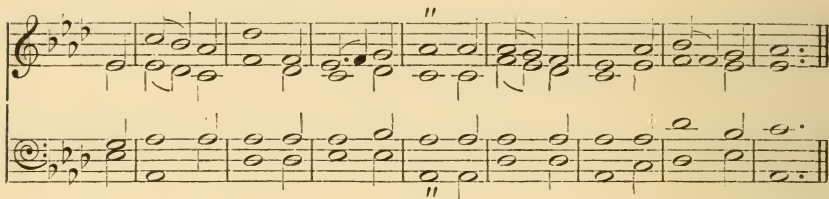
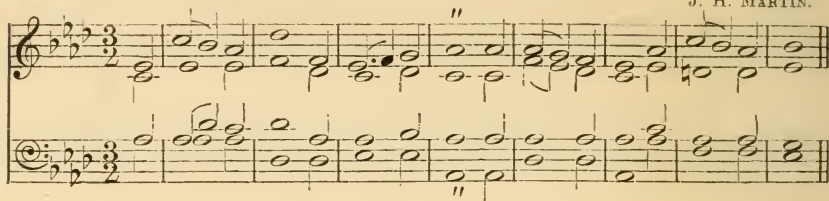
**A** 5 Be it according to Thy word!  
 Now let me find my pardoning Lord,  
 Let what I ask be given;  
*f* The bar of unbelief remove,  
 Open the door of faith and love,  
 And take me into heaven.

C. WESLEY.

## 334—335

## Erlesdene.—8 8 8 8 8.

J. H. MARTIN.



1 **L**ORD, I believe Thou wilt forgive,  
 But help me to believe Thou dost;  
 The answer of Thy promise give,  
 Wherein Thou causest me to trust;  
 The gospel-faith divine impart,  
 Which seals Thy pardon on my heart.

2 I do believe Thy blood was spilt  
 To make my heart and nature clean;  
 But help me to believe Thou wilt [sin;  
 This moment cleanse me from my  
 Preserve me every moment Thine,  
 A vessel pure of love divine.

C. WESLEY.

## 335

## Erlesdene.—8 8 8 8 8.

1 **F**ATHER of Jesus Christ the Just,  
 My Friend and Advocate with Thee,  
 Pity a soul that fain would trust  
 In Him Who lived and died for me;  
 But only Thou canst make Him known,  
 And in my heart reveal Thy Son.

2 If, drawn by Thine alluring grace,  
 My want of living faith I feel,  
 Show me in Christ Thy smiling face,  
 What flesh and blood can ne'er re-  
 Thy co-eternal Son display, [veal;  
 And turn my darkness into day.

3 The gift unspeakable impart;  
 Command the light of faith to shine,  
 To shine in my dark, drooping heart,  
 And fill me with the life divine:

f Now bid the new creation be!  
 O God, let there be faith in me.

4 Thee without faith I cannot please,  
 Faith without Thee I cannot have;  
 But Thou hast sent the Prince of peace  
 To seek my wandering soul, and save;  
 O Father, glorify Thy Son,  
 And save me for His sake alone!

5 Save me through faith in Jesus' blood.  
 That blood which He for all did  
 shed;

For me, for me, Thou know'st it flowed,  
 For me, for me, Thou hear'st it plead;  
 Assure me now my soul is Thine,  
 And all Thou art in Christ is mine!

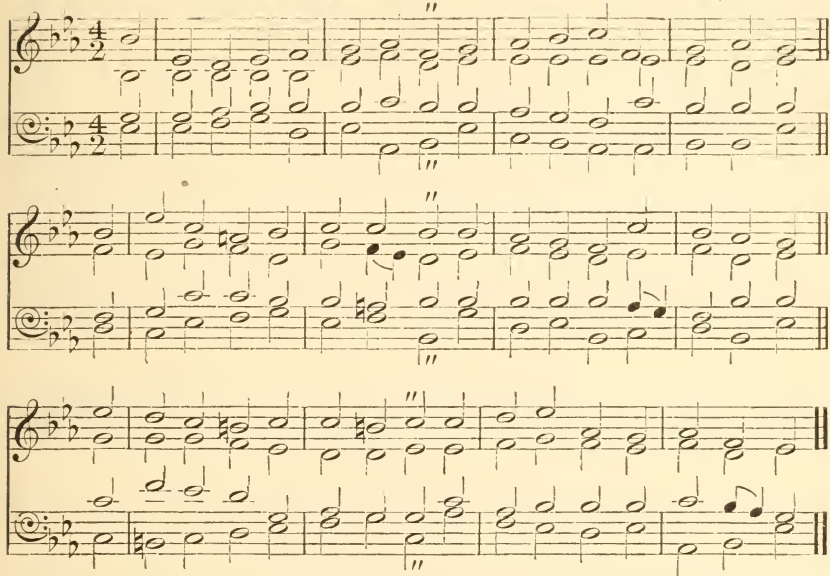
C. WESLEY.



## 336—337

## St. Paul's.—88.88.88.

Sir J. Goss, Mus. Doc.



1 WHERE shall my wondering soul begin?  
How shall I all to heaven aspire?

p A slave redeemed from death and sin,  
A brand plucked from eternal fire,  
How shall I equal triumphs raise,  
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?

2 O how shall I the goodness tell,  
Father, which Thou to me hast showed?  
That I, a child of wrath and hell,  
I should be called a child of God,  
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,  
Blest with this antepast of heaven!

3 Outcasts of men, to you I call,  
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!  
He spreads His arms to embrace you all;

Sinners alone His grace receives:  
No need of Him the righteous have;  
He came the lost to seek and save.

4 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,  
Groaning beneath your load of sin!  
His bleeding heart shall make you room,  
His open side shall take you in;  
He calls you now, invites you home;  
Come, O my guilty brethren, come.

5 For you the purple current flowed  
In pardons from His wounded side,  
Languished for you the Son of God,  
For you the Prince of Glory died:  
Believe, and all your sins forgiven;  
Only believe, and yours is heaven!

C. WESLEY.

## 337

## St. Paul's.—88.88.88.

1 AND can it be, that I should gain  
An interest in the Saviour's blood!  
Died He for me, who caused His pain?  
For me, who Him to death pursued?

Amazing love! how can it be,  
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me!

2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!  
Who can explore His strange design!  
In vain the first-born seraph tries  
To sound the depth of Love Divine.

f 'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,  
Let angel-minds inquire no more.  
3 He left His Father's throne above;  
(So free, so infinite His grace!)  
Emptied Himself of all but love,

And bled for Adam's helpless race:

'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;  
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray:  
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;  
My chains fell off, my heart was free,  
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread;  
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!  
Alive in Him, my living Head,  
And clothed in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach the eternal throne, [own.  
And claim the crown, through Christ my

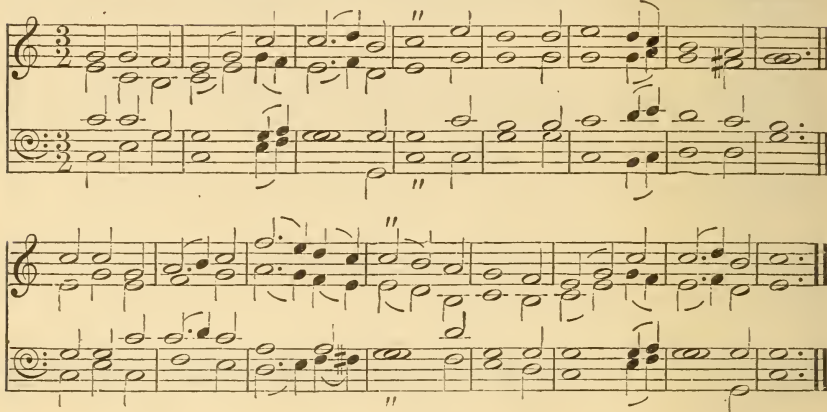
C. WESLEY.

262 THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—REGENERATION  
AND ADOPTION.

338—339

Warrington.—L.M.

REV. R. HARRISON.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 <b>H</b>APPY the man that finds the grace,<br/>         The blessing of God's chosen race,<br/>         The wisdom coming from above,<br/>         The faith that sweetly works by love.</p> <p><i>f</i> 2 Happy, beyond description, he<br/>         Who knows 'The Saviour died for me!'<br/>         The gift unspeakable obtains,<br/>         And heavenly understanding gains.</p> <p>3 Wisdom Divine! who tells the price<br/>         Of wisdom's costly merchandise?<br/>         Wisdom to silver we prefer,<br/>         And gold is dross, compared to her.</p> | <p>4 Her hands are filled with length of days,<br/>         True riches and immortal praise;<br/> <i>f</i> Riches of Christ on all bestowed,<br/>         And honour, that descends from God.</p> <p><i>p</i> 5 To purest joys she all invites,<br/>         Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;<br/>         Her ways are ways of pleasantness,<br/>         And all her flowery paths are peace.</p> <p><i>f</i> 6 Happy the man who Wisdom gains;<br/>         Thrice happy, who his Guest retains!<br/>         He owns, and shall for ever own,<br/>         Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.<br/>         C. WESLEY.</p> |
|--|---|

339

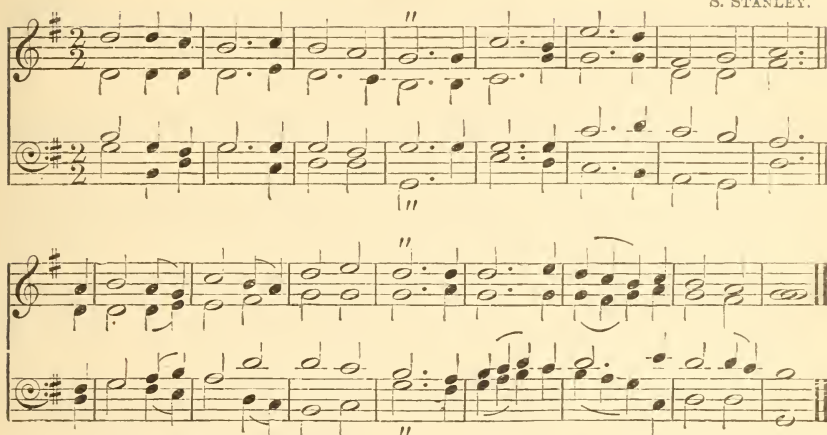
Warrington.—L.M.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 <b>G</b>REAT God, indulge my humble claim,<br/>         Thou art my Joy, my Hope, my Rest;<br/>         The glories that compose Thy name<br/>         Stand all engaged to make me blessed.</p> <p>2 Thou Great and Good, Thou Just and<br/>         Wise;<br/>         Thou art my Father and my God;<br/>         And I am Thine by sacred ties, [blood.<br/>         Thy son, Thy servant, bought with</p> <p>3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,<br/>         For Thee I long, to Thee I look,<br/>         As travellers in thirsty lands<br/>         Pant for the cooling water-brook.</p> | <p>4 With early feet I love to appear<br/>         Among Thy saints, and seek Thy face;<br/> <i>f</i> Oft have I seen Thy glory there,<br/>         And felt the power of sovereign grace.</p> <p><i>p</i> 5 Should I from Thee, my God, remove,<br/>         Life could no lasting joy afford;<br/>         My peace, the sense of pardoning love,<br/>         My guard, the presence of my Lord,</p> <p><i>f</i> 6 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,<br/>         While I have breath to pray or praise;<br/>         This work shall make my heart rejoice,<br/>         And spend the remnant of my days.<br/>         I. WATTS.</p> |
|---|--|

340

## Simeon.—L.M.

S. STANLEY.



*f* 1 **G**LORY to God, Whose sovereign grace  
 Hath animated senseless stones ;  
 Called us to stand before His face,  
 And raised us into Abraham's sons !

*p* 2 The people that in darkness lay,  
 In sin and error's deadly shade,  
 Have seen a glorious gospel day,  
 In Jesus' lovely face displayed.

3 Thou, only, Lord, the work hast done,  
 And bared Thine arm in all our sight ;  
 Hast made the reprobates Thine own,  
 And claimed the outcasts as Thy right.

4 Thy single arm, almighty Lord,  
 To us the great salvation brought,  
 Thy Word, Thy all creating Word,  
 That spake at first the World from nought

*f* 5 For this the saints lift up their voice,  
 And ceaseless praise to Thee is given ;  
 For this the hosts above rejoice ;  
 We raise the happiness of heaven.

*f* 6 For this, no longer sons of night,  
 To Thee our thankful hearts we give ;  
 To Thee, who call'dst us into light,  
 To Thee we die, to Thee we live.

C. WESLEY

## 341—342

## Attercliffe.—C.M.

W. MATHER.



1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God in Persons Three,  
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost  
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favour and Thy nature too,  
To me, to all restore;  
Forgive, and after God renew,  
And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,  
Display Thy beams divine,  
And cause the glories of Thy face  
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light in Thy light, O may I see,  
Thy grace and mercy prove; [Thee,  
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by  
The God of pardoning love.

5 Lift up Thy countenance serene,  
And let Thy happy child  
Behold, without a cloud between,  
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow  
On me, through grace forgiven;  
The joys of holiness below,  
And then the joys of heaven.

C. WESLEY.

## 342

## Attercliffe.—C.M.

*f* 1 COME, let us, who in Christ believe,  
Our common Saviour praise,  
To Him with joyful voices give  
The glory of His grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door  
Of every sinner's heart;  
The worst need keep Him out no more,  
Or force Him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to Thy voice,  
Yield to be saved from sin;  
*f* In sure and certain hope rejoice,  
That Thou wilt enter in.

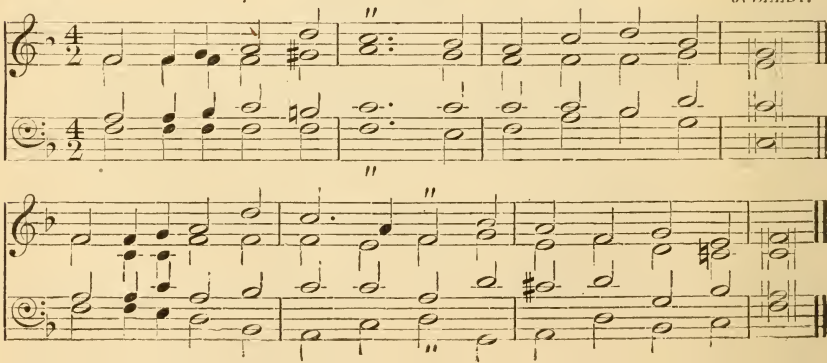
*f* 4 Come quickly in, Thou heavenly Guest,  
Nor ever hence remove;  
But sup with us, and let the feast  
Be everlasting love.

C. WESLEY.

## 343—344

## Batchford (1st Tune).—S.M.

J. SELBY.





## Toronto (2nd Tune).—S.M.

W. MATHER.



*f* 1 **B**EHOLD, what wondrous grace  
The Father has bestowed  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God.

2 'Tis no surprising thing  
That we should be unknown ;  
The Jewish world knew not their King,  
God's everlasting Son.

*p* 3 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made ;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure,  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.

*p* 5 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne ;  
My faith shall 'Abba, Father,' cry,  
And Thou the kindred own.

I. WATTS.

## 344 Bathford or Toronto.—S.M.

1 **H**OW can a sinner know  
His sins on earth forgiven ?  
How can my gracious Saviour show  
My name inscribed in heaven ?

2 What we have felt and seen,  
With confidence we tell ;  
And publish to the sons of men  
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe  
That He for us hath died,  
We all His unknown peace receive,  
And feel His blood applied ;

*f* 4 Exults our rising soul,  
Disburdened of her load,  
And swells unutterably full  
Of glory and of God.

5 His love, surpassing far  
The love of all beneath,  
We find within our hearts, and dare  
The pointless darts of death :

6 Stronger than death and hell  
The mystic power we prove ;

*f* And conquerors of the world, we dwell  
In heaven, who dwell in love.

7 We by His Spirit prove  
And know the things of God,  
The things which freely of His love  
He hath on us bestowed.

8 His Spirit to us He gave,  
And dwells in us, we know :  
The witness in ourselves we have,  
And all its fruits we show.

9 Our nature's turned, our mind  
Transformed in all its powers ;  
And both the witnesses are joined,  
The Spirit of God with ours.

10 Whate'er our pardoning Lord  
Commands, we gladly do ;  
And guided by His sacred word,  
We all His steps pursue :

*f* 11 His glory our design,  
We live our God to please ;  
And rise with filial fear divine,  
To perfect holiness.

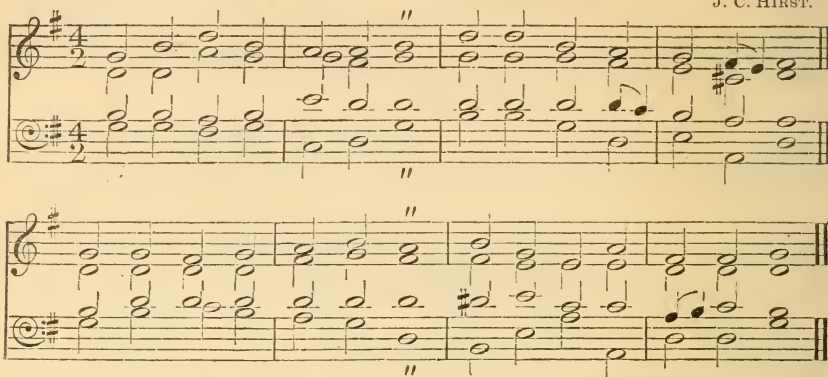
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C. WESLEY.

## 345

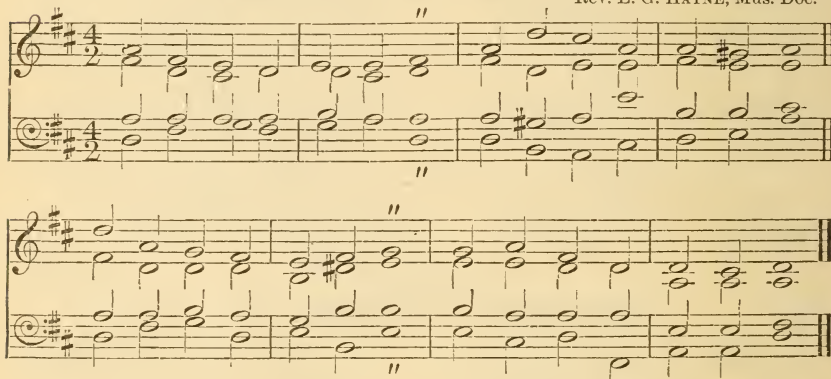
## Thirst (1st Tune).—7 7.7 7.

J. C. HIRST.



## Buckland (2nd Tune).—7 7.7 7.

Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.



- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord,  
In the highest heavens adored,  
Author of all nature's frame ;  
p Father ! hallowed be Thy name.
- p2 Though estranged from Thee in heart,  
Doubtless Thou our Father art ;  
From Thy hand our spirits came :  
p Father ! hallowed be Thy name.
- 3 Nor by nature's tie alone  
Thou art as our Father known ;

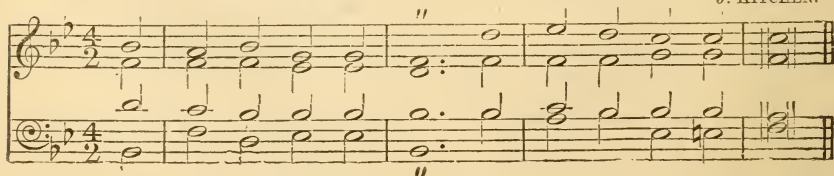
- Nearer now, in Christ our claim :  
p Father ! hallowed be Thy name.
- 4 Born anew, O may we feel  
Filial love, the Spirit's seal ; [shame :  
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from  
p Father ! hallowed be Thy name.
- 5 Whether, then, in want or wealth,  
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,  
Still our prayer shall be the same :  
p Father ! hallowed be Thy name.

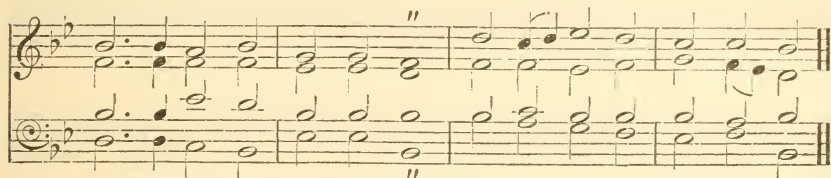
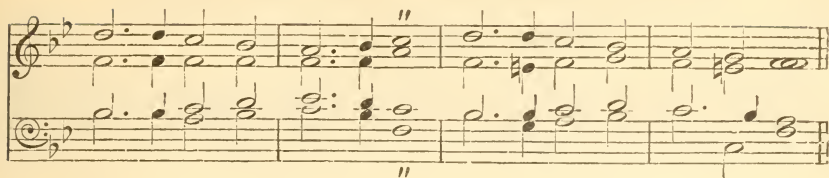
J. CONDER.

## 346

## Southfield (1st Tune).—6 6.7 7.7 7.

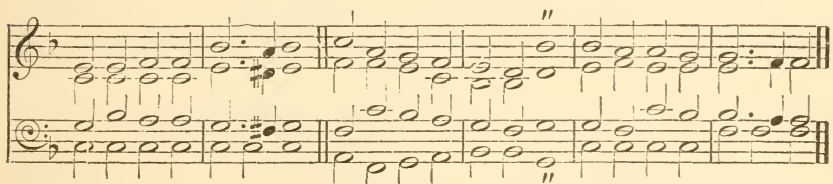
J. KITCHEN.





### Warrenne, No. 2 (2nd Tune).—6 6.7 7.7 7.

REV. O. R. BARNICOTT, M.A.



1 **O** FILIAL Deity.  
Accept my new-born cry;  
See the travail of Thy soul,  
Saviour, and be satisfied;  
Take me now, possess me whole,  
Who for me, for me, hast died!

2 Of life Thou art the tree,  
My immortality!  
p Feed this tender branch of Thine,  
Ceaseless influence derive;  
Thou the true, the heavenly Vine;  
Grafted into Thee I live.

3 Of life the fountain Thou,  
I know—I feel it now!  
Faint and dead no more I droop;  
Thou art in me; Thy supplies,  
Every moment springing up,  
Into life eternal rise.

4 Thou the good Shepherd art,  
From Thee I ne'er shall part;  
Thou my Keeper and my Guide,

Make me still Thy tender care;  
p Gently lead me by Thy side,  
Sweetly in Thy bosom bear.

5 Prophet, to me reveal  
Thy Father's perfect will;  
Never mortal spake like Thee,  
Human prophet like divine:  
Loud and strong their voices be,  
Small and still, and inward Thine.

6 On Thee, my Priest, I call,  
Thy blood atoned for all:  
Still the Lamb as slain appears,  
Still Thou stand'st before the Throne,  
Ever offering up my prayers,  
These presenting with Thine own.

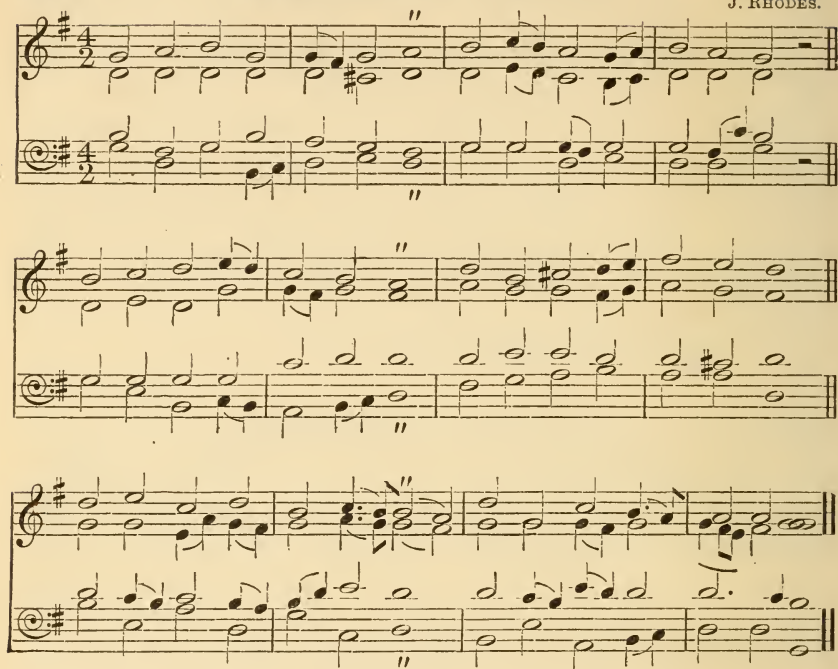
f 7 Jesus, Thou art my King,  
From Thee my strength I bring:  
Shadowed by Thy mighty hand,  
Saviour, who shall pluck me thence?  
Faith supports; by faith I stand,  
Strong in Thy omnipotence.

C. WESLEY.

## 347

## Early Dawn.—7 7.7 7.7 7.

J. RHODES.



1 **S**INCE the Son hath made me free,  
 Let me taste my liberty ;  
 Thee behold with open face,  
 Triumph in Thy saving grace ;  
*f* Thy great will delight to prove,  
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

2 Abba, Father ! hear Thy Child,  
 Late in Jesus reconciled ;  
 Hear, and all the graces shower,  
 All the joy, and peace, and power,  
 All my Saviour asks above,  
 All the life and heaven of love.

*f* 3 Lord, I will not let Thee go,  
 Till the blessing Thou bestow ;  
 Hear my Advocate Divine !  
 Lo ! to His my suit I join ;  
 Joined to His, it cannot fail :  
 Bless me ; for I will prevail !

4 Heavenly Father, Life Divine,  
 Change my nature into Thine !  
 Move and spread throughout my soul  
 Actuate and fill the whole !  
*f* Be it I no longer now  
 Living in the flesh, but Thou.

5 Holy Ghost, no more delay :  
 Come and in Thy temple stay :  
 Now Thine inward witness bear,  
 Strong, and permanent, and clear :  
*f* Spring of Life, Thyself impart ;  
 Rise eternal in my heart !

C. WESLEY.



348

## New Leeds.—7.7.7.7.7.7.

J. MORRELL.



1 JESUS is our common Lord,  
 He our loving Saviour is ;  
 By His death to life restored,  
 Misery we exchange for bliss ;  
 Bliss to carnal minds unknown,  
 O 'tis more than tongue can tell ;  
 Only to believers shown,  
 Glorious and unspeakable.

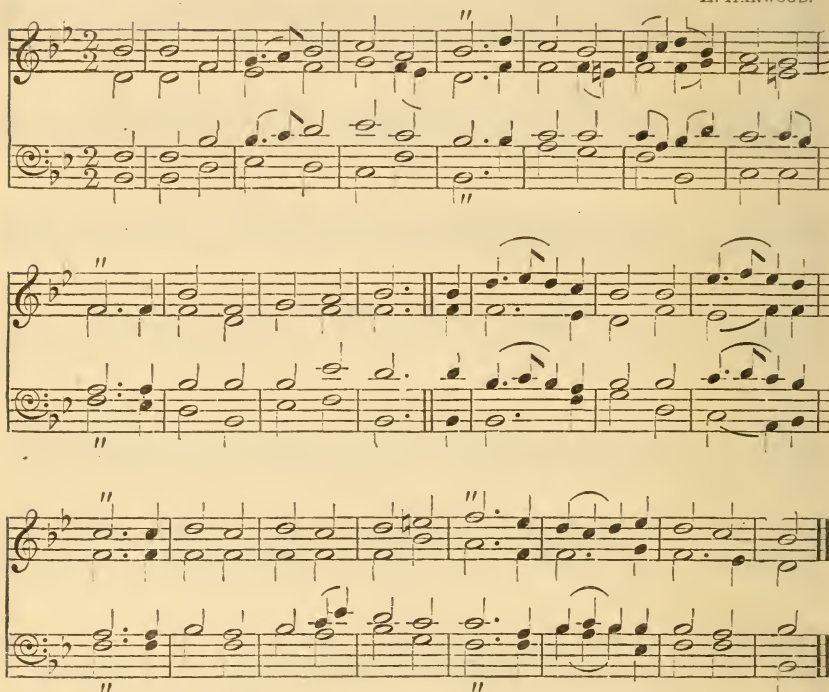
2 Christ, our brother and our Friend,  
 Shows us His eternal love ;  
 f Never shall our triumphs end,  
 Till we take our seats above,  
 Let us walk with Him in white,  
 For our bridal day prepare,  
 For our partnership in light,  
 For our glorious meeting there.

C. WESLEY.

## 349

## Grosvenor.—8 8 6.8 8 6.

E. HARWOOD.



p 1 **T**HOU great mysterious God unknown,  
 Whose love hath gently led me on,  
 Even from my infant days,  
 Mine inmost soul exposé to view,  
 And tell me if I ever knew  
 Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known Thy fear,  
 And followed with a heart sincere  
 Thy drawings from above,  
 Now, now the further grace bestow,  
 And let my sprinkled conscience know  
 Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of Thy love I would not stop,  
 A stranger to the gospel hope,  
 The sense of sin forgiven;  
 I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,  
 Without the inward witness live,  
 That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,  
 Would He not testify of Thee  
 In Jesus reconciled?  
 And should I not with faith draw nigh,  
 And boldly 'Abba, Father,' cry,  
 And know myself Thy child?

5 Father, in me reveal Thy Son,  
 And to my inmost soul make known  
 How merciful Thou art:  
 The secret of Thy love reveal,  
 And by Thy hallowing Spirit dwell  
 For ever in my heart!

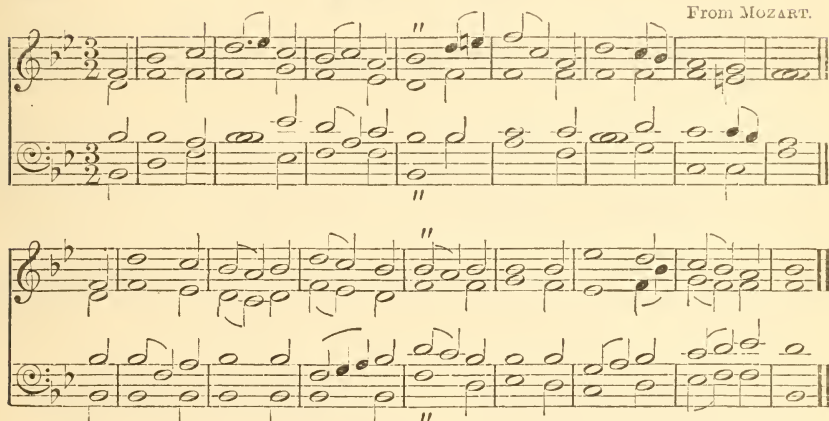
C. WESLEY.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—CONSECRATION 271  
AND HOLINESS.

350

Home.—L.M.

FROM MOZART.



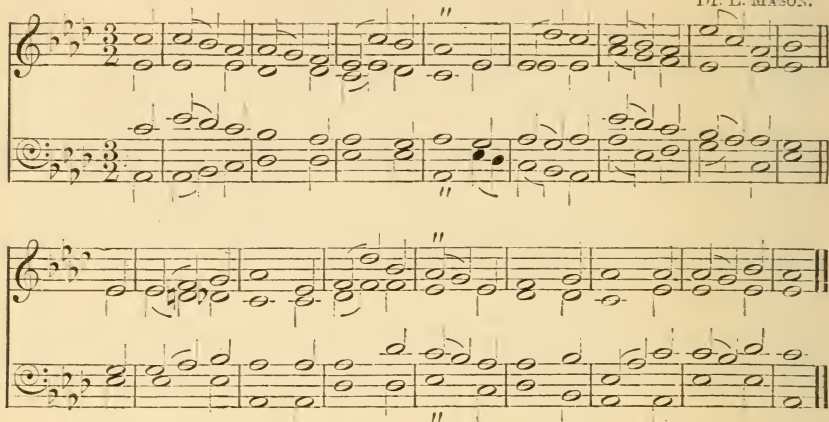
- f* 1 JESUS, Thy far-extended fame  
My drooping soul exults to hear;  
Thy name, Thy all-restoring name,  
Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old Thou didst receive,  
With comfortable words and kind,  
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,  
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art Thou not the Saviour still,  
In every place and age the same?  
Hast Thou forgot Thy gracious skill,  
Or lost the virtue of Thy name?
- 4 Faith in Thy changeless name I have;  
The good, the kind Physician, Thou  
Art able now our souls to save.  
Art willing to restore them now.
- 5 Though many months and years are past  
Since Thou didst in the flesh appear,  
Thy tender mercies ever last;  
And still Thy healing power is here!
- 6 Wouldst Thou the body's health restore,  
And not regard the sin-sick soul?  
The sin-sick soul Thou lov'st much more,  
And surely Thou shalt make it whole.
- p* 7 All my disease, my every sin,  
To Thee, O Jesus, I confess;  
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,  
And perfect it in holiness.
- 8 That token of Thine utmost good  
Now, Saviour, now on me bestow;  
And purge my conscience with Thy blood,  
And wash my nature white as snow.

C. WESLEY

## 351—352

## Eden.—L.M.

Dr. L. MASON.



*f* 1 MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right  
To every service I can pay ;  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for Thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end ?  
Thy ever-smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend ?

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good ;  
Nor future days nor powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad :

*f* 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live ;  
To Him who for my ransom died ;  
Nor could untainted Eden give  
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigour is no more ;  
And my last hour of life confess  
*f* His love hath animating power.

P. DODDRIDGE.

## 352

## Eden.—L.M.

1 I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood ;  
To dwell within Thy wounds : then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
For ever closed to all but Thee !  
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side !  
Who life and strength from thence derive  
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

*p* 4 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe ?  
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move  
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love.

5 How can it be, Thou heavenly King,  
That Thou shouldst us to glory bring ?  
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,  
Decked with a never-fading crown ?

*p* 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow ;  
Our words are lost ; nor will we know,  
Nor will we think of aught beside,  
'My Lord, my Love, is crucified.'

7 First-born of many brethren Thou !  
To Thee, lo ! all our souls we bow :  
To Thee, our hearts and hands we give,  
Thine may we die ; Thine may we live.

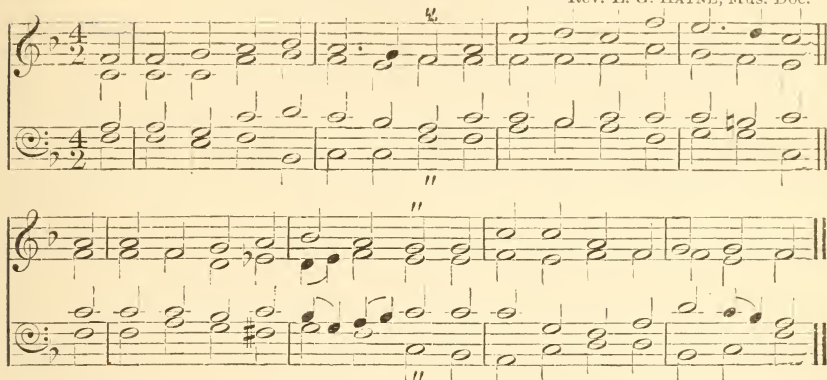
From the German, trs. by J. WESLEY.



## 353

## St. Anselm.—L.M.

Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.



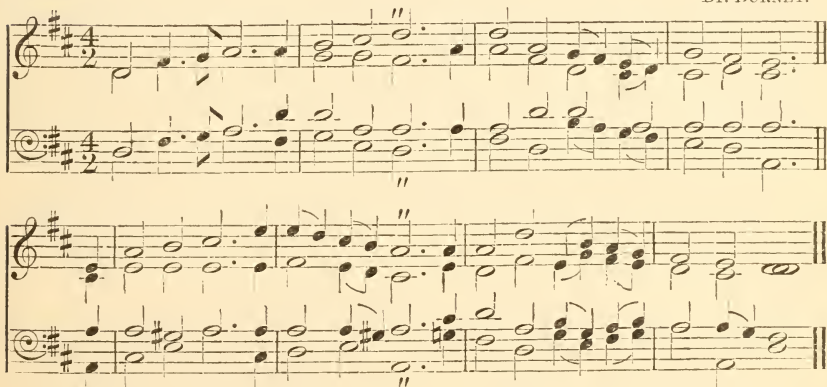
- 1 HE wills that I should holy be,  
And holiness I long to feel:  
That full divine conformity  
To all my Saviour's righteous will.
- p 2 See, Lord, the travail of Thy soul  
Accomplished in the change of mine,  
And plunge me, every whit made whole,  
In all the depths of love divine.
- 3 On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,  
And waits to prove Thine utmost will;
- 4 The promise by Thy mercy made,  
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfil.
- 4 No more I stagger at Thy power,  
Or doubt Thy truth, which cannot  
Hasten the long-expected hour, [move:  
And bless me with Thy perfect love.
- 5 Come, Saviour, come, and make me  
Entirely all my sins remove; [whole!  
To perfect health restore my soul,  
To perfect holiness and love.

C. WESLEY.

## 354

## Truro.—L.M.

Dr. BURNES.



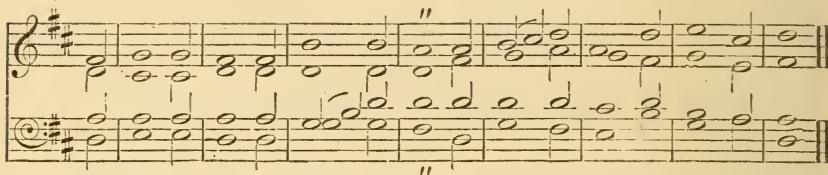
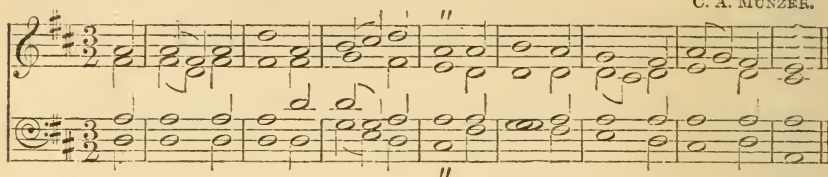
- f 1 O HAPPY day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- p 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
- 4 He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest.  
O who with earth would grudge to part,  
When called with angels to be blest!
- f 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear:
- p Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

P DODDRIDGE.

## 355—356

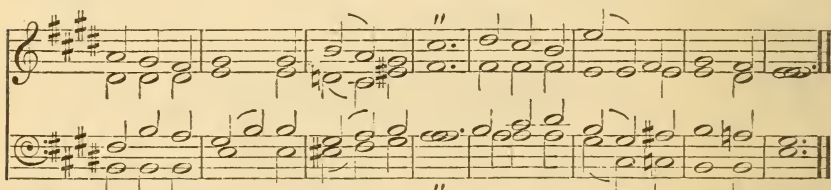
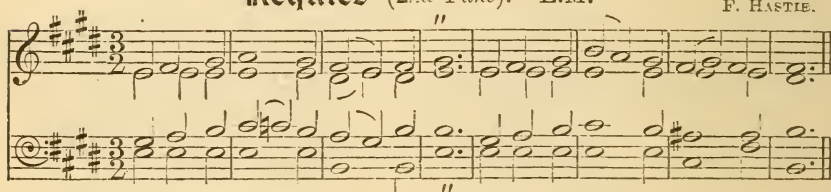
## Brooklyn (1st Tune).—L.M.

C. A. MUNZER.



## Requies (2nd Tune).—L.M.

F. HASTIE.



1 MY soul, through my Redeemer's care,  
 Saved from the second death I feel,  
 My eyes from tears of dark despair,  
*p* My feet from falling into hell.

2 Wherefore to Him my feet shall run,  
 My eyes on His perfections gaze,  
*f* My soul shall live for God alone,  
 And all within me shout His praise.

C. WESLEY.

## 356

## Brooklyn or Requies.—L.M.

1 TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,  
 'If thou wouldst My disciple be;  
 Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
*p* And humbly follow after Me.'

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight  
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;  
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up, [arm.  
 And brace thy heart, and nerve thine

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;  
 Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;  
*p* Thy Lord for Thee the cross endured,  
 To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,  
 And calmly every danger brave;  
 'Twill guide thee to a better home,  
 And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,  
 Nor think till death to lay it down,  
 For only he who bears the cross  
 May hope to wear the glorious crown.

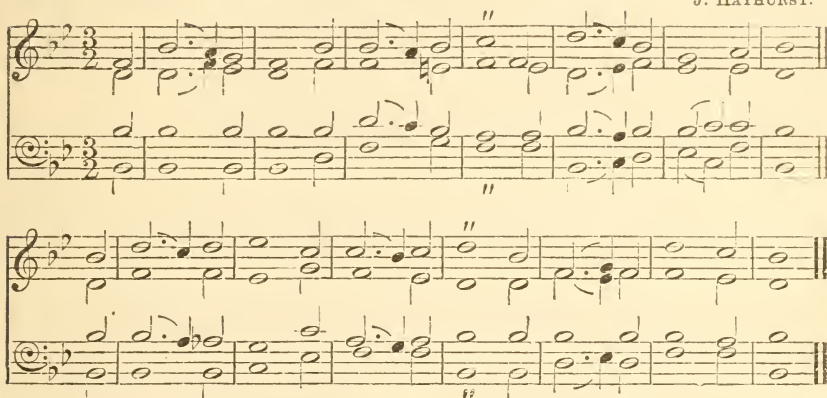
*f* 6 To Thee, O God, the One in Three,  
 All praise for evermore ascend;  
 O grant us in our home to see  
 The heavenly life that knows no end!

C. W. EVEREST.

357—358

## Eventide.—C.M.

J. HAYHURST.



1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
And ever prays for me ;  
A token of His love He gives,  
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find Him lifting up my head,  
He brings salvation near,  
*f* His presence makes me free indeed,  
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be,  
What can withstand His will ?  
The counsel of His grace in me  
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word ;  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,  
And to Thyself receive.

*f* 5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars  
To meet Thee from above,  
Thy goodness thankfully adores ;  
And sure I taste Thy love.

6 Thy love I soon expect to find,  
In all its depth and height :  
To comprehend the Eternal Mind,  
And grasp the Infinite.

*f* 7 When God is mine, and I am His,  
Of Paradise possess,  
I taste unutterable bliss,  
And everlasting rest.

C. WESLEY.

358

## Eventide.—C.M.

1 I ORD, I believe a rest remains  
To all Thy people known,  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And Thou art loved alone :

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above ;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
*f* Cast out by perfect love.

*f* 3 O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in !  
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,  
This unbelief remove ;  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
*f* The Sabbath of Thy love.

5 I would be Thine, Thou know'st I  
And have Thee all my own ; I would,  
Thee, O my all sufficient good !  
I want, and Thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, Thy nature grant !  
This, only this be given :  
Nothing beside my God I want,  
Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away !  
Into my soul descend ;  
No longer from Thy creature stay,  
My Author and my End !

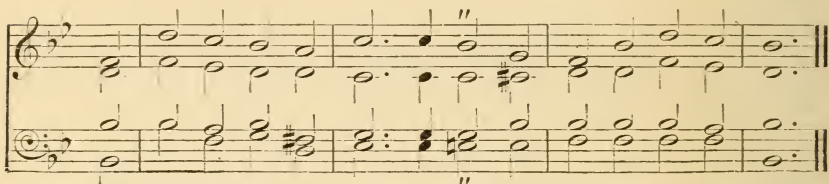
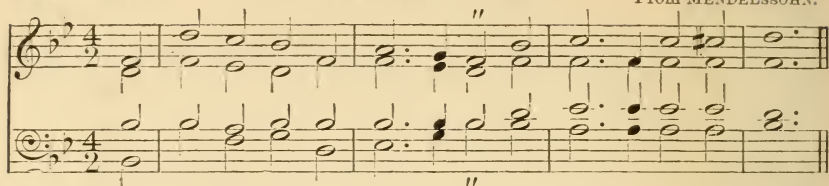
*f* 8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
And seal me Thine abode !  
Let all I am in Thee be lost,  
Let all be lost in God.

C. WESLEY

## 359—360

## Thorner.—C.M.

FROM MENDELSSOHN.



- 1 JESUS, these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of Thine;  
*p* The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed face and mine.
- p* 2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,  
Yet art Thou oft with me;  
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,  
As where I meet with Thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes un-  
*p* When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought,  
Thy image ever fills my thought,  
And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still  
Must rest in faith alone;  
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,  
Unseen but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
And still this throbbing heart,  
*f* The rending veil shall Thee reveal,  
All glorious as Thou art.

R. PALMER.

## 360

## Thorner.—C.M.

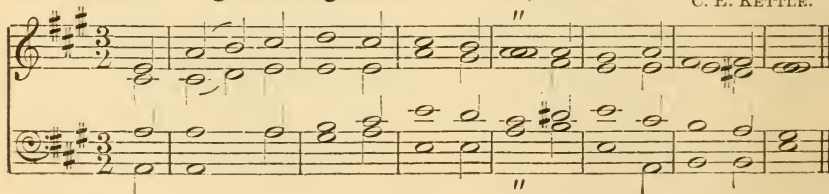
- 1 JESUS, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
*v* But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
*p* And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
*f* Nor can the memory find,  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,  
O Saviour of mankind!
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart!  
O joy of all the meek!  
*p* To those who fall, how kind Thou art!  
How good to those who seek!
- f* 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this—  
Nor tongue nor pen can show!  
The love of Jesus—what it is  
None but His loved ones know.
- f* 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our crown wilt be;  
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

BERNARD, trs. by E. CASWALL.

## 361—362

## Farningham (1st Tune).—C.M.

C. E. KETTLE.

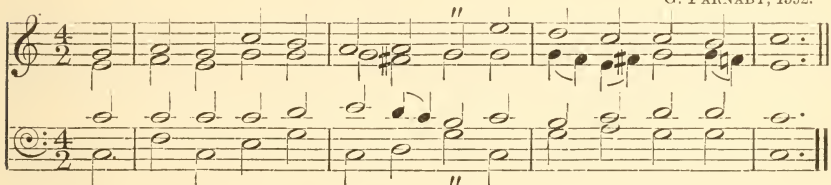






### St. Thomas (2nd Tune).—C.M.

G. FARNABY, 1592.



*f* 1 **O** JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!  
Christ shall in me appear;  
I, even I, shall see His face;  
I shall be holy here.

2 This heart shall be His constant home;  
I hear His Spirit's cry:  
'Surely,' He saith, 'I quickly come;'  
He saith, Who cannot lie.

*f* 3 The glorious crown of righteousness  
To me reached out I view; [seize,  
Conqueror through Him, I soon shall  
And wear it as my due.

4 The Promised Land, from Pisgah's top,  
I now exult to see;

*f* My hope is full (O glorious hope!)  
Of immortality.

5 He visits now the house of clay:  
He shakes His future home;  
O wouldst Thou, Lord, on this glad day,  
Into Thy temple come!

6 With me I know, I feel, Thou art;  
But this cannot suffice,  
Unless Thou plantest in my heart  
A constant Paradise.

7 Come, O my God, Thyself reveal,  
Fill all this mighty void!  
Thou only canst my spirit fill:  
Come, O my God, my God!

*f* 8 Fulfil, fulfil, my large desires,  
Large as infinity;  
Give, give me all my soul requires,  
All, all that is in Thee! C. WESLEY.

### 362 Farningham or St. Thomas.—C.M.

*f* 1 **M**Y God! I know, I feel Thee mine,  
And will not quit my claim,  
Till all I have is lost in Thine,  
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand,  
But will not let Thee go,  
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,  
And all Thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour  
That plants my God in me!  
Spirit of health, and life, and power,  
And perfect liberty.

*f* 4 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love  
Shed in my heart abroad;  
Then shall my feet no longer rove,  
Rooted and fixed in God.

5 Love only can the conquest win,  
The strength of sin subdued,  
(My own unconquerable sin)  
And form my soul anew.

*f* 6 Love can bow down the stubborn neck,  
The stone to flesh convert,  
Softens, and melts, and pierces, and breaks  
An adamant heart. C. WESLEY.

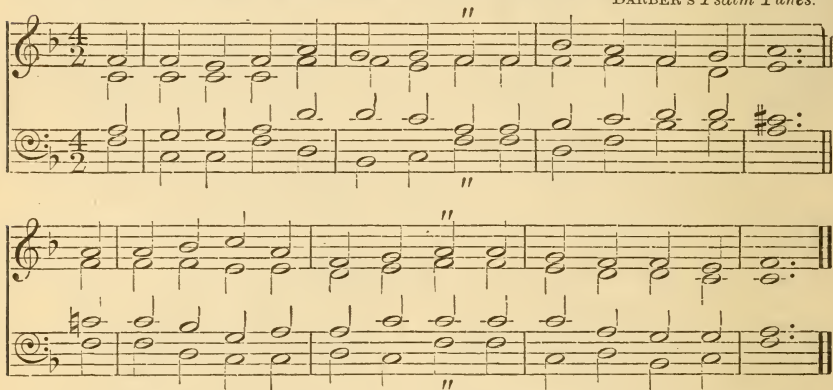
## 363—364 Lancaster (1st Tune).—C.M.

Dr. HOWARD.



## St. Flavian (2nd Tune).—C.M.

BARBER'S Psalm Tunes.



1 O THAT in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow,  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow !

2 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume !

*f* Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,  
Spirit of burning, come !

3 Refining Fire, go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul ;  
Scatter Thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.

4 No longer then my heart shall mourn,  
While, purified by grace,  
I only for His glory burn,  
And always see His face.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,  
Shall then no longer move ;

*f* But Christ be all the world to me,  
And all my heart be love.

C. WESLEY.

## 364 Lancaster or St. Flavian.—C.M.

1 WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,  
But inward holiness ?  
For this to Jesus I look up,  
*n* I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait, till He shall touch me clean,  
Shall life and power impart,  
Give me the faith that casts out sin,  
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,  
For every sinner free ;  
Surely it shall on me take place,  
*p* The chief of sinners, me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,  
He shall my soul redeem ;  
*f* In Jesus I believe, and shall,  
Believe myself to Him.

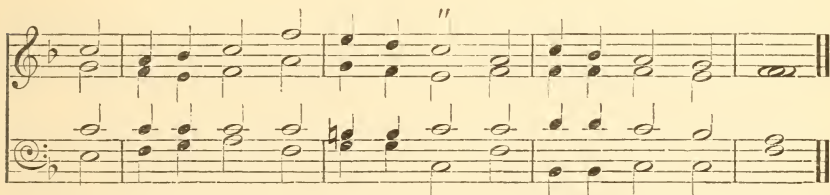
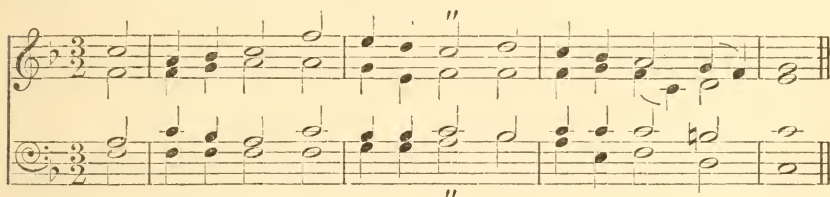
5 When Jesus makes my heart His home,  
My sin shall all depart ;  
' And, lo ! ' He saith, ' I quickly come,  
To fill and rule thy heart.'

6 Be it according to Thy word !  
Redeem me from all sin ;  
*f* My heart would now receive Thee, Lord,  
Come in, my Lord, come in !

C. WESLEY.

## 365—366

## Barrow.—C.M.



*f* 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free !  
A heart that always feels Thy blood  
So freely spilt for me !

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone ;

*p* 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean ;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within :

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine ;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine !

5 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,  
Till Thou create my peace ;  
Till, of my Eden re-possest,  
From every sin I cease.

6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart !  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
*f* Thy new, best name of love.

C. WESLEY.

## 366

## Barrow.—C.M.

1 **J**ESUS hath died that I might live,  
Might live to God alone ;  
In Him eternal life receive,  
And be in spirit one.

*f* 2 Saviour, I thank Thee for the grace,  
The gift unspeakable ;  
And wait with arms of faith to embrace,  
And all Thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire  
The perfect bliss to prove ;  
My longing heart is all on fire  
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me Thyself ; from every boast,  
From every wish set free ;  
Let all I am in Thee be lost ;  
But give Thyself to me.

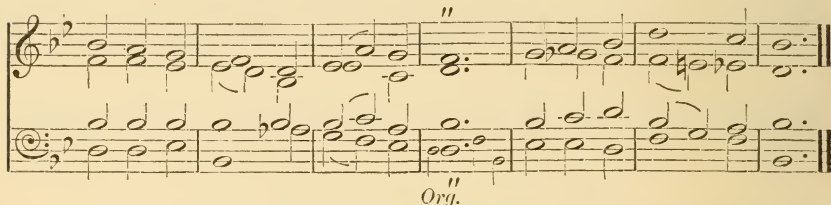
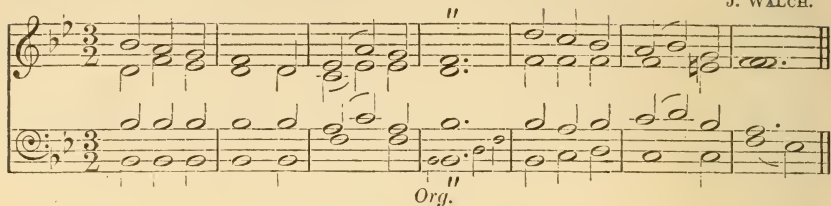
5 Thy gifts, alas, cannot suffice  
Unless Thyself be given ;  
*f* Thy presence makes my Paradise,  
And where Thou art is heaven !

C. WESLEY.

## 367—368

## Sawley.—C.M.

J. WALCH.



*p* 1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine  
Wash me, and mine Thou art: [own,  
Wash me, but not my feet alone—  
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

C. WESLEY.

## 368

## Sawley.—C.M.

1 **I** LOVE the Lord, He lent an ear  
When I for help implored:  
He rescued me from all my fear;  
Therefore I love the Lord.

2 Return, my soul, unto thy rest,  
From God no longer roam;  
His hand hath bountifully blest,  
His goodness called thee home.

3 What shall I render unto Thee,  
My Saviour in distress,  
For all Thy benefits to me,  
So great and numberless?

4 This will I do, for Thy love's sake,  
And thus Thy power proclaim—  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon Thy name.

5 Thou God of covenant'd grace,  
Hear and record my vow,  
While in Thy courts I seek Thy face,  
And at Thine altar bow.

6 Henceforth myself to Thee I give,  
With single heart and eye,  
To walk before Thee while I live,  
And bless Thee when I die.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 369—370

## Burnett (1st Tune).—C.M.

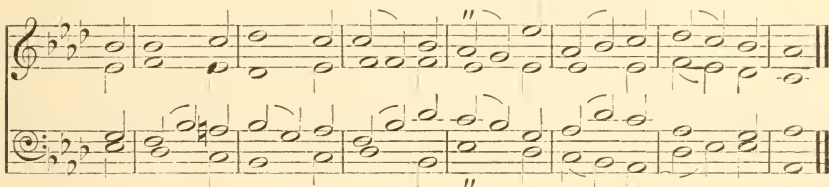
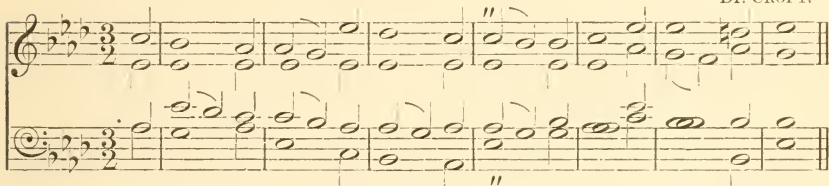
J. B. STEWART.





**Northampton** (2nd Tune).—C.M.

DR. CROFT.



1 **J**ESUS, the all-restoring Word,  
My fallen spirit's hope,

After Thy lovely likeness, Lord,

*p* Ah, when shall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God! Thou only art  
The Life, the Truth, the Way:

Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,  
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all Thou hast in earth below,  
In heaven above to give,

*f* Give me Thy only Self to know,  
In Thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love;  
In mystic union join  
Me to Thyself, and let me prove  
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between  
My longing soul and Thee,  
*f* Never to be broke off again  
To all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

**370****Burnett or Northampton.**—C.M.

1 **G**OD of eternal truth and grace,  
Thy faithful promise seal;  
Thy word, Thy oath, to Abraham's race  
In us, e'en us, fulfil.

2 Let us, to perfect love restored,  
Thy image here retrieve,  
And in the presence of our Lord  
The life of angels live.

3 That mighty faith on me bestow  
Which cannot ask in vain,  
*f* Which holds, and will not let Thee go  
Till I my suit obtain;

4 Till Thou into my soul inspire  
The perfect love unknown,  
And tell my infinite desire,  
'Whate'er thou wilt be done.'

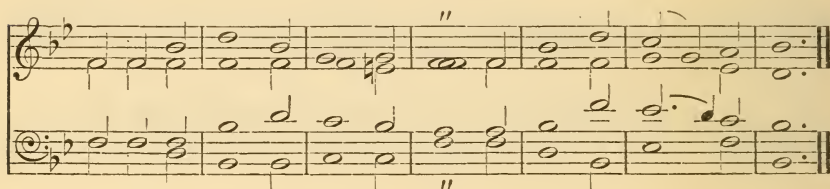
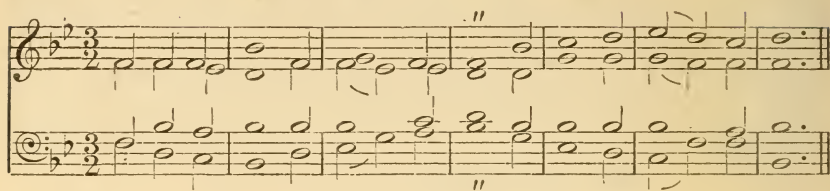
5 But is it possible that I  
Should live and sin no more?  
Lord, if on Thee I dare rely,  
The faith shall bring the power.

*f* 6 On me that faith divine bestow  
Which doth the mountain move:  
And all my spotless life shall show  
The omnipotence of love.

C. WESLEY.

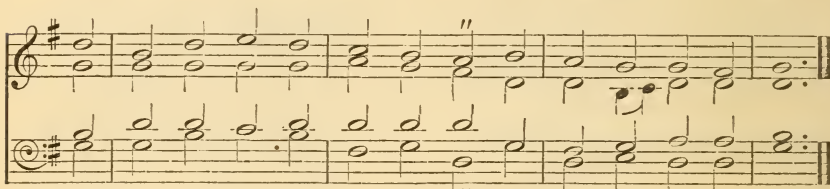
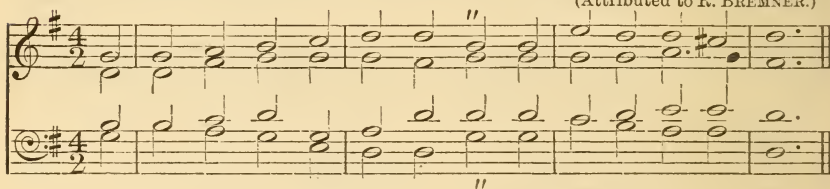
## 371—372

## Emmaus (1st Tune).—C.M.



## Dunfermline (2nd Tune).—C.M.

Old Scotch Tune.  
(Attributed to R. BREMNER.)



1 JESUS, my Life ! Thyself apply,  
Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;

*p* My vile affections crucify,  
Conform me to Thy death.

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,  
Still with Thy rebel strive ;

Enter my soul, and work within,  
*p* And kill, and make alive !

3 More of Thy life, and more, I have,  
As the old Adam dies :

Bury me, Saviour, in Thy grave,  
That I with Thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, Thy foes control  
Who would not own Thy sway ;

Diffuse Thine image through my soul,  
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,  
And seal me Thine abode ;

*f* O make me glorious all within,  
A temple built by God !

C. WESLEY.

## 372

## Emmaus or Dunfermline.—C.M.

- 1 **I** ASK the gift of righteousness,  
The sin-subduing power,  
*p* Power to believe, and go in peace,  
And never grieve Thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,  
The liberty from sin,  
The grace infused, the love revealed,  
The kingdom fixed within.
- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray,  
Thou seest my heart's desire ;  
Made ready in Thy powerful day,  
Thy fulness I require.

- 4 My vehement soul cries out opprest,  
Impatient to be freed ;  
*f* Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,  
Till I am saved indeed.
- 5 Art Thou not able to convert—  
Art Thou not willing too—  
To change this old rebellious heart,  
To conquer and renew ?
- f* 6 Thou canst, Thou wilt, I dare believe,  
So arm me with Thy power,  
That I to sin shall never cleave,  
Shall never feel it more.

C. WESLEY.

## 373

## Silchester.—S.M.

Rev. Dr. MALAN.



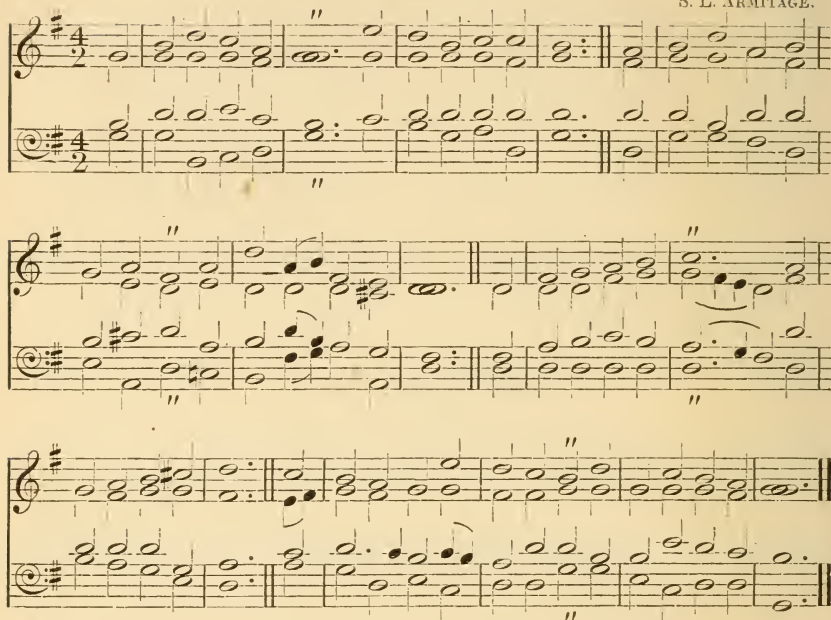
- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil—  
*f* O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will !
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live ;  
*p* And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give !
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely ;  
Assured if I my trust betray,  
*p* I shall for ever die.

C. WESLEY

## 374

## Emmaus.—S.M.D.

S. L. ARMITAGE.



1 JESUS. my strength, my hope,  
On Thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.  
Give me on Thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do;  
*f* On Thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind;  
A self-renouncing will,  
*f* That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill;  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss,  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer,

4 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at Thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less.  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray I want,  
Out of the deep on Thee to call,  
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
(Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To Thee and Thy great name;  
A jealous, just concern  
For Thine immortal praise;  
*f* A pure desire that all may learn,  
And glorify, Thy grace.

6 I rest upon Thy word;  
The promise is for me;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee.  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
*f* Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

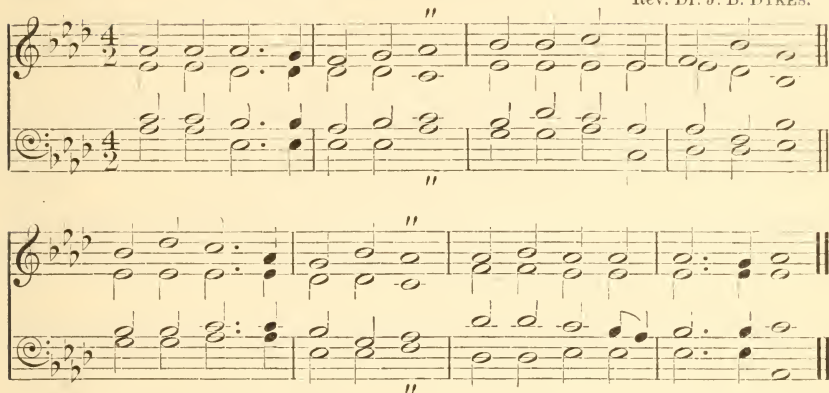
C. WESLEY.



375

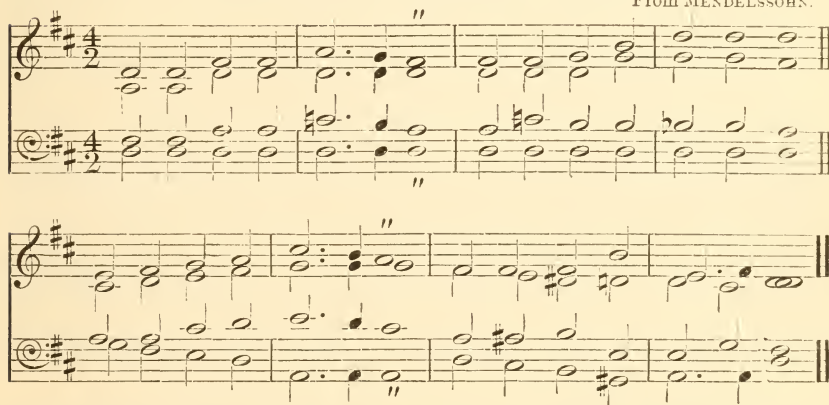
## St. Bees (1st Tune).—7 7.7 7.

REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.



## Sherborne (2nd Tune).—7 7.7 7.

FROM MENDELSSOHN.



1 THINE for ever:—God of love,  
Hear us from Thy throne above;  
Thine for ever may we be,  
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever:—Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife:  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever: O how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest!  
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end!

*p* 4 Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep  
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.

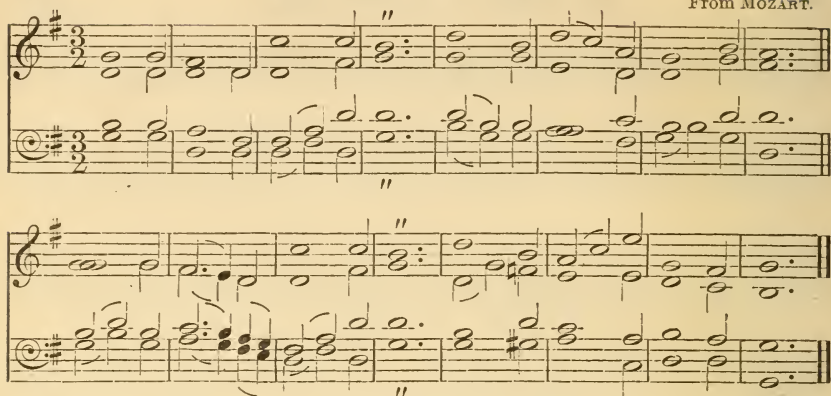
*f* 5 Thine for ever:—Thou our guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

M. F. MAUDE.

## 376

## Nottingham.—7.7.7.7.

From MOZART.



1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,  
Thine, and only Thine, I am :  
f Take my body, spirit, soul,  
Only Thou possess the whole.

2 Fairer than the sons of men,  
Do not let me turn again,  
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,  
Stoop to creature-happiness.

3 Whom have I on earth below ?  
Thee, and only Thee, I know ;  
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?  
Thou art all in all to me.

4 All my treasure is above,  
All my riches is Thy love :  
Who the worth of love can tell ?  
Infinite, unsearchable !

5 Thou, O Love, my portion art !  
Lord, Thou know'st my simple heart ;  
Other comforts I despise,  
Love be all my Paradise.

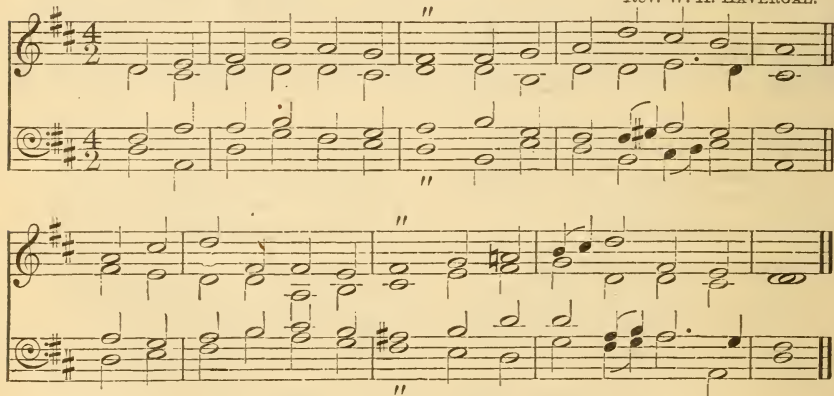
f 6 Nothing else can I require,  
Love fills up my whole desire ;  
All Thy other gifts remove,  
Still Thou giv'st me all in love.

C. WESLEY.

## 377

## Consecration.—7.7.7.7.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



1 TAKE my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;  
Take my moments and my days,  
f Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love ;  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

*f* 3 Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only for my King ;  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold ;  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine ;  
It shall be no longer mine :  
Take my heart, it is Thine own ;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

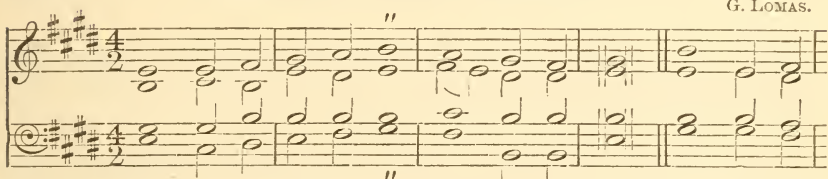
6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour,  
At Thy feet its treasure-store ;  
Take myself, and I will be  
*f* Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

378

Sursum Corda.—6 4.6 4.10 10.

G. LOMAS.



1 **I** LIFT my heart to Thee,  
Saviour divine !  
For Thou art all to me,  
And I am Thine :  
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,  
That 'my Beloved's mine, and I am His'?

2 Thine am I by all ties ;  
But chiefly Thine,  
That, through Thy sacrifice,  
Thou, Lord, art mine :  
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly  
wound  
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

3 *p* To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,  
I all things owe ;  
All that I have and am,  
And all I know :  
All that I have is now no longer mine,  
And I am not mine own ; Lord, I am Thine.

4 How can I, Lord, withhold  
Life's brightest hour  
From Thee ; or gathered gold,  
Or any power ?  
Why should I keep one precious thing from  
Thee, [for me ?  
When Thou hast given Thine own dear Self

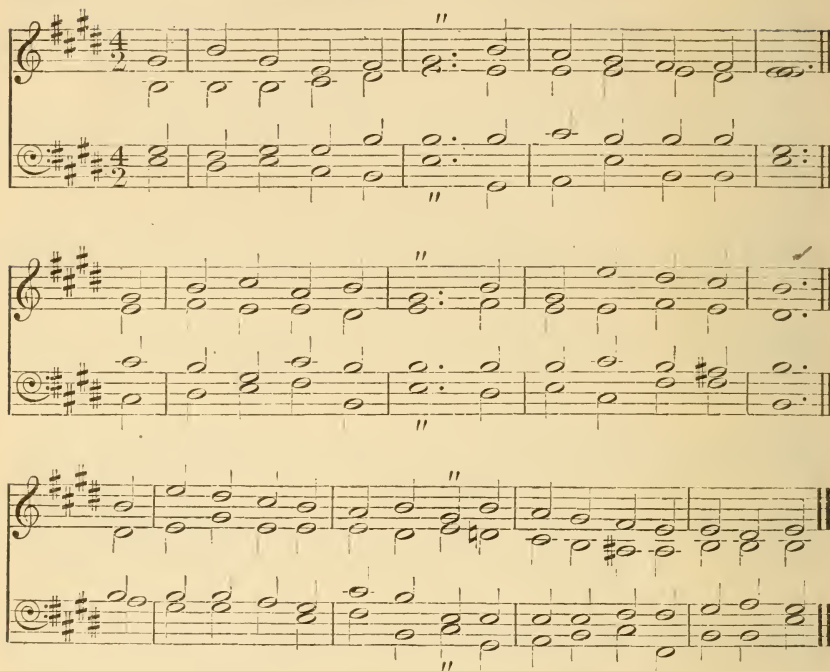
5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep  
Me in Thy love,  
Until death's holy sleep  
Shall me remove

*f* To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,  
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

C. E. MUDIE.

## 379

## Carinthia.—6 6.6 6.8 8.



*p* 1 I BRING my sins to Thee,  
 The sins I cannot count,  
 That all may cleansed be  
 In Thy once opened Fount;  
 I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,  
 The burden is too great, for me.

2 My heart to Thee I bring,  
 The heart I cannot read;  
 A faithless, wandering thing,  
 An evil heart indeed;  
 I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,  
 That fixed and faithful it may be.

*z* 3 To Thee I bring my care,  
 The care I cannot flee,  
 Thou wilt not only share,  
 But bear it all for me;  
 O loving Saviour, now to Thee  
 I bring the load that wears me!

*p* 4 I bring my grief to Thee,  
 The grief I cannot tell;  
 No words shall needed be,  
 Thou knowest all so well;  
 I bring the sorrow laid on me,  
 O suffering Saviour, now to Thee!

*f* 5 My joys to Thee I bring,  
 The joys Thy love hath given,  
 That each may be a wing  
 To lift me nearer heaven;  
 I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,  
 For Thou hast purchased all for me

6 My life I bring to Thee,  
 I would not be my own;  
 O Saviour, let me be  
 Thine ever, Thine alone!

*f* My heart, my life, my all I bring  
 To Thee, my Saviour, and my King!

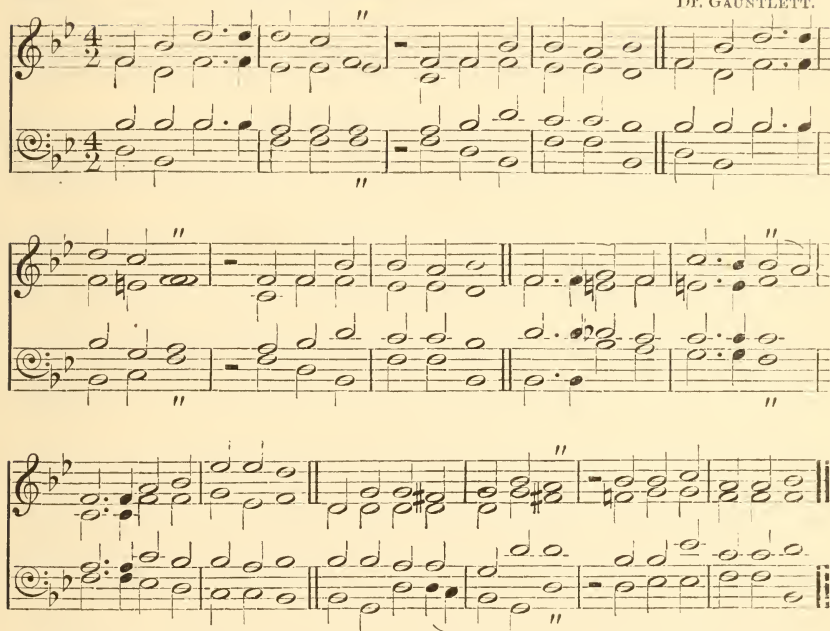
F. R. HAVERGAL.



380

## Jeshurun.—7 6.7 6.7 7.7 6.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



*f* <sup>1</sup> **N**ONE is like Jeshurun's God,  
 So great, so strong, so high,  
 Lo ! He spreads His wings abroad,  
 He rides upon the sky !  
 Israel is His first-born son ;  
 God, the Almighty God is Thine ;  
 See Him to Thy help come down,  
 The excellence divine.

*f* <sup>2</sup> Thee the great Jehovah deigns  
 To succour and defend ;  
 Thee the eternal God sustains,  
 Thy Maker and thy Friend :  
 Israel, what hast thou to dread ?  
 Safe from all impending harms,  
 Round thee and beneath are spread  
 The everlasting arms.

*f* <sup>3</sup> God is thine ; disdain to fear  
 The enemy within :  
 God shall in thy flesh appear,  
 And make an end of sin ;  
 God the man of sin shall slay,  
 Fill thee with triumphant joy :  
 God shall thrust him out, and say,  
 ' Destroy them all, destroy ! '

<sup>4</sup> All the struggle then is o'er,  
 And wars and fightings cease,  
 Israel then shall sin no more,  
 But dwell in perfect peace ;  
 All his enemies are gone ;  
 Sin shall have in him no part ;  
 Israel now shall dwell alone,  
 With Jesus in his heart.

*f* <sup>5</sup> Blest, O Israel, art thou !  
 What people is like thee ?  
 Saved from sin, by Jesus, now  
 Thou art and still shalt be :  
 Jesus is thy seven-fold shield ;  
 Jesus is thy flaming sword ;  
 Earth, and hell, and sin shall yield  
 To God's almighty Word.

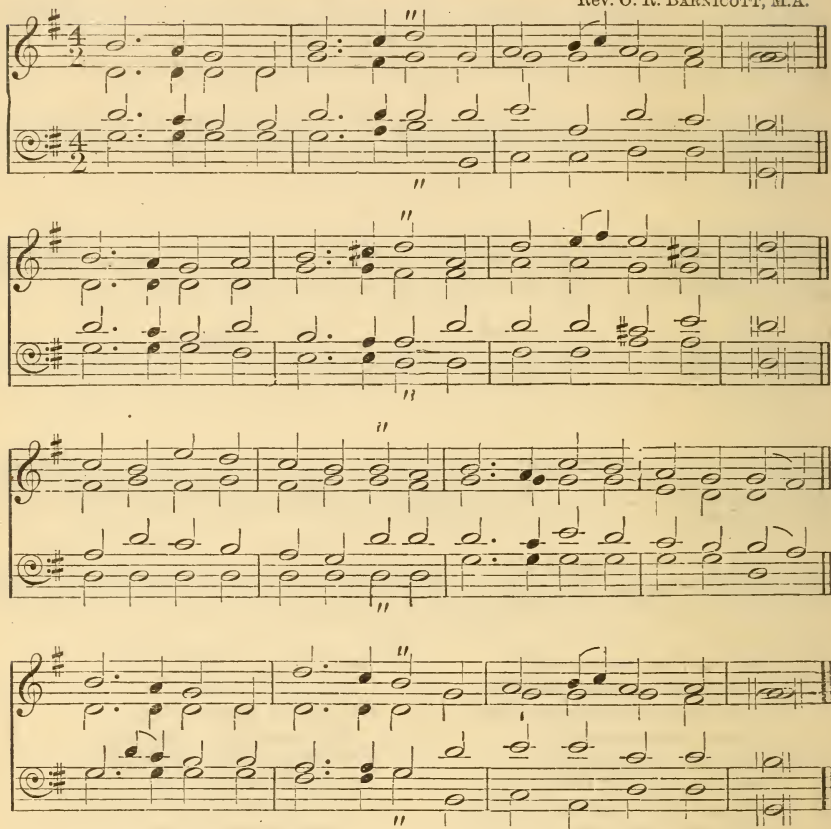
C. WESLEY.

K

## 381

## Warrenne, No. 3.—7 6.7 6.7 8.7 6.

Rev. O. R. BARNICOTT, M.A.



- 1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,  
 With all of creature good !  
 Only Jesus I pursue,  
 Who bought me with His blood :  
 All Thy pleasures I forego,  
 I trample on Thy wealth and pride :  
*f* Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,  
 'Tis all but vanity :  
 Christ the Lamb of God was slain—  
 He tasted death for me.  
*p* Me to save from endless woe,  
 The sin-aton-ing Victim died :  
*f* Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

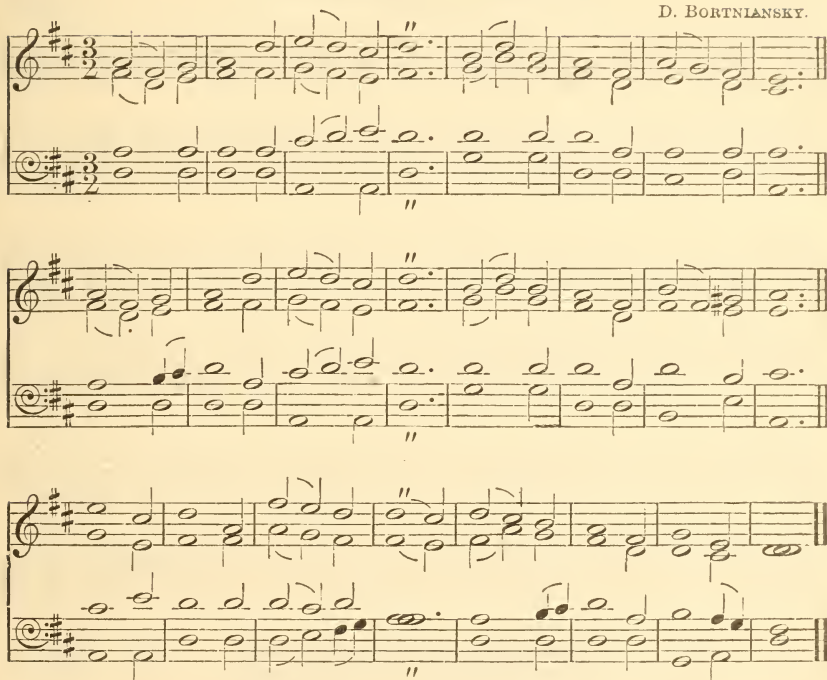
- 3 Turning to my Rest again,  
 The Saviour I adore ;  
 He relieves my grief and pain,  
 And bids me weep no more.  
 Rivers of salvation flow [side ;  
 From out His head, His hands, His  
*f* Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.
- 4 Here will I set up my rest ;  
 My fluctuating heart  
 From the haven of His breast  
 Shall never more depart.  
 Whither should a sinner go ?  
 His wounds for me stand open wide :  
*f* Only Jesus will I know,  
 And Jesus crucified.

C. WESLEY.

382

## Wells.—77.77.77.

D. BORTNIANSKY.



*p* 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One in Three, and Three in One,  
 As by the celestial host,  
 Let Thy will on earth be done;  
*f* Praise by all to Thee be given;  
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vilest of the sinful race,  
 Lo! I answer to Thy call;  
 Meanest vessel of Thy grace,  
 Grace divinely free for all,  
 Lo! I come to do Thy will,  
 All Thy counsel to fulfil.

*p* 3 If so poor a worm as I  
 May to Thy great glory live,  
 All my actions sanctify,  
 All my words and thoughts receive;  
 Claim me for Thy service, claim  
*f* All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers;  
 Take my memory, mind, and will,  
 All my goods, and all my hours,  
*f* All I know, and all I feel,  
 All I think, or speak, or do;  
 Take my heart,—but make it new!

5 Now, O God, Thine own I am,  
*p* Now I give Thee back Thine own;  
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,  
 Consecrate to Thee alone:  
 Thine I live, thrice happy I!  
*f* Happier still if Thine I die.

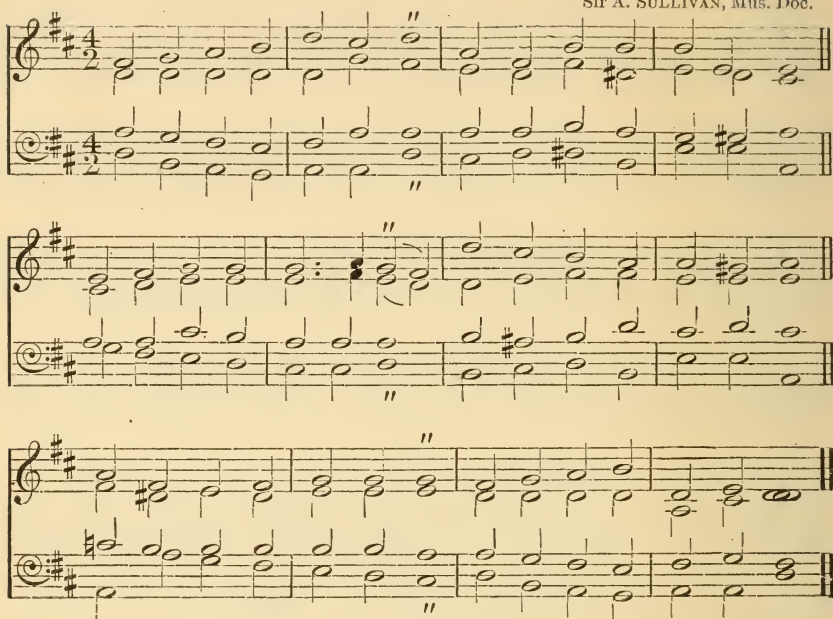
*f* 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One in Three, and Three in One,  
 As by the celestial host,  
 Let Thy will on earth be done;  
 Praise by all to Thee be given,  
*f* Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

C. WESLEY.

## 383

## Mount Zion.—7.7.7.7.7.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



1 WHEN this passing world is done,  
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
 When we stand with Christ in glory,  
 Looking o'er life's finished story,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
*f* Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,  
 Dressed in beauty not my own,  
 When I see Thee as Thou art,  
 Love Thee with unsinning heart,  
*p* Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
*f* Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,  
 Loud as thunders to the ear,  
 Loud as many waters' noise,  
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice,  
*p* Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
*f* Not till then, how much I owe.

4 Chosen not for good in me,  
 Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
 Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
 By the Spirit sanctified,  
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
 By my love, how much I owe.

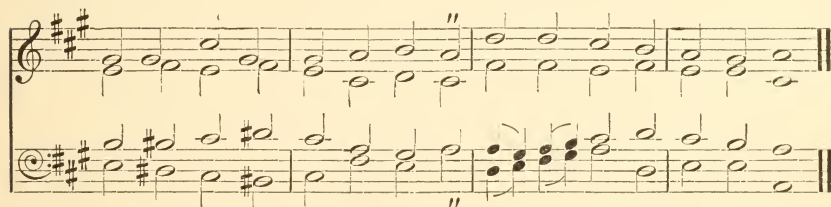
R. M. MCCHEYNE



384

## Oriol.—8 7.8 7.4 7.

German.



1 **O** THOU God of my salvation !  
 My Redeemer from all sin ;  
 Moved by Thy divine compassion,  
 Thou hast died my heart to win :  
*f* I will praise Thee ;  
 Where shall I Thy praise begin ?

2 Though unseen I love the Saviour,  
 He hath brought salvation near,  
 Manifests His pardoning favour ;  
 And when Jesus doth appear,  
 Soul and body  
 Shall His glorious Image bear.

*f* 3 While the angel-choirs are crying,  
 Glory to the great I AM !  
 I with them would still be vying ;  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !  
 O how precious  
 Is the sound of Jesus' name !

*f* 4 Now I see, with joy and wonder,  
 Whence the healing streams arose,  
 Angel minds are lost to ponder  
 Dying love's mysterious cause ;  
 Yet the blessing  
 Down to all, to me it flows.

*f* 5 This hath set my heart on fire,  
 Strongly glows the flame of love ;  
 Higher mounts my soul, and higher,  
 Struggles for its swift remove ;  
*ff* Then I'll praise Thee  
 In a nobler strain above.

6 Angels now are hovering round us,  
 Unperceived they join the throng,  
 Wondering at the love that crowned us,  
 Glad to join the holy song :  
*ff* Hallelujah !  
 Love and praise to Christ belong.

T. OLIVERS.

385

Jaben.—87.87.87.87.

J. H. WILLCOX.



*f* 1 LOVE Divine, all love excelling,  
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down;  
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
 All Thy faithful mercies crown:  
*p* Jesus, Thou art all compassion;  
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art;  
 Visit us with Thy salvation;  
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast:  
 Let us all in Thee inherit,  
 Let us find the promised rest;  
 Take away the love of sinning:  
 Alpha and Omega be;  
 End of faith, as its beginning,  
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,  
 Let us all Thy grace receive:  
 Suddenly return, and never,  
 Never more, Thy temples leave:  
*f* Thee we would be always blessing;  
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;  
 Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,  
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

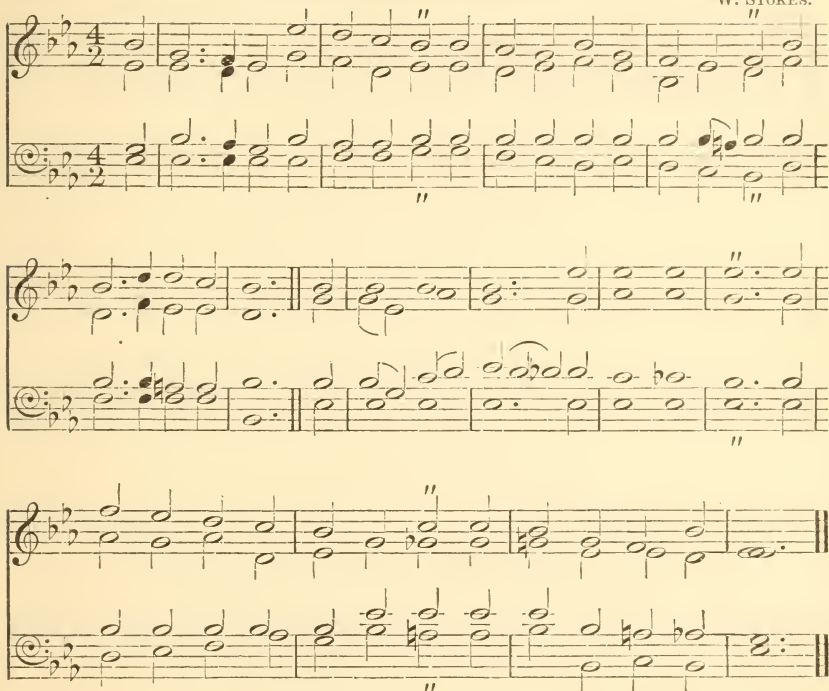
4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,  
 Pure and spotless let us be;  
 Let us see Thy great salvation,  
 Perfectly restored in Thee;  
 Changed from glory into glory,  
*ff* Till in heaven we take our place,  
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

C. WESLEY

## 386

## Ravendale.—8 8 6.8 8 6.

W. STOKES.



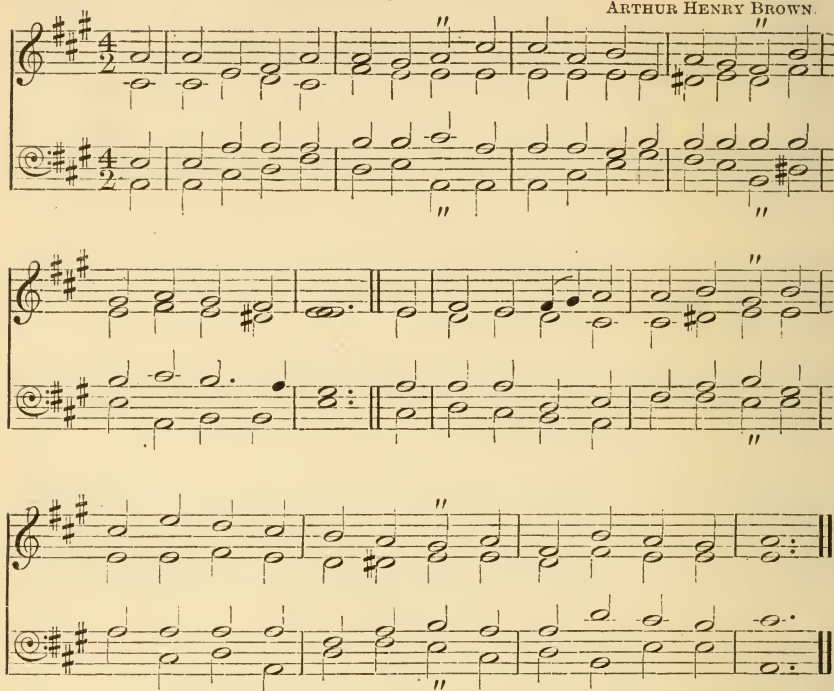
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 SAVIOUR, on me the want bestow,<br/>Which all who feel shall surely know<br/>Their sins on earth forgiven;<br/>Give me to prove the kingdom mine,<br/>And taste, in holiness divine,<br/>The happiness of heaven.</p> <p><i>p</i> 2 Meeken my soul, Thou heavenly Lamb,<br/>That I in the new earth may claim<br/>My hundred-fold reward;<br/>My rich inheritance possess,<br/>Co-heir with the great Prince of Peace,<br/>Co-partner with my Lord.</p> <p>3 Me with that restless thirst inspire,<br/>That sacred, infinite desire;<br/>And feast my hungry heart:<br/>Less than Thyself cannot suffice;<br/>My soul for all Thy fulness cries,<br/>For all Thou hast, and art.</p> | <p>4 Mercy who show shall mercy find;<br/><i>p</i> Thy pitiful and tender mind<br/>Be, Lord, on me bestowed;<br/>So shall I still the blessing gain,<br/>And to eternal life retain<br/>The mercy of my God.</p> <p>5 Jesus, the crowning grace impart,<br/>Bless me with purity of heart,<br/>That now, beholding Thee,<br/>I soon may view Thy open face,<br/>On all Thy glorious beauties gaze,<br/>And God for ever see!</p> <p>6 Not for my fault, or folly's sake,<br/>The name, or mode, or form, I take—<br/>But for true holiness,<br/>Let me be wronged, reviled, abhorred;<br/>And Thee, my sanctifying Lord,<br/>In life and death confess.</p> |
|---|---|
- 7 Called to sustain the hallowed cross,  
And suffer for Thy righteous cause,  
Pronounce me doubly blest:  
*f* And let Thy glorious Spirit, Lord,  
Assure me of my great reward,  
In heaven's eternal rest.

C. WESLEY.

387

## Purleigh.—886.886.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



p 1 O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!  
 When shall I find my willing  
 All taken up by Thee? [heart,  
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
 The greatness of redeeming Love,  
 The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger His love than death or hell:  
 Its riches are unsearchable:  
 The first-born sons of light  
 Desire in vain its depths to see;  
 They cannot reach the mystery, [height.  
 The length, and breadth, and

p 3 God only knows the love of God:  
 O that it now were shed abroad  
 In this poor stony heart;  
 For love I sigh, for love I pine:  
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
 Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit  
 With Mary at the Master's feet!  
 Be this my happy choice:  
 My only care, delight, and bliss,  
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this—  
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

5 O that I could with favoured John  
 Recline my weary head upon  
 The dear Redeemer's breast:  
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,  
 Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee  
 My everlasting rest.

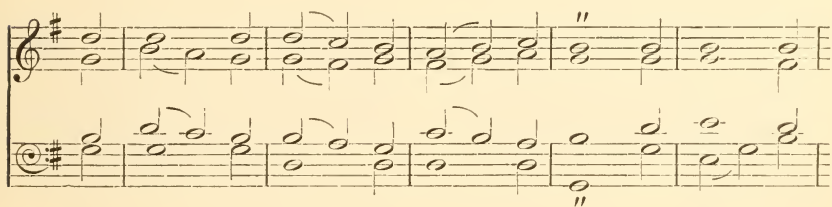
C. WESLEY.



388

## Pembroke. — 8 8 6. 8 8 6.

J. FOSTER, Bristol.



*f* 1 GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !  
 It lifts me up to things above,  
 It bears on eagle's wings ;  
 It gives my ravished soul a taste,  
 And makes me for some moments feast  
 With Jesus' priests and kings.

*f* 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
 I stand, and from the mountain-top  
 See all the land below ;  
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
 And all the fruits of Paradise  
 In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
 Favoured with God's peculiar smile,  
 With every blessing blest ;  
 There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,  
 And keeps His own in perfect peace,  
 And everlasting rest.

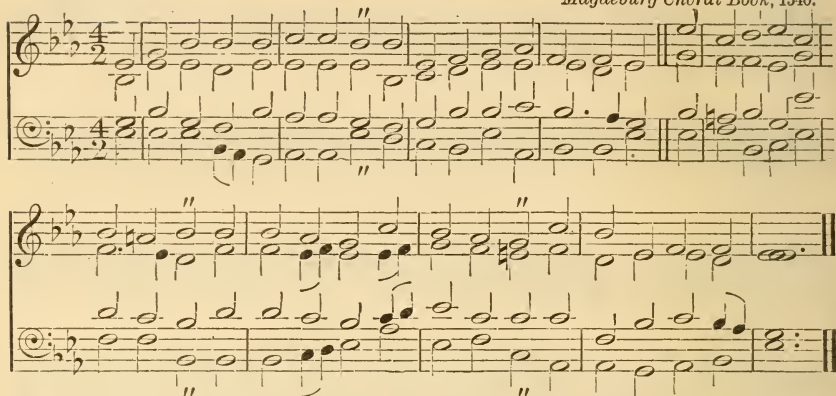
*f* 4 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !  
 Cast out Thy foes ; the inbred sin,  
 The carnal mind remove :  
 The purchase of Thy death divide !  
 Give me with all the sanctified—  
 Give me a lot of love.

C. WESLEY.

K<sup>8</sup>

## 389

## Oberlin.—8 8.8 8 6.

*Magdeburg Choral Book, 1540.*

1 O LORD, Thy heavenly grace impart,  
And fix my frail inconstant heart;  
Henceforth my chief desire shall be  
To dedicate myself to Thee,  
To Thee, my God, to Thee !

2 What'e'r pursuits my time employ,  
One thought shall fill my soul with joy ;  
p That silent, secret thought shall be,  
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee,  
On Thee, my God, on Thee !

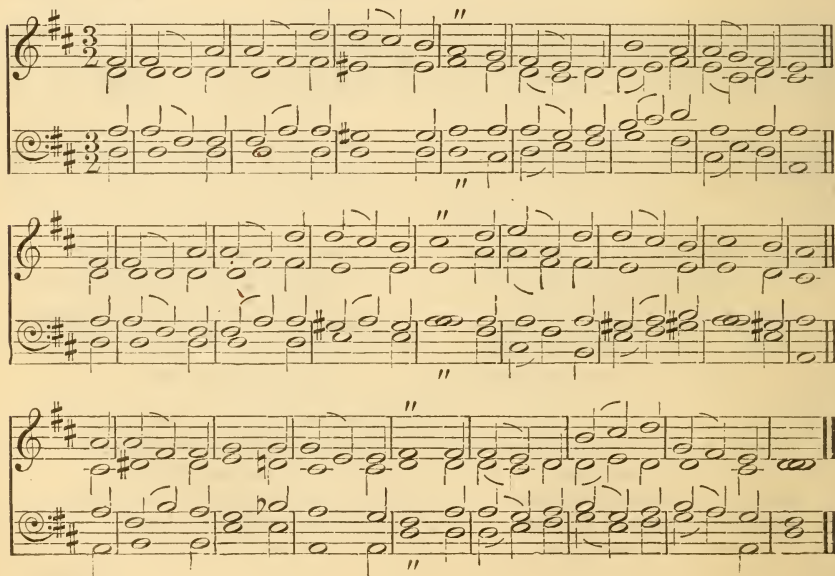
3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space ;  
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place ;  
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,  
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee,  
To Thee, my God, to Thee !

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,  
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,  
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,  
That all I want I find in Thee !  
In Thee, my God, in Thee !

*OBERLIN, trs. by L. WILSON.*

## 390—391

## Giessen.—8 8.8 8.8 8.



1 SAVIOUR, from sin I wait to prove  
 That Jesus is Thy healing name ;  
 To lose, when perfected in love,  
 Whate'er I have, or can, or am :  
 I stay me on Thy faithful word,  
 'The servant shall be as his Lord.'

2 Answer that gracious end in me  
 For which Thy precious life was given ;  
 Redeem from all iniquity.  
 Restore and make me meet for heaven ;  
 Unless Thou purge my every stain,  
 Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

3 Didst Thou not in the flesh appear  
 Sin to condemn, and man to save ?  
 That perfect love might cast out fear  
 That I Thy mind in me might have ?  
 In holiness show forth Thy praise,  
 And serve Thee spotless all my days ?

4 Didst Thou not die that I might live,  
 No longer to myself, but Thee ;  
 Might body, soul, and spirit give  
 To Him who gave Himself for me ?  
 Come, then, my Master, and my God,  
 Take the dear purchase of Thy blood.

f 5 Thine own peculiar servant claim,  
 For Thy own truth and mercy's sake ;  
 Hallow in me Thy glorious name ;  
 Me for Thine own this moment take,  
 And change, and throughly purify :  
 Thine only may I live and die.

C. WESLEY.

## 391

## Giessen.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

p 1 JESUS, Thy boundless love to me  
 No thought can reach, no tongue  
 declare ;  
 O knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
 And reign without a rival there !  
 Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am,  
 Be Thou alone my constant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
 May dwell, but Thy pure love alone !  
 O may Thy love possess me whole,  
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown !  
 Strange flames far from my heart remove ;  
 My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how cheering is Thy ray !  
 All pain before Thy presence flies,  
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away  
 Where'er Thy healing beams arise  
 O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee !

f 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,  
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire ;  
 Hourly within my soul renew  
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;  
 And day and night be all my care  
 To guard the sacred treasure there.

5 More hard than marble is my heart,  
 And foul with sins of deepest stain ;  
 But Thou the mighty Saviour art,  
 Nor flowed Thy cleansing blood in vain.  
 Ah, soften, melt this rock, and may  
 Thy blood wash all these stains away !

p 6 O that I, as a little child,  
 May follow Thee, and never rest  
 Till sweetly Thou hast breathed Thy  
 And lowly mind into my breast ! [mild  
 Nor ever may we parted be,  
 Till I become one spirit with Thee.

7 Still let Thy love point out my way !  
 How wondrous things Thy love hath  
 wrought !  
 Still lead me lest I go astray :  
 Direct my word, inspire my thought :  
 And if I fall soon may I hear  
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.

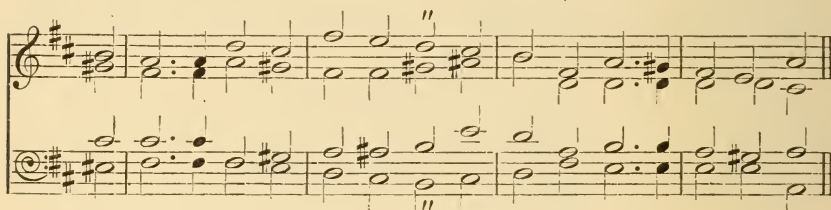
8 In suffering be Thy love my peace,  
 In weakness be Thy love my power ;  
 And when the storms of life shall cease,  
 Jesus, in that important hour,  
 In death as life be Thou my Guide,  
 And save me, Who for me hast died.

P. GERHARDT, *trs.* by J. WESLEY.

392

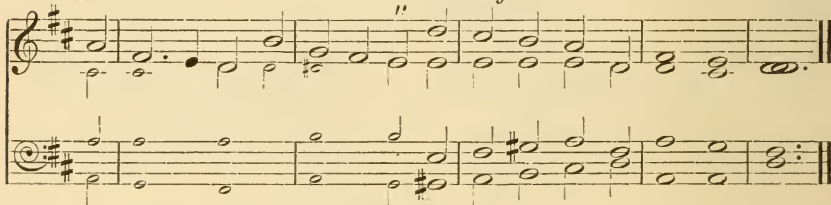
**Magdalen** (1st Tune).—8 8.8 8.8 8.

Sir J. STAINER, Mus. Doc.

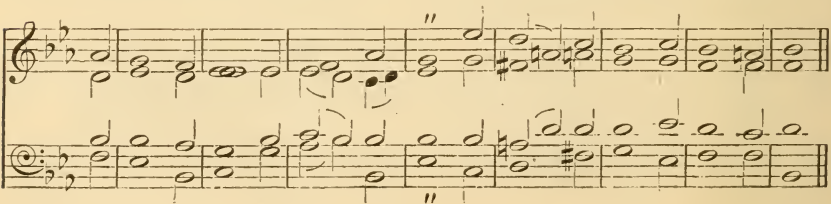
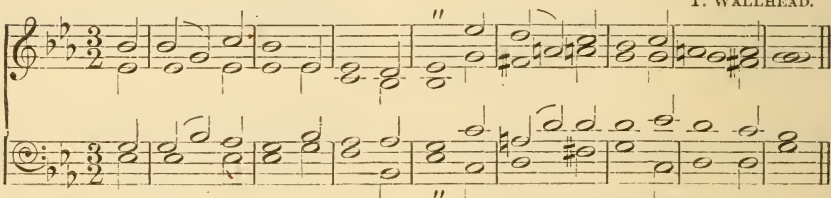


Voices in Unison.

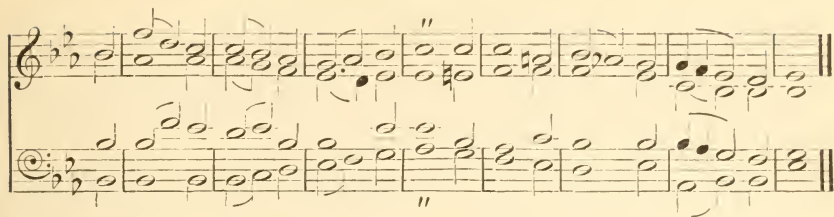
Harmony.

**Teignton** (2nd Tune).—8 8.8 8.8 8.

T. WALLHEAD.







1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,  
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
 I only sigh for Thy repose;  
*p* My heart is pained, nor can it be  
 At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still  
 The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove:  
 And fain I would; but though my will  
 Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;  
 Yet hindrances strew all the way;  
 I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
 That strives with me Thy heart to share?  
 Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,  
 The Lord of every motion there!  
*p* Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it hath found repose in Thee.

4 O hide this self from me, that I  
 No more, but Christ in me, may live!  
 My vile affections crucify,  
 Nor let one darling lust survive!  
 In all things nothing may I see,  
 Nothing desire or seek but Thee.

5 O Love! Thy sovereign aid impart,  
 To save me from low-thoughted care;  
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
 Through all its latent mazes there;  
*f* Make me Thy duteous child, that I  
 Ceaseless may 'Abba, Father,' cry!

6 Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
 'I am Thy love, thy God, thy all!'  
*f* To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

G. TERSTEEGEN, *trs.* by J. WESLEY.

393—394 **Eaton.** (*1st Tune*).—8 8 8 8 8 8.

Z. WYVILL.

Musical score for **Eaton** (1st Tune) by Z. WYVILL. The score is in 4/2 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. There are repeat signs (double dots) at the end of the first and second systems.

**Dura** (*2nd Tune*).—8 8 8 8 8 8.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Musical score for **Dura** (2nd Tune) by DR. GAUNTLETT. The score is in 4/2 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. There are repeat signs (double dots) at the end of the first and second systems.

- f* 1 PRISONERS of hope, lift up your heads,  
The day of liberty draws near!  
Jesus, who on the serpent treads,  
Shall soon in your behalf appear;  
The Lord will to His temple come:  
Prepare your hearts to make Him room.
- 2 Ye all shall find, whom in His word  
Himself hath caused to put your  
A The Father of our dying Lord [trust,  
Is ever to His promise just;  
Faithful, if we our sins confess,  
To cleanse from all unrighteousness.
- 3 Yes, Lord, we must believe Thee kind,  
Thou never canst unfaithful prove;  
Surely we shall Thy mercy find,  
Who ask, shall all receive Thy love;  
Nor canst Thou it to me deny,  
I ask, the chief of sinners I!
- f* 4 O ye of fearful hearts, be strong!  
Your downcast eyes and hands lift  
up!  
Ye shall not be forgotten long,  
Hope to the end, in Jesus hope!  
Tell Him ye wait His grace to prove,  
And cannot fail, if God is love!
- f* 5 Prisoners of hope, be strong, be bold,  
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear!  
Dare to believe! on Christ lay hold!  
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;  
Tell Him, 'We will not let Thee go,  
Till we Thy name, Thy nature know.'
- 6 Hast Thou not died to purge our sin,  
And risen, Thy death for us to plead!  
To write Thy law of love within  
Our hearts, and make us free indeed!  
That we our Eden might regain,  
Thou diedst, and couldst not die in vain.
- A 7 Lord, we believe, and wait the hour  
Which all Thy great salvation brings;  
The Spirit of love, and health, and  
power [kings;  
*f* Shall come, and make us priests and  
Thou wilt perform Thy faithful word,  
'The servant shall be as his Lord.'
- f* 8 The promise stands for ever sure,  
And we shall in Thine image  
shine,  
Partakers of a nature pure,  
Holy, angelical, divine:  
In spirit joined to Thee the Son,  
As Thou art with Thy Father one.
- f* 9 Faithful and True, we now receive  
The promise ratified by Thee:  
To Thee the when and how we leave,  
In time and in eternity:  
We only hang upon Thy word,  
'The servant shall be as his Lord.'

C. WESLEY.

## 394

## Eaton or Dura.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

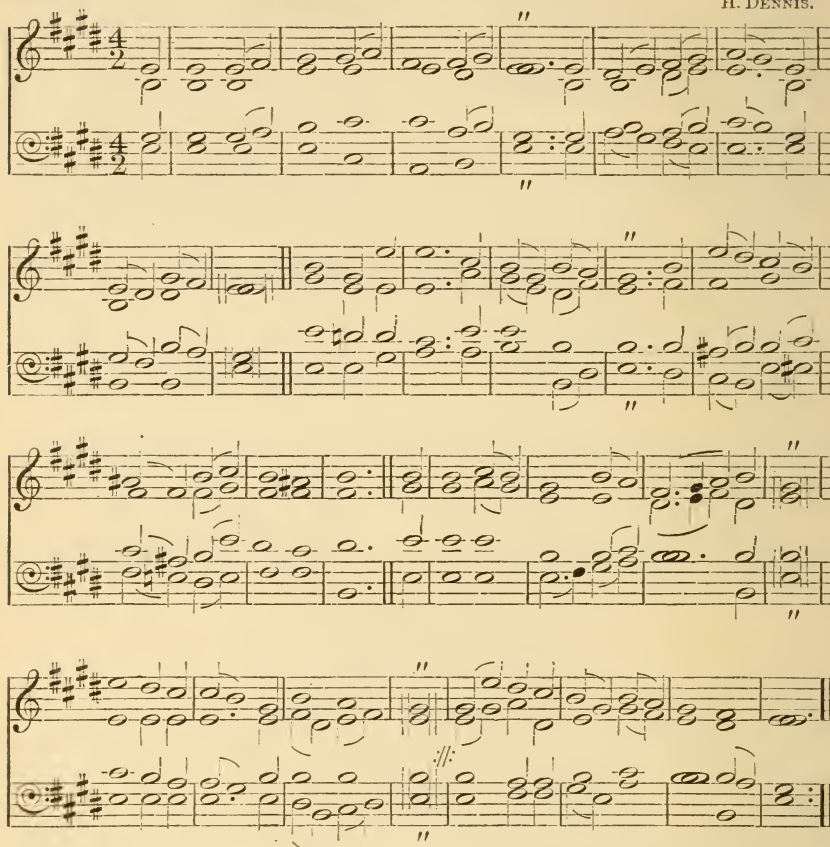
- 1 MY soul, inspired with sacred love,  
The Lord Thy God delight to praise;  
A His gifts I will for Him improve,  
To Him devote my happy days;  
*f* To Him my thanks and praises give,  
And only for His glory live.
- f* 2 Long as my God shall lend me breath,  
My every pulse shall beat for Him;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
My spirit shall resume the theme—  
The gracious theme for ever new,  
Through all eternity pursue.
- p* 3 Soon as the breath of man expires,  
Again he to his earth shall turn;  
Where then are all his vain desires,  
His love and hate, esteem and scorn?  
All, all at that last gasp is o'er,  
He falls, to rise on earth no more.
- 4 He then is blest, and only he,  
Whose hope is in the Lord his God;  
Who can to Him for succour flee  
That spread the earth and heaven  
That still the universe sustains [abroad;  
And Lord of all creation reigns.
- A 5 True to His everlasting word,  
He loves the injured to redress;  
Poor helpless souls the bounteous Lord  
Relieves, and fills with plenteousness;  
*f* He sets the mournful prisoners free,  
He bids the blind their Saviour see.
- f* 6 The Lord Thy God, O Zion, reigns!  
Supreme in mercy as in power,  
The endless theme of heavenly strains,  
When time and death shall be no  
*f* And all eternity shall prove [more  
Too short to utter all His love.

C. WESLEY.

## 395

## Euphony.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

H. DENNIS.



1 ALL things are possible to him  
 That can in Jesus' name believe :  
 Lord, I no more Thy truth blaspheme,  
 Thy truth I lovingly receive ;  
*f* I can, I do believe in Thee ;  
 All things are possible to me.

2 The most impossible of all  
 Is, that I e'er from sin should cease ;  
 Yet shall it be, I know it shall ;  
 I trust in Jesus' faithfulness !  
 If nothing is too hard for Thee,  
 All things are possible to me.

*f* 3 Though earth and hell the word gainsay,  
 The word of God can never fail—  
 Jesus shall take my sins away ;  
 'Tis certain, though impossible :

The thing impossible shall be ;  
 All things are possible to me.

*f* 4 When Thou the work of faith hast wrought,  
 I here shall in Thine image shine,  
 Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought,  
 Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,  
 They cannot break the firm decree ;  
 All things are possible to me.

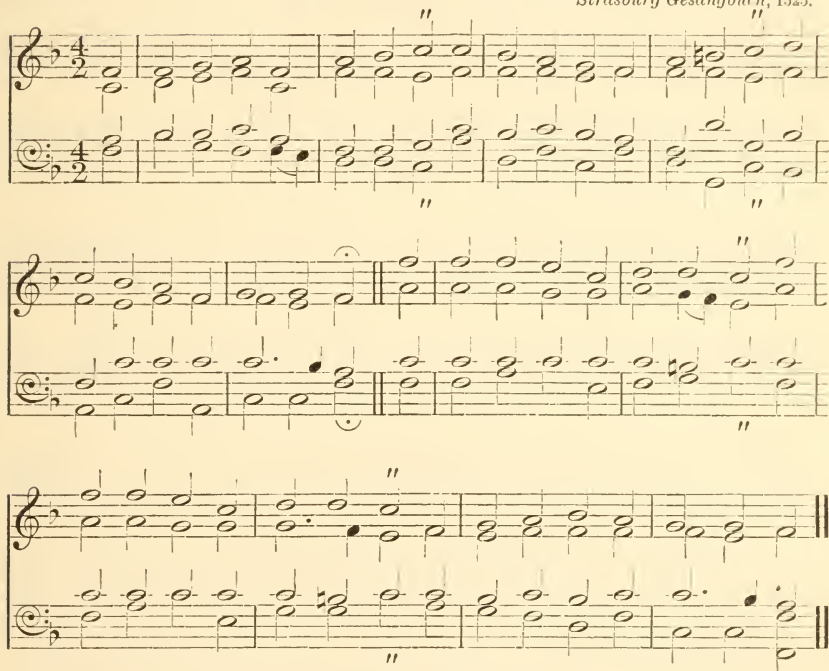
*f* 5 All things are possible to God,  
 To Christ, the power of God in man,  
 To me, when I am all renewed,  
 When I in Christ, am formed again,  
 And witness, from all sin set free,  
 All things are possible to me.

C. WESLEY,



396

## Lucerne.—888.888.

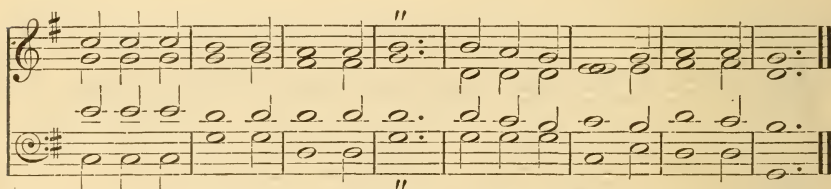
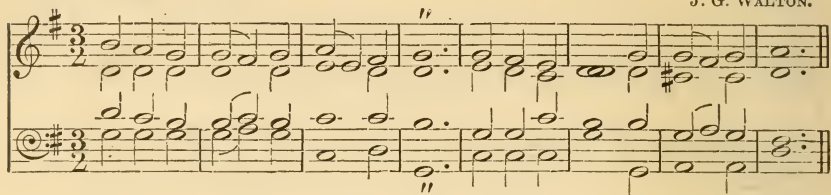
*Strasburg Gesangbuch, 1525.*

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, all-quicken-  
fire!  
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,  
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;  
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,  
Thy mighty working let me feel,  
And know that I am born of God.
- 2 Thy witness with my spirit bear,  
That God, my God, inhabits there;  
Thou, with the Father and the Son,  
Eternal light's coeval beam;  
Be Christ in me, and I in Him,  
Till perfect we are made in one.
- 3 When wilt Thou my whole heart subdue!  
Come, Lord, and form my soul anew,  
Emptied of pride, and self, and hell:  
p Less than the least of all Thy store  
Of mercies, I myself abhor;  
All, all my vileness may I feel.
- p 4 Humble, and teachable, and mild,  
O may I, as a little child,  
My lowly Master's steps pursue!  
Be anger to my soul unknown,  
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;  
In love create Thou all things new.
- 5 Let earth no more my heart divide;  
With Christ may I be crucified,  
To Thee with my whole soul aspire;  
Dead to the world and all its toys,  
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,  
Be Thou alone my one desire.
- 6 Be Thou my joy, be Thou my dread;  
In battle cover Thou my head,  
Nor earth nor hell I then shall fear;  
I then shall turn my steady face,  
Want, pain defy, enjoy disgrace,  
Glory in dissolution near.
- 7 My will be swallowed up in Thee;  
Light in Thy light still may I see,  
Beholding thee with open face;  
Called the full power of faith to prove,  
Let all my hallowed heart be love,  
And all my spotless life be praise.
- f 8 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quicken-  
ing fire!  
My consecrated heart inspire,  
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;  
Still to my soul Thyself reveal,  
Thy mighty working may I feel,  
And know that I am one with God.

C. WESLEY.

## 397—398 St. Catherine.—88.88.88.

J. G. WALTON.

1 **B**EHOOLD the servant of the Lord !

I wait Thy guiding eye to feel,  
 To hear and keep Thy every word,  
 To prove and do Thy perfect will,  
*f* Joyful from my own works to cease,  
 Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

2 Me if Thy grace vouchsafe to use—  
 Meanest of all Thy creatures, me—  
 The deed, the time, the manner choose,  
 Let all my fruit be found in Thee ;  
 Let all my works in Thee be wrought,  
 By Thee to full perfection brought.

3 My every weak, though good design,  
 O'errule, or change, as seems Thee meet ;  
 Jesus, let all my work be Thine,  
 Thy work, O Lord, is all complete !  
 And pleasing in Thy Father's sight ;  
 Thou only hast done all things right.

4 Here then to Thee Thine own I leave ;  
 Mould as Thou wilt Thy passive clay ;  
 But let me all Thy stamp receive,  
 But let me all Thy words obey,  
*f* Serve with a single heart and eye,  
 And to Thy glory live and die.

C. WESLEY.

## 398 St. Catherine.—88.88.88.

*f* **O** GOD, what offering shall I give  
 To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?  
*f* My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,  
 A holy, living sacrifice ;  
 Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;  
 More shouldst Thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, Thou hast my soul,  
 No longer mine, but Thine I am :  
 Guard Thou Thine own, possess it whole,  
 Cheer it with hope, with love inflame ;  
*f* Thou hast my spirit, there display  
 Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, Thy hallowed shrine  
 Devoted solely to Thy will;  
 Here let Thy light for ever shine,  
 This house still let Thy presence fill;  
 O Source of life! live, dwell and move  
 In me, till all my life be love.

*p* 4 O never in these veils of shame,  
 Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!  
 Clothe with salvation, through Thy  
 name,  
 My soul, and let me put on Thee;  
 Be living faith my costly dress,  
 And my best robe Thy righteousness.

5 Send down Thy likeness from above,  
 And let this my adorning be;  
 Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,  
 With lowliness and purity,  
 Than gold and pearls more precious  
 far,  
 And brighter than the morning star.

*f* 6 Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's might,  
 Since I am called by Thy great name;  
 In Thee let all my thoughts unite,  
 Of all my works be Thou the aim;

*f* Thy love attend me all my days,  
 And my sole business be Thy praise!  
 J. LANGE, *trs.* by J. WESLEY.

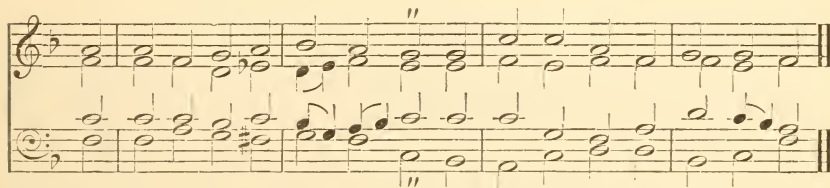
## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

## STEADFASTNESS AND GROWTH IN GRACE.

399

St. Anselm.—L.M.

REV. L. G. HAYNE, MUS. DOC.



*f* 1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,  
 If risen indeed with Him ye are,  
 Superior to the joys below,  
 His resurrection's power declare.

*f* 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,  
 By actions show your sins forgiven;  
 And seek the glorious things above,  
 And follow Christ, your head, to  
 heaven.

*f* 3 There your exalted Saviour see,  
 Seated at God's right hand again,  
 In all His Father's majesty,  
 In everlasting pomp to reign.

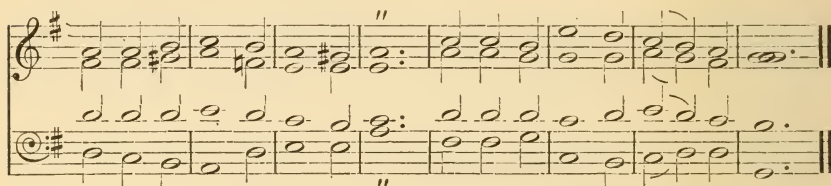
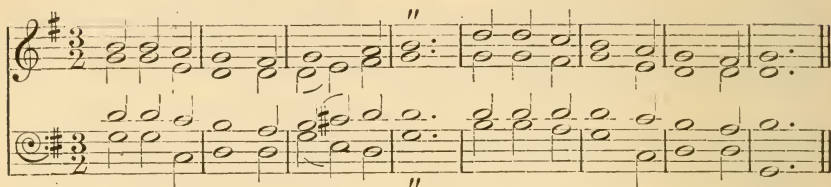
4 To Him continually aspire,  
 Contending for your native place;  
 And emulate the angel-choir,  
 And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,  
 Ye nothing seek or want beside:  
 Dead to the world and sin ye live;  
 Your creature-love is crucified.

*f* 6 Your real life with Christ concealed,  
 Deep in the Father's bosom lies;  
 And glorious as your Head revealed,  
 Ye soon shall meet Him in the skies.  
 C. WESLEY.

## 400

## St. Polycarp.—L.M.



1 BLESSED Life! the heart at rest  
When all without tumultuous seems  
That trusts a higher Will, and deems  
That higher Will, not mine, the best.

2 O blessed Life! the mind that sees,  
Whatever change the years may bring  
A mercy still in everything,  
And shining through all mysteries.

3 O blessed Life! the soul that soars,  
When sense of mortal sight is dim,  
Beyond the sense—beyond to Him  
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

4 O blessed Life! heart, mind, and soul,  
From self-born aims and wishes free,  
In all at one with Deity,  
And loyal to the Lord's control.

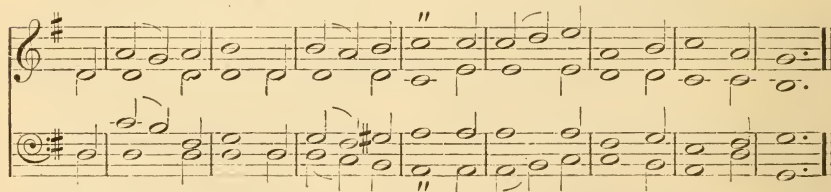
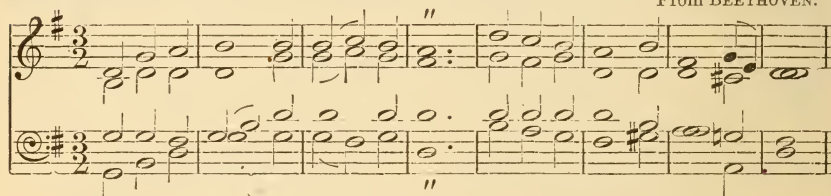
5 O Life, how blessed, how divine!  
High Life, the earnest of a higher:  
Saviour, fulfil my deep desire,  
And let the blessed Life be mine.

W. T. MATSON.

## 401—402

## Bonn.—L.M.

FROM BEETHOVEN.



1 SHEPHERD of souls, the great, the  
good,  
Who leadeest Israel like a sheep,  
Present to guard, and give them food,  
And kindly in Thy bosom keep:

2 Hear Thy afflicted people's prayer,  
Arise out of Thy holy place,  
Stir up Thy strength, Thine arm make  
bare,  
And vindicate Thy chosen race.



- 3 Haste to our help, Thou God of love !  
 Supreme, almighty King of kings,  
 Descend all-glorious from above,  
 Come flying on the cherubs' wings.
- 4 Turn us again, O Lord ! and show  
 The brightness of Thy lovely face ;  
 So shall we all be saints below,  
 And saved, and perfected in grace.

- 5 Revive, O God of power, revive  
 Thy work in our degenerate days ;  
 O let us by Thy mercy live, [praise !  
 And all our lives shall speak Thy
- 6 Turn us again, O Lord ! and show  
 The brightness of Thy lovely face ;  
 So shall we all be saints below,  
 And saved, and perfected in grace.
- C. WESLEY.

## 402

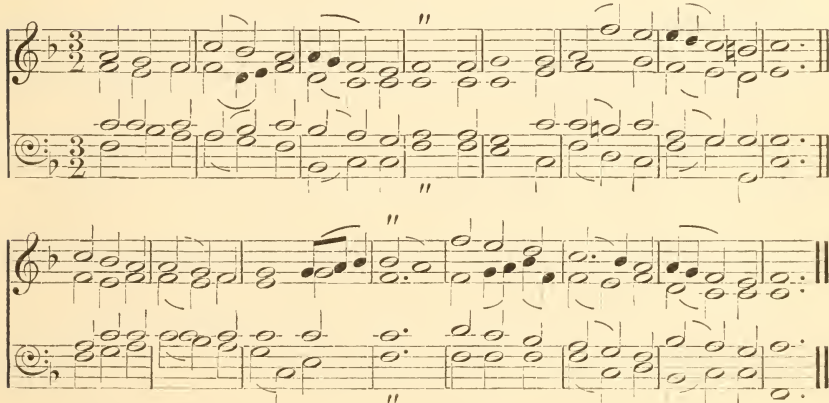
## Bonn.—L.M.

- 1 WAKE, our souls ! away, our fears !  
 Let every trembling thought be  
 gone !  
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
 But they forget the mighty God, [saint.  
 That feeds the strength of every
- 5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,  
 We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;  
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
 Nor tire along the heavenly road.
- I. WATTS.

## 403

## Leeds.—L.M.

R. BENNETT.

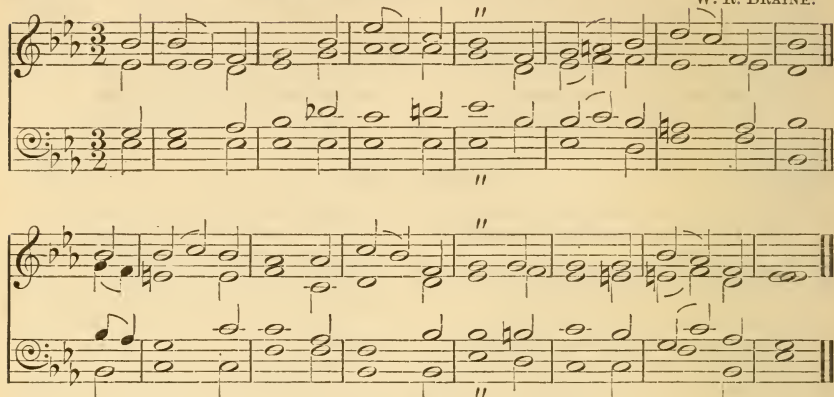


- 1 JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon :  
 His track I see, and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way, till Him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went ;  
 The road that leads from banishment ;  
 The King's highway of holiness—  
 I'll go ; for all His paths are peace.
- 3 No stranger may proceed therein,  
 No lover of the world and sin ;  
 Wayfaring men, to Canaan bound,  
 Shall only in the way be found.
- 4 This is the way I long have sought,  
 And mourned because I found it not ;
- My grief, my burden long have been,  
 Because I could not cease from sin,  
 The more I strove against its power,  
 I sinned and stumbled but the more ;
- 5 Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
 'Come hither, soul, I am the Way.'
- 6 Lo ! glad I come : and Thou, blest  
 Shall take me to Thee as I am : [Lamb !  
 Nothing but sin to Thee I give,  
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 7 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
 What a dear Saviour I have found :  
 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,  
 And say—'Behold the way to God !'
- J. CENNICK.

## 404

## Kensington.—C.M.

W. R. BRAINE.



1 COME, O my God, the promise seal,  
This mountain, sin, remove;  
Thou in my longing soul reveal  
The virtue of Thy love.

2 I want Thy life, Thy purity,  
Thy righteousness, brought in;  
I ask, desire, and trust in Thee,  
To be redeemed from sin.

3 For this, as taught by Thee, I pray,  
And can no longer doubt;  
Remove from hence! to sin I say,  
Be cast this moment out!

4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,  
This moment be subdued;  
Be cast into the crimson tide  
Of my Redeemer's blood!

5 Saviour to Thee my soul looks up,  
My present Saviour, Thou;  
In all the confidence of hope,  
I claim the blessing now.

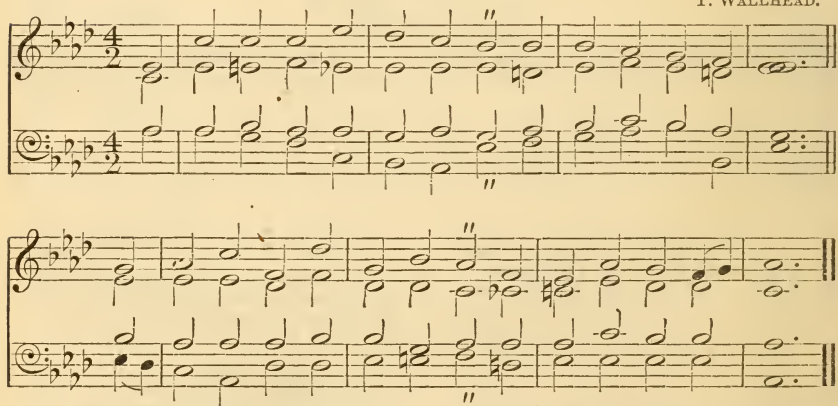
6 'Tis done! Thou dost this moment save,  
With full salvation bless;  
Redemption through Thy blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace.

C. WESLEY.

## 405

## Nazareth.—C.M.

T. WALLHEAD.



p 1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee,  
And plead to be forgiven,  
So let Thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.

p 2 Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear;  
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,  
Our brethren's grief to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine,  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as Thine.

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,  
Or brethren faithless prove,  
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim  
To conquer them by love.

p 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,  
'Father, Thy will be done!'

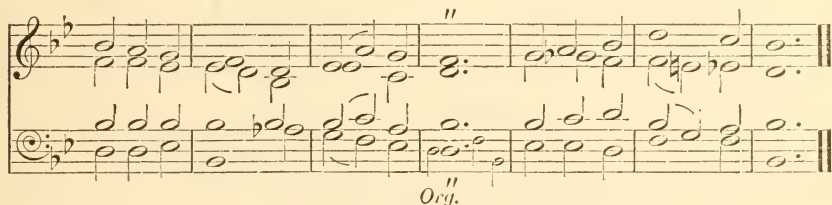
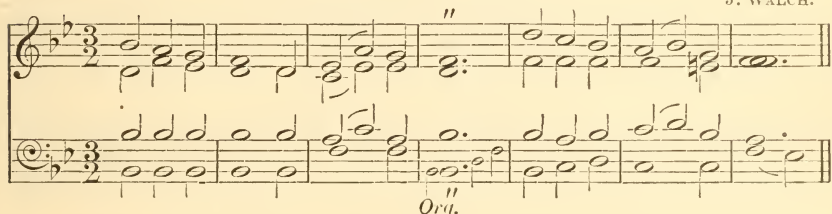
6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to heaven.

J. H. GURNEY.

# 406—407

## Sawley.—C.M.

J. WALCH.



1 **I** ET Him to whom we now belong  
His sovereign right assert,  
f And take up every thankful song,  
And every loving heart.

3 Jesus, Thine own at last receive,  
Fulfil our hearts' desire,  
And let us to Thy glory live,  
And in Thy cause expire.

2 He justly claims us for His own,  
Who bought us with a price;  
The Christian lives to Christ alone,  
To Christ alone he dies.

f 4 Our souls and bodies we resign;  
With joy we render Thee  
Our all, no longer ours, but Thine  
To all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

# 407

## Sawley.—C.M.

f 1 **R** EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,  
Who makes your cause His own,  
The hope that's built upon His word  
Can ne'er be overthrown.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint;  
Or fainting, shall not die;  
Jesus, the strength of every saint,  
Will aid you from on high.

2 Though many foes beset your road,  
And feeble is your arm,  
Your life is hid with Christ, in God,  
Beyond the reach of harm.

4 Though unperceived by mortal sense,  
Faith sees Him always near—  
A guide, a glory, a defence:  
Then what have you to fear?

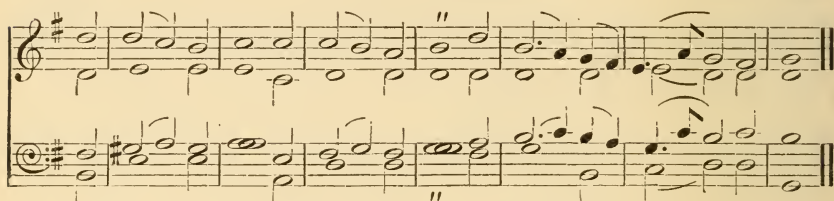
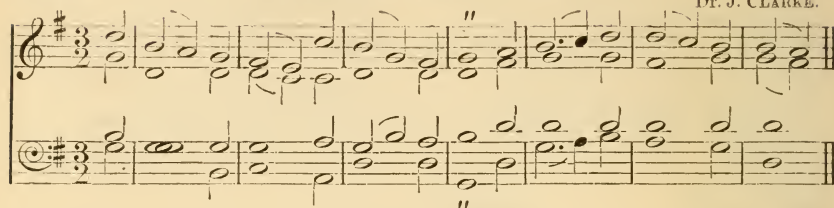
As surely as He overcame,  
And triumphed once for you,  
f So surely you that love His name  
Shall through Him triumph too.

J. NEWTON.

## 408

## Bishopthorpe.—C.M.

Dr. J. CLARKE.



1 JESUS! exalted far on high,  
To whom a name is given,  
A Name surpassing every Name  
That's named in earth or heaven;

*p* 2 Before whose throne shall every knee  
Bow down with one accord;  
Before whose throne shall every tongue  
Confess that Thou art Lord;

3 Jesus! who in the form of God  
Didst equal honour claim;  
*p* Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,  
Didst stoop to death and shame—

4 O! may that mind be formed in us  
Which shone so bright in Thee;  
*p* May we be humble, lowly, meek,  
From pride and envy free:

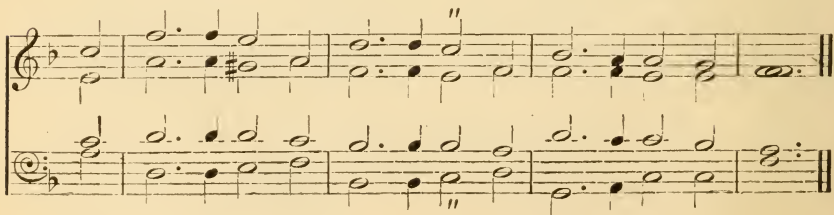
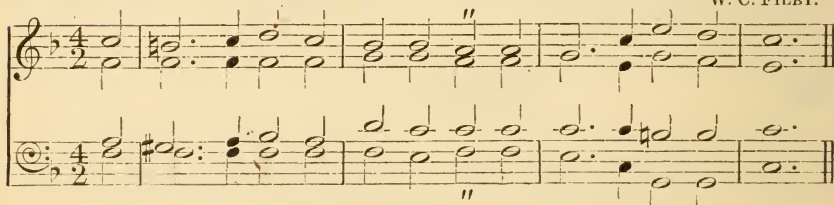
5 May we to other's stoop, and learn  
To emulate Thy love;  
So shall we bear Thine image here,  
And share Thy throne above.

T. COTTERILL.

## 409

## Faversham.—C.M.

W. C. FILBY.





1 SUPREME in wisdom, as in power,  
The Rock of Ages stands ;  
We see Him not, yet may we trace  
The workings of His hands.

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
Supports the fainting heart ;  
And courage in the evil hour  
His heavenly aids impart.

p 3 Mere human powers shall fast decay,  
And youthful vigour cease ;  
f But those who wait upon the Lord,  
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied feet shall tread  
The path of life divine ;  
With growing ardour onward move,  
With glowing brightness shine.

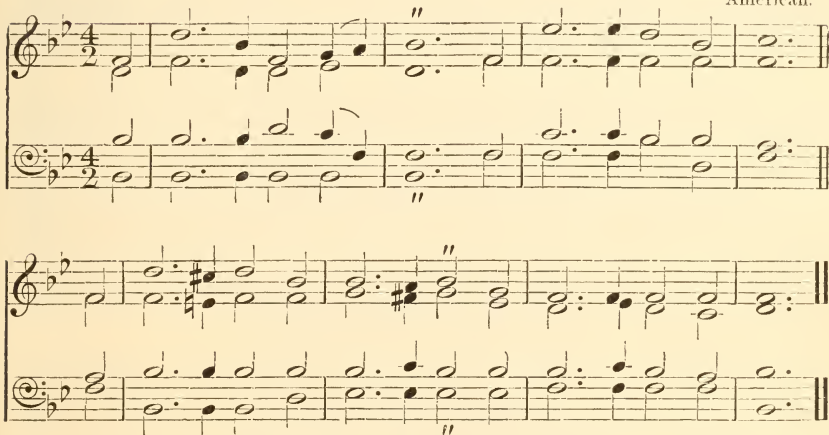
f 5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar—  
The wings of faith and love—  
Till past the cloudy regions here,  
They rise to heaven above.

*Scotch Paraphrases.*

410

Braden.—S.M.

*American.*



1 THOU say'st, 'Take up thy cross,  
O man, and follow Me ;'  
The night is black, the feet are slack ;  
Yet we would follow Thee.

p 2 But, O dear Lord, we cry,  
That we Thy face could see !  
Thy blessed face one moment's space—  
Then might we follow Thee !

p 3 Dim tracts of time divide  
Those golden days from me ;  
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of  
How can we follow Thee ? [change ;

4 Comes faint and far Thy voice  
From vales of Galilee ;  
Thy vision fades in ancient shades ;  
How should we follow Thee ?

5 O heavy cross—of faith  
In what we cannot see !  
As once of yore Thyself restore,  
And help to follow Thee !

6 If not as once Thou camest,  
In true humanity,  
Come yet as Guest within the breast  
That burns to follow Thee !

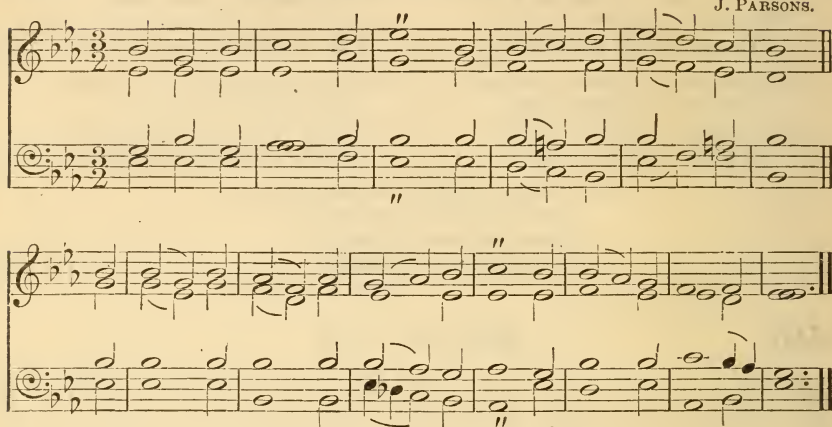
f 7 Within our heart of hearts  
In nearest nearness be ;  
f Set up Thy throne within Thine own :  
Go, Lord—we follow Thee.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

411

## Charming Sound.—S.M.

J. PARSONS.



*f* 1 GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,  
 Harmonious to mine ear;  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way  
 To save rebellious man;  
 And all the steps that grace display  
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet  
 To tread the heavenly road;  
 And new supplies each hour I meet,  
 While pressing on to God.

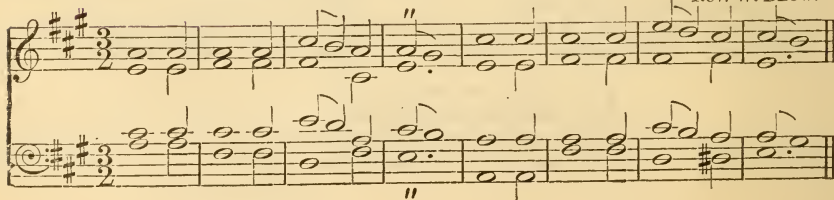
*f* 4 Grace all the world shall crown  
 Through everlasting days;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

P. DODDRIDGE.

412

## Christus (1st Tune).—77.77.

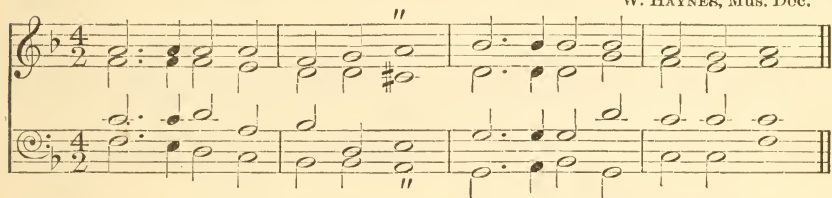
Rev. W. BLOW.





### Priory (2nd Tune).—7 7 7 7.

W. HAYNES, Mus. Doc.



1 **H**ARK! my soul, it is the Lord:  
 'Tis my Saviour—hear His word;  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to Thee:  
*p* 'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 'I delivered thee when bound,  
 And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;  
 Sought Thee wandering, set thee right,  
 Turned thy darkness into light.

3 'Can a woman's tender care  
 Cease towards the child she bare?  
*p* Yes, she may forgetful be,  
 Yet will I remember thee.

4 'Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above,  
 Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

*f* 5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
 When the work of grace is done;  
 Partner of My Throne shalt be:  
*pp* Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
 That my love is cold and faint:  
 Yet I love Thee, and adore;  
*f* O for grace to love Thee more!

W. COWPER.

## 413 St. Theresa (1st Tune).—6 5.6 5.D. With Refrain.

Treble Voices in Unison.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

1. Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers on-ward  
To their home on high! Marching thro' the de-sert, Glad-ly thus we pray,  
Still, with hearts u-ni-ted, Sing-ing on our way,— Brightly gleams our ban-ner,  
Point-ing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high!

REFRAIN.

Unison.

Ped.

## Burngrove (2nd Tune).—6 5.6 5.D. With Refrain.

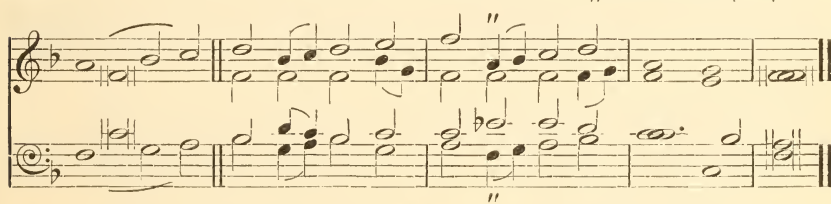
H. COWARD, Mus. Bac.

Burngrove (2nd Tune).—6 5.6 5.D. With Refrain.





## REFRAIN.



1 **B**RIGHTLY gleams our banner,  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high.  
 Marching through the desert,  
 Gladly thus we pray,  
*f* Still with hearts united  
 Singing on our way.  
*ff* Brightly gleams our banner,  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,  
 At Thy sacred feet,  
 Here with hearts rejoicing,  
 See Thy children meet :  
*p* Often have we left Thee,  
 Often gone astray ;  
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
 In the narrow way.  
*ff* Brightly gleams, &c.

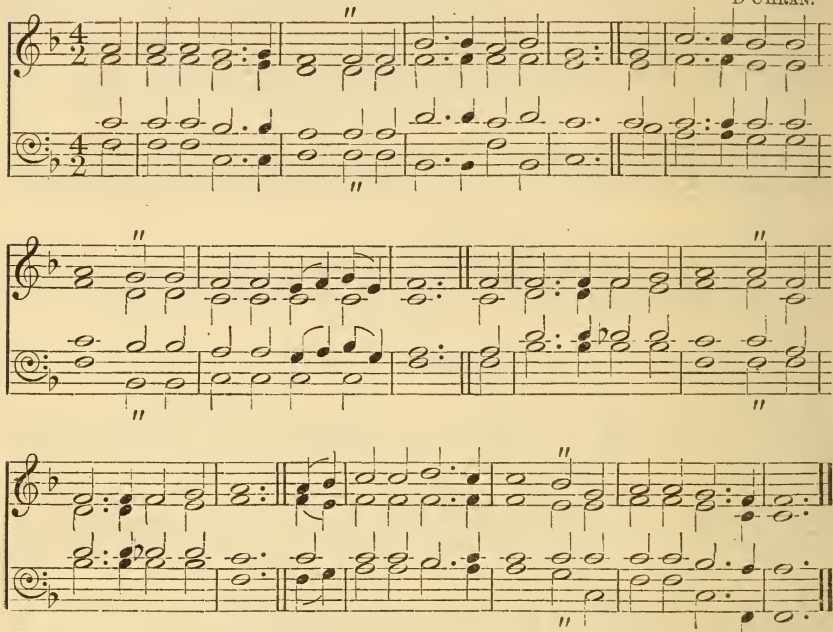
3 All our days direct us  
 In the way we go,  
 Lead us on victorious  
 Over every foe ;  
*p* Bid Thine angels shield us  
 When the storm-clouds lower,  
 Pardon, Lord, and save us  
 In the last dread hour.  
*ff* Brightly gleams, &c.  
*f* 4 Then with saints and angels  
 May we join above,  
 Offering prayers and praises  
 At Thy throne of love :  
*p* When the march is over,  
 Then come rest and peace,  
 Jesus in His beauty,  
 Songs that never cease.  
*ff* Brightly gleams our banner,  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high.

T. J. POTTER AND W. W. HOW.

## 414

## Rutherford.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

D'UHRAN.



1 O JESUS, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
Be Thou for ever near me,  
My Master and my Friend;  
I shall not fear the battle  
If Thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway  
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me:  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear;

p My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

p 3 O let me hear Thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will;  
O speak to re-assure me,  
To hasten, or control;  
O speak, and make me listen,  
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
O give me grace to follow,  
My Master, and my Friend.

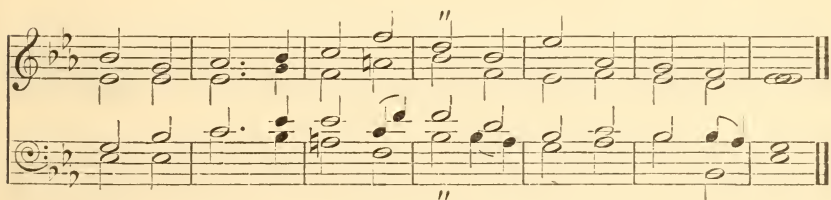
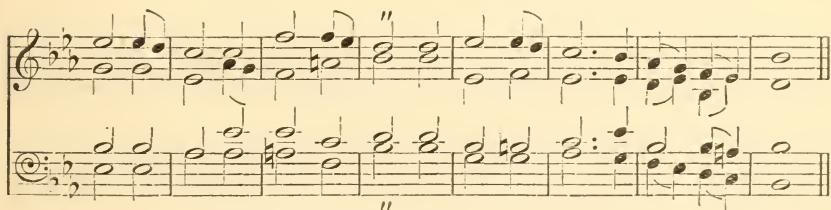
p 5 O let me see Thy foot-prints,  
And in them plant mine own;  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone;  
O guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end,  
And then in heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend.

J. E. BODE.

415

## Camborne.—7 6.7 6.7 8.7 6.

HY. ROACH.



1 CAST on the fidelity  
Of my redeeming Lord,  
I shall His salvation see,  
According to His word;  
Credence to His word I give;  
My Saviour in distresses past  
Will not now His servant leave,  
But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears  
To me Thou oft hast proved,  
Oft observed my silent tears,  
And challenged Thy beloved:  
Mercy to my rescue flew, [prey;  
And death ungrasped his fainting  
Pain before Thy face withdrew,  
And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,  
In all my troubles nigh,  
Jesus, on Thy word and name  
I steadfastly rely;  
p Sure as now the grief I feel,  
The promised joy I soon shall have;  
Saved again, to sinners tell  
Thy power and will to save.

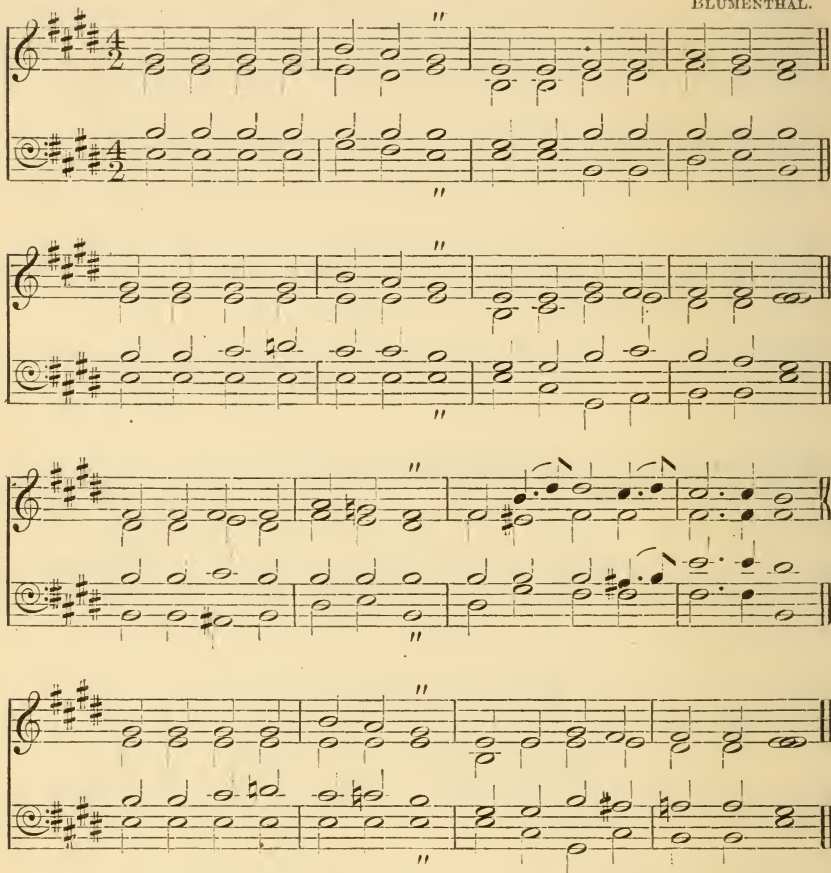
4 To Thy blessed will resigned,  
And stayed on that alone,  
I Thy perfect strength shall find,  
Thy faithful mercies own;  
f Compassed round with songs of praise,  
My all to my Redeemer give,  
Spread Thy miracles of grace,  
And to Thy glory live.

C. WESLEY.

## 416

## Requies.—77.77.77.77.

BLUMENTHAL.



1 **H**APPY soul that free from harms,  
 Rests within His Shepherd's arms!  
 Who his quiet shall molest?  
 Who shall violate his rest?  
 Jesus doth his spirit bear,  
 Jesus takes his every care;  
 He who found the wandering sheep,  
 Jesus still delights to keep.

2 O that I might so believe,  
 Steadfastly to Jesus cleave,  
 On His only love rely,  
 Smile at the destroyer nigh;  
 Free from sin and servile fear,  
 Have my Jesus ever near,  
 All His care rejoice to prove,  
 All His Paradise of love!

3 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep,  
 Bring me back, and lead, and keep;  
 Take on Thee my every care,  
 Bear me, on Thy bosom bear;  
 Let me know my Shepherd's voice,  
 More and more in Thee rejoice,  
 More and more of Thee receive,  
 Ever in Thy Spirit live:

4 Live, till all Thy life I know,  
 Perfect through my Lord below,  
 Gladly then from earth remove,  
 Gathered to the fold above.  
 O that I at last may stand  
 With the sheep at Thy right hand,  
 Take the crown so freely given,  
 Enter in by Thee to heaven!

C. WESLEY.



417

## St. Theodulph.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.



1 IN heavenly love abiding,  
 No change my heart shall fear;  
 And safe is such confiding,  
 For nothing changes here.  
*f* The storm may roar without me,  
 My heart may low be laid;  
 But God is round about me,  
 And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,  
 No want shall turn me back;  
 My Shepherd is beside me,  
 And nothing can I lack:  
 His wisdom ever waketh,  
 His sight is never dim;  
 He knows the way He taketh,  
 And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me  
 Which yet I have not seen;  
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
 Where the dark clouds have been.  
*f* My hope I cannot measure,  
 My path to life is free;  
 My Saviour has my treasure,  
 And He will walk with me.

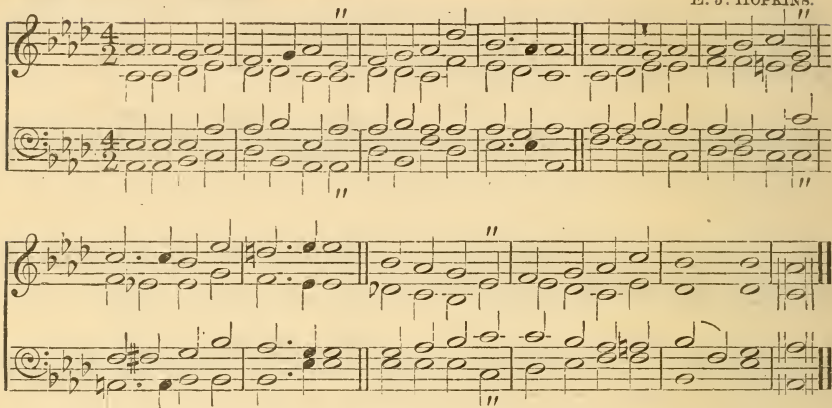
A. L. WARING.

L

## 418

## St. Raphael.—8 7.8 7.4 7.

E. J. HOPKINS.



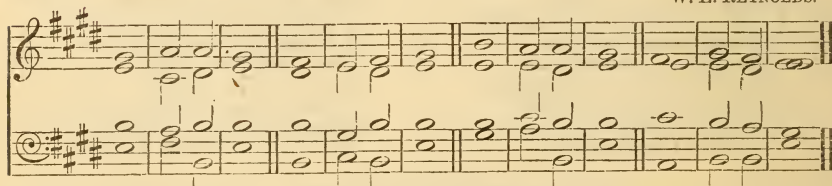
- 1 JESUS, Lord of life and glory, [ear ;  
 Bend from heaven Thy gracious  
 p While our waiting souls adore Thee,  
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear :  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good Lord !
- 2 From the depths of nature's blindness,  
 From the hardening power of sin,  
 From all malice and unkindness,  
 From the pride that lurks within,  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good Lord !
- pp 3 When temptation sorely presses,  
 In the day of Satan's power ;  
 In our times of deep distresses,  
 In each dark and trying hour,  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good Lord !
- 4 When the world around is smiling,  
 In the time of wealth and ease,  
 Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
 In the day of health and peace,  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good Lord !
- p 5 In the weary hours of sickness,  
 In the time of grief and pain,  
 When we feel our mortal weakness,  
 When the creature's help is vain,  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good Lord !
- pp 6 In the solemn hour of dying,  
 In the awful judgment day,  
 May our souls, on Thee relying,  
 Find Thee still our hope and stay :  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good Lord !

J. J. CUMMINS.

## 419

## Clifton.—8 8 8.4 (METRICAL CHANT).

W. L. REYNOLDS.



- 1 THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,  
 Still guided by Thy faithful word,  
 Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,  
 p We follow Thee.
- 2 In silence of the lonely night,  
 In the full glow of day's clear light,  
 Through life's strange windings, dark  
 p We follow Thee. [or bright,
- 3 Strengthened by Thee we forward go,  
 'Mid smile, or scoff, or friend or foe,  
 Through pain or ease, through joy or  
 p We follow Thee. [woe,
- 4 With enemies on every side,  
 We lean on Thee, the Crucified ;  
 Forsaking all on earth beside,  
 p We follow Thee.

5 O Master ! point Thou out the way,  
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray ;  
Then in the path that leads to day,  
*p* We follow Thee.

6 Thou hast passed on before our face ;  
Λ Thy footsteps on the way we trace ;

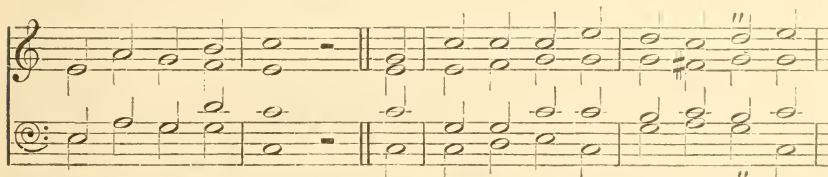
Λ O keep us, aid us by Thy grace !—  
*p* We follow Thee.

*f* 7 Whom have we in the heaven above,  
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love ?  
Still in Thy light we onward move,  
*p* We follow Thee.

H. BONAR.

420

**hull.**—8 8 6.8 8 6.



1 COME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades through the wilder-  
Who still your bodies feel : [ness,  
Awile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears,  
To that celestial hill.

Λ 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
The saints' secure abode :

*f* On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.

*p* 3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
We shall before His face appear,  
And by His side sit down ;

Λ To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all that to the end endure  
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bless inspiring hope !  
It lifts the fainting spirits up,  
It brings to life the dead :

*f* Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend at last,  
Triumphant with our Head !

*f* 5 That great mysterious Deity  
We soon with open face shall see ;  
The beatific sight

*ff* Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,  
And wide diffuse the golden blaze,  
Of everlasting light.

*f* 6 The Father shining on His throne,  
The glorious co-eternal Son,  
The Spirit, one and seven,

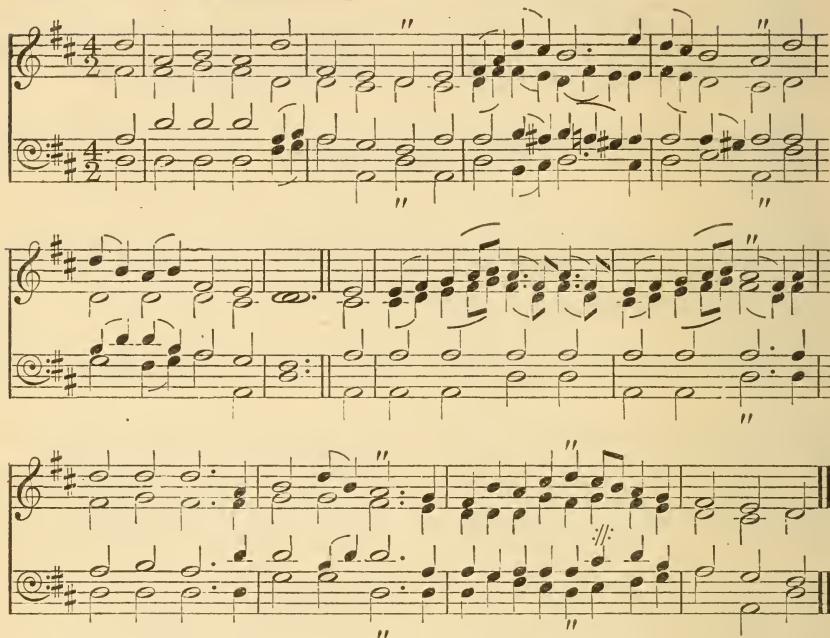
Λ Conspire our rapture to complete ;  
And lo ! we fall before His feet,  
*pp* And silence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,  
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,  
And at Thy footstool fall ;  
Λ Till Thou our hidden life reveal,  
*ff* Till Thou our ravished spirits fill,  
And God is all in all.

C. WESLEY.

421

## Maudsley Street.—886.886.



1 BE it my only wisdom here,  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude;  
Superior sense may I display,  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;  
A wise and understanding heart,  
Jesus, to me be given;  
And let me through Thy Spirit know  
To glorify my God below,  
And find my way to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

422

## Magdalen College.—886.886.

WM. HAYES, Mus. Doc.



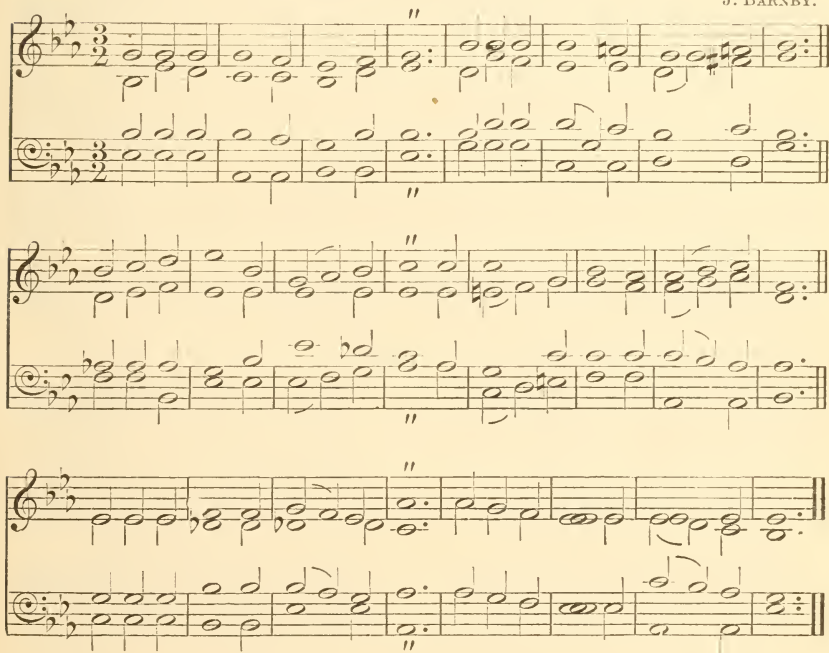


- f* 1 CHILDREN of light, arise and shine!  
Your birth, your hopes, are all  
Your home is in the skies; [Divine;  
O then, for heavenly glory born,  
Look down on all with holy scorn  
That earthly spirits prize!
- 2 With Christ, with glory full in view,  
O what is all the world to you!  
What is it all but loss! [earth,  
*f* Come on, then; cleave no more to  
Nor wrong your high celestial birth,  
Ye pilgrims of the cross.
- p* 3 The cross is ours, we bear it now;  
But did not He beneath it bow,  
And suffer there at last?  
All that we feel can Jesus tell:  
His gracious soul remembers well  
The sorrows of the past.
- 4 O blessèd Lord, we yet shall reign,  
Redeemed from sorrow, sin, and pain,  
And walk with Thee in white.  
We suffer now, but O! at last  
*f* We'll bless Thee, Lord, for all the past,  
And own our cross was light!
- E. DENNY.

423

Barnby.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

J. BARNBY.



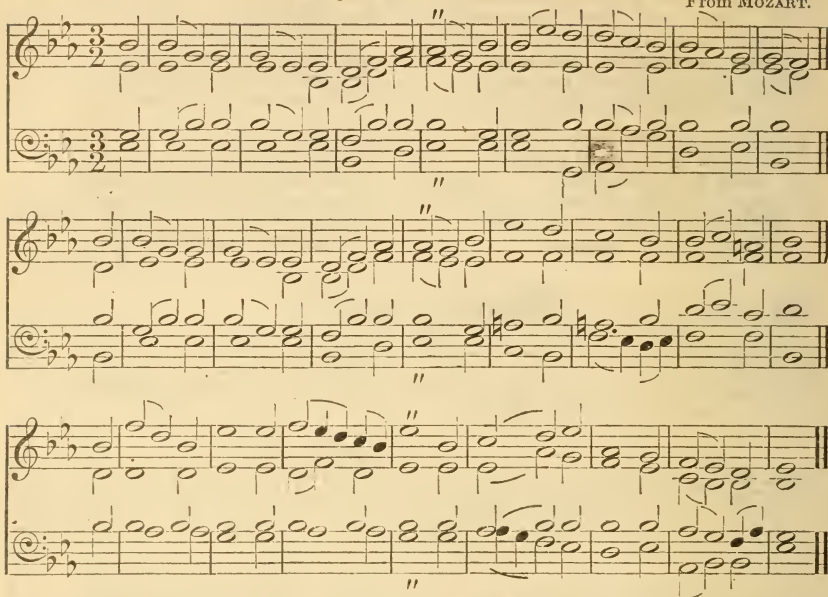
- 1 JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All,  
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;  
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place  
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.  
*f* Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,  
O make me love Thee more and more!
- p* 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought,  
How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of Thy name?  
*f* Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,  
O make me love Thee more and more!
- p* 3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,  
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
How great the joy that Thou hast bought,  
So far exceeding hope or thought.  
*f* Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,  
O make me love Thee more and more!
- f* 4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,  
To Thee my heart and soul belong;  
All that I have or am is Thine,  
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.  
*ff* Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore,  
O make me love Thee more and more!

H. COLLINS.

424—425

Mozart.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

From MOZART.



*f* 1 THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower;

Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;  
Thee will I love with all my power,  
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;  
Thee will I love, till the pure fire  
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

*p* 2 Ah! why did I so late Thee know,  
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?  
Ah! why did I no sooner go

To Thee, the only Ease in pain?  
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,  
That I so late to Thee, did turn.

*p* 3 In darkness willingly I strayed;  
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;  
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread;

Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;  
And now, if more at length I see,  
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee!

*f* 4 I thank Thee, Uncreated Sun, [shined;  
That Thy bright beams on me have  
I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown

My foes, and healed my wounded mind;

I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray;  
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace,  
▲ Still to press forward in Thy way;  
▲ My soul and flesh. O Lord of might,  
Fill, satiate with Thy heavenly light.

*f* 6 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;  
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires  
Give to my soul, with filial fears,  
The love that all heaven's host inspires,  
That all my powers, with all their might  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

*f* 7 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;  
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,  
Or smile—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod;  
What though my flesh and heart decay,  
*p* Thee shall I love in endless day!

SCHEFFLER, *trs.* by J. WESLEY.

425

Mozart.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

*f* 1 JESUS, to Thee our hearts we lift,  
(May all our hearts with love o'er-  
flow!)

With thanks for Thy continued gift—  
That still Thy precious name we know  
Retain our sense of sin forgiven,  
And wait for all our inward heaven.

2 What mighty troubles hast Thou  
shown

Thy feeble, tempted followers here!  
▲ We have through fire and water gone,  
But saw Thee on the floods appear;  
*f* But felt Thee present in the flame,  
And shouted our Deliverer's name.

3 When stronger souls their faith forsook,  
And, lulled in worldly, hellish peace,  
Leaped desperate from their Guardian-  
rock,

And headlong plunged in sin's abyss ;  
Thy strength was in our weakness shown  
And still it guards and keeps Thine own.

4 All are not lost, or wandered back ;  
All have not left Thy church and  
Thee :

There are who suffer for Thy sake,  
Enjoy Thy glorious infancy,  
Esteem the scandal of the cross,  
And only seek Divine applause.

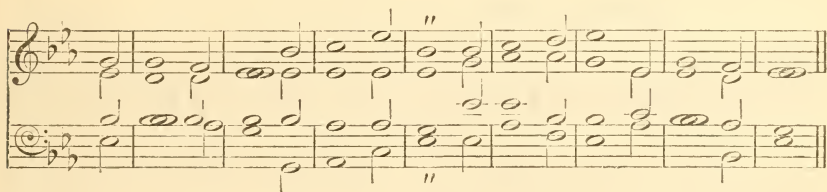
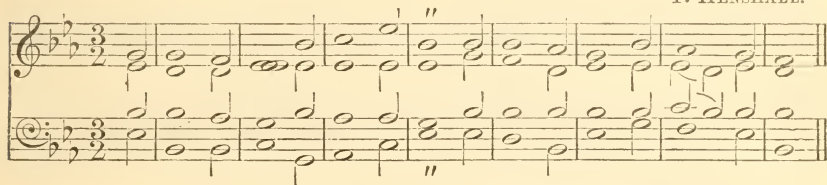
5 Thou who hast kept us to this hour,  
O keep us faithful to the end !  
When, robed with majesty and power,  
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,  
His friends and confessors to own,  
And seat us on His glorious Throne.

C. WESLEY.

426

Reddish.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

T. HENSHALL.



1 SAVIOUR of all, what hast Thou done,  
What hast Thou suffered on the tree ?  
p Why didst Thou groan Thy mortal groan,  
Obedient unto death for me ?  
The mystery of Thy passion show,  
The end of all Thy griefs below.

2 Thy soul, for sin an offering made,  
Hath cleared this guilty soul of mine ;  
Thou hast for me a ransom paid,  
To change my human to Divine,  
To cleanse from all iniquity,  
And make the sinner all like Thee.

3 Pardon, and grace, and heaven to buy,  
My bleeding Sacrifice expired ;  
But didst not Thou, my Pattern, die,  
That, by Thy glorious spirit fired,  
Faithful to death I might endure,  
And make the crown by suffering sure ?

4 Thou didst the meek example leave,  
That I might in Thy footsteps tread,  
p Might, like the Man of sorrows, grieve,  
And groan, and bow with Thee, my  
Thy dying in my body bear, [Head,  
And all Thy state of suffering share.

5 Thy every suffering servant, Lord,  
Shall as his patient Master be ;  
To all Thy inward life restored,  
And outwardly conformed to Thee,  
f Out of Thy grave the saint shall rise,  
And grasp, through death, the glorious  
prize.

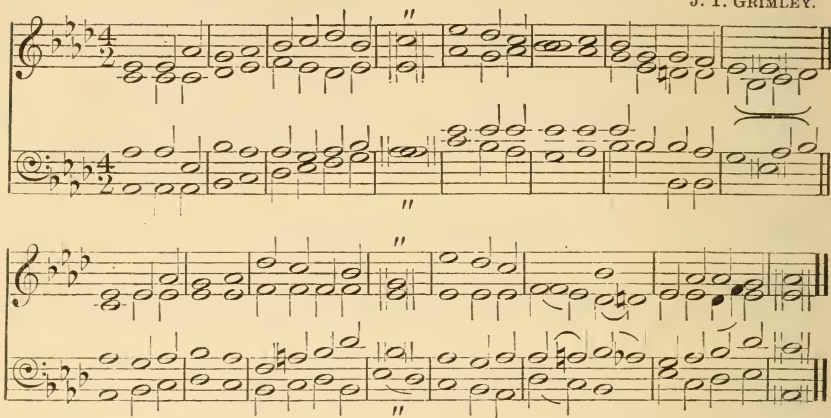
6 This is the strait and royal way  
That leads us to the courts above ;  
f Here let me ever, ever stay,  
Till on the wings of perfect love,  
I take my last triumphant flight  
From Calvary's to Zion's height.

C. WESLEY.

427

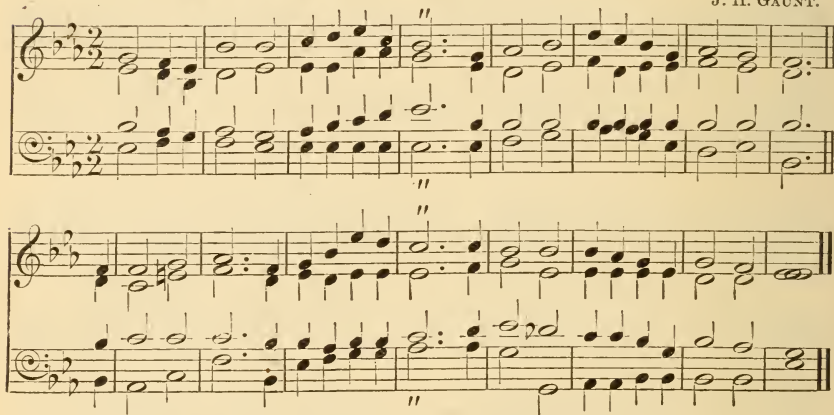
## Summerford (1st Tune).—10 10.10 10.

J. T. GRIMLEY.



## Mount Zion (2nd Tune).—10 10.10 10.

J. H. GAUNT.



1 LEAD us, O Father! in the paths of peace;  
 p Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,  
 And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;  
 A Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

2 Lead us, O Father! in the paths of truth;  
 Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,  
 p While passion stains and folly dims our youth,  
 And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father! in the paths of right;  
 p Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,  
 Involved in shadows of a darksome night,  
 Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father! to Thy heavenly rest,  
 However rough and steep the path may be,  
 A Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,  
 Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. BURLEIGH.



428

## Chorley Wood.—11 11.11 11.

REV. T. RICHARD MATTHEWS.



1 **T**HOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way ;  
 The Lord is our Leader. His word is our stay ;  
 Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,  
 The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear ?

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint ;  
 The weak and oppressèd—He hears their complaint ;  
 The way may be weary, and thorny the road,  
 But how can we falter, our Help is in God !

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads ;  
 His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds !  
 The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,  
 And brings back the wanderers, safe from all snares.

4 Though clouds may o'ercast us, our God is our Light,  
 Though storms rage around us, our God is our Might ;  
 So, faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come ;  
 For God is our Leader and heaven is our home.

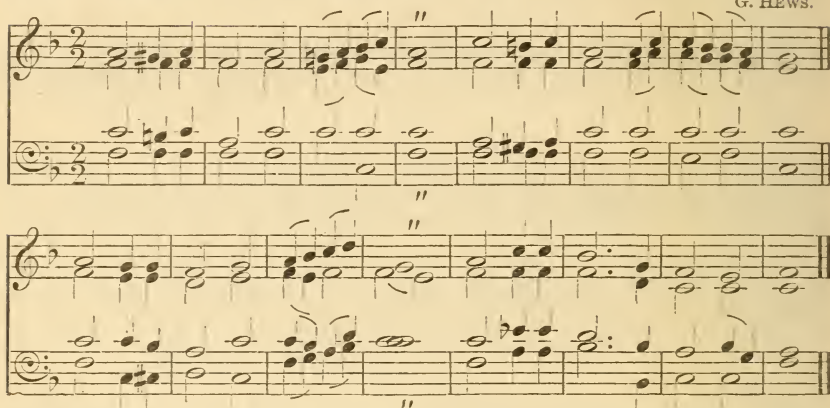
J. N. DARBY. L\*

330 THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—DECLENSION  
AND RECOVERY.

429—430

Holly.—L.M.

G. HEWS.



*p* 1 RETURN, O wanderer! return!  
And seek an injured Father's face:  
Those warm desires that in thee burn  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer! return!  
And seek a Father's melting heart;  
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
Whose hand can heal thine inward  
smart.

3 Return, O wanderer! return!  
He heard thy deep repentant sigh!  
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,  
When no intruding ear was nigh.

4 Return, O wanderer! return!  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live!  
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer! return!  
And wipe away the falling tear;  
'Tis God who says, 'No longer mourn,'  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

6 Return, O wanderer! return!  
Regain thy lost, lamented rest:  
Jehovah's me'ting bowels yearn  
To clasp His Ephraim to His breast.  
W. B. COLLYER.

430

Holly.—L.M.

*p* 1 STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay.  
Though I have done Thee such de-  
Nor cast the sinner quite away, [spite,  
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn  
heart,  
And still shook off my guilty fears.  
And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,  
For many long rebellious years;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all who e'er Thy grace received,  
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times Thy goodness  
grieved;

*p* 4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest,  
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear  
To exclude me from Thy people's  
rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate,  
This only plague I pray remove;  
Nor leave me in my lost estate,  
Nor doom me for this want of love.

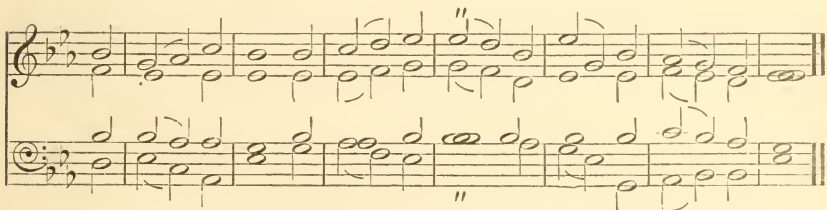
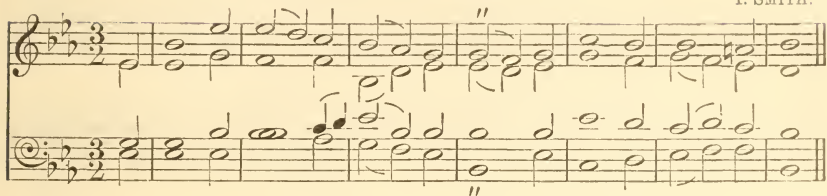
6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,  
Up-raise me with Thy gracious hand,  
And guide into Thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

C. WESLEY.

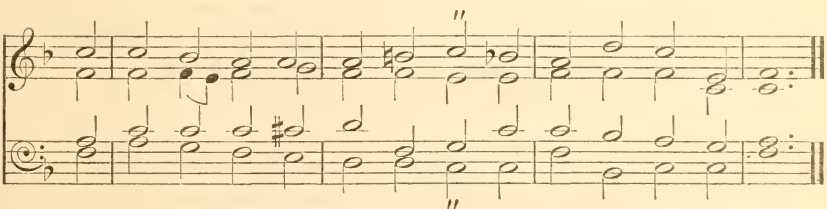
431

## Abbridge (1st Tune).—C.M.

I. SMITH.



## Burmah (2nd Tune).—C.M.



*p* 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

*p* 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
*p* But now I find an aching void,  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove! return!  
Sweet Messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
That drove Thee from my breast.

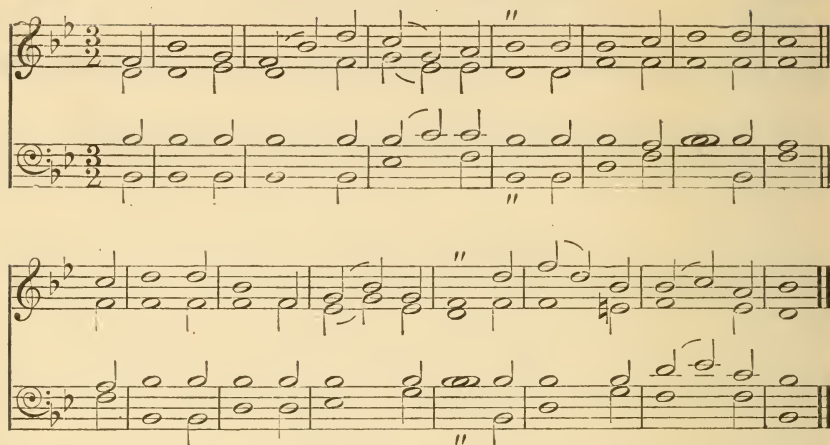
5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

W. COWPER.

## 432

## Tyrone.—C.M.



1 MY God, my God, to Thee I cry ;

Thee only would I know ;

Thy purifying blood apply,

And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,

Purge my iniquity :

*p* Unless Thou wash my soul from sin,

I have no part in Thee.

3 But art Thou not already mine ?

Answer, if mine Thou art !

Λ Whisper within, Thou Love Divine,

And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Tell me again my peace is made,

And bid the sinner live : [paid,

The debt's discharged, the ransom's

My Father must forgive.

5 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds,

His wounds are opened wide :

For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,

And speaks me justified.

*p* 6 O why did I my Saviour leave,

So soon unfaithful prove !

How could I Thy good Spirit grieve,

And sin against Thy love !

7 I forced Thee first to disappear ;

I turned Thy face aside : [here,

*p* Ah, Lord ! if Thou hadst still been

Thy servant had not died.

8 But O, how soon Thy wrath is o'er,

And pardoning love takes place !

Λ Assist me, Saviour, to adore

The riches of Thy grace.

9 O could I lose myself in Thee,

Thy depth of mercy prove,

Thou vast, unfathomable Sea

Of unexhausted love !

*p* 10 My humbled soul, when Thou art near,

In dust and ashes lies :

How shall a sinful worm appear,

Or meet Thy purer eyes ?

11 I loathe myself when God I see,

And into nothing fall,

Λ Content if Thou exalted be,

And Christ be all in All.

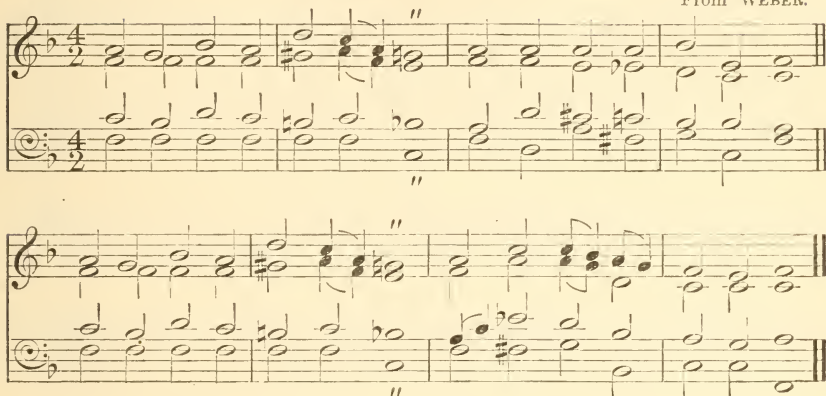
C. WESLEY.



433

## Weber.—7 7.7 7.

From WEBER.



- p* 1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be  
 Mercy still reserved for me?  
 Can my God His wrath forbear?  
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood His grace,  
 Long provoked Him to His face,  
 Would not hearken to His calls,  
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Whence to me this waste of love?  
 Ask my Advocate above!  
 See the cause in Jesus' face,  
 Now before the Throne of grace.
- 4 Kindled His relentings are;  
 Me He now delights to spare;  
 Cries, 'How shall I give thee up?'  
 Let the lifted thunder drop.
- 5 There for me the Saviour stands;  
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands!  
 God is love! I know, I feel;  
 Jesus weeps and loves me still!
- 6 Jesus, answer from above:  
 Is not all Thy nature love?  
 Wilt Thou not the wrong forget?  
 Suffer me to kiss Thy feet?
- 7 If I rightly read Thy heart,  
 If Thou all compassion art,  
 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow!  
 Pardon and accept me now.
- p* 8 Pity from Thine eye let fall;  
 By a look my soul recall;  
 Now the stone to flesh convert,  
 Cast a look and break my heart.
- 9 Now incline me to repent;  
 Let me now my fall lament;  
 Now my foul revolt deplore;  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. WESLEY.

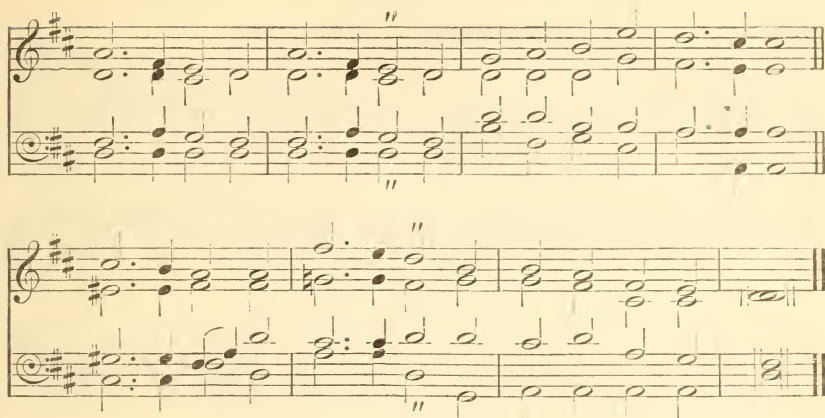
## 434

## Greenock (1st Tune).—7 6.7 6.7 8.7 6.

A. KNOTT BAINES.

## Marlow (2nd Tune).—7 6.7 6.7 8.7 6.

A. MORRIS EDWARDS.



1 JESUS, friend of sinners, hear  
 Yet once again I pray ;  
 From my debt of sin set clear  
 For I have nought to pay ;  
 Speak, O speak the kind release ;  
 A poor backsliding soul restore !  
 Love me freely, seal my peace,  
 And bid me sin no more.

2 For my selfishness and pride  
 Thou hast withdrawn Thy grace,  
 Left me long to wander wide,  
 An outcast from Thy face ;  
*p* But I now my sins confess,  
 And mercy, mercy, I implore ;  
 Love me freely, seal my peace,  
 And bid me sin no more.

3 Though my sins as mountains rise,  
 And swell and reach to heaven,  
 Mercy is above the skies,  
 I may be still forgiven :  
*p* Infinite my sins' increase,  
 But greater is Thy mercy's store :  
 Love me freely, seal my peace,  
 And bid me sin no more.

4 Sin's deceitfulness hath spread  
 A hardness o'er my heart ;  
 But if Thou Thy Spirit shed,  
 The hardness shall depart ;  
*p* Shed Thy love, Thy tenderness,  
 And let me feel Thy softening power ;  
 Love me freely, seal my peace,  
 And bid me sin no more.

5 From the oppressive power of sin  
 My struggling spirit free ;  
 Perfect righteousness bring in,  
 Unspotted purity :  
 Speak, and all this war shall cease,  
 And sin shall give its raging o'er ;  
*f* Love me freely, seal my peace,  
 And bid me sin no more.

6 For this only thing I pray,  
 And this will I require,  
 Take the power of sin away,  
 Fill me with chaste desire ;  
 Perfect me in holiness ;  
 Thine image to my soul restore ;  
*f* Love me freely, seal my peace,  
 And bid me sin no more.

## 435

**Consecration.**—C.M., 12 lines.

C. HANCOCK, Mus. Bac.

[illegible]

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece consists of 16 measures. The first measure is a whole rest in the treble and a whole note G in the bass. The second measure has a half note G in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The third measure has a half note A in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The fourth measure has a half note B in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The fifth measure has a half note C in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The sixth measure has a half note D in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The seventh measure has a half note E in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The eighth measure has a half note F# in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The ninth measure has a half note G in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The tenth measure has a half note A in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The eleventh measure has a half note B in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The twelfth measure has a half note C in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The thirteenth measure has a half note D in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The fourteenth measure has a half note E in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The fifteenth measure has a half note F# in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The sixteenth measure has a half note G in the treble and a half note G in the bass. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots in both staves.

*Rather faster.*

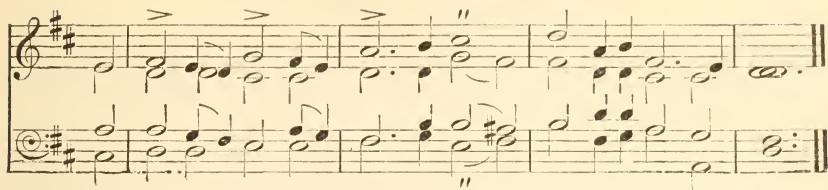
A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, one for the treble clef and one for the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is written in the bass clef. The music is in common time, with a tempo marking of "Allegretto". The score is written in ink on aged, yellowed paper. The handwriting is in a cursive style, typical of the 19th century. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The first measure of the treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The first measure of the bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. There are some corrections and markings in the score, such as a "2" above the second measure of the treble staff and a "2" below the second measure of the bass staff. The title "The Rose Tree" is written in a decorative font at the top of the page. The name "J. W. Johnson" is written at the bottom of the page.

*Slowly.*

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the left hand, and the voice part is in the right hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked "Slowly." The score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line starting with a treble clef and a piano line starting with a bass clef. The second system continues the piano line. The vocal line is written in a single staff, and the piano line is written in a single staff. The score is in a historical style, with a yellowed background and a decorative border.

\* Small notes for the Organ only.





1 WHEN I had wandered from His fold,  
     His love the wanderer sought;  
 When slave-like into bondage sold,  
     His blood my freedom bought.  
 Therefore that life, by Him redeemed,  
     Is His through all its days;  
 And as with blessings it hath teemed,  
     So let it teem with praise.  
*f* For I am His, and He is mine,  
     The God, whom I adore!  
 My Father, Saviour, Comforter,  
*ff* Now and for evermore.

2 When I forgot His tender love,  
     And my affections set  
 Not upon holy things above,  
     He did not me forget;  
 But gently chastening, gently tried  
     With ring and robe and kiss,  
 Drawing me near His wounded side  
     To bring me back to bliss.  
*f* For I am His, &c.

*p* 3 When sunk in sorrow, I despaired,  
     And changed my hopes for fears,  
 He bore my griefs, my burden shared,  
     And wiped away my tears.  
 Therefore the joy by Him restored,  
     To Him by right belongs:  
 And to my gracious, loving Lord  
     I'll sing through life my songs.  
*f* For I am His, &c.

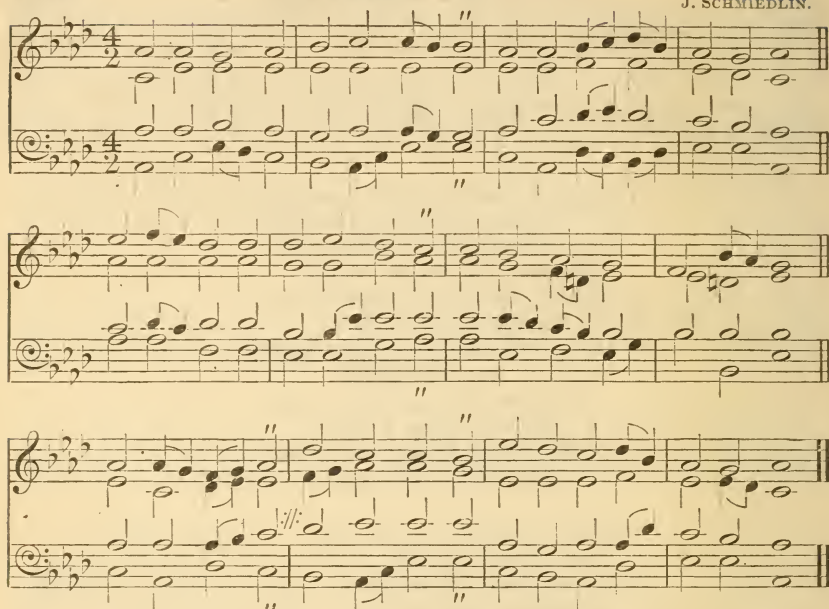
4 When I beneath my cross lay down,  
     And could no farther move,  
 He raised me up, He showed the crown,  
*p* And whispered, 'I am Love.'  
 Therefore that love my song shall be,  
     And to my glorious King,  
 Through time and through eternity,  
     My life His praise shall sing.  
*f* For I am His, &c.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

## 436

## Tiberias.—8 7.8 7.4 7.

J. SCHMIEDLIN.



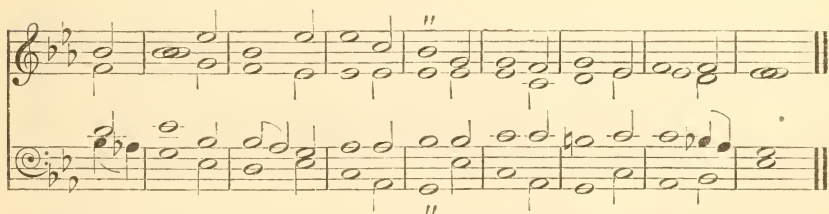
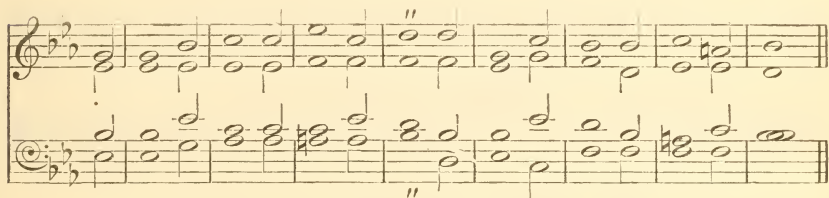
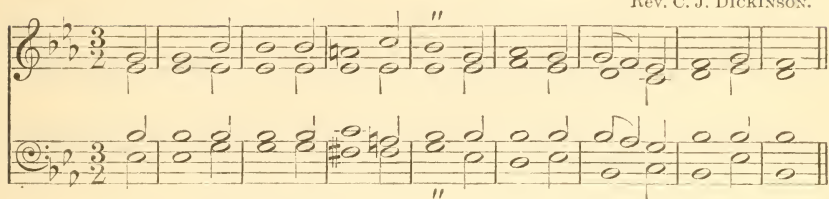
- 1 SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation.  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless Thou return again.  
*f* Lord, revive us ;  
All our help must come from Thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high ;  
*p* Lest, for want of Thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.  
*f* Lord, revive us ;  
All our help must come from Thee.
- 3 Surely once Thy garden flourished,  
Every part looked gay and green ;  
Then Thy word our spirits nourished,  
Happy seasons we have seen !  
*f* Lord, revive us ;  
All our help must come from Thee.
- p* 4 But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see ;  
Lord, Thy help is greatly needed,  
Help can only come from Thee.  
*f* Lord, revive us ;  
All our help must come from Thee.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,  
Filled with zeal, and love, and truth—  
Old professors, tall as cedars,  
Bright examples to our youth ?  
*f* Lord, revive us ;  
All our help must come from Thee.
- 6 Some, in whom we once delighted,  
We shall meet no more below ;  
*p* Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,  
Scarce a single leaf they show.  
*f* Lord, revive us ;  
All our help must come from Thee.
- p* 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,  
Covered thick with blossom stood ;  
But they cause us grief at present,  
Frosts have nipped them in the bud !  
*f* Lord, revive us ;  
All our help must come from Thee.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,  
Thou canst make them bloom again :  
O permit them not to wither,  
Let not all our hopes be vain !  
*f* Lord, revive us ;  
All our help must come from Thee.
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayers ;  
Let each one esteemed Thy servant  
Shun the world's bewitching snares.  
*f* Lord, revive us ;  
All our help must come from Thee.
- f* 10 Break the tempter's fatal power ;  
Turn the stony heart to flesh :  
And begin, from this good hour,  
To revive Thy work afresh.  
Lord, revive us ;  
All our help must come from Thee.

J. NEWTON AND J. RYLAND, JUN.

437

## In Memoriam.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

Rev. C. J. DICKINSON.



1 WEARY of wandering from my God,  
 And now made willing to return,  
*p* I hear, and bow me to the rod;  
 For Thee, not without hope, I mourn;  
 I have an Advocate above,  
 A Friend before the throne of Love.

2 O Jesus! full of truth and grace,  
 More full of grace than I of sin,  
 Yet once again I seek Thy face;  
 Open Thine arms, and take me in,  
 And freely my backslidings heal,  
 And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
 My fallen spirit to restore;  
 O for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more!  
 The ruins of my soul repair,  
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 The stone to flesh again convert,  
 The veil of sin again remove;  
*p* Sprinkle Thy blood upon my heart,  
 And melt it by Thy dying love;  
 This rebel heart by love subdue,  
 And make it soft, and make it new.

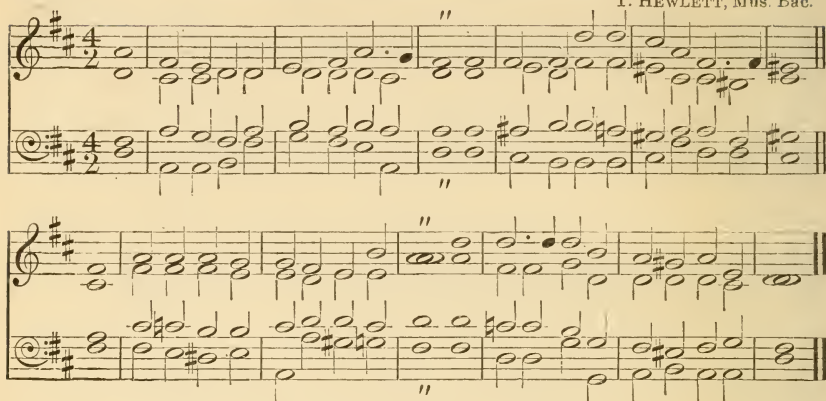
5 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart  
*p* That trembles at the approach of sin;  
 A godly fear of sin impart,  
 Implant, and root it deep within,  
 That I may dread Thy gracious power,  
 And never dare to offend Thee more.

C. WESLEY.

## 438

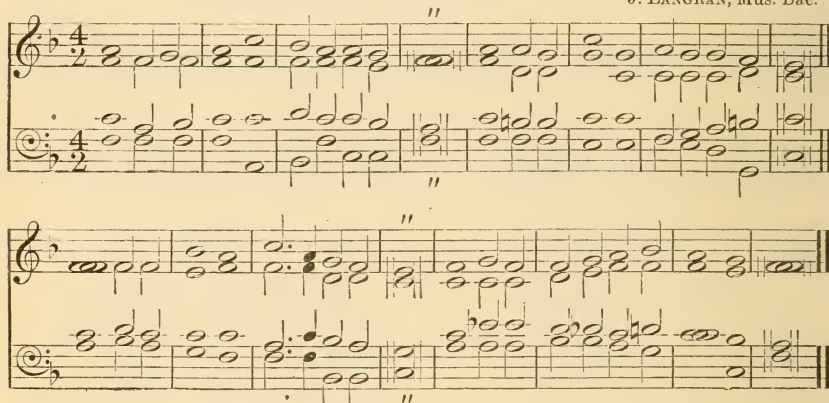
## Dalkeith (1st Tune).—10 10.10 10.

T. HEWLETT, Mus. Bac.



## St. Agnes (2nd Tune).—10 10.10 10.

J. LANGRAN, Mus. Bac.



*p* 1 WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,  
 I look at heaven, and long to enter in;  
 But there no evil thing may find a home:  
 And yet I hear a voice that bids me 'Come.'

*p* 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
 In the pure glory of that holy land?  
 Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
 Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

*p* 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
 Evil is ever with me day by day;  
 Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
*f* 'Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.'

*f* 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,  
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,  
 And His the blood that can for all atone,  
 And set me faultless there before the Throne.



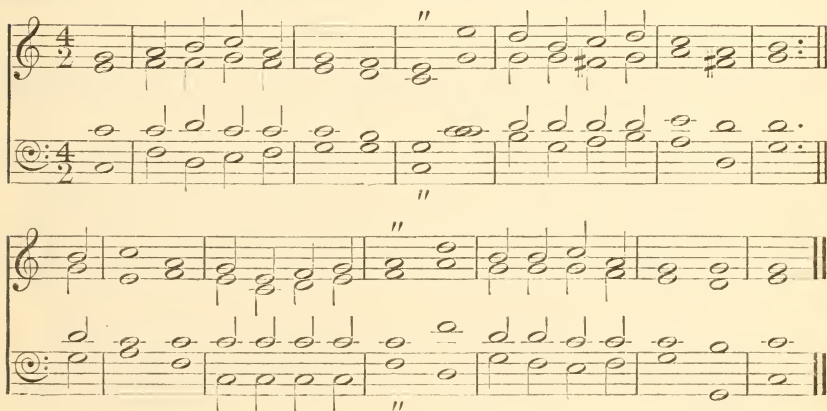
- 5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,  
 And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child;  
 And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
 Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.  
 6 O great Absolver! grant my soul may wear  
 The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
 That in the Father's courts my glorious dress  
 May be the garment of Thy righteousness.  
 7 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:  
 Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
 Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,  
 Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down.  
 8 Nought can I bring, my Lord, for all I owe,  
 Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;  
 Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,  
 Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

S. J. STONE.

## THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—SUPPORT AND GUIDANCE.

439

### Luther's Chant.—L.M.

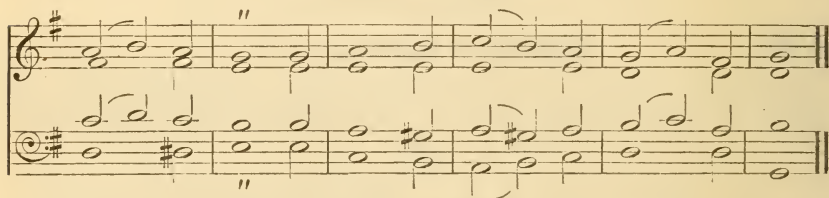
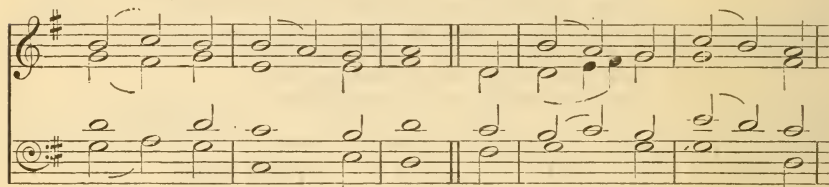
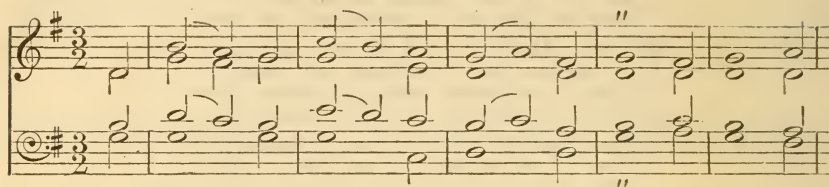


- 1 WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
 Out of the land of bondage came,  
 Her father's God before her moved,  
 An awful Guide in smoke and flame.  
 2 By day, along the astonished lands  
 The clouded pillar glided slow;  
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
 Returned the fiery column's glow.  
 3 There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
 And trumpet and timbrel answered keen,  
 And Zion's daughters poured their lays,  
 With priests' and warriors' voice between.  
 4 And present still, though now unseen,  
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,  
 To temper the deceitful ray!  
 5 And O! when stoops on Israel's path,  
 In shade and storm, the frequent night,  
 Be Thou—long-suffering, slow to wrath—  
 A burning and a shining light!

W. SCOTT.

## 440—441

## St. Luke.—L.M.



*p* 1 I **W**EEBLE in body and in mind,  
Saviour, I cast them both on Thee,  
With humble confidence to find  
Thy perfect strength displayed in me.

2 Entangled in the worldly snare,  
With sore perplexity distrest, [care,  
*p* O'erwhelmed with mountain-loads of  
Beneath Thy mercy's wings I rest.

3 Thou seest I know not what to do,  
But fix mine eyes on Thee alone,  
Till Thou Thy secret counsel show,  
And bring the blind by ways unknown.

4 If Thou direct my path aright,  
If Thou before Thy servant go,  
The darkness shall be turned to light,  
The mountains at Thy presence flow.

5 The crooked things shall at Thy word  
Be straight, the rugged places plain,  
The creatures all obey their Lord,  
And be whate'er Thy will ordain.

6 My soul, escaped the fowler's net,  
Above all earthly things shall soar,  
Or fall at my Deliverer's feet,  
And love, and wonder, and adore.  
C. WESLEY.

## 441

## St. Luke.—L.M.

1 O **T**HOU, to Whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart, it pants for  
Thee,  
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,  
Nail my affections to the cross;  
Hallow each thought; let all within  
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean!

*p* 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;  
No foes, no violence I fear, [near.  
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art

*p* 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

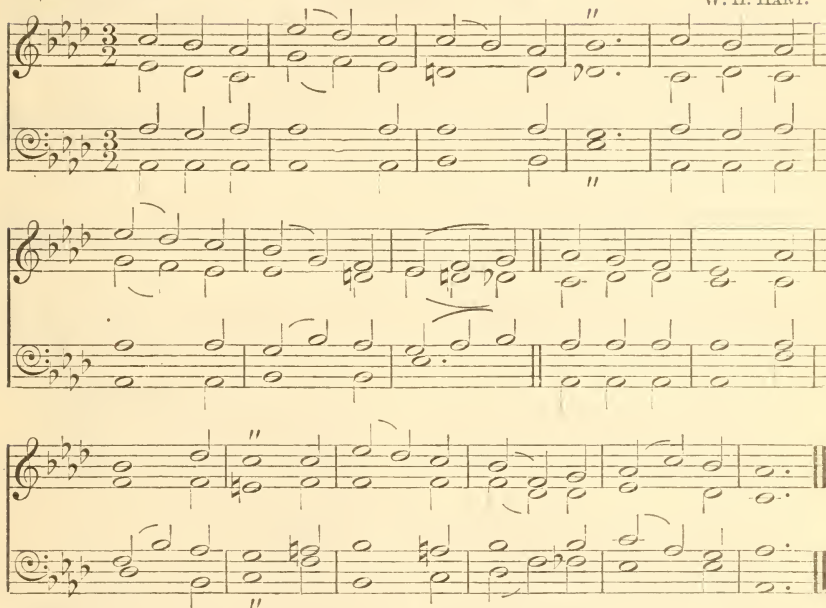
5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;  
O let Thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,  
My strength proportion to my day;  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.  
J. WESLEY.

## 442—443

## Morwood.—L.M.

W. H. HART.



- p* 1 GOD of my life, to Thee I call;  
 Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;  
 When the great water floods prevail,  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
 Where, but with Thee, Whose open door  
 Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
 And Thou refuse the mourner's plea?  
 Does not Thy word still fixed remain,  
 That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
 Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer:  
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God  
 Supports me under every load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;  
 I have an Advocate with Thee:  
 They whom the world caresses most  
 Have no such privilege to boast.
- p* 6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
 And he is safe, and must succeed,  
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.
- W. COWPER.

## 443

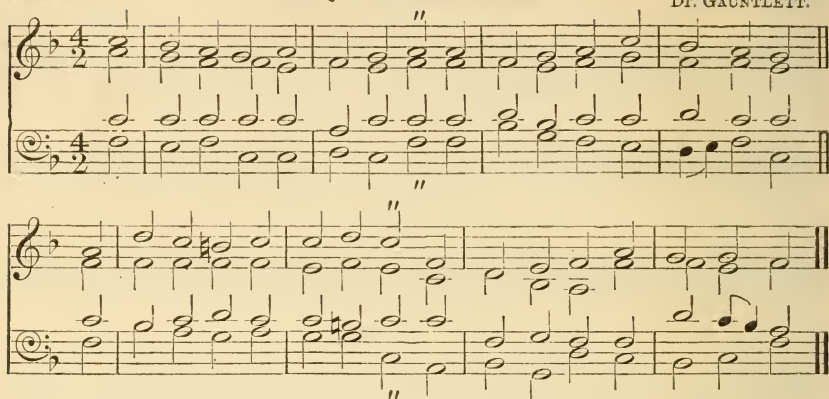
## Morwood.—L.M.

- 1 LED by a kindlier hand than ours,  
 We journey through this earthly scene;  
 And should not, in our weary hours,  
 Turn to regret what might have been.
- p* 2 And yet these hearts, when torn by pain  
 Or wrung by disappointment keen,  
 Will seek relief from present cares,  
 In thoughts of joys that might have been.
- 3 But let us still these wishes vain;  
 We know not that of which we dream;  
 Our lives might have been sadder yet;  
 God only knows what might have been.
- p* 4 Forgive us, Lord, our little faith;  
 And help us all, from morn till e'en,  
 Still to believe that lot the best  
 Which is—not that which might have been.
- 5 And grant we may so pass the days,  
 The cradle and the grave between,  
 That death's dark hour not darker be  
 For thoughts of what life might have been.
- G. Z. GRAY.

## 444

## Lux Mundi.—L.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



*f* 1 O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,  
Thou brightness of the Father's  
Thou fountain of eternal light, [face;  
Whose beams disperse the shades of  
night;

2 Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,  
Shed down Thy radiance from above,  
And to our inmost hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 So we the Father's help will claim,  
And sing the Father's glorious Name;  
His powerful succour we implore,  
That we may stand, to fall no more.

4 May He our actions deign to bless,  
And loose the bonds of wickedness;  
From sudden falls our feet defend,  
And guide us safely to the end.

5 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.

*p* 6 O hallowed thus be every day!  
Let meekness be our morning ray,  
And faithful love our noonday light,  
And hope our sunset calm and  
bright.

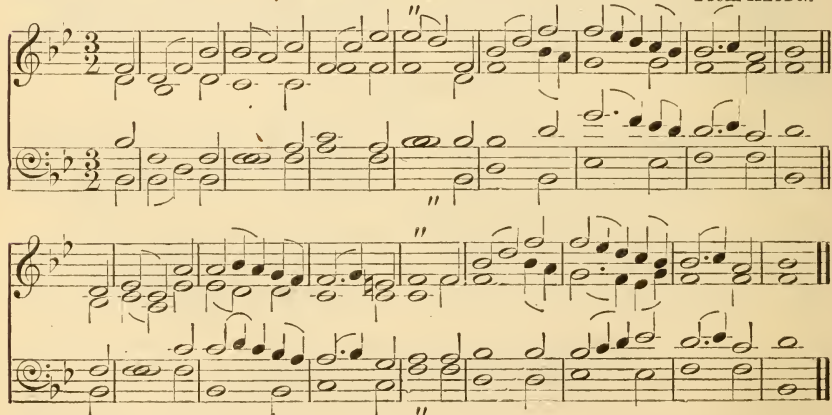
7 O Christ, with each returning morn  
Thine image to our hearts is borne;  
O may we ever clearly see  
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

AMBROSE, *trs.* by J. CHANDLER.

## 445—446

## Meapolis.—L.M.

From HAYDN.





- 1 INTO Thy gracious hands I fall;  
Thee with the arms of faith embrace;  
O King of Glory, hear my call,  
O raise me, heal me, by Thy grace.
- 2 Now righteous through Thy wounds I  
No condemnation now I dread: [am;  
I taste salvation in Thy Name,  
Alive in Thee, my living Head.
- 3 Still let Thy wisdom be my guide,  
Nor take Thy light from me away;  
Still with me let Thy grace abide,  
That I from Thee may never stray.
- 4 Let Thy word richly in me dwell;  
Thy peace and love my portion be;  
f My joy to endure and do Thy will,  
Till perfect I am found in Thee.
- f 5 Arm me with Thy whole armour, Lord!  
Support my weakness with Thy might,  
Gird on my thigh Thy conquering sword,  
And shield me in the threatening fight.
- 6 From faith to faith, from grace to grace,  
So in Thy strength shall I go on,  
f Till heaven and earth flee from Thy face,  
And glory end what grace begun.  
*From the German, trs. by J. WESLEY*

## 446

## Heapolis.—L.M.

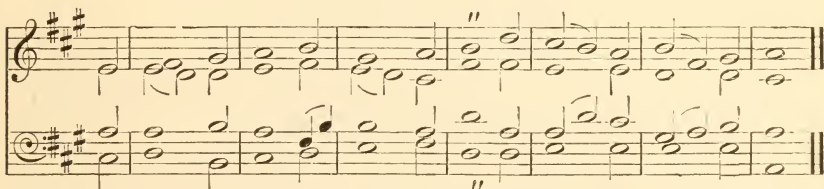
- 1 WHILE passing through this vale of  
woe,  
I'm called to suffer grief and pain;  
I must through fire and water go,  
Before I can my Canaan gain.
- 2 At times, I'm almost led to think  
I ne'er shall reach my journey's end;  
But Jesus will not let me sink,  
While on His mercy I depend.
- 3 The fire may burn, if Christ be mine  
He will not leave me in distress;  
I shall be kept by power Divine,  
While passing through the wilder  
ness.
- 4 Though waters rise on every hand,  
He will support me from above;  
f I on a sure foundation stand,  
The rock of His redeeming love.
- 5 The floods and flames His word obey,  
Therefore my journey I'll pursue;  
f They make me now an open way,  
And Jesus Christ will bring me through.

H. BOURNE AND W. SANDERS.

## 447

## Evangelist.—C.M.

FROM MENDELSSOHN



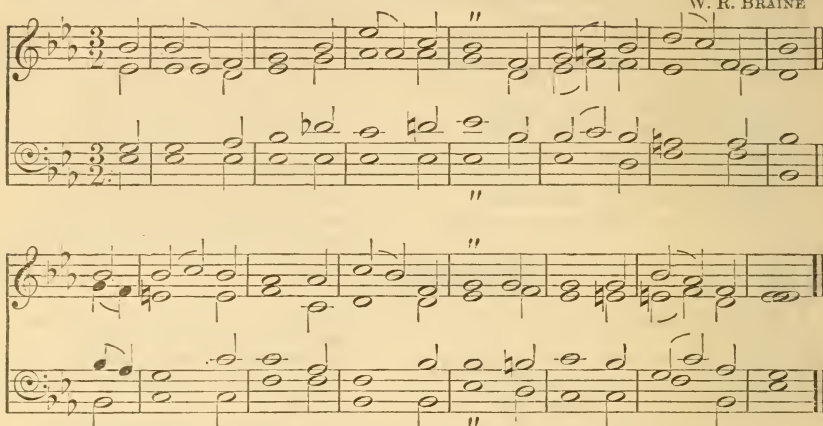
- 1 THEE, Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Thee, Saviour, we adore;  
f Thee in affliction's furnace praise,  
And magnify Thy power.
- 2 Thy power, in human weakness shown  
Shall make us all entire;  
We now Thy guardian presence own,  
And walk unburned in fire.
- 3 Thee, Son of Man, by faith we see,  
And glory in our Guide!  
V Surrounded and upheld by Thee,  
The fiery test abide.
- 4 The fire our graces shall refine,  
Till, moulded from above,  
V We bear the character Divine,  
The stamp of perfect love.

C. WESLEY.

## 448—449

## Kensington.—C.M.

W. R. BRAINE



1 O THOU from Whom all goodness  
I lit my soul to Thee; [flows,  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
*p* Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon speak, Thy peace impart;  
*p* In love remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
O let my strength be as my day;  
*p* For good remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and  
This feeble body see; [grief,  
*p* Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;  
Hear and remember me.

5 If, for Thy sake, upon my name  
Shame and reproach shall be,  
All hail reproach and welcome shame,  
*p* If Thou remember me.

*pp* 6 When, in the solemn hour of death,  
I wait Thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath—  
Good Lord, remember me.

7 And when before Thy throne I stand,  
And lift my soul to Thee,  
Then with the saints at Thy right hand,  
*p* Dear Lord, remember me.

T. HAWES AND T. COTTERILL.

## 449

## Kensington.—C.M.

1 O THOU who driest the mourner's  
tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee.

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
*p* Must weep those tears alone.

3 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded  
part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 O who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not His wing of love [gloom,  
Come brightly waiting through the  
Our peace-branch from above?

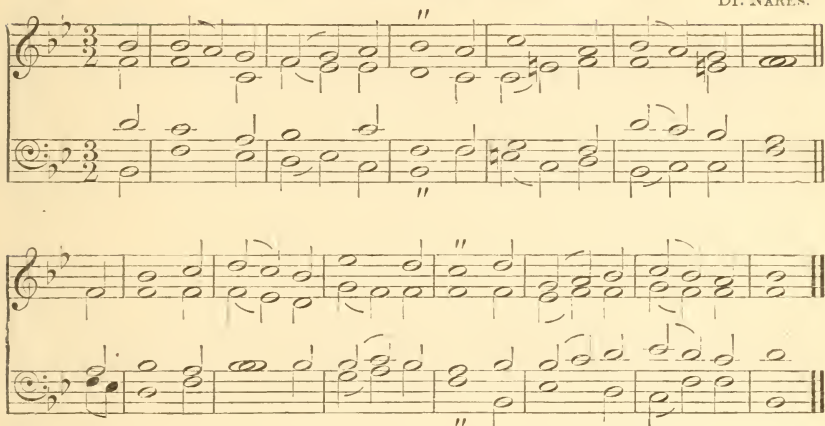
5 Then sorrow, touched by Him, grows bright,  
With more than rapture's ray,  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

T. MOORE.

## 450

## Alynhoe.—S.M.

Dr. NARES.



1 **T**HOU very present Aid  
In suffering and distress;  
The soul, which still on Thee is stayed  
*p* Is kept in perfect peace.

2 The soul, by faith reclined  
On his Redeemer's breast,  
*f* Midst raging storms exults to find  
*V* An everlasting rest.

3 Sorrow and fear are gone,  
Whene'er Thy face appears:  
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,  
And dries the widow's tears.

*p* 4 It hallows every cross,  
It sweetly comforts me,  
Makes me forget my every loss,  
And find my all in Thee.

*p* 5 Peace to the troubled heart.  
Health to the sin-sick mind,  
The wounded spirit's balm Thou art,  
The Healer of mankind.

6 In deep affliction blest  
With Thee I mount above,  
*f* And sing, triumphantly distress,  
Thine all-sufficient love.

7 Jesus, to whom I fly,  
Doth all my wishes fill;  
What though created streams are dry  
I have the Fountain still.

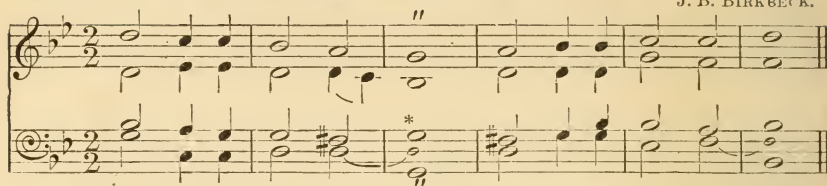
*f* 8 Stripped of my earthly friends,  
I find them all in One:  
And peace, and joy that never ends,  
And heaven, in Christ alone!

C. WESLEY

## 451

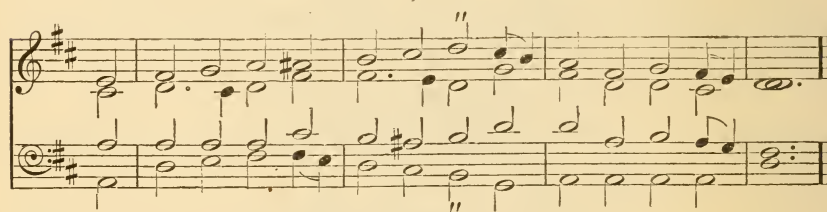
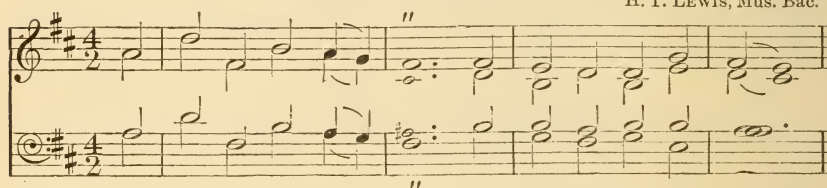
## Everlasting Light (1st Tune).—S.M.

J. B. BIRKBECK.



## Eastwood (2nd Tune).—S.M.

H. T. LEWIS, Mus. Bac.



1 O EVERLASTING Light !  
Shine graciously within :  
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,  
Come, shine away my sin.

2 O everlasting Truth !  
Truest of all that's true ;  
Sure Guide of erring age or youth,  
Lead me and teach me too.

*f* 3 O everlasting Strength !  
Uphold me in the way ;  
Bring me in spite of foes, at length  
To joy and light and day.

4 O everlasting Love !  
Well-spring of grace and peace ;  
Pour down Thy fulness from above ;  
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

5 O everlasting Rest !  
Lift off life's load of care ;  
Relieve, revive this burdened breast.  
And every sorrow bear.

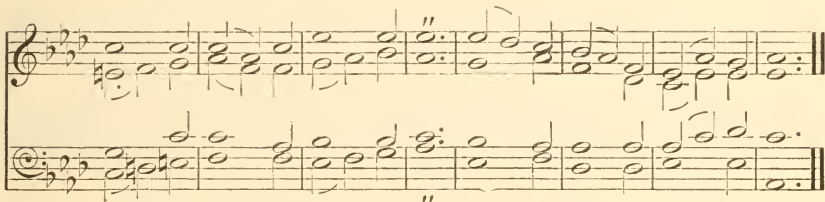
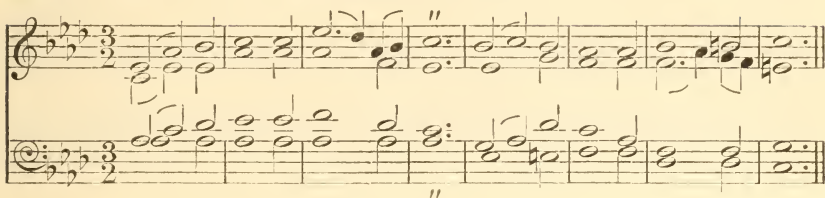
*f* 6 Thou art in heaven our All ;  
Our All on earth art Thou ;  
Upon Thy glorious Name we call.  
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

H. BONAR.



## 452—453

## Paris.—7 7. 7 7.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 <b>H</b> EAVENLY Father! to whose eye,<br/>Future things unfolded lie,<br/>Through the desert where I stray,<br/>Let Thy counsels guide my way.</p> <p><i>p</i> 2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,<br/>Where fierce trials would assail:<br/>Leave me not, in darkened hour,<br/>To withstand the tempter's power.</p> <p>3 Save me from his treacherous wiles:<br/>Arm me against pleasure's smiles.<br/>Give me, for my spirit's health,<br/>Neither poverty nor wealth.</p> <p>4 Help Thy servant to maintain<br/>A profession free from stain;<br/>That my sole reproach may be,<br/>Following Christ and fearing Thee.</p> | <p>5 Lord! uphold me day by day,<br/>Shed a light upon my way:<br/>Guide me through perplexing snares,<br/>Care for me in all my cares.</p> <p>6 All I ask for is—enough;<br/>Only, when the way is rough,<br/>Let Thy rod and staff impart<br/>Strength and courage to my heart.</p> <p><i>p</i> 7 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree<br/>Trials long and sharp for me,<br/>Pain or sorrow, care or shame,<br/>Father, glorify Thy name.</p> <p>8 Let me neither faint nor fear,<br/>Feeling still that Thou art near;<br/>In the course my Saviour trod,<br/>Tending still to Thee, my God.</p> |
|--|--|

J. CONDER.

## 453

## Paris.—7 7. 7 7.

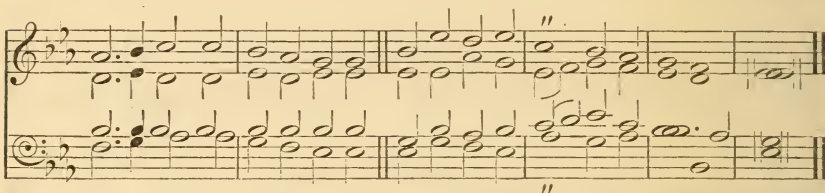
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 <b>D</b> AY by day the manna fell:<br/>O to learn this lesson well:<br/>Still, by constant mercy fed,<br/>Give me, Lord, my daily bread.</p> <p>2 Day by day, the promise reads—<br/>Daily strength for daily needs:<br/>Cast foreboding tears away;<br/>Take the manna of to-day.</p> <p>3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;<br/>All my sanguine hopes have planned,<br/>To Thy wisdom I resign,<br/>And would make Thy purpose mine.</p> | <p>4 Thou my daily task shalt give;<br/>Day by day to Thee I live:<br/>So shall added years fulfil<br/>Not mine own—my Father's will.</p> <p><i>p</i> 5 Fond ambition, whisper not;<br/>Happy is my humble lot.<br/>Anxious, busy cares, away!<br/>I'm provided for to-day.</p> <p>6 O! to live exempt from care<br/>By the energy of prayer;<br/><i>f</i> Strong in faith, with mind subdued,<br/>Yet elate with gratitude.</p> |
|---|--|

J. CONDER.

## 454

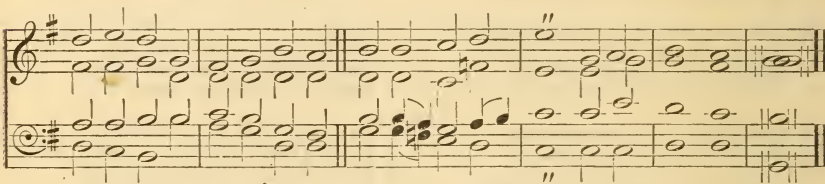
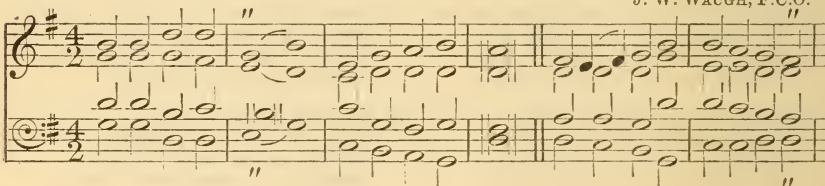
## Fatherland (1st Tune).—5 5.8 8.5 5.

F. C. MAKER.



## "Jesus, still lead on" (2nd Tune).—5 5.8 8.5 5.

J. W. WAUGH, F.C.O.



1 JESUS, still lead on,  
 Till our rest be won,  
 And although the way be cheerless,  
 We will follow, calm and fearless:  
 Guide us by Thy hand  
 To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,  
 If the foe be near,  
 Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
 Let not faith and hope forsake us,  
 For, through many a foe,  
 To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief  
 From a long-felt grief,  
 When oppressed by new temptations,  
 Lord, increase and perfect patience;  
 Show us that bright shore  
 Where we weep no more.

4 When sweet earth and skies  
 Fade before our eyes;  
 When through death we look to heaven,  
 And our sins are all forgiven,  
 From Thy bright abode,  
 Call us home to God.

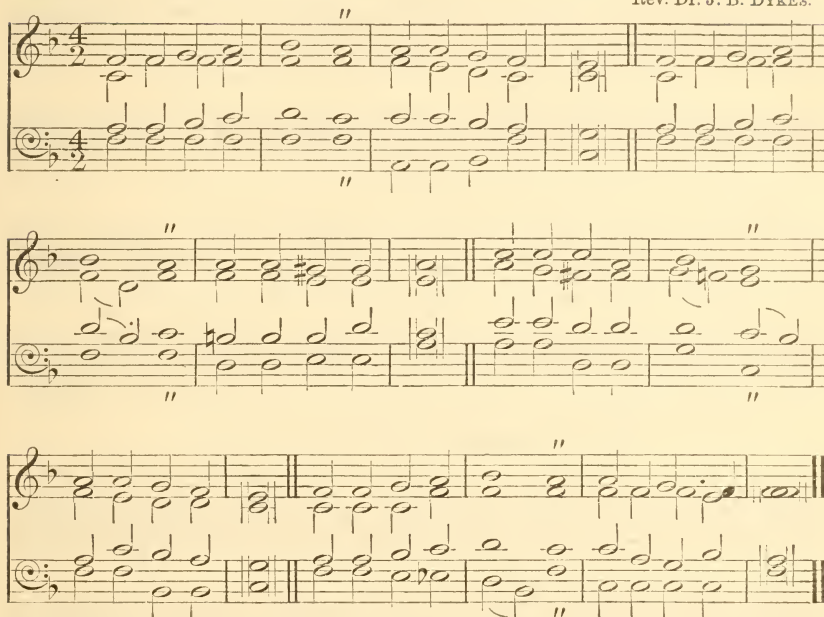
5 Jesus, still lead on,  
 Till our rest be won;  
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
 Still support, console, protect us,  
 Till we safely stand  
 In our Fatherland.

L. N. VON ZINZENDORF, trs. by H. L. L.

455

## St. Mary Magdalene.—6 5.6 5.6 5.6 5.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



1 IN the hour of trial,  
 Jesus, pray for me,  
 Lest by base denial  
 I depart from Thee;  
 When Thou seest me waver,  
 With a look recall,  
 Nor, through fear or favour,  
 Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures,  
 Would this vain world charm;  
 Or its sordid treasures  
 Spread to work me harm;  
*p* Bring to my remembrance  
 Sad Gethsemane,  
 Or, in darker semblance,  
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

*p* 3 Should Thy mercy send me  
 Sorrow, toil, and woe,  
 Or should pain attend me  
 On my path below;  
 Grant that I may never  
 Fail Thy hand to see;  
 Grant that I may ever  
 Cast my care on Thee.

*p* 4 If with sore affliction  
 Thou in love chastise,  
 Pour Thy benediction  
 On the sacrifice;  
 Then, upon Thine altar  
 Freely offered up,  
 Though the flesh may falter,  
 Faith shall drink the cup.

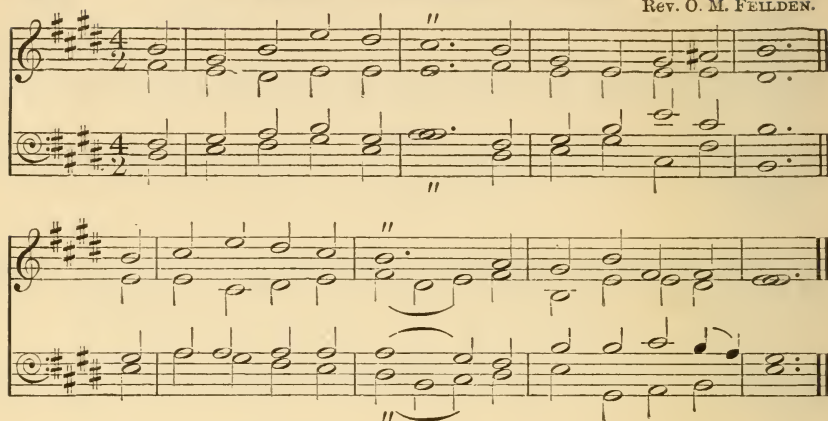
*pp* 5 When in dust and ashes  
 To the grave I sink,  
 While heaven's glory flashes  
 O'er the shelving brink,  
 On Thy truth relying  
*p* Through that mortal strife  
 Lord, receive me dying  
 To eternal life.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 456

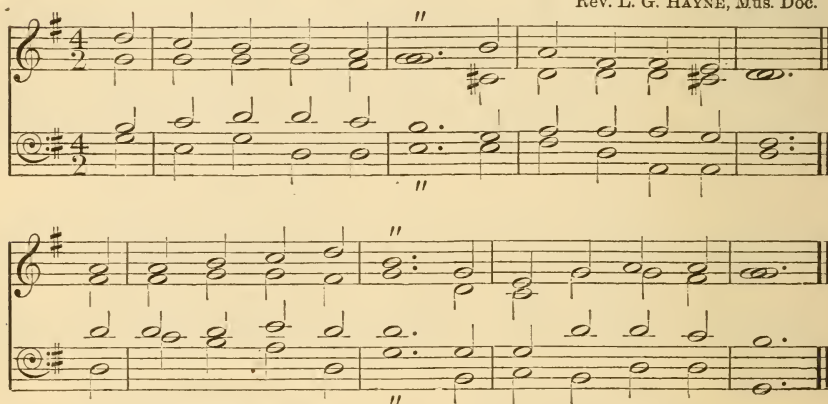
## Eden (1st Tune).—6 6.6 6.

REV. O. M. FEILDEN.



## St. Cecilia (2nd Tune).—6 6.6 6.

REV. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.



p 1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,  
 However dark it be !  
 Lead me by Thine own hand,  
 Choose out the path for me.

p 2 Smooth let it be, or rough,  
 It will be still the best ;  
 Winding or straight, it leads  
 Right onward to Thy rest.

p 3 I dare not choose my lot ;  
 I would not if I might ;  
 Choose Thou for me my God,  
 So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek  
 Is Thine ; so let the way

That leads to it be Thine :  
 Else I must surely stay.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it  
 With joy or sorrow fill,  
 As best to Thee may seem ;  
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Choose Thou for me my friends,  
 My sickness or my health ;  
 Choose Thou my cares for me,  
 My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice,  
 In things or great or small ;  
 Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
 My Wisdom, and my All !

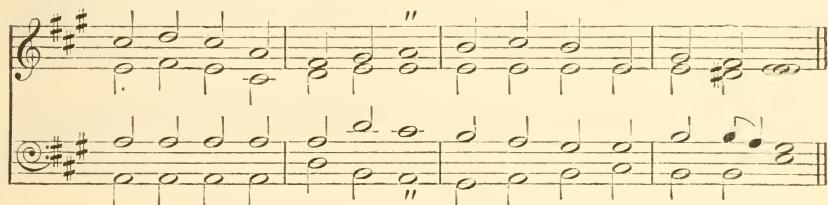
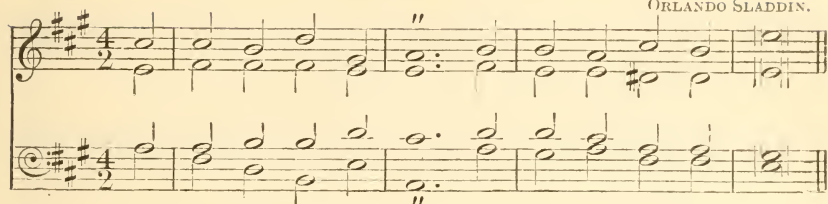
H. BONAR.



457

## St. Benignus.—6 6.7 7.7 7.

ORLANDO SLADDIN.



1 WHEN our redeeming Lord  
Pronounced the pardoning word,  
Turned our soul's captivity,  
O what sweet surprise we found !  
Wonder asked, 'And can it be?'  
Scarce believed the welcome sound.

2 And is it not a dream ?  
And are we saved through Him ?  
Yes, our bounding heart replied,  
Yes, broke out our joyful tongue,  
Freely we are justified ;  
This the new, the gospel-song !

*f* 3 The heathen too could see  
Our glorious liberty :  
All our foes were forced to own  
'God for them hath wonders wrought :'  
Wonders He for us hath done,  
From the house of bondage brought.

4 To us, our gracious God  
His pardoning love hath showed :  
*f* Now our joyful souls are free  
From the guilt and power of sin :  
Greater things we soon shall see ;  
We shall soon be pure within.

5 Who for Thy coming wait,  
And wail their lost estate ;  
*p* Poor, and sad, and empty still,  
Who for full redemption weep ;  
They shall Thy appearing feel,  
Sow in tears, in joy to reap.

*f* 6 Who seed immortal bears,  
And wets his path with tears,  
Doubtless he shall soon return,  
Bring his sheaves with vast increase  
Fully of the Spirit born,  
Perfected in holiness.

C. WESLEY.

## 458

## Wittenburg.—6 7.6 7.6 6.6 6.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1653.



*f* 1 NOW thank we all our God,  
 With heart and hands and voices,  
 Who wondrous things hath done,  
 In Whom His world rejoices;  
*p* Who from our mother's arms  
 Hath blessed us on our way  
 With countless gifts of love,  
 And still is ours to-day.

*f* 2 O may this bounteous God  
 Through all our life be near us,  
 With ever joyful hearts  
 And blessed peace to cheer us;  
 And keep us in His grace,  
 And guide us when perplexed,  
 And free us from all ills  
 In this world and the next.

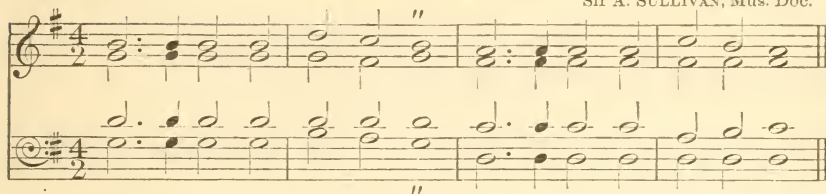
3 All praise and thanks to God  
*ff* The Father now be given,  
 The Son, and Him who reigns  
 With them in highest heaven,  
 The One Eternal God,  
 Whom earth and heaven adore.  
 For thus it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

M. RINCKART, *trs.* by C. WINKWORTH.

## 459

## Evelyn.—7 7 7.6.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



1 IN the dark and cloudy day,  
 When earth's riches flee away,  
 And the last hope will not stay,  
*p* My Saviour, comfort me.

2 When the hoard of many years,  
 Like a fleet cloud disappears,  
 And the future's full of fears,  
*p* My Saviour, comfort me.

3 When the secret idol's gone,  
 That my poor heart yearned upon—  
 Desolate, bereft, alone,  
*p* My Saviour, comfort me.

4 Thou Who wast so sorely tried,  
 In the darkness crucified,  
 Bid me in Thy love confide;  
*p* My Saviour, comfort me.

5 Comfort me, I am cast down,  
 'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;  
 I deserve it all, I own;  
 My Saviour, comfort me.

6 In these hours of sad distress,  
 Let me know He loves no less,  
 Bids me trust His faithfulness;  
 My Saviour, comfort me.

7 Not unduly let me grieve,  
 Meekly the kind stripes receive,  
 Let me humbly still believe;  
*p* My Saviour, comfort me.

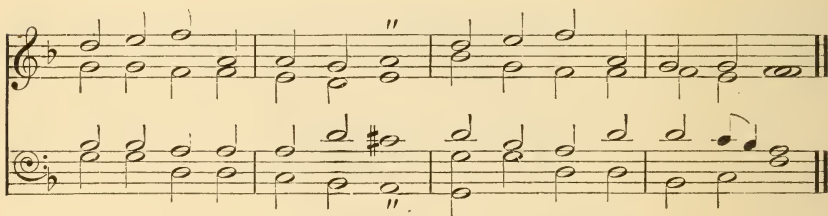
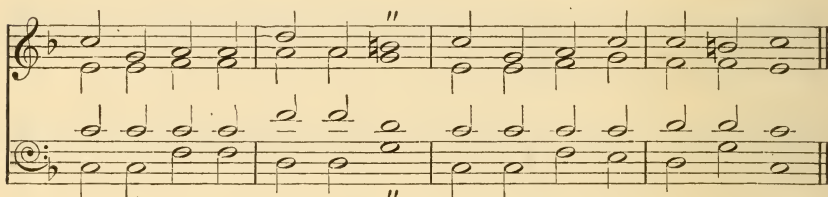
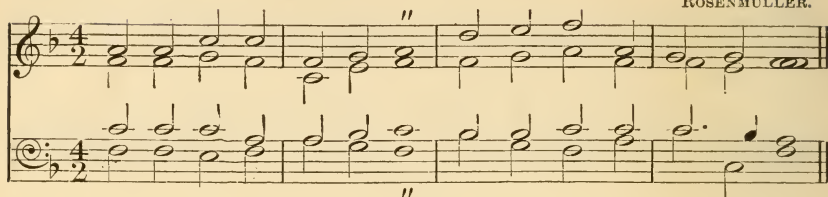
8 So it shall be good for me,  
 Much afflicted now to be,  
 If Thou wilt but tenderly,  
 My Saviour, comfort me.

G. RAWSON,

## 460

## Massau.—77.77.77.

ROSENMÜLLER.



1 LORD, Thy children guide and keep,  
 As with feeble steps they press  
 On the pathway rough and steep,  
 Through this weary wilderness.  
 Holy Jesus, day by day,  
 Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are stony ways to tread—  
 Give the strength we sorely lack;  
 There are tangled paths to thread—  
 Light us, lest we miss the track.  
 Holy Jesus, day by day,  
 Lead us in the narrow way.

p 3 There are sandy wastes that lie  
 Cold and sunless, vast and drear,  
 Where the feeble faint and die—  
 Grant us grace to persevere.  
 Holy Jesus, day by day,  
 Lead us in the narrow way.

4 There are soft and flowery glades  
 Decked with golden-fruited trees,  
 Sunny slopes and scented shades;  
 Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.  
 Holy Jesus, day by day,  
 Lead us in the narrow way.

5 Upward still to purer heights,  
 Onward yet to scenes more blest,  
 Calmer regions, clearer lights,  
 Till we reach the promised rest.  
 Holy Jesus, day by day,  
 Lead us in the narrow way.

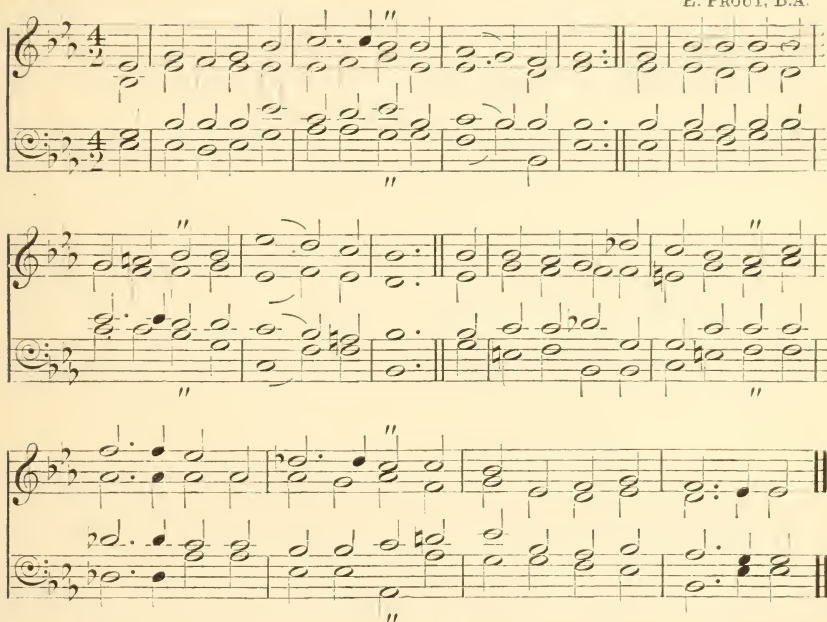
W. W. How.



461

## Wallerby.—8 4.8 4.8 8 8.

E. PROUT, B.A.



1 MY Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene,  
Be Thou my Stay;  
Guideme through each perplexing path,  
To perfect day.

*p* In weakness and in sin I stand;  
Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand,  
And follow at Thy dear command.

2 My Saviour, I have nought to bring  
Worthy of Thee;  
A broken heart Thou wilt not spurn  
Accept of me:  
I need Thy righteousness divine,  
I plead Thy promises as mine,  
*p* I perish if I am not Thine.

3 My Saviour, wilt Thou turn away  
From such a cry?  
My Refuge, wilt Thou me forget,  
And must I die?

Faith trembles; but her glance of light  
Has pierced through regions dark as night  
And entered into realms of light.

4 My Saviour, 'mid heaven's glorious throng  
I see Thee there,  
Pleading with all Thy matchless love  
And tender care:  
Not for the angel forms around,  
But for lost souls in fetters bound,  
That they may hear salvation's sound.

5 My Saviour, thus I find my rest,  
Alone with Thee;  
Beneath Thy wing I have no fear  
Of what may be.

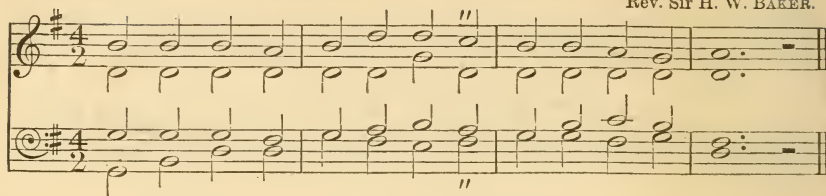
*f* Strengthened with Thy all-glorious might,  
I shall be conqueror in the fight,  
Then give to Thee my crown of light.

E. A. GODWIN

## 462

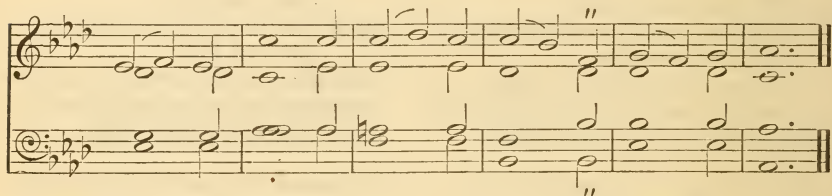
## Stephanos (1st Tune).—8 5.8 3.

Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER.



## Bullinger (2nd Tune).—8 5.8 3.

Rev. E. W. BULLINGER.



*p* 1 **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,  
 Art thou sore distressed?  
 'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,  
*p* Be at rest.'

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
 If He be my Guide?  
 'In His feet and hands are wound-  
*p* And His side.' [prints,

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
 That His brow adorns?  
 'Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
*p* But of thorns.'

4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
 What His guerdon here?  
 'Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
*p* Many a tear.'

*f* 5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last?  
 'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
 Jordan passed.'

6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
*f* 'Not till earth, and not till heaven  
 Pass away.'

**A** 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
 Is He sure to bless?  
*f* 'Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
 Answer, 'Yes.'

STEPHEN OF SABA, *trs.* by J. M. NEALE.

## 463

## Pitsmoor. — 8 6.8 6.8 6.

JAMES J. OVERTON.



1 FATHER, I know that all my life  
 Is portioned out for me ;  
 The changes that will surely come  
 I do not fear to see ;  
 I ask Thee for a present mind  
 Intent on pleasing Thee.

*p* 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
 Through constant watching wise,  
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
 And wipe the weeping eyes ;  
*p* A heart at leisure from itself,  
 To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will  
 That hurries to and fro,  
 Seeking for some great thing to do,  
 Or secret thing to know ;  
*p* I would be treated as a child,  
 And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,  
 In whatsoever estate,  
 I have a fellowship with hearts  
 To keep and cultivate ;  
*p* A work of lowly love to do,  
 For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
 To none that ask denied,  
 A mind to blend with outward life,  
 While keeping at Thy side ;  
 Content to fill a little space,  
 If Thou be glorified.

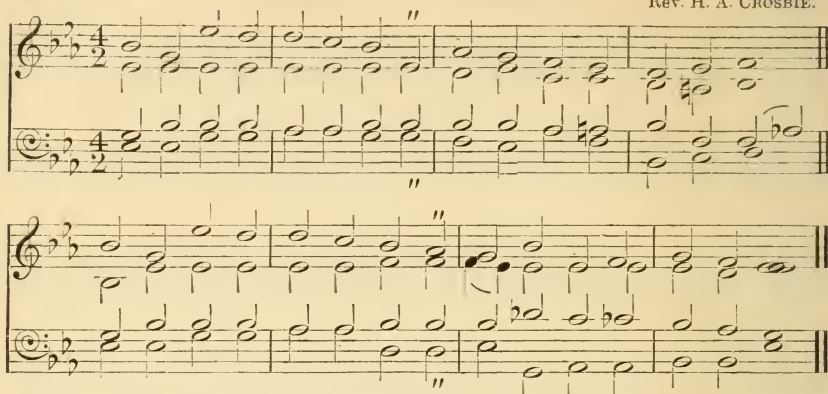
6 Briars beset our every path,  
 Which call for patient care ;  
 There is a cross in every lot,  
 A constant need for prayer ;  
*p* But lowly hearts that lean on Thee  
 Are happy everywhere.

7 In service which Thy love appoints,  
 There are no bonds for me ;  
 My secret heart is taught the truth  
 That makes Thy children free :  
*f* A life of self-renouncing love  
 Is one of liberty.

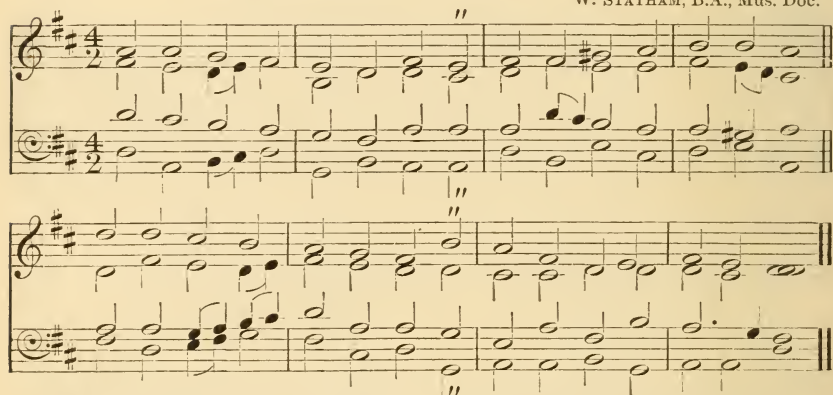
A. L. WARING.

**464—465** **Sefton** (1st Tune).—8 7.8 7.

Rev. H. A. CROSBIE.

**Eccleriggs** (2nd Tune).—8 7.8 7.

W. STATHAM, B.A., Mus. Doc.



1 **T**HOU art near, yes, Lord, I feel it,  
 Thou art near where'er I move,  
 And though sense would fain conceal it,  
 Faith still whispers it to love.

p 2 Am I weak? Thine arm will lead me  
 Safe through every danger, Lord;  
 Am I hungry? Thou wilt feed me  
 With the manna of Thy word.

3 Am I thirsting? Thou wilt guide me  
 Where refreshing waters flow;  
 Faint or feeble, Thou'lt provide me  
 Grace for every want I know.

4 Am I fearful? Thou wilt take me  
 Underneath Thy wings, my God;  
 Am I faithless? Thou wilt make me  
 Bow beneath Thy chastening rod.

5 Am I drooping? Thou art near me,  
 Near to bear me on my way;  
 Am I pleading? Thou wilt hear me,  
 Hear and answer when I pray.

6 Then, my soul, since God doth love thee,  
 Faint not, droop not, do not fear;  
 Though His heaven is high above thee,  
 He Himself is ever near.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

**465** **Sefton**.—8 7.8 7.

1 **G**ENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us  
 Through this gloomy vale of tears,  
 Through the changes Thou'st decreed  
 Till our last great change appears. [us

2 O refresh us with Thy blessing!  
 O refresh us with Thy grace!  
 May Thy mercies, never ceasing,  
 Fit us for Thy dwelling-place.



*p* 3 When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let Thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

*p* 4 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death is near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.

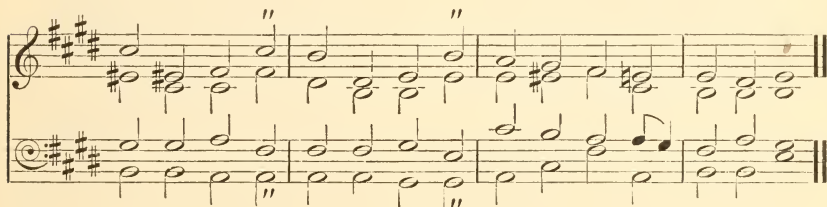
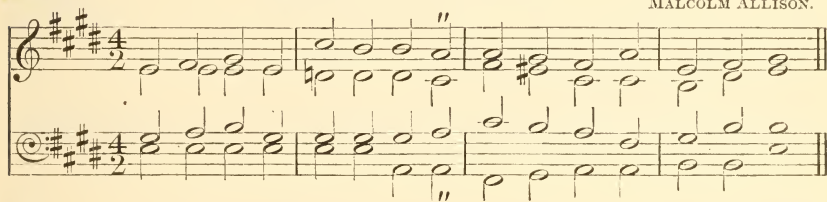
5 When this mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,  
*f* Till, by angel hands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

*f* 6 Then, O crown us with Thy blessing,  
Through the triumphs of Thy grace!  
Then shall praises, never ceasing,  
Echo through Thy dwelling-place.  
T. HASTINGS.

466

Eadric.—8 7.8 7.4 4 7.

MALCOLM ALLISON.



1 | LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee:  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.

*p* 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
All our weakness Thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:  
*pp* Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy:  
*f* Thus provided,  
Pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

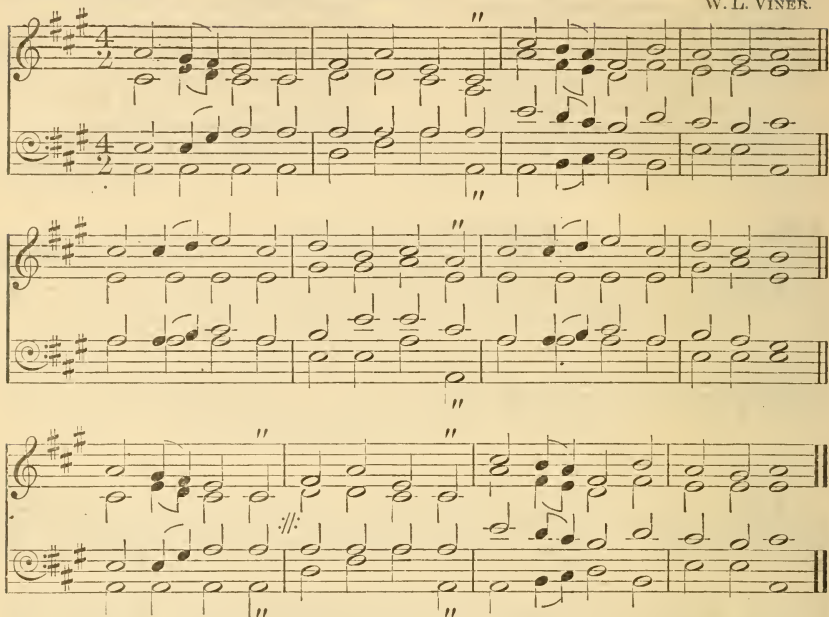
J. EDMESTON.

M\*

## 467—468

## Dismissal.—87.87.47.

W. L. VINER.



- 1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah !  
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
 p I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;  
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand :  
 f Bread of heaven :  
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal Fountain,  
 Whence the healing stream doth flow ;  
 Let the Fire and cloudy Pillar

- Lead me all my journey through :  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 f Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
- p 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside :  
 Death of death, and hell's Destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
 f Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to Thee.
- W. WILLIAMS AND P. WILLIAMS.

## 468

## Dismissal.—87.87.47.

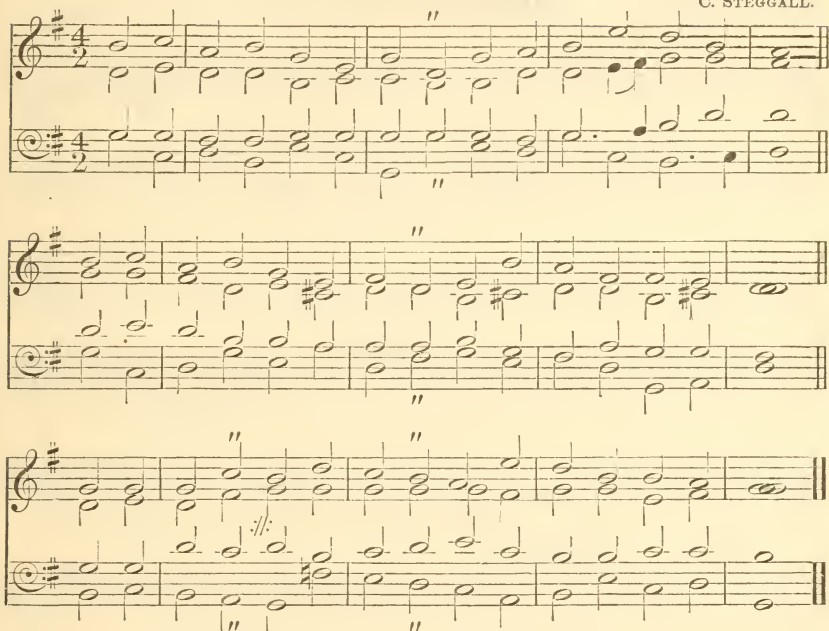
- 1 **S**AVIOUR, through the desert lead us,  
 Without Thee we cannot go ;  
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us,  
 Thou hast laid the tyrant low,  
 Let Thy presence  
 Cheer us all our journey through.
- 2 With a price Thy love has bought us,  
 Saviour, what a love is Thine !  
 Hitherto Thy power has brought us,  
 Power and love in Thee combine,  
 f Lord of glory,  
 Ever on Thy people shine.
- p 3 Through the desert waste and cheerless,  
 Though our destined journey lie,  
 Rendered by Thy presence fearless,  
 We may every foe defy :  
 f Nought shall move us,  
 While we see the Saviour nigh.
- 4 When we halt, no track discovering,  
 Fearful lest we go astray,  
 O'er our path Thy pillar hovering,  
 Fire by night and cloud by day,  
 Shall direct us,  
 That we may not miss our way.
- 5 When we hunger, Thou wilt feed us,  
 Manna shall our camp surround ;  
 Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt heed us,  
 Streams shall flow from the rock abound.  
 f Happy Israel !  
 What a Saviour thou hast found.
- f 6 Lead us on, Almighty Victor,  
 Scatter every hostile band ;  
 Be our Guide and our Protector,  
 Till on Canaan's shores we stand.  
 ff Shouts of victory  
 Then shall fill the Promised Land.

T. KELLY.

## 469—470

## Anglican.—87.87.47.

C. STEGGALL.



1 If our God had not befriended,  
 Now may grateful Israel say,  
 If the Lord had not defended,  
 When with foes we stood at bay,  
 Madly raging,  
 Deeming our sad lives their prey :

2 Then the tide of vengeful slaughters  
 O'er us had been seen to roll,  
 And their pride, like angry waters,

Had engulfed our struggling soul—  
 The loud waters,  
 Proud and spurning all control.

*f* 3 Praise to God, whose mercy token  
 Beamed to still that raging sea :  
 Lo, the snare is rent and broken,  
 And our captive souls are free.  
 Lord of glory,  
 Help can come alone from Thee !

B. H. KENNEDY.

## 470

## Anglican.—87.87.47.

*f* 1 WHY those fears ? behold, 'tis Jesus  
 Holds the helm, and guides the  
 ship :  
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes  
 Sent to waft us through the deep,  
 To the regions  
 Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Though the shore we hope to land on  
 Only by report is known,  
 Yet we freely all abandon,  
 Led by that report alone ;  
 And with Jesus  
 Through the trackless deep move on.

3 Led by faith, we brave the ocean,  
 Led by faith, the storms defy ;  
 Calm amidst the wild commotion,

Knowing that our Lord is nigh :  
 Waves obey Him,

*f* And the storms before Him fly.

4 Rendered safe by His protection,  
 We shall pass the watery waste ;  
 Trusting to His wise direction,  
 We shall gain the port at last :  
 And with wonder  
 Think on toils and dangers past.

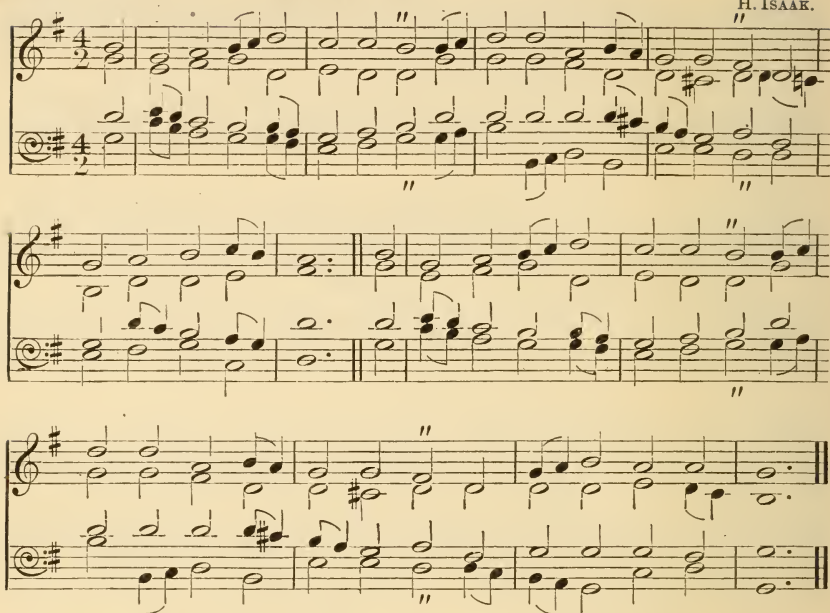
5 O what pleasures there await us !  
 There the tempests cease to roar ;  
 There it is that those who hate us  
 Shall molest our peace no more :  
 Trouble ceases  
 On that tranquil, happy shore !

T. KELLY.

471—472

Innsbruck.—886.886.

H. ISAAC.



*f* 1 O LORD, how happy should we be  
 If we could cast our care on Thee,  
 If we from self could rest;  
 And feel at heart that One above,  
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
 Is working for the best.

*p* 2 How far from this our daily life,  
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,  
 By sudden wild alarms!  
 O could we but relinquish all  
 Our earthly props, and simply fall  
 On Thine Almighty arms!

*p* 5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours  
 Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;  
 Make them from self to cease,  
 Leave all things to a Father's will,  
 And taste, before Him lying still,  
*p* E'en in affliction, peace.

*p* 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
 Then rise with lightened cheer,  
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
 To still the famished raven's cry,  
 Will hear in that we fear!

4 We cannot trust Him as we should,  
 So chafes sweet nature's restless mood  
 To cast its peace away;  
 But birds and flowerets round us preach,  
 All, all the present evil teach  
 Sufficient for the day.

J. ANSTICE.

472

Innsbruck.—886.886.

1 O GOD, Thy faithfulness I plead;  
 My present help in time of need,  
 My great Deliverer Thou!  
 Hasten to my aid, Thine ear incline,  
 And rescue this poor soul of mine;  
 I claim the promise now!

2 Where is the way? ah! show me where,  
 That I Thy mercy may declare,  
 The power that sets me free:  
*p* How can I my destruction shun?  
 How can I from my nature run?  
 Answer, O God, for me!



3 One only way the erring mind  
Of man, short sighted man, can find,  
From inbred sin to fly :  
Stronger than love, I fondly thought,  
Death, only death, can cut the knot,  
Which love cannot untie.

4 But Thou, O Lord, art full of grace !  
Thy love can find a thousand ways,  
To foolish man unknown :  
My soul upon Thy love I cast ;  
I rest me till the storm is past,  
Upon Thy love alone.

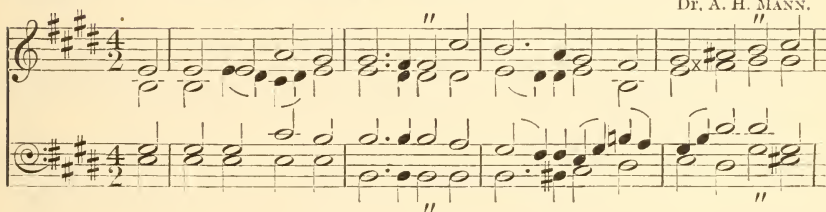
5 Thy faithful, wise, and mighty love  
Shall every stumbling-block remove,  
And make an open way ;  
Thy love shall burst the shades of death,  
And bear me, from the gulf beneath,  
To everlasting day.

C. WESLEY.

473

## Woodhouse Grove.—8 8 6.8 8 6.

Dr. A. H. MANN.



1 HOW happy are the little flock, [rock,  
Who safe beneath their guardian-  
In all commotions rest ? [high,  
When war's and tumult's waves run  
Unmoved above the storm they lie,  
They lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,  
By mercy gathered in to Thee,  
Before the floods descend : [down,  
And while the bursting cloud comes  
We mark the vengeful day begun,  
p And calmly wait the end.

3 Whatever ills the world befall,  
A pledge of endless good we call  
A sign of Jesus near :  
His chariot will not long delay ;  
We hear the rumbling wheels and pray,  
f 'Triumphant Lord, appear !'

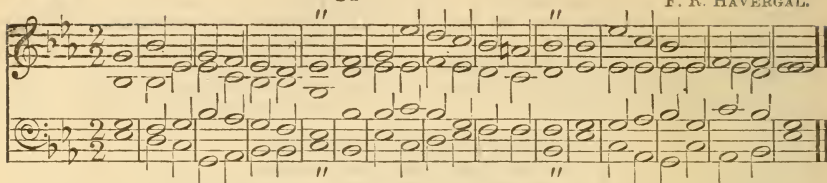
4 Appear with clouds on Zion's hill,  
The word and mystery to fulfil,  
Thy confessors to approve ;  
f Thy members on Thy Throne to place,  
And stamp Thy name on every face,  
In glorious, heavenly love !

C. WESLEY.

## 474

## Tryphena.—888.

F. R. HAVERGAL.



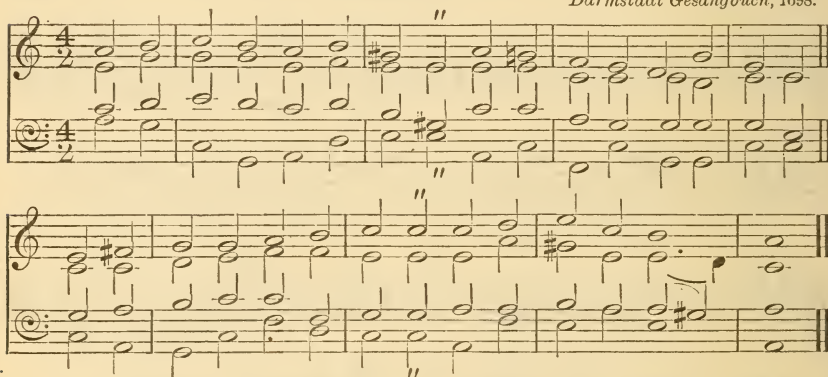
- 1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempter's power?  
Jesus vouchsafes to be my Tower.
- f2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?  
Why must I either flee or yield?  
Since Jesus is my mighty Shield?
- p3 When creature comforts fade and die,  
Worldlings may weep, but why should I?  
Jesus still lives and still is nigh.
- 4 Though all the flocks and herds were  
My soul a famine need not dread, [dead,  
For Jesus is my living Bread.
- 5 I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supplied;  
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- p6 Though sin would fill me with distress,  
The throne of grace I dare address,  
For Jesus is my Righteousness.
- 7 Though faint my prayers and cold my love,  
My steadfast hope shall not remove  
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 8 Against me earth and hell combine;  
But on my side is power Divine;  
f Jesus is all, and He is mine.

J. NEWTON.

## 475

## Boniface.—888.6.

Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.



- f1 LO! the storms of life are breaking,  
Faithless fears our hearts are shak-  
ing: For our succour undertaking,  
Lord and Saviour, help us!
- 2 Lo! the world from Thee rebelling,  
Round Thy Church, in pride, is swelling;  
With Thy word their madness quelling,  
p Lord and Saviour, help us!
- f3 On Thine own command relying,  
We our onward task are plying,  
Unto Thee for safety sighing.  
Lord and Saviour, help us!
- p4 By Thy birth, Thy cross and passion,  
By Thy tears of deep compassion,  
By Thy mighty intercession,  
Lord and Saviour, help us!

H. ALFORD.

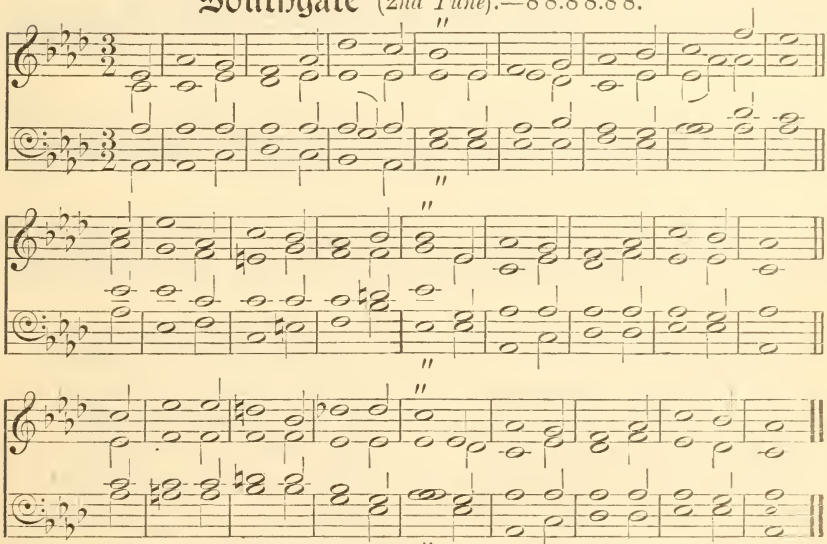
## 476

## Plymouth Dock (1st Tune).—888.8.8.8.





### Southgate (2nd Tune).—8 8.8 8.8 8.



1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide  
Of all that travel to the sky,  
Come, and with us, e'en us, abide,  
Who would on Thee alone rely;  
On Thee alone our spirits stay,  
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
This earth, we know, is not our  
place;  
We hasten through the vale of woe,  
And, restless to behold Thy face,  
Swift to our heavenly country move—  
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,  
But seek a city out of sight;  
Thither our steady course we steer,  
Aspiring to the plains of light,  
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,  
Whose Founder is the living God.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,  
This weary world we cast behind;  
From strength to strength we travel on  
The new Jerusalem to find:  
Our labour this, our only aim,  
To find the New Jerusalem.

p5 Through Thee, who all our sins hast  
Freely and graciously forgiven, [borne,  
With songs to Zion we return,  
Contending for our native heaven;

f That palace of our glorious King,  
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Raised by the breath of Love Divine,  
We urge our way with strength  
renewed;

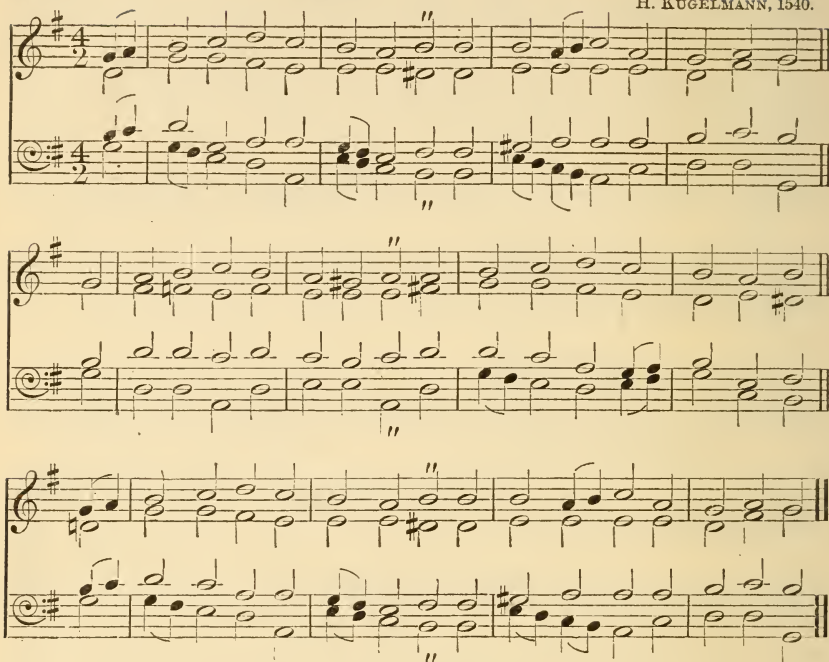
The church of the first-born to join,  
We travel to the mount of God;  
f With joy upon our heads arise,  
And meet our Captain in the skies.

C. WESLEY.

477

Halle.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

H. KUGELMANN, 1540.



*p* 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray,  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
*p* To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do;  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well,  
*p* He shall His pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe:  
*pp* At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared His daily bread.

*p* 4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;  
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

*pp* 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,  
Divides me—for a little while;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And O! when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last;  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
*p* My dying bed—for Thou hast died;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tears away.

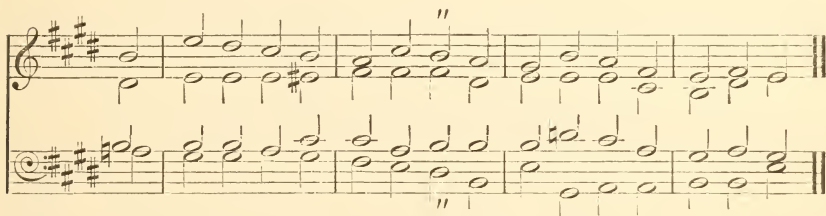
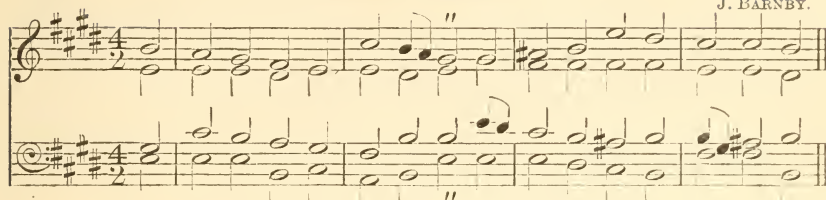
R. GRANT.



478

## Cheshunt College.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

J. BARNBY.



*p* 1 PEACE, doubting heart! my God's  
I am; [fear;  
Who formed me man, forbids my  
The Lord hath called me by my name;  
The Lord protects, for ever near;  
His blood for me did once atone,  
And still He loves and guards His own.

*p* 2 When, passing through the watery deep,  
I ask in faith His promised aid,  
The waves an awful distance keep,  
And shrink from my devoted head;  
*f* Fearless their violence I dare—  
They cannot harm, for God is there!

3 To Him mine eye of faith I turn,  
And through the fire pursue my way;  
The fire forgets its power to burn,  
The lambent flames around me play;  
I own His power, accept the sign,  
*f* And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

4 Still nigh me, O my Saviour! stand,  
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;  
Hide in the hollow of Thine hand,  
Show forth in me Thy saving power;  
Still be Thy arms my sure defence,  
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

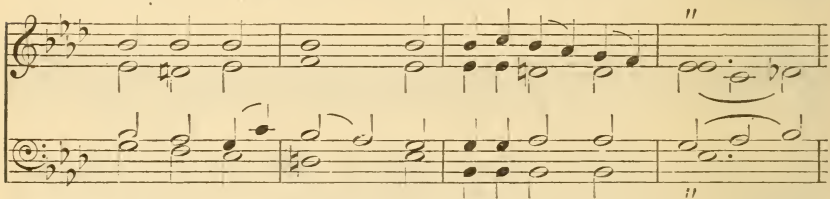
*p* 5 When darkness intercepts the skies,  
And sorrow's waves around me roll,  
When high the storms of passion rise,  
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,  
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,  
*pp* And hear a whisper, 'Peace; be still!'

6 Though in affliction's furnace tried,  
Unhurt on snares and death I'll  
tread; [wide,  
Though sin assail, and hell thrown  
Pour all its flames upon my head,  
*f* Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,  
And flourish unconsumed in fire.

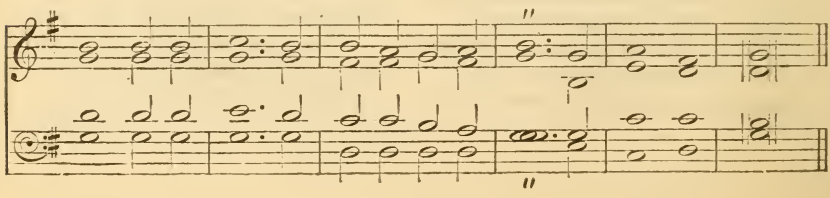
C. WESLEY.

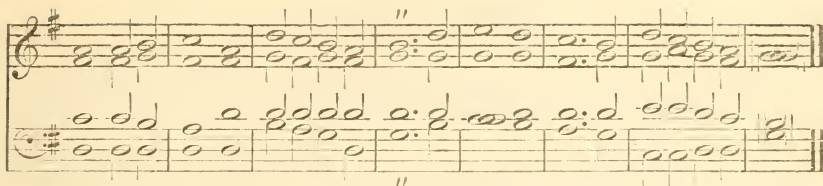
479—480 **Lux Benigna** (1st Tune).—10 4.10 4.10 10.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.

**Sandon** (2nd Tune).—10 4.10 4.10 10.

C. H. PURDAY.





1 **L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on!

*p* The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on!

**A** Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,  
Lead Thou me on!

**A** I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on;

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,

*f* And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
**A** Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. NEWMAN.

## 480 Lux Benigna or Sardon.—10 4.10 4.10 10.

1 **T**HY Word, O Lord, Thy precious Word alone,  
Can lead me on;

*p* By this, until the darksome night be gone,  
Lead Thou me on!

**A** Thy Word is light, Thy Word is life and power,  
By it O guide me in each trying hour!

*p* 2 'Tis all I have; around no light appears—  
O lead me on!

With eyes on Thee, though gazing through my tears,  
Lead Thou me on!

The good and best might lead me far astray;  
Omniscient Saviour, lead Thou me, I pray!

3 Whate'er my path, led by Thy Word, 'tis good;  
O lead me on!

**A** Be my poor heart Thy blessed Word's abode,  
Lead Thou me on!

**V** Thy Holy Spirit gives the light to see,  
And leads me, by the Word, close following Thee.

4 Led by aught else, I tread a devious way;  
O lead me on!

**A** Speak, Lord, and help me ever to obey;  
Lead Thou me on!

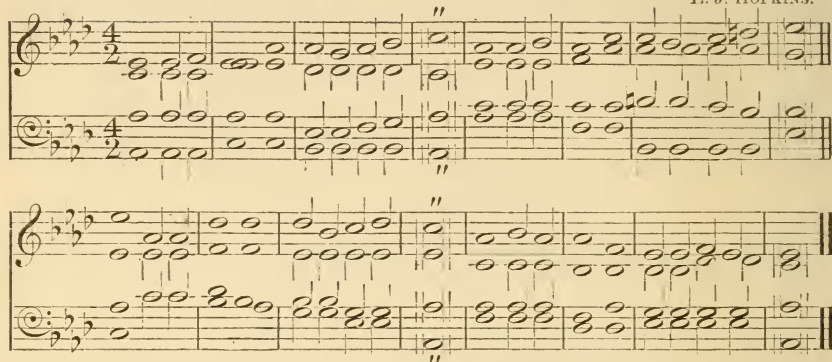
**V** My every step shall then be well defined,  
And all I do, according to Thy mind.

A. MILLANE.

481

Eilers.—10 10.10 10.

E. J. HOPKINS.



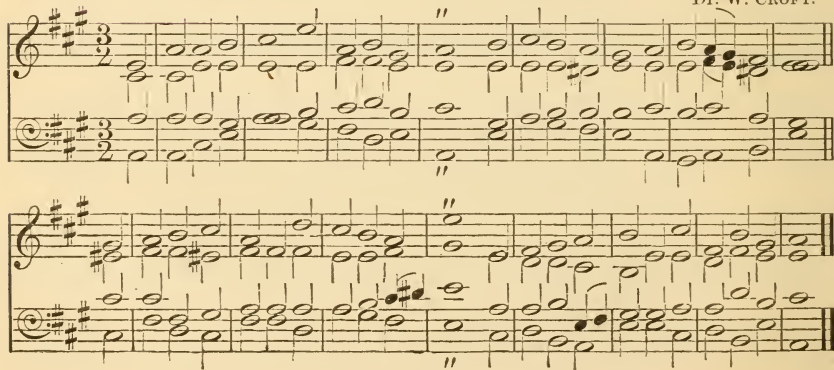
- f* 1 GOD of my life! I would Thy praise proclaim,  
 And tell to earth and heaven Thy wondrous Name;  
 Declare the transports of my thankful breast,  
 And say to all the world that I am blest.
- 2 Blest, when I hear Thee speak, and when that Word  
 Which said, 'Let there be light,' within me heard,  
 Stoops to instruct me, calms my spirit's strife,  
 And guides my footsteps in the path of life.
- p* 3 Blest, when beneath Thy strokes, my faithful God,  
 Smitten in love, in love I kiss the rod;  
 Weeping, but waiting Thy returning smile,  
 I bear the cross, 'tis but a little while.
- p* 4 Blest, when assaulted by the tempter's power,  
 The Cross my armour, and the Lamb my Tower,  
 Kneeling I triumph—issuing from the fray  
 A bleeding conqueror—my life a prey.
- 5 Blest, ever blest! my Brother, He Who died;  
 His Father mine, His Spirit still my Guide:  
*f* What can earth give? what can hell take away,  
 When God and heaven are mine—are mine for aye?

A. MONOD.

482

Hanover (1st Tune).—10 10.11 11.

Dr. W. CROFT.





## Gorton (2nd Tune).—10 10.11 11.



- f* 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief will surely appear;  
 By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform;  
 With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- p* 2 Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide;  
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
 The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think  
 He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;  
 Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review  
 Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.
- 4 Determined to save, He watched o'er my path  
 When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death:  
 And can He have taught me to trust in His Name,  
 And thus far have brought me to put me to shame!
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,  
 Temptation or pain? He told me no less:  
 The heirs of salvation, I know from His Word,  
 Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.
- p* 6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,  
 Which He drank quite up, that sinners might live!  
 His way was much rougher and darker than mine;  
 Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
 The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;  
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,  
*f* And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

J. NEWTON.

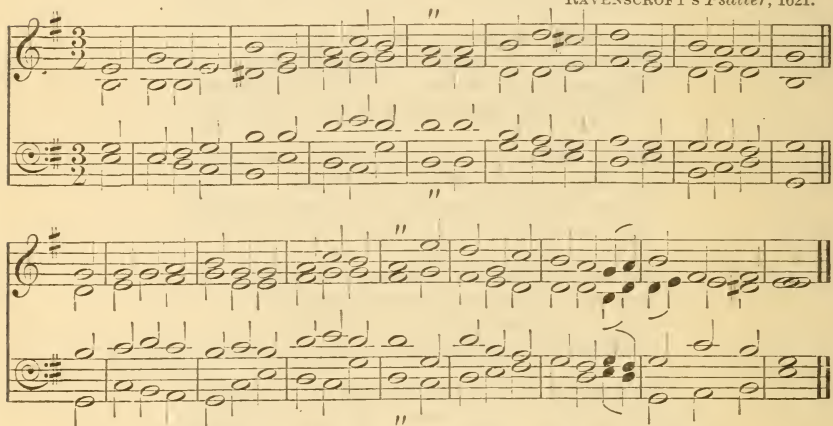
## 483

## Edinburgh (1st Tune).—10 10.11 11.



## Old 104th (2nd Tune).—10 10.11 11.

RAVENS-CROFT'S Psalter, 1621.



- 1 OMNIPOTENT Lord, my Saviour and King,  
Thy succour afford, Thy righteousness bring;  
Thy promises bind Thee compassion to have—  
Now, now let me find Thee Almighty to save!
- 2 Rejoicing in hope, and patient in grief,  
To Thee I look up for certain relief;  
I fear no denial, no danger I fear,  
Nor start from the trial, while Jesus is near.
- p 3 I every hour in jeopardy stand;  
But Thou art my power, and holdest my hand;  
While yet I am calling, Thy succour I feel;  
It saves me from falling, or plucks me from hell.
- 4 O who can explain this struggle for life—  
This travail and pain, this trembling and strife,  
Plague, earthquake, and famine, and tumult and war,  
The wonderful coming of Jesus declare!
- f 5 For every fight is dreadful and loud;  
The warrior's delight is slaughter and blood;  
His foes overturning, till all shall expire—  
But this is with burning, and fuel of fire.

- 6 Yet God is above men, devils, and sin ;  
 My Jesus's love the battle shall win :  
*f* So terribly glorious His coming shall be,  
 His love all-victorious shall conquer for me.
- 7 He all shall break through ; His truth and His grace  
 Shall bring me into the plentiful place,  
 Through much tribulation, through water and fire,  
 Through floods of temptation and flames of desire.
- f* 8 On Jesus, my power, till then I rely ;  
 All evil before His presence shall fly :  
 When I have my Saviour, my sin shall depart,  
 And Jesus for ever shall reign in my heart.

C. WESLEY.

484

## Visio Domini.—11 10.11 10.

REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.



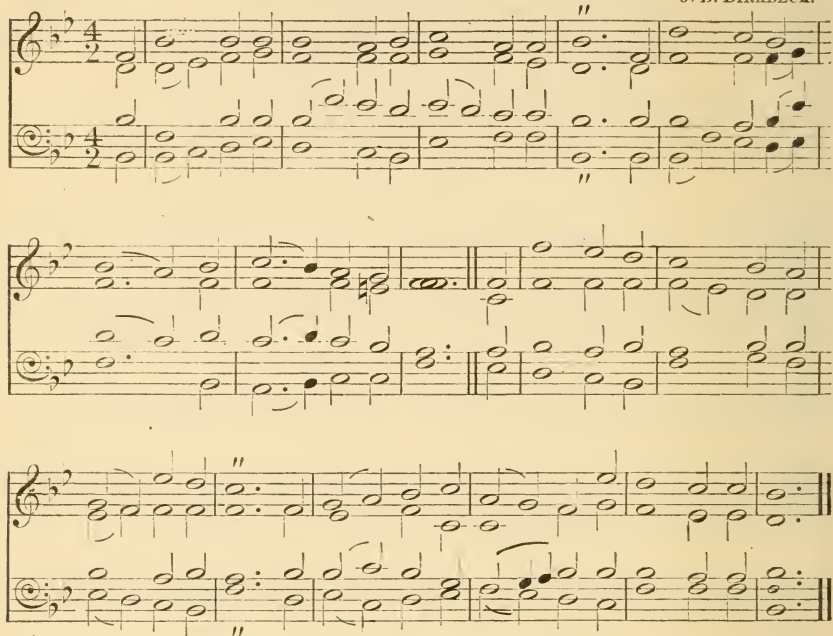
- 1 WE would see Jesus ; for the shadows lengthen  
 Across this little landscape of our life ;
- p* We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen  
 For the last weariness, the final strife.
- 2 We would see Jesus ; for life's hand hath rested  
*p* With its dark touch upon both heart and brow ;  
 And though our souls have many a billow breasted,  
 Others are rising in the distance now.
- 3 We would see Jesus, the great Rock Foundation  
 Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace :  
 Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,  
 Can thence remove us if we see His face.
- 4 We would see Jesus : other lights are paling,  
 Which for long years we have rejoiced to see ;  
 The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing ;  
 We would not mourn them for we go to Thee.
- 5 We would see Jesus : yet the spirit lingers  
 Round the dear objects it has loved so long,  
 And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers ;  
 Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.
- 6 We would see Jesus ; sense is all too blinding,  
 And heaven appears too dim, too far away ;  
 We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding  
*p* What Thou hast suffered our great debt to pay.
- 7 We would see Jesus : this is all we're needing ;  
 Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight,  
*f* We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading ;  
*f* Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

Unknown.

485

## Providence.—11 11.11 11.

J. B. BIRKBECK.



*f* 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!  
 What more can He say, than to you He hath said,  
 You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,  
 In joy or in sorrow, in want or in wealth,  
 ♪ At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea—  
 ♪ As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

*p* 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 ♪ The floods of distress shall not thee overflow;  
 ♪ The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
 ♪ Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

♪ 4 Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed,  
 For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
*f* I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
 Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose  
 I'll never, no, never desert to its foes:  
*f* That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake.  
 I'll never! no, never forget or forsake!

G. KEENE.



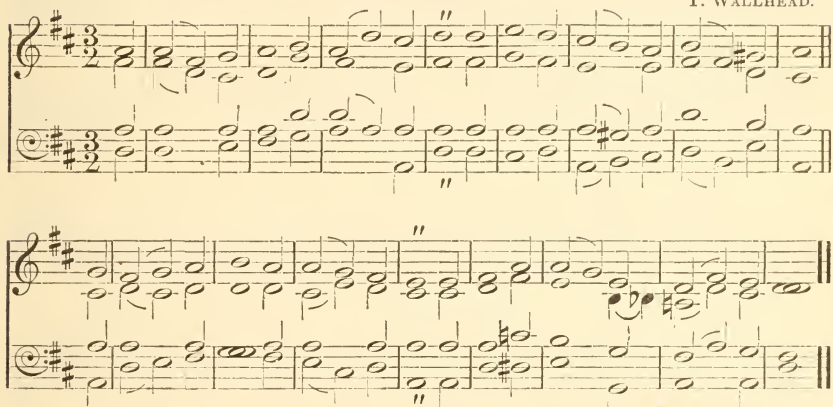
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—COMMUNION  
WITH GOD.

377

486—487

Brimington.—L.M.

T. WALLHEAD.



1 COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!  
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace;  
Empty my heart of earthly love,  
And for Thyself prepare the place.

2 O let Thy sacred presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free!  
Which pants to have no other will,  
But day and night to feast on Thee.

3 While in this region here below,  
No other good will I pursue:  
I'll bid this world of noise and show,  
With all its glittering snares, adieu!

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine:  
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak  
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul;  
Possess it Thou, Who hast the right,  
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Wealth, honour, pleasure, and what else  
This short-enduring world can give,  
Tempt as ye will, my soul repels,  
To Christ alone resolved to live.

7 Nothing on earth do I desire  
But Thy pure love within my breast;  
This, only this, will I require,  
And freely give up all the rest.

*From the French, trs. by J. WESLEY.*

487

Brimington.—L.M.

1 O THOU, Who camest from above,  
The pure celestial fire to impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for Thy glory burn  
With inextinguishable blaze,  
And trembling to its source return,  
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

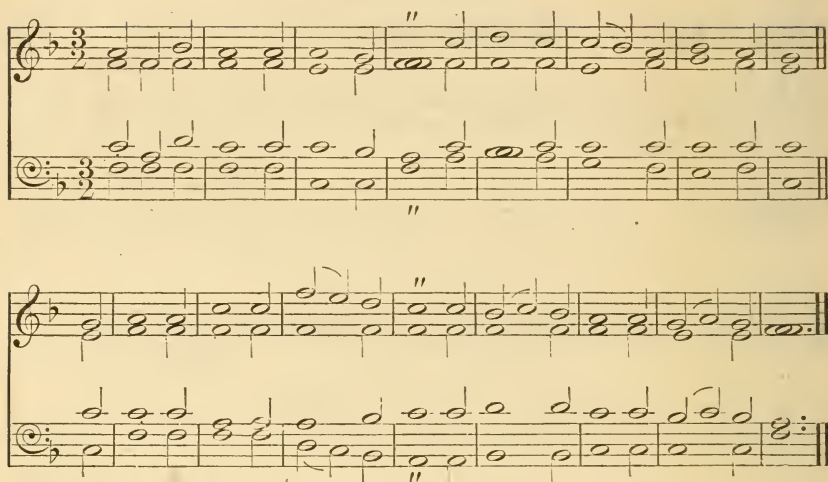
3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
To work, and speak, and think for  
Still let me guard the holy fire, (Thee;  
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.

C. WESLEY.

## 488

## Blockley.—L.M.



1 O GOD, Thou art my God alone!  
 Early to Thee my soul shall cry;  
*p* A pilgrim in a land unknown,  
 A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 O that it were as it hath been,  
 When praying in the holy place,  
 Thy power and glory I have seen,  
 And marked the footsteps of Thy grace.

3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze,  
 I follow hard on Thee my God:  
 Thy hand unseen upholds my ways:  
 I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

4 Thee in the watches of the night,  
 When I remember on my bed,  
 Thy presence makes the darkness light,  
 Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself, Thy love;  
 Dearer than all beside to me;  
*f* For whom have I in heaven above,  
 Or what on earth compared with Thee?

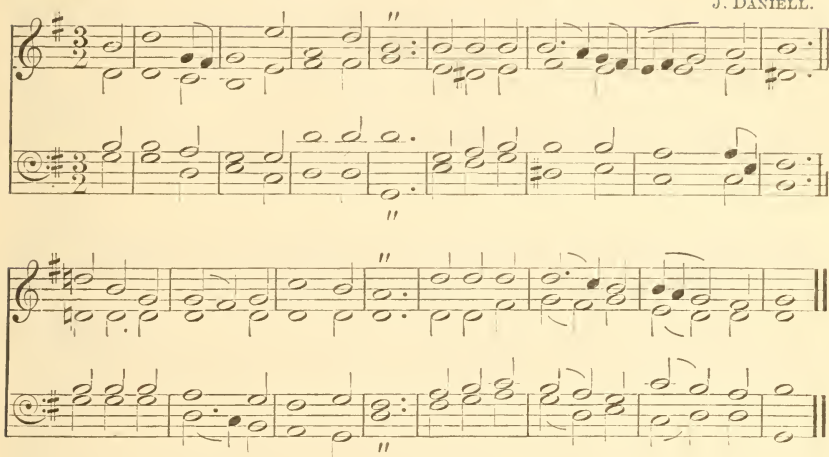
*f* 6 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,  
 For all Thy mercy I will give;  
 My soul shall still in God rejoice:  
 My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 489—490

## David's Harp.—L.M.

J. DANIELL.



1 **H**OW blest is life if lived for Thee,  
My loving Saviour and my Lord;  
*f* No pleasures that the world can give  
Such perfect gladness can afford.

2 I know I am Thy ransomed child,  
Bought by Thine own most precious  
blood,  
And from Thy loving hand to take  
With grateful heart each gift of good.

3 All day to walk beneath Thy smile,  
Watching Thine eye to guide me  
still,  
*p* To rest at night beneath Thy care,  
Guarded by Thee from every ill.

4 To feel that though I journey on  
By stony paths, and rugged ways,  
Thy blessed feet have gone before,  
And strength is given for weary days.

*f* 5 Such love shall ever make me glad,  
Strong in Thy strength to work or rest,  
Until I see Thee face to face,  
And in Thy light am fully blest.

## 490

## David's Harp.—L.M.

1 **N**OT, Lord, unto that mount of dread  
Thou bidd'st Thy people gather now  
*f* With clouds and darkness overspread,  
And fiery splendour round its brow;

2 But unto Zion, where Thy grace  
Rejoicing o'er Thy works is seen,  
And all Thy glory in the face  
Of Christ the Saviour shines serene.

3 Not by the trumpet's stormy blast;  
Thou bidd'st the hushed assembly  
hear [passed,  
Those words which in the thunder  
And filled the holiest hearts with fear;

*p* 4 But in the still small voice which steals  
From the great glory where Thou art,  
Thy mercy tells of One who heals  
The anguish of the wounded heart.

5 O let that voice of heavenly power  
The movement of my spirit sway—  
Thy presence in each darker hour  
Sustain my hope and guide my way!

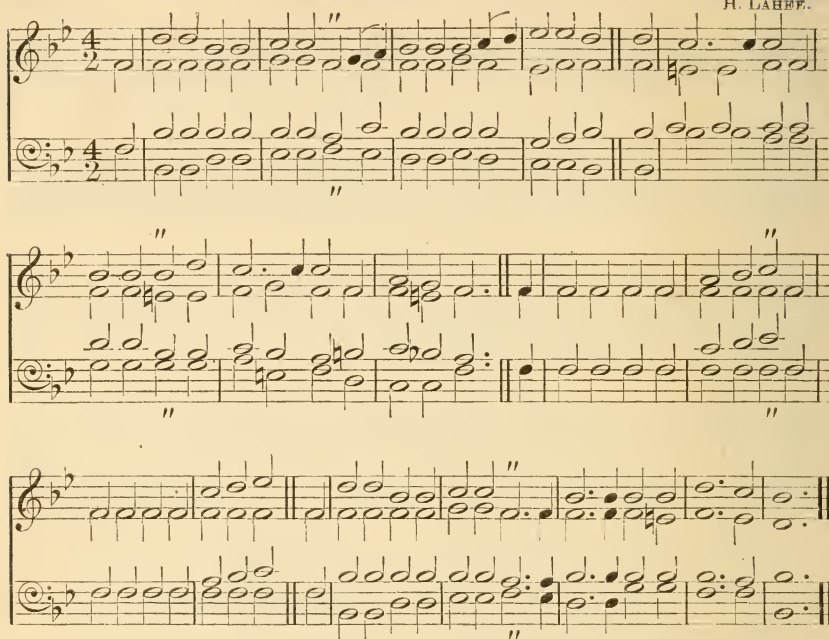
*f* 6 That I may go from strength to strength  
In an ascending course to Thee,  
Till in Thine own pure light at length  
The perfectness of light I see.

J. D. BURNS.

## 491

## St. Serf.—L.M.D.

H. LAEFF.



1 'O MASTER! it is good to be [Thee'—  
 High on the mountain here with  
 Where stand revealed to mortal gaze  
 Those glorious saints of other days—  
 Who once received on Horeb's height  
 The eternal laws of truth and right;  
 Or caught the still small whisper, higher  
 Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 'O Master! it is good to be  
 With Thee and with Thy faithful three'—  
 Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock  
 Is nerved against temptation's shock;  
 Here, where the Son of Thunder learns  
 The thought that breathes, the word that  
 burns;  
 Here, where on eagle's wings we move  
 With Him whose last best creed is Love.

f3 'O Master! it is good to be  
 Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee,  
 And watch Thy glistening raiment glow,  
 Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;  
 The human lineaments, that shine  
 Irradiant with a light Divine:  
 Till we too change from grace to grace,  
 Gazing on that transfigured face.

4 'O Master, it is good to be  
 Here on the Holy Mount with Thee:'  
 When darkling in the depths of night,  
 When dazzled with excess of light,  
 We bow before the heavenly voice  
 That bids bewildered souls rejoice:  
 Though love wax cold, and faith be  
 dim—

Λ 'This is My Son—O hear ye Him!'

A. P. STANLEY.

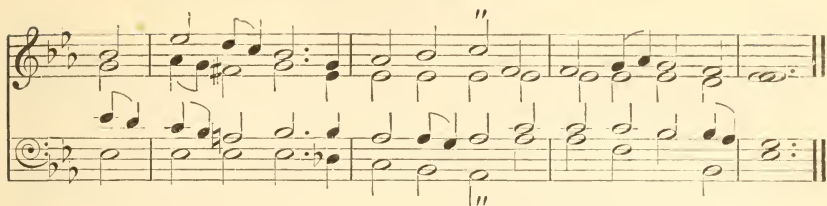
## 492—493

## Thornbury (1st Tune).—C.M.

HENRY COWARD, Mus. Bac.





**Attercliffe** (2nd Tune).—C.M.

W. MATHER.



1 **O** LORD, I would delight in Thee,  
And on Thy care depend;  
To Thee in every trouble flee—  
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,  
Thy fulness is the same:  
May I with this be satisfied,  
And glory in Thy name.

3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,  
Who has a Fountain near—  
A Fountain which will ever run  
With waters sweet and clear?

*p* 4 No good in creatures can be found,  
But may be found in Thee:

I must have all things and abound,  
While God is God to me.

5 O that I had a stronger faith,  
To look within the veil;  
To credit what my Saviour saith,  
Whose Word can never fail!

6 He that has made my heaven secure,  
Will here all good provide;  
Whilst Christ is rich, can I be poor?  
What can I want beside!

7 O Lord! I cast my care on Thee!  
I triumph and adore:

*f* Henceforth my great concern shall be  
To love and please Thee more.

J. RYLAND.

**493****Thornbury or Attercliffe.**—C.M.

*f* 1 **M**Y God, the Spring of all my joys,  
The Life of my delights,  
The Glory of my brightest days,  
And Comfort of my nights:

*f* 2 In darkest shades if Thou appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
Thou art my soul's bright Morning-star,  
And Thou my rising Sun.

3 In Thy pavilion to abide,  
When storms and troubles blow,  
And in Thy tabernacle hide,  
Secure from every woe.

4 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,  
*p* And whispers I am His—

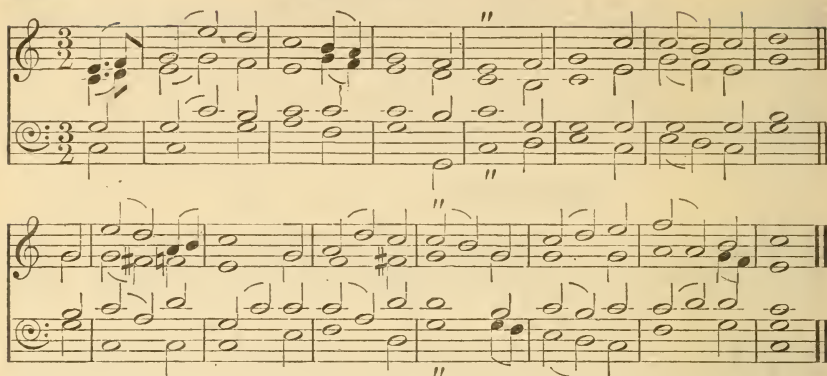
5 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
*f* To see and praise my Lord.

6 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
*f* I'd break through every foe;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Would bear me conqueror through.

I. WATTS.

## 494

## Rochester.—C.M.



- 1 I WOULD commune with Thee, my  
 E'en to Thy seat I come; [God;  
 I leave my joys, I leave my sins,  
 And seek in Thee my home.
- 2 I stand upon the mount of God;  
 With sunlight in my soul;  
 I hear the storms in vales beneath,  
 I hear the thunders roll.

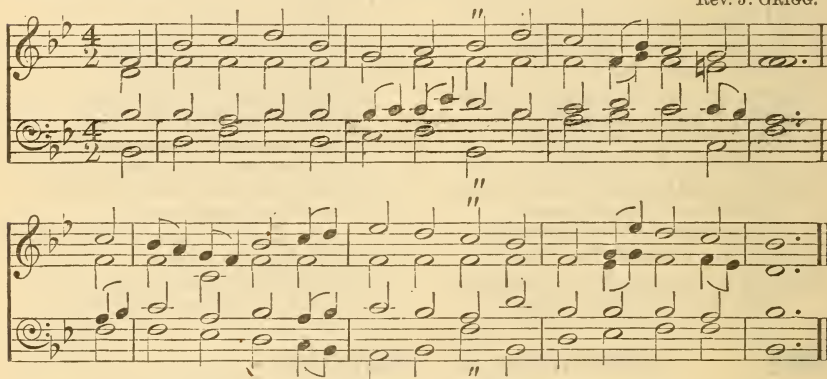
- 3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,  
 Beneath these glorious skies,  
 And to the height on which I stand,  
 Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
- f 4 O this is life! O this is joy!  
 My God, to find Thee so!  
 Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,  
 And all Thy love to know.

G. B. BUBIER.

## 495—496

## Tiverton.—C.M.

Rev. J. GRIGG.



- 1 TALK with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,  
 While here o'er earth we rove;  
 Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
 The kindling of Thy love.
- 2 With Thee conversing, we forget  
 All time, and toil, and care:  
 Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
 If Thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
 And bid my heart rejoice;

- My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,  
 And echo to Thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face;  
 'Tis all I wish to seek;  
 To attend the whispers of Thy grace,  
 And hear Thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,  
 Till I Thy glory see;  
 Enter into my Master's joy,  
 And find my heaven in Thee.

C. WESLEY.

## 496

## Tiverton.—C.M.

- 1 ONE thing with all my soul's desire  
I sought, and will pursue;  
What Thine own Spirit doth inspire,  
Lord, for Thy servant do.
- 2 Grant me within Thy courts a place,  
Among Thy saints a seat,  
For ever to behold Thy face,  
And worship at Thy feet.
- 3 'Seek ye My face;'—without delay,  
When thus I heard Thee speak,  
My heart would leap for joy, and say,  
'Thy face, Lord, will I seek.'

- p 4 Then leave me not when griefs assail,  
And earthly comforts flee:  
When father, mother, kindred fail,  
My God, still think on me.
- 5 Oft had I fainted, and resigned  
Of every hope my hold,  
But mine afflictions brought to mind  
Thy benefits of old.
- f 6 Wait on the Lord, with courage wait;  
My soul, disdain to fear;  
The righteous Judge is at the gate,  
And thy redemption near.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 497—498

## Allhallows.—C.M.

S. WEBBE.



- f 1 WALK in the light! so shalt thou  
That fellowship of love [know  
His Spirit only can bestow,  
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light! and Thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly His,  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In Whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away,

- Because that Light hath on thee shone,  
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light! and thine shall be  
A path, though thorny, bright;  
f For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God Himself is Light.

B. BARTON.

## 498

## Allhallows.—C.M.

- 1 LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?  
O height, O depth of love!  
Thou one with us on Calvary,  
We one with Thee above.
- 2 Such was Thy love, that for our sake  
p Thou didst from heaven come down;  
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,  
In all our misery one.
- p 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love Divine,  
Confessed and borne by Thee:  
The sting, the curse, the wrath, were  
To set Thy members free. [Thine,

- f 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,  
Still one with us Thou art;  
Nor life nor death, nor depth nor height,  
Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own  
This wondrous mystery,  
That Thou with us art truly one,  
And we are one with Thee!
- f 6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day  
When seated on Thy throne,  
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display  
That Thou with us art one!

J. G. DECK.

## 499

## Redhead, No. 66.—C.M.

R. REDHEAD.



1 THOU art the Way !—to Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And he who would the Father seek,  
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth !—Thy Word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

*f* 3 Thou art the Life !—the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;  
And those who put their trust in Thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

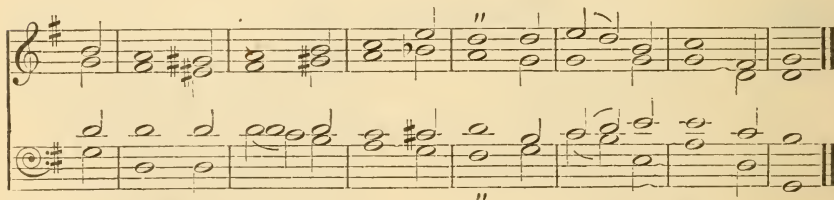
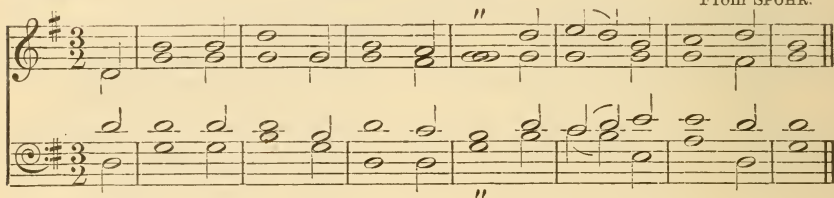
*f* 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life !  
Grant us that Way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win  
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. DOANE.

## 500

## Spohr.—C.M.

From SPOHR.



1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase !  
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
And Thy refreshing grace !

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine ;  
O when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine !



*f* 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Trust God, Who will employ  
His aid for Thee, and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.

*p* 4 I sigh to think of happier days,  
When Thou, O Lord, wast nigh,  
When every heart was tuned to praise,  
And none more blest than I.

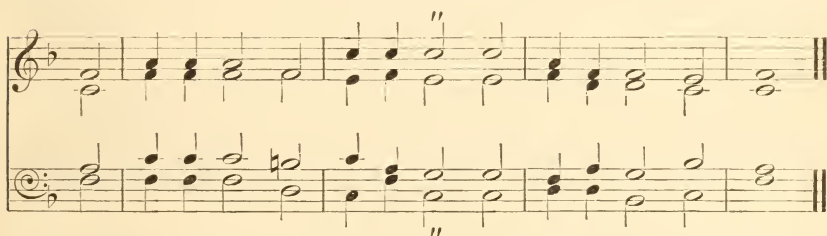
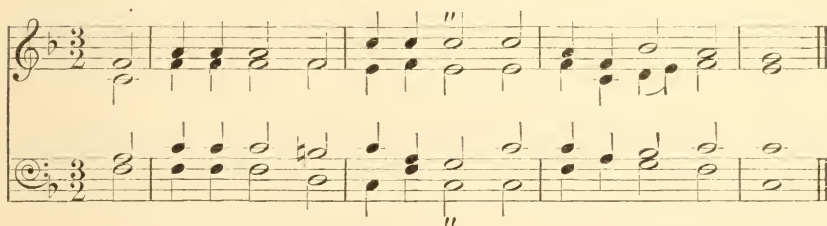
5 God of my strength, how long shall I,  
Like one forgotten, mourn?  
*p* Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed  
To the oppressor's scorn?

6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him Who is Thy God,  
Thy health's eternal Spring.

T. TATE AND N. BRADY.

501

Marlow.—C.M.



1 **L**ET worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me;  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
No more content afford;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.

*p* 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed,  
So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,  
I bid them all depart;  
His name, and love, and gracious voice,  
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be Thine alone,  
And wholly live to Thee;  
But may I hope that Thou wilt own  
*p* A worthless worm like me!

6 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,  
I cannot doubt Thy will;  
For if Thou hadst not loved me first,  
I had refused Thee still.

J. NEWTON.  
N

## 502

## Vox Dilecti (1st Tune).—C.M.D.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.

ORG.

*p*

## Vox Jesu (2nd Tune).—C.M.D.

J. BARNBY.

Adapted from LOUIS SPOHR.

1st VERSE.

as I was, Wea-ry and worn and sad ;

## Audite Audientes Me (3rd Tune).—C.M.D.

*Slowly. Voices in Unison.*

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Org.

*Voices in Harmony.*

\* was,

Wea-ry and worn and sad ;

p1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
 'Come unto Me and rest ;  
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head upon My breast.'  
 p I came to Jesus as I was,  
 Weary and worn and sad ;  
 I found in Him a resting-place,  
 ff And He has made me glad.

p2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 'Behold I freely give  
 The living water ; thirsty one,  
 Stoop down and drink and live.'  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream ;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re-  
 ff And now I live in Him. [vived,

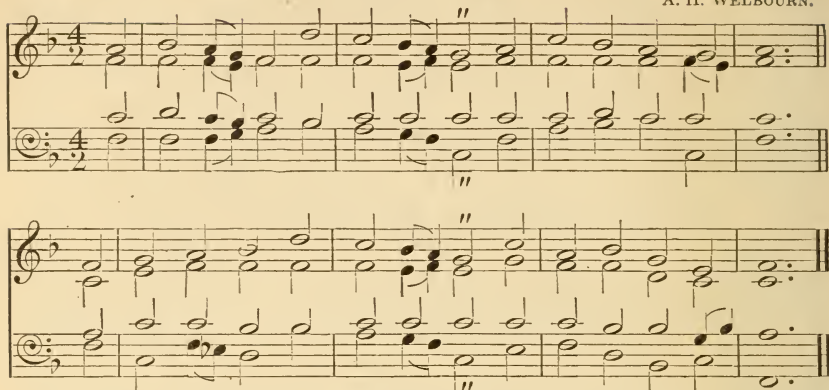
p3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 'I am this dark world's Light ;  
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright.'  
 p I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;  
 And in that Light of life I'll walk,  
 Till travelling days are done.

H. BONAR.

## 503

## Cecil.—C.M.

A. H. WELBOURN.



1 WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone  
Because Thy bounteous hand  
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts  
On ocean and on land;

2 Because Thou bidd'st the sun go forth  
Rejoicing in his night,  
And kindle earth to glowing life  
And beauty with his light;

3 'Tis not alone because Thy names  
Of wisdom, power, and love  
Are written on the earth beneath,  
The glorious skies above:

4 For these Thy gifts we praise Thee,  
Lord,  
Yet not for these alone,  
The incense of Thy children's love  
Arises to Thy throne.

5 We love Thee, Lord, because when we  
Had erred and gone astray,  
Thou didst recall our wandering souls  
Into the heavenward way;

6 When helpless, hopeless, we were lost  
In sin and sorrow's night,  
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray  
Of Thy benignant light;

7 Because when we forsook Thy ways,  
Nor kept Thy holy will,  
Thou wast not the avenging Judge,  
But gracious Father still;

8 Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,  
Yet Thou hast not forgot;  
Because we have forsaken Thee,  
Yet Thou forsakest not;

9 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us  
With everlasting love;  
Because Thy Son came down to die,  
That we might live above:

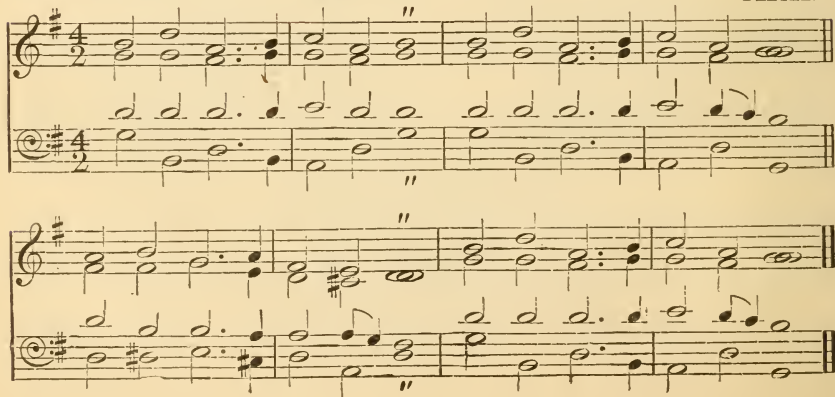
10 Because, when we were bound by sin,  
Thou gavest hopes of heaven—  
Yes; much we love, who much have  
sinned,  
And much have been forgiven.

J. A. ELLIOTT.

## 504—505

## Pleyel.—7 7.7 7.

PLEYEL.





- 1 **L**ORD of earth ! Thy forming hand  
Well this beauteous frame hath  
planned—  
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,  
Ocean rolling in His power.
- 2 Yet amid this scene so fair,  
Should I cease Thy smile to share,  
What were all its joys to me?  
*f* Whom have I on earth but Thee?
- 3 Lord of heaven ! beyond our sight  
Rolls a world of purer light ;  
There in love's unclouded reign,  
Parted friends shall meet again.
- 4 O that world is passing fair !  
Yet if Thou wert absent there,

- What were all its joys to me ?  
Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?
- 5 Lord of earth and heaven ! my breast  
*p* Seeks in Thee its only rest :  
I was lost—Thy accents mild  
Homeward lured Thy wandering child.
- 6 I was blind—Thy healing ray  
Charmed the long eclipse away ;  
*f* Source of every joy I know,  
Solace of my every woe.
- 7 O if once Thy smile divine  
Ceased upon my soul to shine,  
What were earth or heaven to me ?  
*f* Whom have I in each but Thee ?
- R. GRANT.

## 505

## Dleyel.—7 7.7 7.

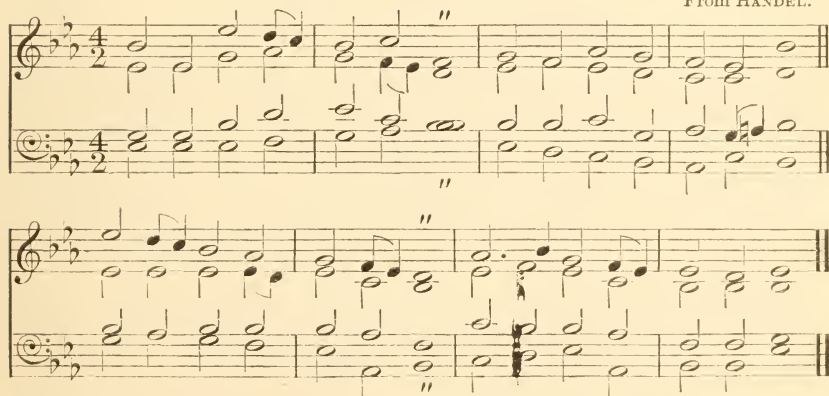
- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who Thee receive,  
Who in Thee begin to live,  
Day and night they cry to Thee,  
As Thou art, so let us be !
- 2 Jesus, see my panting breast !  
See, I pant in Thee to rest !  
Gladly would I now be clean—  
Cleanse me now from every sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wavering mind !  
To Thy Cross my Spirit bind

- Earthly passions far remove,  
Swallow up my soul in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,  
Full of sin and misery,  
Thine we are, Thou Son of God !  
Take the purchase of Thy blood.
- 5 Boundless wisdom, power divine,  
Love unspeakable, are Thine ;  
*f* Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven !
- A. DOBER, *trs. by* J. WESLEY.

## 506

## Theodora.—7 7.7 7.

FROM HANDEL.

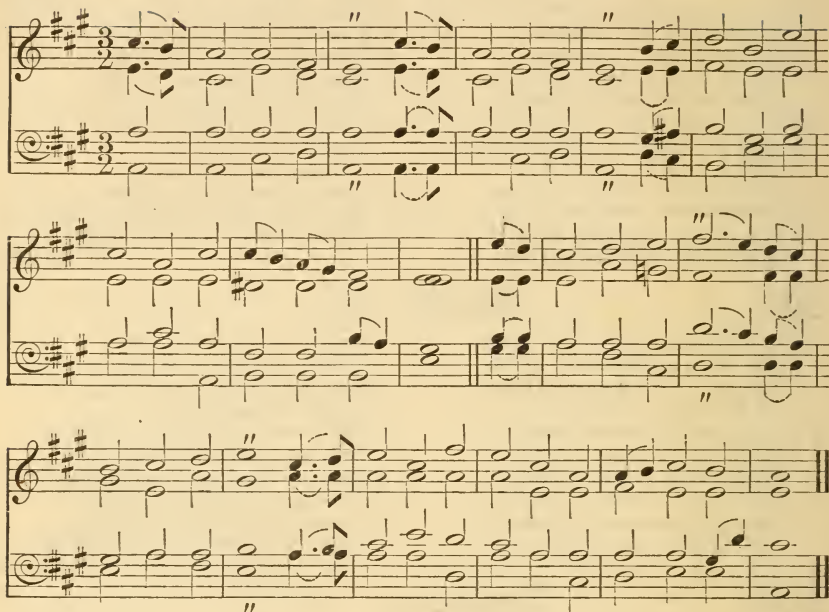


- 1 **O**BJECT of my first desire,  
Jesus, crucified for me ;  
All to happiness aspire,  
Only to be found in Thee.
- 2 Thee to praise, and Thee to know,  
Constitute my bliss below ;  
Thee to see, and Thee to love,  
Constitute my bliss above.
- 3 Lord, it is not life to live,  
If Thy presence Thou deny ;  
*f* Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,  
Tis no longer death to die.

- 4 Source and Giver of repose,  
Only from Thy smile it flows ;  
Peace and happiness are Thine ;  
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.
- 5 While I feel Thy love to me,  
Every object teems with joy ;  
Here, O may I walk with Thee,  
Then into Thy presence die !
- 6 Let me but Thyself possess—  
Total sum of happiness—  
Real bliss I then shall prove,  
Heaven below and heaven above.
- A. M. TOPLADY.

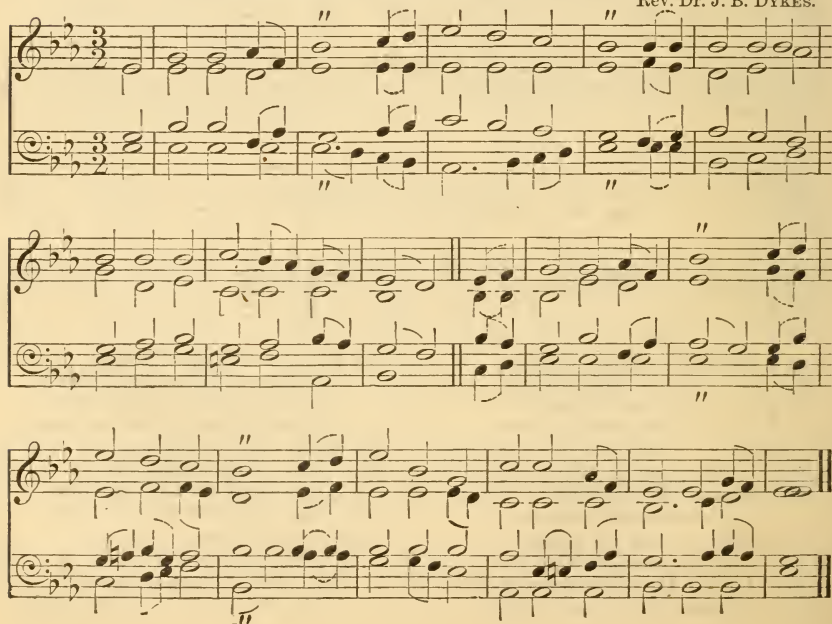
507

Ibarwich (1st Tune).—5 5 12.5 5 12.



Jesmond (2nd Tune).—5 5 12.5 5 12.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



*f* 1 MY God, I am Thine,  
What a comfort divine,  
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is  
In the heavenly Lamb [mine!  
Thrice happy I am, [His name.  
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of

*f* 2 True pleasures abound  
In the rapturous sound; [found.  
And whoever hath found it, hath Paradise

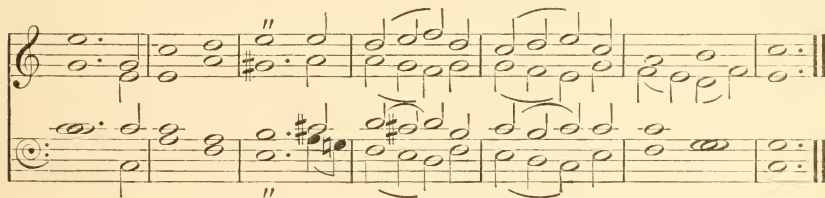
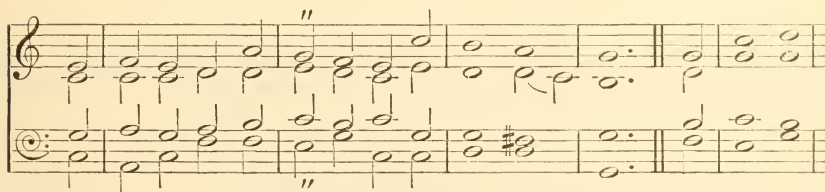
My Jesus to know,  
And feel His blood flow,  
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

*f* 3 Yet onward I haste  
To the heavenly feast! [taste,  
That, that is the fulness; but this is the  
And this I shall prove,  
Till with joy I remove  
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.  
C. WESLEY.

## 508

## Rejoicing.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

J. MILLINGTON.



*f* 1 YE ransomed sinners, hear,  
The prisoners of the Lord,  
And wait till Christ appear,  
According to His Word:  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
*f* We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust;  
If we our sins confess,  
Faithful He is, and just,  
From all unrighteousness  
To cleanse us all, both you and me:  
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Surely in us the hope  
Of glory shall appear;  
Sinners, your heads lift up,  
And see redemption near:  
*f* Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Who Jesus' sufferings share,  
My fellow-prisoners now,  
Ye soon the wreath shall wear  
On your triumphant brow;  
*f* Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

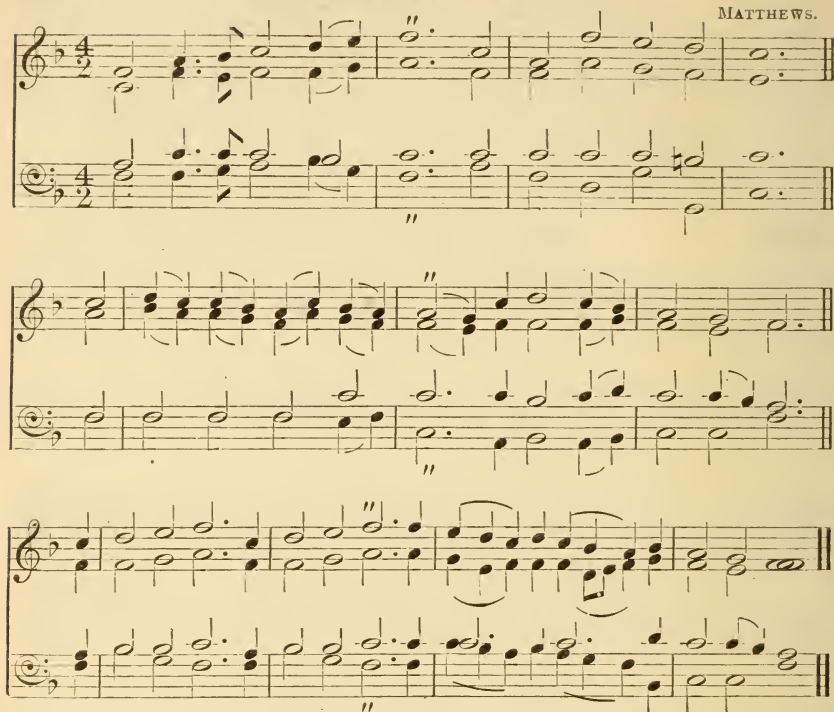
*f* 5 The Word of God is sure,  
And never can remove,  
We shall in heart be pure,  
And perfected in love:  
*ff* Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free,

6 Then let us gladly bring  
*ff* Our sacrifice of praise;  
Let us give thanks, and sing,  
And glory in His grace:  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.  
C. WESLEY.

## 509

## Acclamation.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

MATTHEWS.



*f* 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King !  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,  
And triumph evermore :

*ff* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

*f* 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love,  
*p* When he had purged our stains  
He took His seat above :

*f* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
*ff* Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

*f* 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;  
He rules o'er earth and heaven :  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given :

*ff* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

*f* 4 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet :

*ff* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 He all His foes shall quell,  
Shall all our sins destroy ;

*f* And every bosom swell  
With pure seraphic joy :  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

*f* 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home :  
*ff* We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, 'Rejoice !'

C. WESLEY.



510

## Morning.—7 7.7 7.7 7.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

*p* 1 O DISCLOSE Thy lovely face !  
 Quicken all my drooping powers ;  
 Gasps my fainting soul for grace,  
 As a thirsty land for showers ;  
 ⌋ Haste, my Lord, no more delay,  
 ⌋ Come, my Saviour, come away !

2 Well Thou know'st I cannot rest  
 Till I fully rest in Thee ;  
 ⌋ Till I am of Thee possessed ;  
 ⌋ Till, from every sin set free,  
*f* All the life of faith I prove,  
 All the joy and heaven of love.

3 With me O continue, Lord !  
 Keep me, or from Thee I fly ;  
 ⌋ Strength and comfort from Thy Word,  
 ⌋ Imperceptibly supply ;  
*ff* Hold me till I apprehend,  
 Make me faithful to the end.

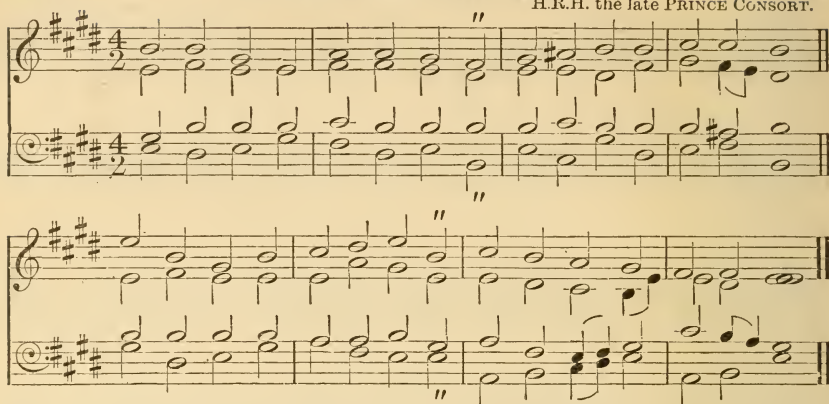
C. WESLEY.

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## 511

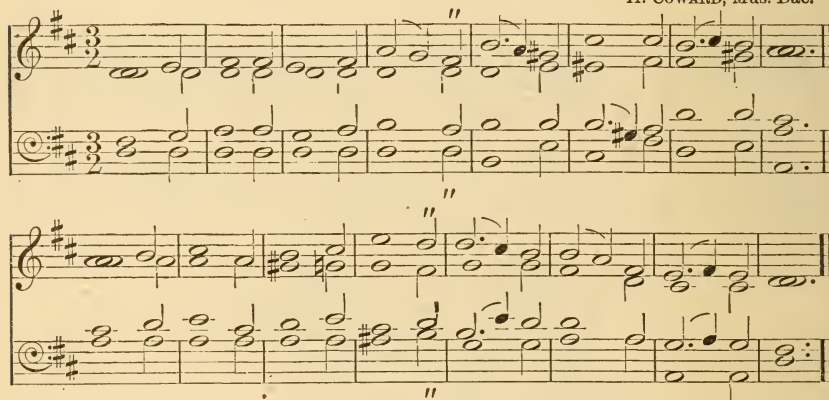
## Gotha (1st Tune).—87.87.

H.R.H. the late PRINCE CONSORT.



## Solace (2nd Tune).—87.87.

H. COWARD, Mus. Bac.



- p* 1 I ABOURING and heavy laden,  
Wanting help in time of need,  
Fainting by the way from hunger,  
'Bread of Life!' on Thee we feed.
- 2 Thirsting for the springs of water  
That by love's eternal law,  
From the stricken Rock are flowing,  
'Well of Life!' from Thee we draw.
- 3 Driven out from happy Eden,  
Far from home and shelter strayed,  
Tossed with tempest, faint from sun-  
shine,  
'Tree of Life!' we seek Thy shade.
- 4 In the land of cloud and shadow,  
Where no human eye can see;  
Light to those who sit in darkness,  
'Light of Life!' we walk in Thee.

- p* 5 Strangers upon earth, and pilgrims  
Wearied with the world, and weak;  
By Thy many ways bewildered,  
'Path of Life!' for Thee we seek.
- 6 Vexed with passion's hateful bondage,  
Longing, struggling to be free;  
*f* Where Thy loving banner leads us,  
'Prince of Life!' we follow Thee.
- p* 7 Sick of sense's vain deceivings  
Crumbling round us into dust;  
*f* Strong alone in faith's believings,  
'Word of Life!' in Thee we trust.
- f* 8 Thou the 'Grace of life' supplying,  
Thou the 'Crown of life' wilt give;  
Dead to sin, and daily dying,  
'Life of Life!' in Thee we live.
- J. S. B. MONSELL.

## 512

## Fruition.—87.87.87.87.

S. A.



1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow Thee,  
*p* Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou from hence my All shalt be :  
 Perish every fond ambition, [known :  
 All I've sought, and hoped, and  
 Yet how rich is my condition !  
 God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me :  
 They have left my Saviour too ;  
 Human hearts and looks deceive me—  
 Thou art not, like them, untrue :  
 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,  
 God of wisdom, love, and might,  
 Foes may hate and friends disown me ;  
*f* Show Thy face and all is bright.

*p* 3 Man may trouble and distress me,  
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;  
 Life with trials hard may press me,  
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest ;

|| O ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While Thy love is left to me ;  
 O ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;  
 Joy to find, in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear ;

*p* Think what spirit dwells within thee,  
 What a Father's smile is thine ;  
 || What a Saviour died to win thee :  
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

*f* 5 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee ;  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there ;

*p* Soon shall close thy earthly mission ;  
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;  
 || Hope soon change to full fruition,  
*f* Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

H. F. LYTE.

## 513

## Monica.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7.

M. B. FOSTER.

*Slower.*

1 LIGHT of Life, Seraphic Fire,  
 Love Divine, Thyself impart;  
 Every fainting soul inspire,  
 Shine in every drooping heart!  
 Every mournful sinner cheer,  
 Scatter all our guilty gloom,  
 Son of God, appear, appear!  
 To Thy human temples come.

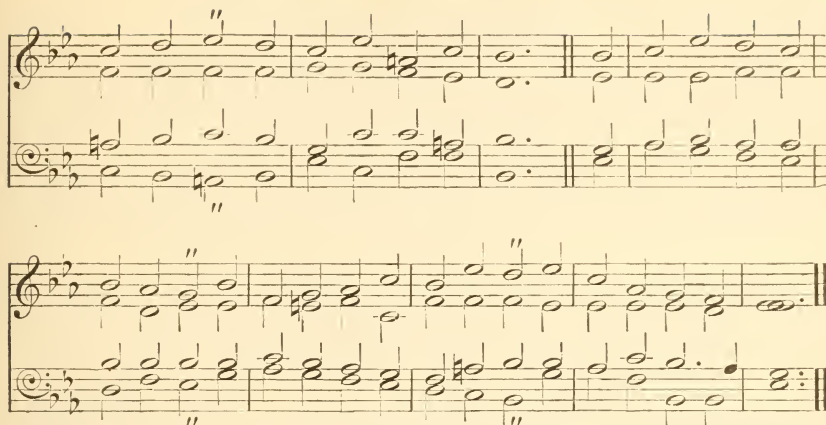
*f* 2 Come in this accepted hour;  
 Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in,  
 Fill us with the glorious power,  
 Rooting out the seeds of sin;  
*ff* Nothing more can we require,  
 We will covet nothing less;  
 Be Thou all our heart's Desire,  
 All our Joy, and all our Peace!

C. WESLEY.

## 514—515

## Ruperra.—8 8 6 8 8 6.





1 **H**OW happy, gracious Lord, are we,  
Divinely drawn to follow Thee,  
Whose hours divided are  
Betwixt the mount and multitude ;  
Our day is spent in doing good,  
Our night in praise and prayer.

2 With us no melancholy void,  
No period lingers unemployed  
Or unimproved, below ;  
Our weariness of life is gone,  
Who live to serve our God alone,  
And only Thee to know.

3 The winter's night and summer's day  
Glide imperceptibly away,  
Too short to sing Thy praise ;  
*f* Too few we find the happy hours,  
And haste to join the heavenly powers,  
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant Thy Name on high,  
And ' Holy, holy, holy,' cry,  
A bright harmonious throng,  
*f* We long Thy praises to repeat,  
And, restless, sing around Thy seat  
The new, eternal song.

C. WESLEY.

## 515

## Ruperra.—8 8 6.8 8 6.

1 **O** LORD, Thy faithful servant save,  
Faith in Thy name Thou know'st  
I have ;  
My soul hath called Thee mine :  
My good cannot to Thee extend,  
My good did first from Thee descend,  
And all I have is Thine.

2 The Lord Himself my portion is ;  
Thou reachest out my cup of bliss,  
And wilt no more remove ;  
My fair Inheritance Thou art ;  
The needful thing, the better part,  
I find in perfect Love.

*f* 3 The Lord I will for ever bless ;  
The Counsellor and Prince of Peace,  
He teaches me His will ;  
He doth with nightly pains chastise,  
And makes me to salvation wise  
By every scourge I feel.

4 Him have I set before my face,  
The pardoning God of boundless grace,  
Of everlasting love ;  
*f* By faith I always see Him stand,  
And with Him placed on my right hand  
I never shall remove.

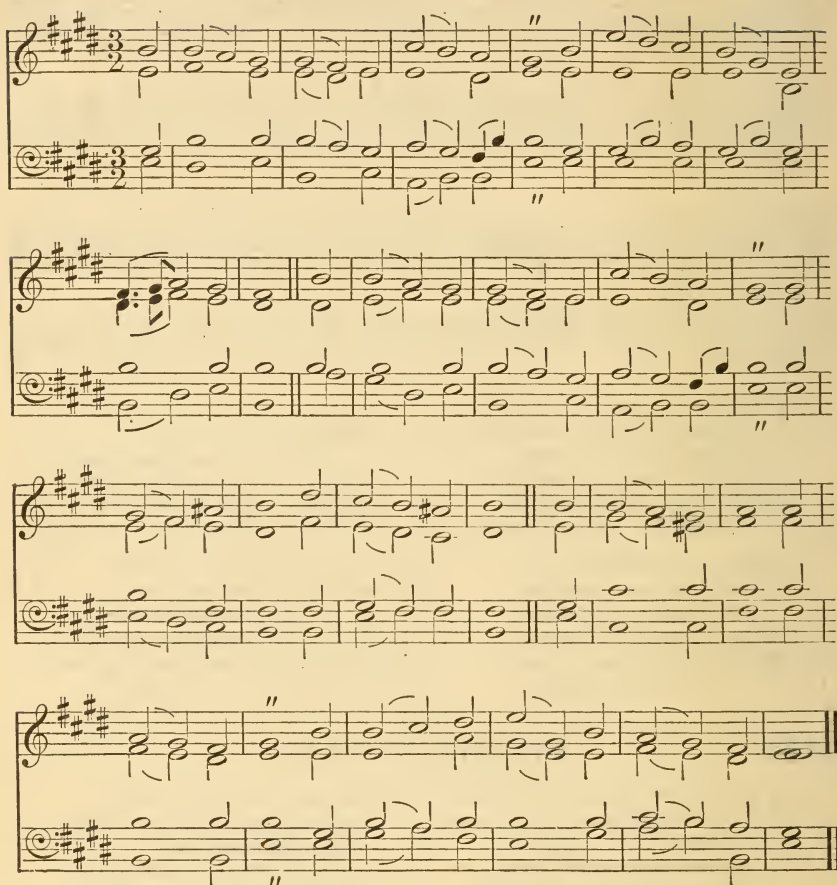
*f* 5 Wherefore my heart doth now rejoice ;  
I wait to hear Thy quickening voice ;  
My flesh exults in hope ;  
Thou wilt not leave me in the grave ;  
Sure confidence in Thee I have  
That Thou wilt raise me up.

*f* 6 Thou wilt the path of life display,  
And lead me in Thyself the way,  
Till all Thy grace is given :  
Fulness of joy with Thee there is :  
Thy presence makes the perfect bliss,  
And where Thou art is heaven.

C. WESLEY.

516—517

Traveller.—8 8.8 8.8 8.



## PART I.

1 COME, O Thou Traveller unknown  
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see,  
 My company before is gone,  
 And I am left alone with Thee:  
*f* With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
 And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am;  
 My misery and sin declare;  
 Thyself hast called me by my name,  
 Look on Thy hands and read it there;  
 But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?  
 Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

*f* 3 In vain Thou strugglest to get free,  
       I never will unloose my hold !  
 Art Thou the Man that died for me ?  
       The secret of Thy love unfold :  
 Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
 Till I Thy Name, Thy nature know.

4 Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal  
       Thy new, unutterable Name ?  
*f* Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ;  
       To know it now, resolved I am :  
*f* Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
 Till I Thy Name, Thy nature know.

C. WESLEY.

517

## Traveller.—88.88.88.

## PART II.

*p* 1 WHAT though my shrinking flesh complain,  
       And murmur to contend so long ;  
 I rise superior to my pain,  
 When I am weak, then I am strong,  
 And when my all of strength shall fail,  
 I shall with the God-Man prevail.

*p* 2 Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
       But confident in self-despair ;  
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
       Be conquered by my instant prayer ;  
 Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,  
 And tell me if Thy Name is Love.

3 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me !  
       I hear Thy whisper in my heart ;  
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
       Pure, universal Love Thou art ;  
 To me, to all, Thy bowels move ;  
 Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

4 My prayer hath power with God ; the grace  
 Unspeakable I now receive ;  
 Through faith I see Thee face to face,  
       I see Thee face to face, and live !  
*f* In vain I have not wept and strove ;  
 Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

C. WESLEY

## 518—519 St. Catherine (1st Tune).—88.88.88.

J. G. WALTON.

## Saints of God (2nd Tune).—88.88.88.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



## PART III.

- 1 I KNOW Thee, Saviour, Who Thou art,  
 I Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;  
 A Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,  
 But stay and love me to the end;  
 f Thy mercies never shall remove;  
 Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.
- 2 The Sun of Righteousness on me  
 Hath risen with healing in His wings,  
 A Withered my nature's strength; from Thee  
 My soul its life and succour brings;  
 A My help is all laid up above;  
 A Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.
- 3 Contented now upon my thigh  
 I halt, till life's short journey end;  
 All helplessness, all weakness, I  
 On Thee alone for strength depend,  
 Nor have I power from Thee to move;  
 Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.
- A 4 Lame as I am, I take the prey;  
 Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome:  
 f I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
 And as a bounding hart fly home:  
 A Through all eternity to prove  
 A Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

C. WESLEY.

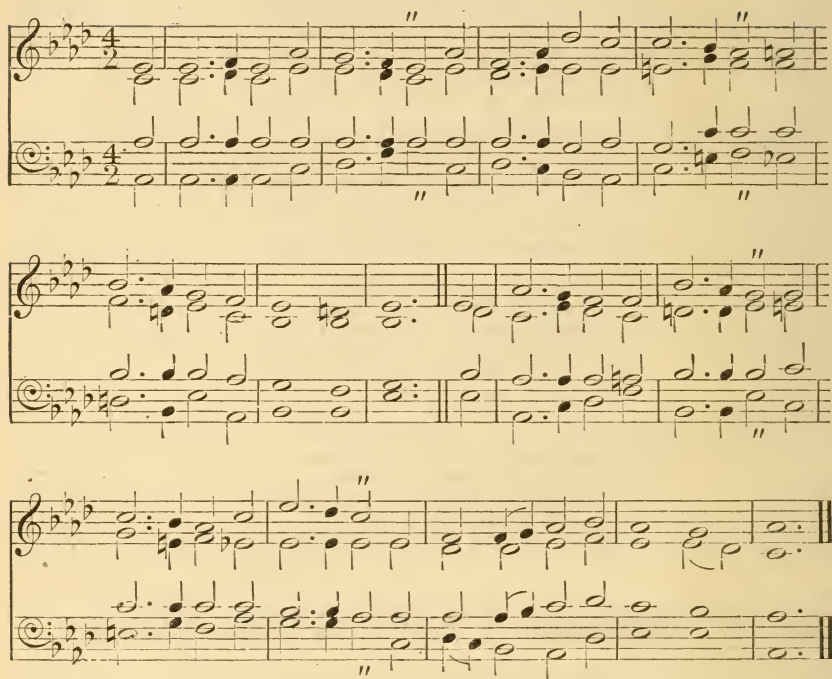
## 519 St. Catherine or Saints of God.—88.88.88.

- 1 THOU hidden Source of calm repose,  
 I Thou all-sufficient Love divine,  
 A My Help and Refuge from my foes,  
 A Secure I am if Thou art mine;  
 A And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,  
 I hide me, Jesus, in Thy Name.
- f 2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,  
 And keeps my happy soul above;  
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,  
 And joy and everlasting love:  
 To me, with Thy dear Name, are given  
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my All in All Thou art;  
 My Rest in toil, my Ease in pain;  
 p The Med'cine of my broken heart;  
 In war, my Peace; in loss, my Gain;  
 A My Smile beneath the tyrant's frown;  
 A In shame, my Glory and my Crown:
- f 4 In want, my plentiful Supply;  
 In weakness, my Almighty Power;  
 A In bonds, my perfect Liberty;  
 A My Light in Satan's darkest hour;  
 A In grief, my Joy unspeakable;  
 f My Life in death, my All in All.

C. WESLEY.

## 520

## Snowdon.—888.888.



*f* 1 **A** LL glory to our gracious Lord!  
 His love be by His Church adored,  
 His love eternally the same!  
 His love let Aaron's sons confess,  
 His free and everlasting grace  
 Let all that fear the Lord proclaim.

2 The Lord I now can say is mine,  
 And, confident in strength Divine,  
 Nor man, nor fiends, nor flesh I  
 fear;

|| Jesus the Saviour takes my part,  
 And keeps the issues of my heart;  
 || My Helper is for ever near.

*f* 3 Righteous I am in Him, and strong,  
 He is become my joyful song,  
 My Saviour and salvation too:  
 I triumph through His mighty grace,  
 And pure in heart shall see His face,  
 And rise in Christ a creature new.

*f* 4 The voice of joy, and love, and praise,  
 And thanks for His redeeming grace  
 Among the justified is found:  
 With songs that rival those above,  
 With shouts proclaiming Jesus' love,  
 Both day and night their tents resound.

5 The Lord's right hand hath wonders  
 wrought

|| Above the reach of human thought,  
 The Lord's right hand exalted is;

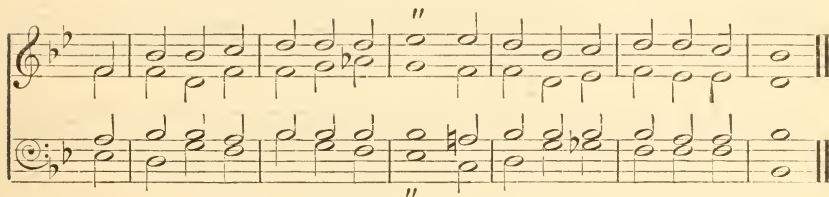
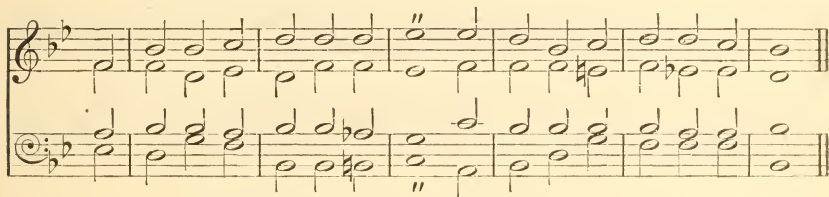
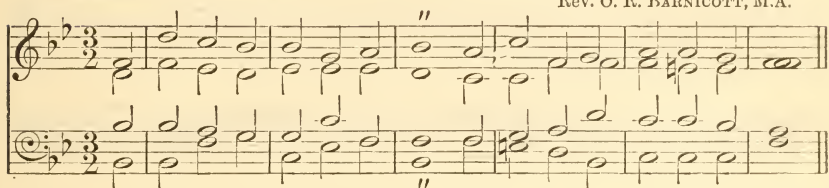
*f* We see it still stretched out to save;  
 The power of God in Christ we have,  
 And Jesus is the Prince of Peace.

*ff* 6 Open the gates of righteousness,  
 Receive me into Christ my Peace,  
 That I His praises may record;  
 He is the Truth, the Life, the Way,  
 The Portal of eternal day,  
 The Gate of heaven is Christ my Lord.

C. WESLEY.

521 **Warrenne, No. 1** (1st Tune).—8.8.8.8.8.8.8. (Anapæstic).

Rev. O. R. BARNICOTT, M.A.



1 **THOU** Shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
 The Joy and Desire of my heart,  
 For closer communion I pine,  
 I long to reside where Thou art.  
 The pasture I languish to find  
 Where all, who their Shepherd obey,  
 Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,  
 And screened from the heat of the day.

2 Ah! show me that happiest place,  
 The place of Thy people's abode,  
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,  
 And hang on a crucified God;  
 Thy love for a sinner declare,  
 Thy passion and death on the tree:  
 My spirit to Calvary bear,  
 To suffer and triumph with Thee.

3 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,  
 There only, I covet to rest,  
 To lie at the foot of the rock,  
 Or rise to be hid in Thy breast;  
 'Tis there I would always abide,  
 And never a moment depart,  
 Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,  
 Eternally held in Thy heart.

C. WESLEY.

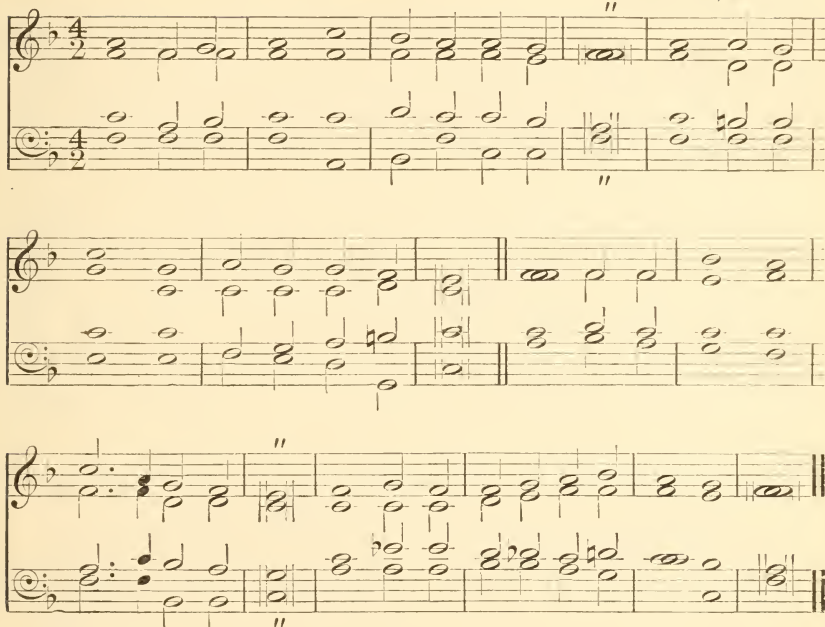




522

## St. Agnes.—10 10.10 10.

J. LANGRAN, Mus. Bac.



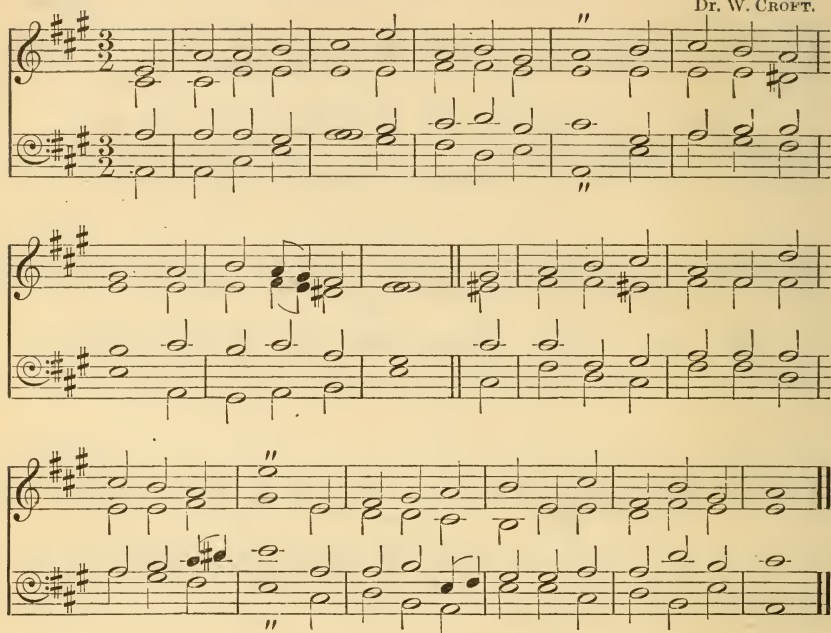
- 1 **T**HAT mystic Word of Thine, O sovereign Lord!  
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;  
p Weary of striving, and with longing faint,  
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.
- 2 Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee;  
From this good hour, O leave me never more!  
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,  
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.
- 3 Abide in me, o'ershadow by Thy love;  
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;  
p Quench ere it rise—each selfish, low desire;  
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and Divine.
- 4 As some rare perfume in a vase of clay  
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,  
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,  
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.
- 5 Abide in me; there have been moments blest  
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power;  
p Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,  
Owned the Divine enchantment of the hour.
- 6 These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;  
Abide in me, and they shall ever be.  
f Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer:  
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee.

H. B. STOWE,

523

Hanover.—10 10.11 11.

Dr. W. CROFT.



*f* 1 **WHAT** shall I do my Saviour to praise:  
 So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,  
 So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,  
 The weakest believer that hangs upon Him.

*f* 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,  
 The people that can be joyful in Thee!  
 Their joy is to walk in the light of Thy face;  
 And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

3 Their daily delight shall be in Thy Name;  
 They shall as their right Thy righteousness claim:  
 Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by Thy blood,  
 Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

4 For Thou art their Boast, their Glory and Power,  
 And I also trust to see the glad hour,  
 My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,  
 The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

5 For Jesus, my Lord, is now my Defence;  
 I trust in His Word, none plucks me from thence:  
*f* Since I have found favour, He all things will do,  
 My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.

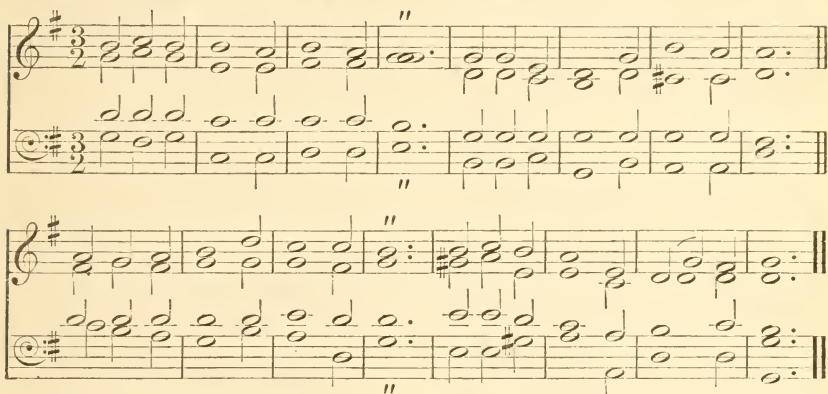
*f* 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of Thine own,  
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made known,  
*ff* For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,  
 And share in the gladness of all that believe.

C. WESLEY.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—THE COMMUNION 497  
OF SAINTS.

524—525

Viator.—L.M.



1 **H**APPY the souls that first believed ;  
To Jesus and each other cleaved ;  
Joined by the unction from above,  
In mystic fellowship of love.

2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,  
They lived, and spake, and thought the  
*f* They joyfully conspired to raise [same :  
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

3 With grace abundantly endued,  
A pure believing multitude,  
They all were of one heart and soul,  
And only love inspired the whole.

4 O what an age of golden days !  
O what a choice, peculiar race !

[blood,  
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing  
Anointed kings and priests to God !

5 The gates of hell cannot prevail ;  
Thy Church on earth can never fail :  
Ah, join me to Thy secret ones !  
Ah, gather all Thy living stones !

*p* 6 For this the pleading Spirit groans,  
And cries in all Thy banished ones ;  
Greatest of gifts, Thy love, impart,  
And make us of one mind and heart.

*f* 7 Join every soul that looks to Thee,  
In bonds of perfect charity :  
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,  
And all in all for ever live !

C. WESLEY.

525

Viator.—L.M.

1 **J**ESUS, from Whom all blessings flow,  
Great Builder of Thy Church below ;  
If now Thy Spirit moves my breast,  
Hear, and fulfil Thine own request !

2 The few that truly call Thee Lord,  
And wait Thy sanctifying word,  
And Thee their utmost Saviour own ;  
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all Thy mind express !  
Stand forth Thy chosen witnesses ;  
Thy power unto salvation show,  
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold  
How Christians lived in days of old ;  
Mighty their envious foes to move,  
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 Call them into Thy wondrous light,  
Worthy to walk with Thee in white !  
Make up Thy jewels, Lord, and show  
The glorious, spotless Church below !

6 From every sinful wrinkle free,  
Redeemed from all iniquity,  
The fellowship of saints make known ;  
*f* And, O my God, might I be one.

*f* 7 O might my lot be cast with these,  
The least of Jesus' witnesses !  
O that my Lord would count me meet  
To wash His dear disciples' feet !

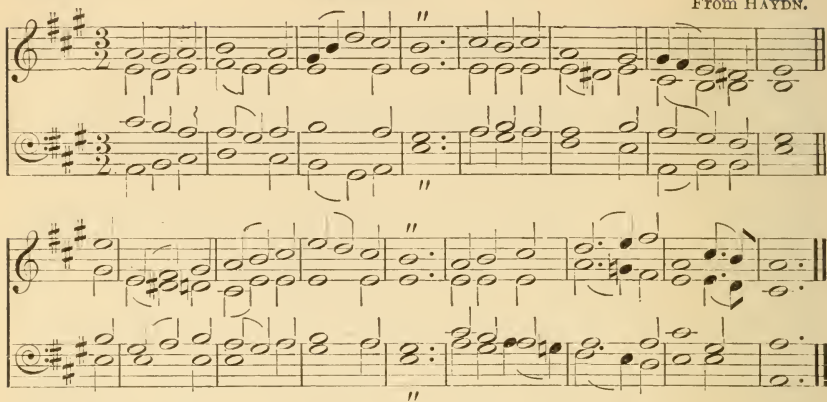
8 After my lowly Lord to go,  
And wait upon Thy saints below ;  
*f* Enjoy the grace to angels given,  
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

C. WESLEY.

## 526—527

## Haydn.—L.M.

FROM HAYDN.



- 1 BRETHREN in Christ, and well-beloved,  
To Jesus and His servants dear,  
Enter and show yourselves approved;  
Enter and find that God is here.
- 2 Welcome from earth: lo, the right hand  
Of fellowship to you we give!  
With open hearts and hands we stand,  
And you in Jesus' name receive.
- 3 Say, are your hearts resolved as ours?  
Then let them burn with sacred love:  
Then let them taste the heavenly powers,  
Partakers of the joys above.
- 4 Jesus, Thyself in love reveal!  
Are we not met in Thy great Name?

Thee in the midst we wait to feel,  
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

- 5 Thou God, that answerest by fire,  
The Spirit of burning now impart;  
And let the flame of pure desire  
Rise from the altar of each heart.

- 6 Truly our fellowship below  
With Thee and with the Father is:  
In Thee eternal life we know,  
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

- 7 In part we only know Thee here,  
But wait Thy coming from above;  
And we shall then behold Thee near,  
And we shall all be lost in love.

C. WESLEY.

## 527

## Haydn.—L.M.

- 1 LORD, in this blest and hallowed hour,  
Reveal Thy presence and Thy power;  
Show to my faith Thy hands and side,  
My Lord and God! the Crucified!
- p2 Fain would I find a calm retreat  
From vain distractions near Thy feet:  
And, borne above all earthly care,  
Be joyful in Thy house of prayer.
- 3 Or let me, through the opening skies,  
Catch one bright glimpse of Paradise;

And realize, with raptured awe,  
The vision dying Stephen saw.

- p4 But, if unworthy of such joy,  
Still shall Thy love my heart employ;  
For of Thy favoured children's fare,  
'Twere bliss the very crumbs to share.

- 5 Yet never can my soul be fed  
With less than Thee, the living Bread,  
Thyself unto my soul impart,  
And with Thy presence fill my heart.

J. CONDER.

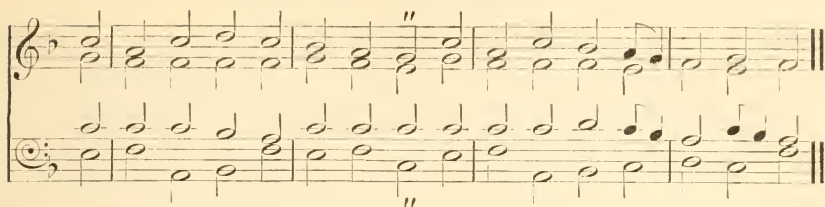
## 528

## Hunthead.—L.M.

J. S. BACH.





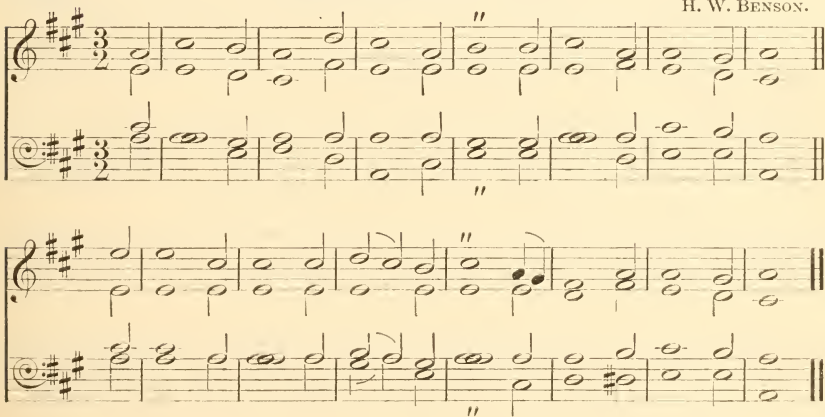


- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for His dear sake  
A hearty welcome here receive ;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only He can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given,  
To know the Saviour's precious Name ;  
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,  
Our hope, our way, our end the same,
- 3 May He by Whose kind care we meet,  
Send His good Spirit from above,  
Make our communion pure and sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 *p* Forgotten be each worldly theme  
When Christians meet together thus :  
We only wish to speak of Him,  
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all He did and said  
And suffered for us here below ;  
The path He marked for us to tread ;  
And what He's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;  
And hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.
- J. NEWTON.

529

## Uppingham.—C.M.

H. W. BENSON.



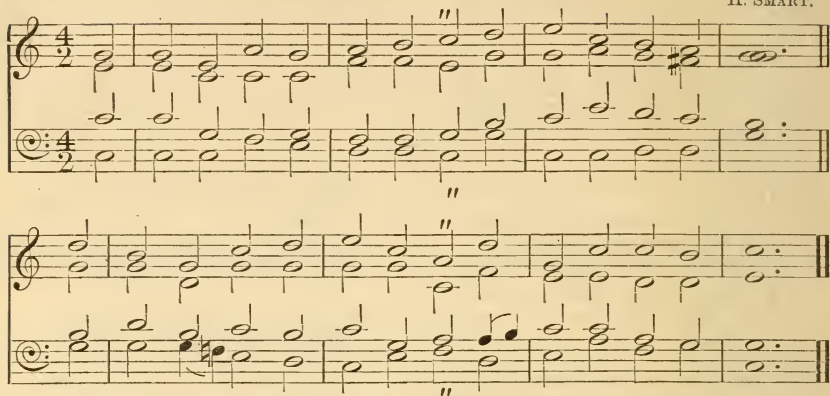
- 1 **C**OME in, thou blessèd of the Lord,  
Stranger nor foe art thou :  
We welcome thee with warm accord,  
Our friend, our brother, now.
- 2 The cup of blessing which we bless,  
The heavenly bread we break,  
(Our Saviour's blood and righteousness)  
Freely with us partake.
- 3 *p* In weal or woe, in joy or care,  
Thy portion shall be ours :  
Christians their mutual burdens share,  
They lend their mutual powers.
- 4 Come with us, we will do thee good,  
As God to us hath done ;  
Stand but in Him, as those have stood  
Whose faith the victory won.
- 5 And when, by turns, we pass away,  
As star by star grows dim,  
May each, translated into day,  
Be lost and found in Him.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 530

## St. Leonard.—C.M.

H. SMART.



*f* 1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus joined,  
And saved by grace alone;  
Walking in all His ways, they find  
Their heaven on earth begun.

*f* 2 The Church triumphant in Thy love,  
Their mighty joys we know;  
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.

*f* 3 Thee, in Thy glorious realm, they praise,  
And bow before Thy throne;  
We in the kingdom of Thy grace;  
The kingdoms are but one.

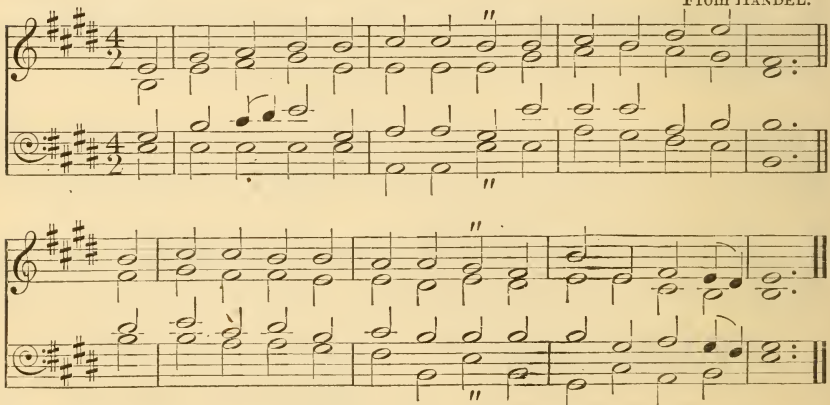
4 The holy to the holiest leads;  
From thence our spirits rise;  
And he that in Thy statutes treads,  
*f* Shall meet Thee in the skies.

C. WESLEY.

## 531—532

## Solomon.—C.M.

FROM HANDEL.



*f* 1 **G**OD of all consolation, take  
The glory of Thy grace!  
Thy gifts to Thee we render back  
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Our Life is hid with Christ in God;  
Our Life shall soon appear,  
And shed His glory all abroad  
In all His members here.

3 The heavenly treasure now we have  
In a mean house of clay;  
But He shall to the utmost save,  
And keep it to that day.

4 Our souls are in His mighty hand,  
And He shall keep them still;  
*f* And you and I shall surely stand  
With Him on Zion's hill!

*f* 5 Him eye to eye we there shall see!  
 Our face like His shall shine:  
*ff* O what a glorious company,  
 When saints and angels join!  
*f* 6 O what a joyful meeting there!  
 In robes of white arrayed,  
 Palms in our hands we all shall bear  
 And crowns upon our head.

*f* 7 Then let us lawfully contend,  
 And fight our passage through;  
 Bear in our faithful minds the end,  
 And keep the prize in view.  
*ff* 8 Then let us hasten to the day,  
 When all shall be brought home;  
 Come, O Redeemer, come away!  
 O Jesus, quickly come!

C. WESLEY.

## 532

## Solomon.—C.M.

*f* 1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,  
 Who joins us by His grace,  
 And bids us, each to each restored,  
 Together seek His face.  
 2 He bids us build each other up;  
 And gathered into one,  
 To our high calling's glorious hope.  
 We hand in hand go on.  
 3 The gift which He on one bestows,  
 We all delight to prove;  
 The grace through every vessel flows,  
 In purest streams of love.

4 E'en now we think and speak the same,  
 And cordially agree:  
 United all, through Jesus' name,  
 In perfect harmony.

*f* 5 We all partake the joy of one,  
 The common peace we feel;  
 A peace to sensual minds unknown,  
 A joy unspeakable.

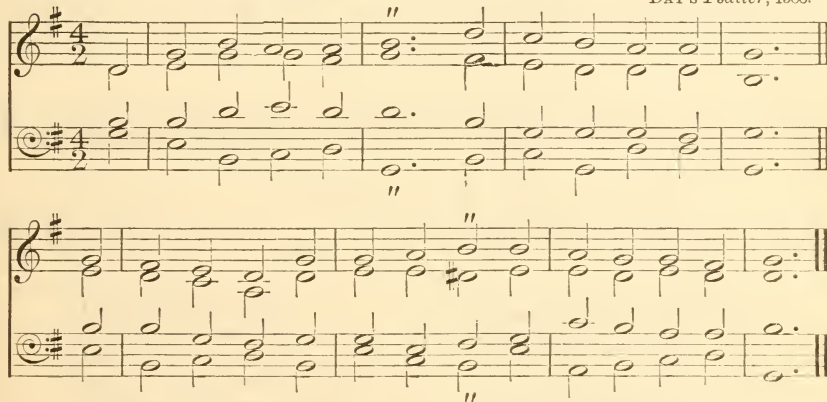
6 And if our fellowship below  
 In Jesus be so sweet,  
*ff* What heights of rapture shall we know,  
 When round His throne we meet!

C. WESLEY.

## 533

## St. Michael.—S.M.

DAY'S Psalter, 1588.



1 AND are we yet alive,  
 And see each other's face?  
*f* Glory and praise to Jesus give  
 For His redeeming grace!  
 2 Preserved by power Divine  
 To full salvation here,  
*f* Again in Jesus' praise we join  
 And in His sight appear.  
 p 3 What troubles have we seen,  
 What conflicts have we passed,  
 Fightings without, and fears within,  
 Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all, the Lord  
 Hath brought us by His love;  
 And still He doth His help afford,  
 And hides our life above.

*f* 5 Then let us make our boast  
 Of His redeeming power,  
 Which saves us to the uttermost,  
 Till we can sin no more.

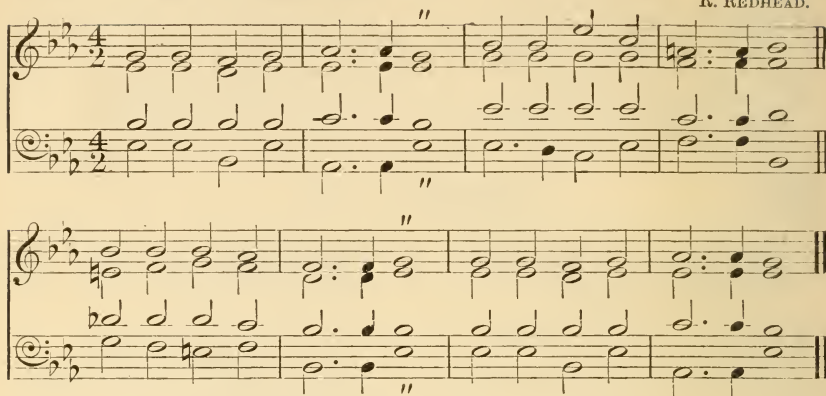
*ff* 6 Let us take up the Cross,  
 Till we the crown obtain:  
 And gladly reckon all things loss,  
 So we may Jesus gain.

C. WESLEY.

534

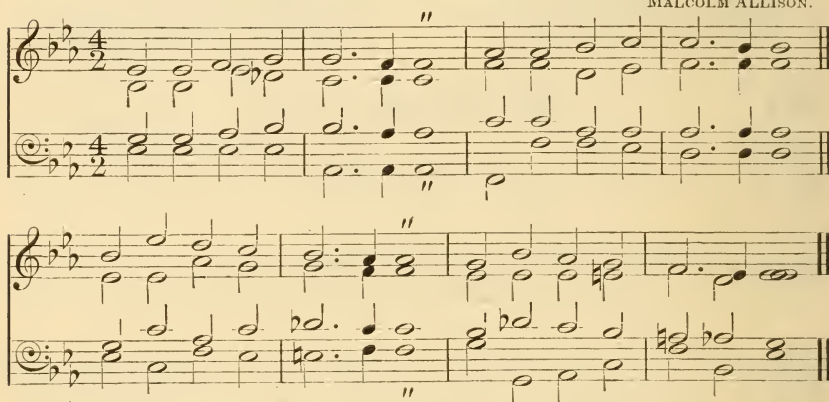
## Redhead, No. 47 (1st Tune).—77.77.

R. REDHEAD.



## St. Denys (2nd Tune).—77.77.

MALCOLM ALLISON.



p 1 **F**EEBLE, helpless, how shall I  
Learn to live and learn to die!  
Who, O God, my guide shall be?  
Who shall lead Thy child to Thee?

2 Blessed Father, gracious One,  
Thou hast sent Thy holy Son;  
He will give the light I need,  
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,  
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,  
In my weakness, thus shall I  
Learn to live and learn to die;—

4 Learn to live in peace and love,  
Like the perfect ones above—  
Learn to die without a fear,  
Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

W. H. FURNESS.

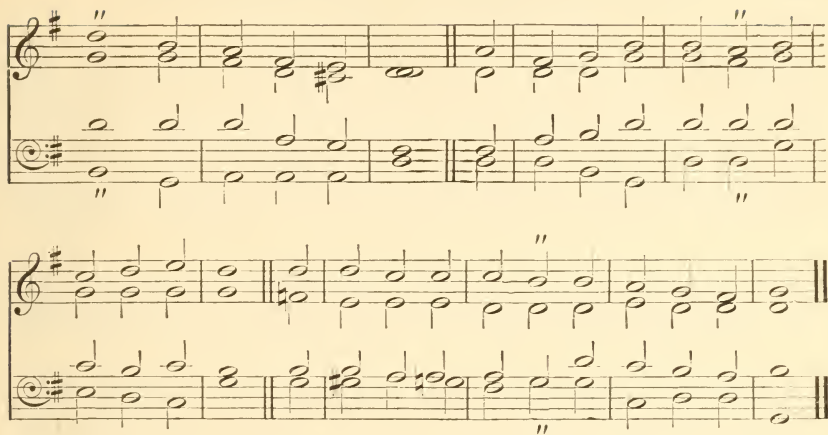
535

## Thoughton.—5 5.5 5.6 5.6 5.

DR. GAUNTLETT.







- 1 **H**OW honoured, how dear,  
That sacred abode,  
Where Christians draw near  
Their Father and God !  
'Mid worldly commotion,  
My wearied soul faints,  
For the house of devotion,  
The home of Thy saints.
- 2 The birds have their home,  
They fix on their nest ;  
Wherever they roan,  
They return to their rest.  
From them fondly learning,  
My soul would take wing ;  
To Thee so returning,  
My God and my King.
- f* 3 O happy the choirs  
Who praise Thee above !  
What joy tunes their lyres !  
Their worship is love.  
Yet, safe in Thy keeping,  
And happy they be,  
In this world of weeping,  
Whose strength is in Thee.

- 4 Though rugged their way,  
They drink as they go  
Of springs that convey  
New life as they flow :  
*f* The God they rely on  
Their strength shall renew  
Till each, brought to Zion,  
His glory shall view.

- p* 5 Thou Hearer of prayer,  
Still grant me a place  
Where Christians repair  
To the courts of Thy grace ;  
More blest beyond measure  
One day so employed,  
Than years of vain pleasure  
By worldlings enjoyed.

- 6 Me more would it please  
Keeping post at Thy gate,  
Than lying at ease  
In chambers of state ;  
The meanest condition  
Outshines with Thy smiles,  
The pomp of ambition,  
The world with its wiles.

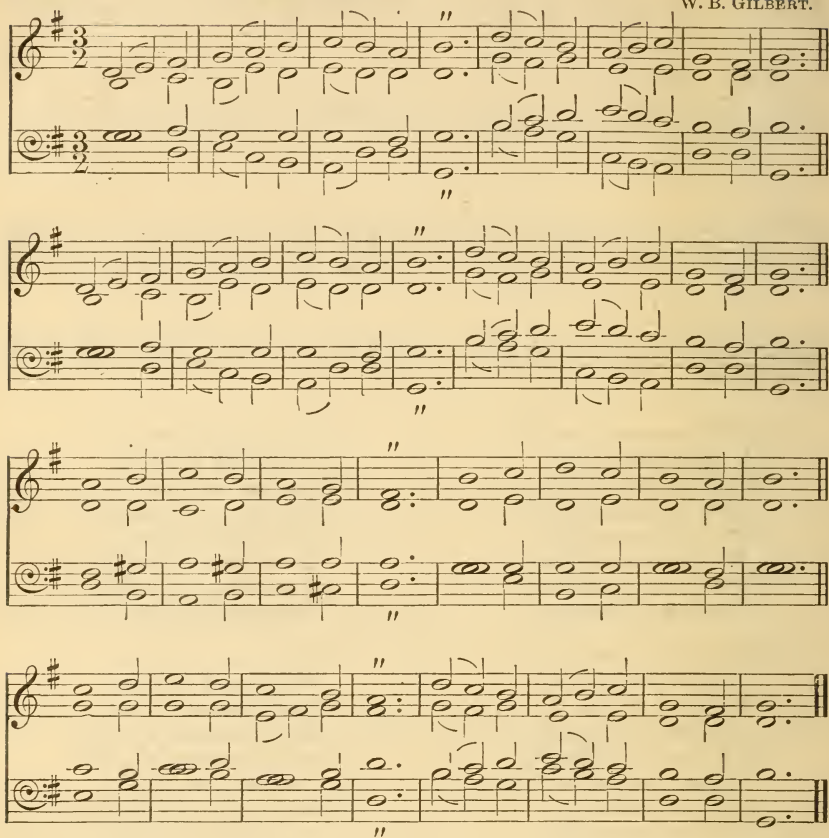
- f* 7 The Lord is a Sun,  
The Lord is a Shield ;  
What grace has begun,  
With glory is sealed.  
He hears the distressed,  
He succours the just ;  
*f* And they shall be blest  
Who make Him their Trust.

J. CONDER.

## 536

## Maidstone.—77.77.77.77.

W. B. GILBERT.



1 PLEASANT are Thy courts above,  
 In the land of light and love;  
 Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
*p* In this land of sin and woe.  
 O my spirit longs and faints  
 For the converse of Thy saints!  
 For the brightness of Thy face,  
 King of glory, God of grace!

2 Happy birds, that sing and fly  
 Round Thy altars, O Most High!  
 Happier souls that find a rest  
 In a heavenly Father's breast!  
 Like the wandering dove that found  
 No repose on earth around.  
 They can to their Ark repair,  
 And enjoy it ever there.

*f* 3 Happy souls! their praises flow  
 Even in this vale of woe;  
 Waters in the desert rise,  
 Manna feeds them from the skies.  
 On they go from strength to strength,  
 Till they reach Thy throne at length:  
 At Thy feet adoring fall,  
 Who hast led them safe through all.

*f* 4 Lord, be mine the Prize to win,  
 Guide me through a world of sin,  
 Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
 Give me at Thy side a place!  
 Sun and Shield alike Thou art,  
*ff* Guide and guard my erring heart:  
 Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

H. F. LYTE.

## 537

## Thanksgiving.—7 7.7 7.7 7.7 7.

W. B. GILBERT.



1 COME, and let us sweetly join  
 Christ to praise in hymns Divine;  
 Give we all, with one accord,  
 Glory to our common Lord;  
 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;  
 Sing as in the ancient days;  
 Antedate the joys above,  
 Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;  
 Let the purer flame revive,  
 Such as in the martyrs glowed,  
 Dying champions for their God;  
 We, like them, may live and love;  
 Called we are their joys to prove;  
 Saved with them from future wrath,  
 Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we then in Jesus' Name,  
 Now as yesterday the same;  
 One in every time and place,  
 Full for all of truth and grace:  
 We for Christ, our Master, stand,  
 Lights in a benighted land:  
 We our dying Lord confess:  
 We are Jesus' witnesses.

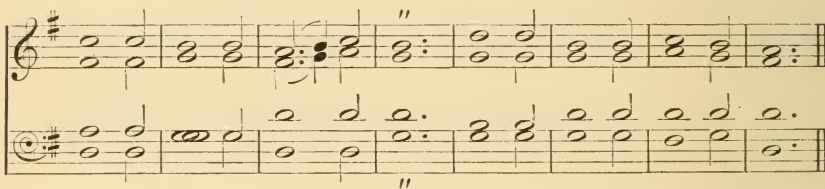
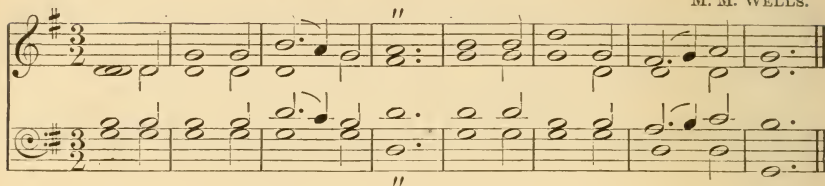
4 Witnesses that Christ hath died,  
 We with Him are crucified;  
 Christ hath burst the bands of death,  
 We His quickening Spirit breathe;  
 Christ is now gone up on high,  
 Thither all our wishes fly;  
 Sits at God's right hand above:  
 There with Him we reign in love!

C. WESLEY.

## 538

## Guidance.—7 7.7 7.7 7.7.

M. M. WELLS.



1 COME, Thou high and lofty Lord ;  
 Lowly, meek, Incarnate Word !  
 Humbly stoop to earth again,  
 Come and visit abject men !  
 Jesus, dear expected Guest,  
 Thou art bidden to the feast,  
 For Thyself our hearts prepare,  
 Come, and sit, and banquet there !

2 Jesus, we Thy promise claim,  
 We are met in Thy great Name ;  
 In the midst do Thou appear,  
 Manifest Thy presence here !  
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless,  
 Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace,  
 Thou Thyself within us move,  
 Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound ;  
 Manifest to all around ;  
 Faith, and love, and joy increase,  
 Temperance and gentleness ;  
 Plant in us Thy humble mind ;  
 Patient, pitiful, and kind,  
 Meek and lowly let us be,  
 Full of goodness, full of Thee.

4 Make us all in Thee complete,  
 Make us all for glory meet,  
 Meet to appear before Thy sight,  
 Partners with the saints in light.

*f* Call, O call us each by name,  
 To the marriage of the Lamb !  
 Let us lean upon Thy breast,  
 Love be there our endless feast !

C. WESLEY.



## 539

## Stainforth.—77.77.77.77.

R. JACKSON.



1 LET us join ('tis God commands),  
 Let us join our hearts and hands;  
 Help to gain our calling's hope,  
 Build we each the other up:  
 God His blessing shall dispense,  
 God shall crown His ordinance;  
 Meet in His appointed ways;  
 Nourish us with social grace.

2 Let us then as brethren love,  
 Faithfully His gifts improve,  
 Carry on the earnest strife,  
 Walk in holiness of life;  
 Still forget the things behind,  
 Follow Christ in heart and mind,  
 Toward the mark unwearied press,  
*f* Seize the crown of righteousness.

3 Plead we thus for faith alone,  
 Faith which by our works is shown:  
 God it is Who justifies:  
 Only faith the grace applies;  
*f* Active faith that lives within,  
 Conquers earth, and hell, and sin,  
 Sanctifies, and makes us whole,  
 Forms the Saviour in the soul.

*f* 4 Let us for this faith contend,  
 Sure salvation is its end:  
 Heaven already is begun,  
 Everlasting life is won.  
 Only let us persevere,  
 Till we see our Lord appear,  
 Never from the rock remove,  
 Saved by faith, which works by love.

C. WESLEY.

## 540

## Ibohenlobe.—7 7.7 7.7 7.7.



*f* 1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,  
Lift your hearts and voices up;  
Jointly let us rise, and sing  
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King:  
Monuments of Jesus' grace,  
Speak we by our lives His praise;  
Walk in Him we have received;  
Show we not in vain believed.

2 While we walk with God in light,  
God our hearts doth still unite;  
Dearest fellowship we prove,  
Fellowship in Jesus' love:  
Sweetly each, with each combined,  
In the bonds of duty joined,  
Feels the cleansing blood applied,  
Daily feels that Christ hath died.

3 Still, O Lord, our faith increase,  
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;  
Thee the unholy cannot see;  
Make, O make us meet for Thee!  
Every vile affection kill;  
Root out every seed of ill;  
Utterly abolish sin;  
Write Thy law of love within.

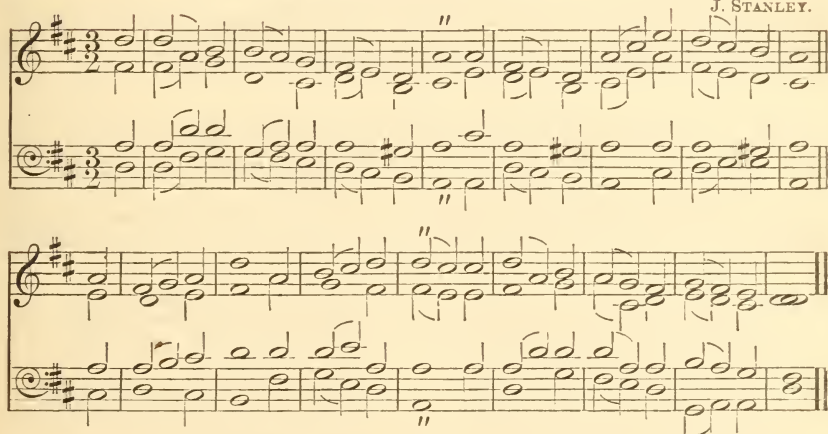
4 Hence may all our actions flow;  
Love the proof that Christ we know;  
Mutual love the token be,  
Lord, that we belong to Thee:  
*f* Love, Thine image, love impart!  
Stamp it on our face and heart!  
Only Love to us be given!  
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

C. WESLEY.

541

Montgomery.—L.M.

J. STANLEY.



1 WE'VE no abiding city here :  
This may distress the worldling's mind,  
But should not cost the saint a tear,  
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here :  
Sad truth, were this to be our home ;  
But let the thought our spirits cheer,  
We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here ;  
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
Let not the world our rest appear,  
But let us haste from all below.

4 We've no abiding city here ;  
We seek a city out of sight ;  
*f* Zion its name ; the Lord is there :  
It shines with everlasting light.

*f* 5 Zion, Jehovah is her Strength ;  
Secure she smiles at all her foes ;  
And weary travellers at length  
Within her sacred walls repose.

*p* 6 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest,  
Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd fly to Thee and be at rest.

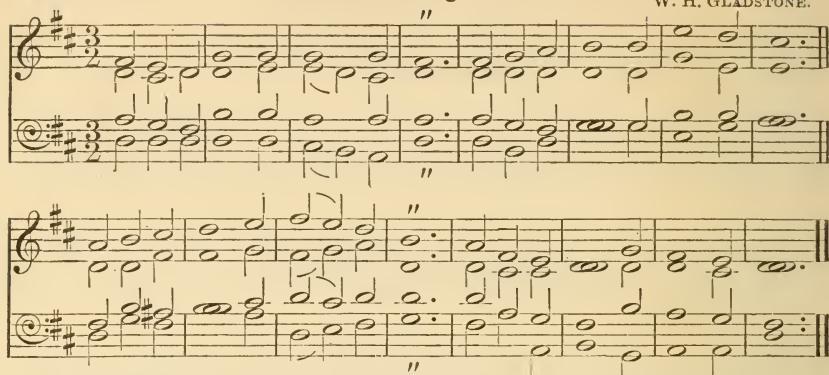
*p* 7 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine :  
The time my God appoints is best :  
While here, to do His will be mine ;  
And His, to fix my time of rest.

T. KELLY.

## 542—543

## Ombersley.—L.M.

W. H. GLADSTONE.



1 **W**HAT sinners value, I resign;  
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art  
 I shall behold Thy blissful face, [mine;  
 And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;  
 But the bright world to which I go  
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;  
 When shall I wake, and find I'm there?

*f* 3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!  
 I shall be near and like my God:  
 And flesh and sin no more control  
 The sacred pleasures of my soul.

*p* 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
*f* Then burst the chains with sweet surprise  
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

I. WATTS.

## 543

## Ombersley.—L.M.

1 **N**OW let our souls on wings sublime  
 Rise from the vanities of time,  
 Draw back the parting veil, and see  
 The glories of eternity.

2 Twice born by a celestial birth,  
 Why should we grovel here on earth?  
 Why grasp at transitory toys,  
 So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,  
 When we are travelling back to God?

For strangers into life we come,  
 And dying is but going home.

*f* 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,  
 That sets my longing soul at large,  
 Unbinds my chains, breaks up my cell,  
 And gives me with my God to dwell.

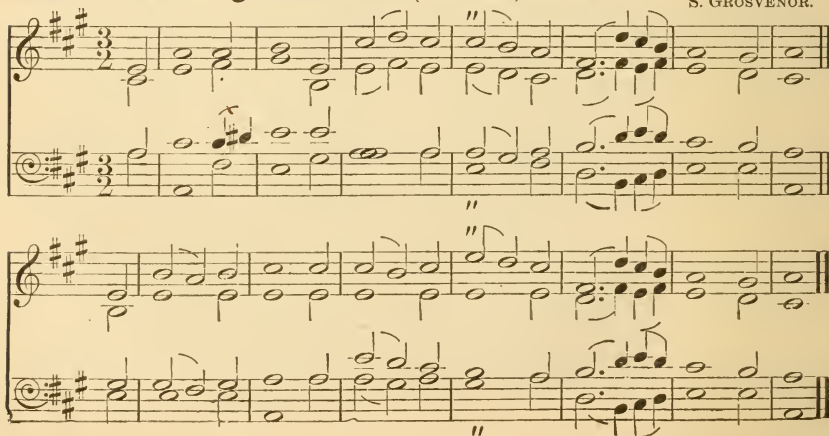
*f* 5 To dwell with God, to feel His love,  
 Is the full heaven enjoyed above;  
 And the sweet expectation now  
 Is the young dawn of heaven below.

T. GIBBONS.

## 544—545

## Jerusalem (1st Tune).—C.M.

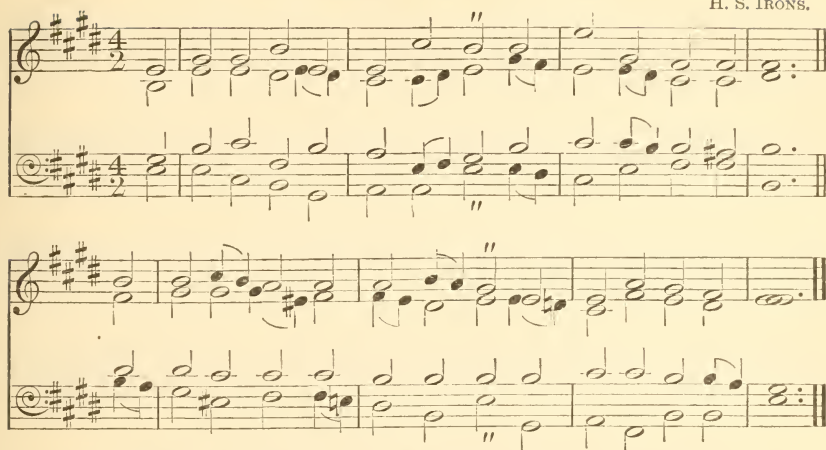
S. GROSVENOR.





## Southwell (2nd Tune).—C.M.

H. S. IRONS.



1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labours have an end  
In joy, and peace, and Thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built  
And pearly gates behold, [walls  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden bloom,  
No sin nor sorrow know :  
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy  
I onward press to you. [scenes

p 5 Why should I shrink from pain and  
Or feel at death dismay ? [woe,  
f I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
Around my Saviour stand,  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee ;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
f When I thy joys shall see.

D. DICKSON AND F. BAKER.

## 545 Jerusalem or Southwell.—C.M.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.

n 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears :  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came ;  
They with united breath  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
f Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He  
His zeal inspired their breast ; [trod ;  
And, following their incarnate God ;  
Possess the promised rest.

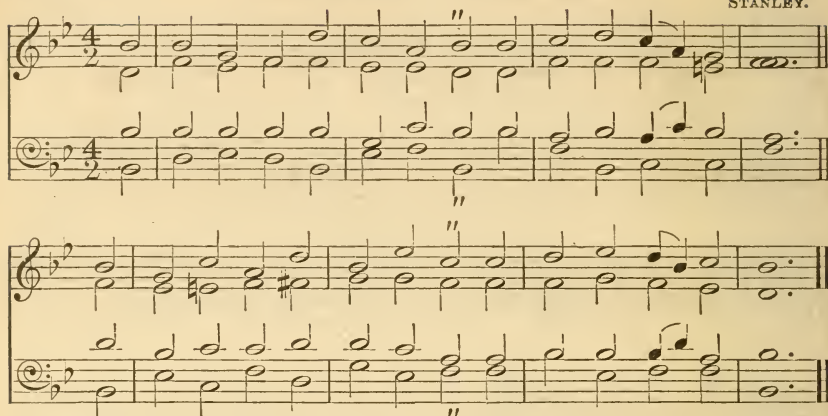
5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
For His own pattern given ;  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.

I. WATTS.

## 546

## Kent.—C.M.

STANLEY.



- f* 1 LIFT up your hearts to things above,  
Ye followers of the Lamb,  
And join with us to praise His love,  
And glorify His Name:
- f* 2 To Jesus' Name give thanks and sing,  
Whose mercies never end:  
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King;  
The King is now our Friend!
- 3 We, for His sake, count all things loss;  
On earthly good look down;  
And joyfully sustain the Cross,  
Till we receive the crown.
- f* 4 O let us stir each other up,  
Our faith by works to approve,  
By holy, purifying hope,  
And the sweet task of love!
- 5 Mercy and peace our portion be,  
To carnal minds unknown,  
The hidden manna, and the tree  
Of life, and the white stone.
- 6 Let all who for the Promise wait,  
The Holy Ghost receive;  
And raised to our unsinning state,  
With God in Eden live!
- f* 7 Live till the Lord in glory come,  
And wait His heaven to share:  
He now is fitting up our home—  
Go on—we'll meet you there.
- C. WESLEY.

## 547—548

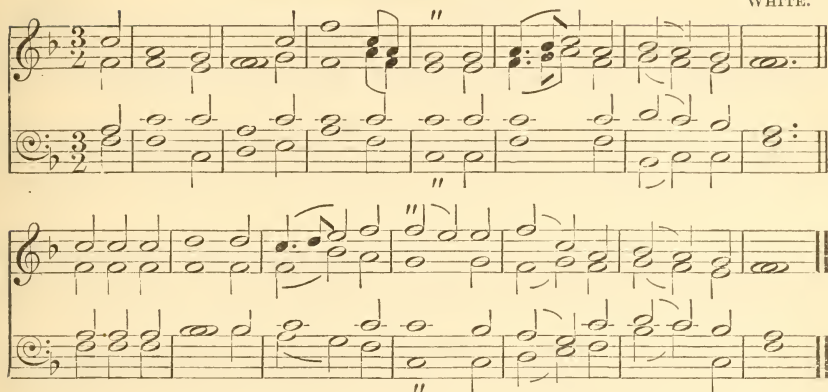
## Evan (1st Tune).—C.M.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



**Ephesus** (2nd Tune).—C.M.

WHITE.



- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
     To mansions in the skies,  
*f* I bid farewell to every fear,  
     And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
     And hellish darts be hurled,  
*f* Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
     And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
     And storms of sorrow fall;  
     May I but safely reach my home,  
     My God, my heaven, my all!
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
     In seas of heavenly rest,  
     And not a wave of trouble roll  
     Across my peaceful breast.

I. WATTS.

548

**Evan or Ephesus**.—C.M.

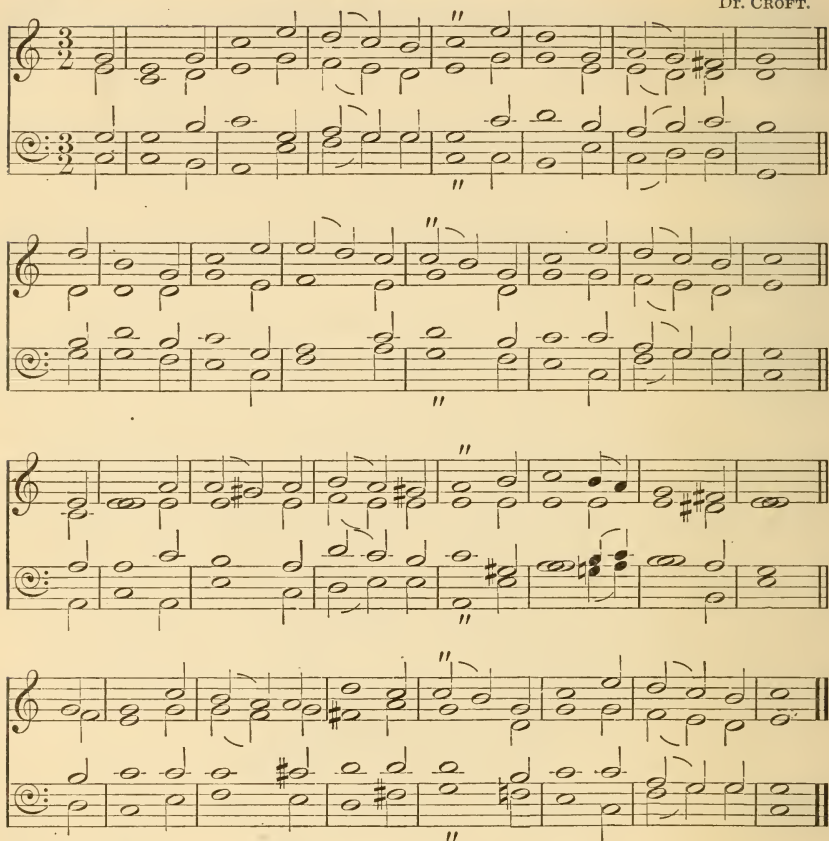
- 1 **W**E seek a glorious rest above,  
     A land of endless light;  
     A heaven of happiness and love—  
     A city out of sight.
- 2 We seek a house not made with hands,  
     Where pleasures never die;  
     Which on a sure foundation stands,  
     Eternal in the sky.
- 3 We many sore temptations meet,  
     While in this vale of woe;  
     But these will make our joys more sweet  
     When we to glory go.
- f* 4 Then let us now as soldiers fight  
     Against the world and sin;  
     For if we keep our armour bright,  
     We shall the battle win.
- f* 5 We'll bid farewell to all our grief,  
     Our cares will soon be o'er;  
     A few more storms will land us safe  
     On that eternal shore.

W. SANDERS.

## 549

## St. Matthew.—C.M.D.

Dr. CROFT.



1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,  
 And let it droop and die;  
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
 And soar to worlds on high;  
 Shall join the disembodied saints,  
 And find its long-sought rest  
 (That only bliss for which it pants)  
 In my Redeemer's breast.

*f* 2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
 I now the cross sustain,  
 And gladly wander up and down,  
 And smile at toil and pain  
 I suffer out my threescore years  
 Till my Deliverer come  
 And wipe away His servant's tears,  
 And take His exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me?  
 Before my ravished eyes  
 Rivers of life Divine I see,  
 And trees of Paradise.  
 I see a world of spirits bright  
 Who reap the pleasures there;  
 They all are robed in purest white,  
 And conquering palms they bear.

4 O what are all my sufferings here,  
 If, Lord, thou count me meet  
 With that enraptured host to appear,  
 And worship at Thy feet!  
*f* Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
 Take life or friends away:  
 I come, to find them all again  
 In that eternal day.

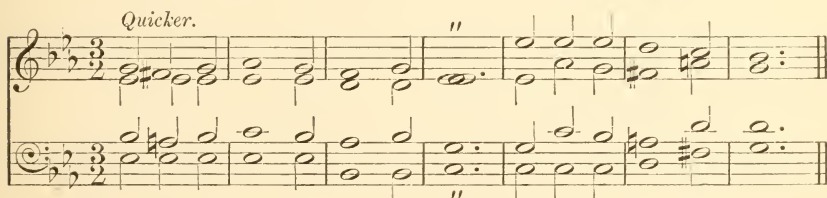
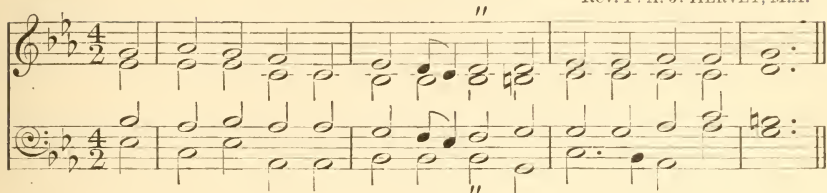
C. WESLEY.



## 550

## Castle Rising.—C.M.D.

Rev. F. A. J. HERVEY, M.A.



1 THE roseate hues of early dawn,  
 The brightness of the day,  
 The crimson of the sunset sky,  
*p* How fast they fade away!  
 O for the pearly gates of heaven,  
 O for the golden floor:  
 O for the Sun of Righteousness  
*f* That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
 How fast they tire and faint,  
 How many a spot defiles the robe  
 That wraps an earthly saint!  
 O for a heart that never sins,  
 O for a soul washed white,  
 O for a voice to praise our King,  
*f* Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours and heavenly hope,  
 And grace to lead us higher;  
 But there are perfectness and peace  
 Beyond our best desire.  
*f* O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,  
 O by Thy life laid down,  
 Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
 Nor cast away our crown.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

## 551

## Bremen.—S.M.D.

J. B. WOODBURY.

CODA.

Near - er home, near - er home, A day's march near - er home.

*f* 1 'FOR ever with the Lord !'  
 Amen ! so let it be ;  
 Life from the dead is in that word,  
 'Tis immortality !

*p* 2 Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from Him I roam,  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,  
 Home of my soul ! how near,  
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye  
 Thy golden gates appear !

*p* 4 Ah ! then my spirit faints  
 To reach the land I love,  
 The bright inheritance of saints,  
*f* Jerusalem above !

*f* 5 'For ever with the Lord !'  
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
 The promise of that faithful word  
 E'en here to me fulfil.

6 Be Thou at my right hand,  
 Then can I never fail ;  
 Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand ;  
*f* Fight, and I must prevail.

*p* 7 So when my latest breath  
 Shall rend the veil in twain,  
 By death I shall escape from death,  
 And life eternal gain.

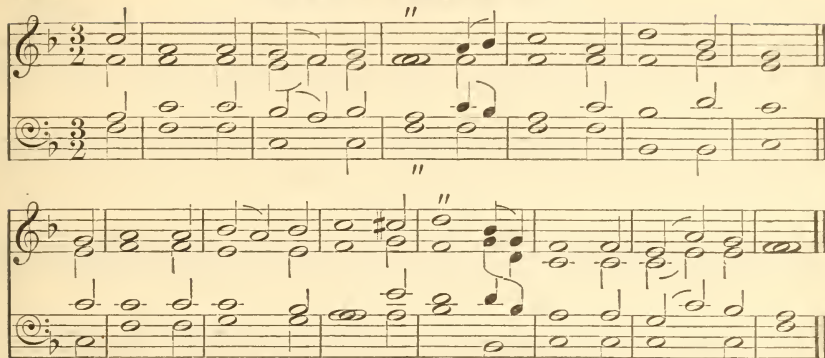
8 Knowing as I am known,  
 How shall I love that word,  
 And oft repeat before the throne,  
 'For ever with the Lord !'

J. MONTGOMERY.

After last verse, repeat from \* to the words of the 2nd verse, and then sing the Coda.

552

## Lumen Verum.—S.M.



1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take ;  
Loud, to the praise of love Divine,  
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home ;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.

*f* 3 His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine :  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark Divine.

*p* 4 When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon His Name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at His control :  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on Thee !  
*f* Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall Thy salvation see.

A. M. TOPLADY.

553

## Langton.—S.M.

Adapted by C. STREATFIELD.



*p* 1 FAR from my heavenly home,  
Far from my Father's breast,  
Fainting I cry, 'Blest Spirit, come,  
And speed me to my rest.'

*p* 2 Upon the willows long  
My harp has silent hung :  
How hard I sing a cheerful song,  
Till Thou inspire my tongue ?

3 My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee ;

My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,  
When I remember thee.

4 To thee, to thee, I press,  
A dark and toilsome road :  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode ?

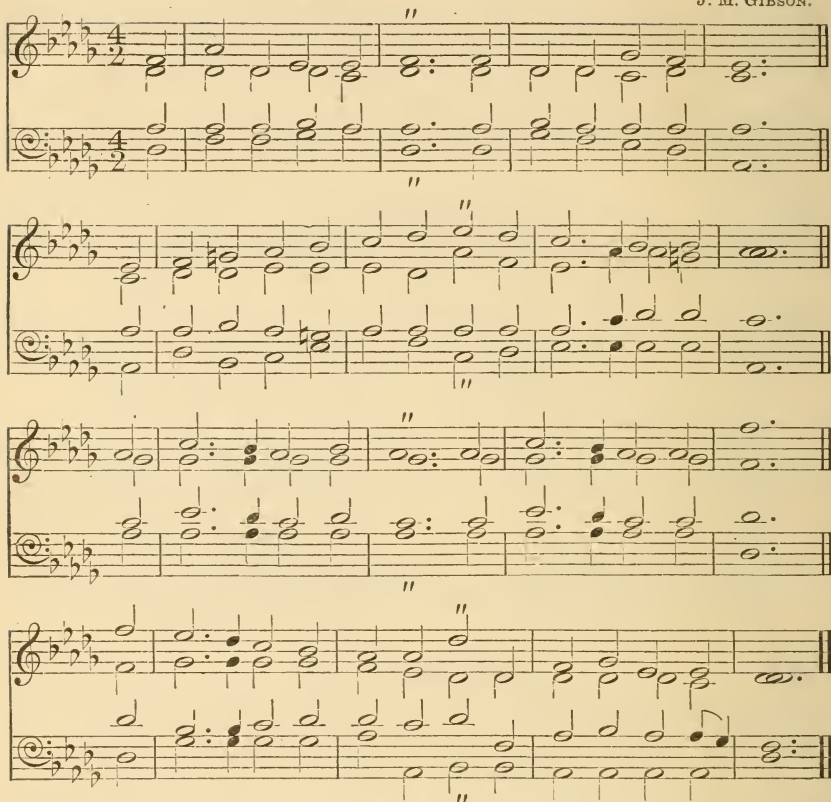
5 God of my life, be near ;  
On Thee my hopes I cast ;  
*f* O guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last.

H. F. LYTE.

## 554

## Mansion.—S.M.D.

J. M. GIBSON.



1 I HAVE a home above,  
 From sin and sorrow free ;  
 A mansion which eternal Love  
 Designed and formed for me.  
 My Father's gracious hand  
 Has built this sweet abode ;  
 From everlasting it was planned,  
 My dwelling-place with God.

2 My Saviour's precious blood  
 Has made my title sure ;  
 He passed through death's dark raging flood  
 To make my rest secure.  
 The Comforter is come,  
 The earnest has been given ;  
 He leads me onward to the home  
 Reserved for me in heaven.

3 Bright angels guard my way ;  
 His ministers of power,  
 Encamping round me night and day,  
 Preserve in danger's hour.

Loved ones are gone before,  
 Whose pilgrim days are done :  
 I soon shall greet them on that shore  
 Where partings are unknown.

4 But, more than all, I long  
 His glories to behold,  
 Whose smile fills all that radiant throng  
 With ecstasy untold :  
 That bright, yet tender smile—  
 My sweetest welcome there—  
 Shall cheer me through the 'little while'  
 I tarry for Him here.

5 Thy love, Thou precious Lord,  
 My joy and strength shall be ;  
 Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word  
 That bids me rise to Thee :  
 And then, through endless days,  
 Where all Thy glories shine,  
 In happier, holier strains I'll praise  
 The grace that made me Thine.

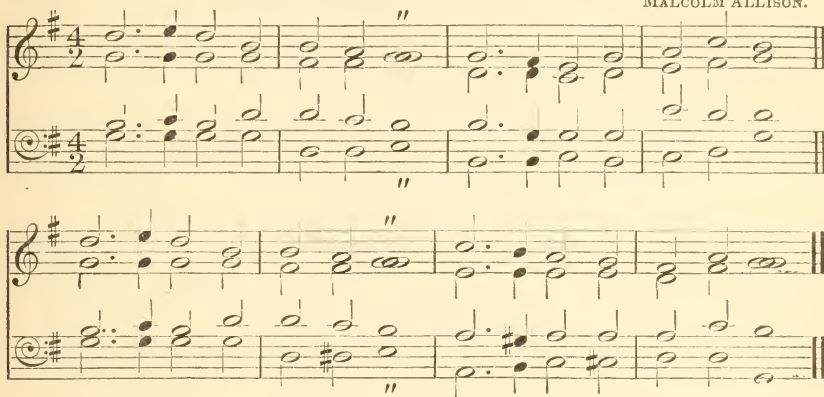
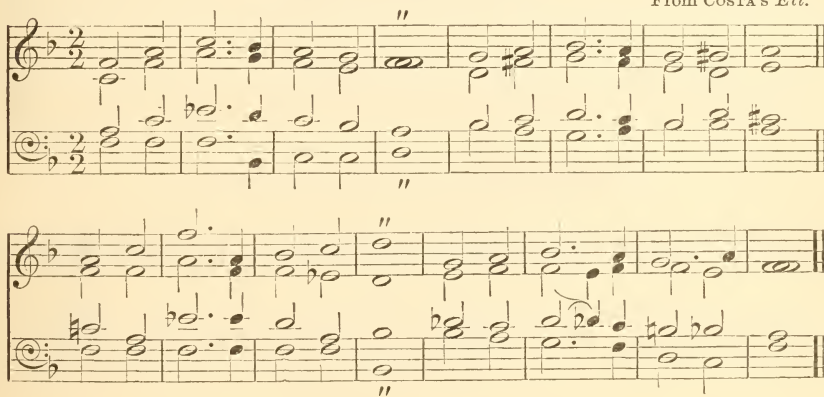
H. BENNETT.



555

**Blasius** (1st Tune).—7 7.7 7.

MALCOLM ALLISON.

**Eli** (2nd Tune).—7 7.7 7.From COSTA's *Eli*.

*f* 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!  
Christ our Advocate is made;  
Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.

*f* 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!  
You on Jesus' throne shall rest!  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.

*f* 5 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light;  
Zion's city is in sight;  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

6 Fear not, brethren: joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Christ, the everlasting Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

7 Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
*f* And we still will follow Thee.

J. CENNICK.

## 556

## Spes Gloriae (1st Tune).—Irregular.

Rev. SIDNEY J. P. DUNMAN.

Three systems of musical notation for 'Spes Gloriae (1st Tune)'. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/2. The music includes various note values and rests, with repeat signs and fermatas indicating specific musical structures.

## Thungerford (2nd Tune).—Irregular.

DR. GAUNTLETT.

Three systems of musical notation for 'Thungerford (2nd Tune)'. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/2. The music includes various note values and rests, with repeat signs and fermatas indicating specific musical structures.

1 COME, let us ascend,  
 My companion and friend,  
 To a taste of the banquet above;  
 If thy heart be as mine,  
 If for Jesus it pine,  
 Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,  
 We are bold to outride  
 The storms of affliction beneath;  
 With the prophet we soar  
 To the heavenly shore,  
 And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come  
 To our permanent home;  
 By hope we the rapture improve:  
 By love we still rise,  
 And look down on the skies,  
 For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive  
 How happy we live,  
 In the city of God, the great King?  
 What a concert of praise,  
 When our Jesus's grace  
 The whole heavenly company sing!

f 5 What a rapturous song,  
 When the glorified throng  
 In the spirit of harmony join!  
 Join all the glad choirs,  
 Hearts, voices, and lyres,  
 And the burden is, 'Mercy divine!'

f 6 'Hallelujah!' they cry,  
 To the King of the sky,  
 To the great everlasting I AM;  
 To the Lamb that was slain,  
 And liveth again,  
 'Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!'

7 The Lamb on the throne,  
 Lo! He dwells with His own,  
 And to rivers of pleasure He leads;  
 With His mercy's full blaze,  
 With the sight of His face,  
 Our beatified spirits He feeds.

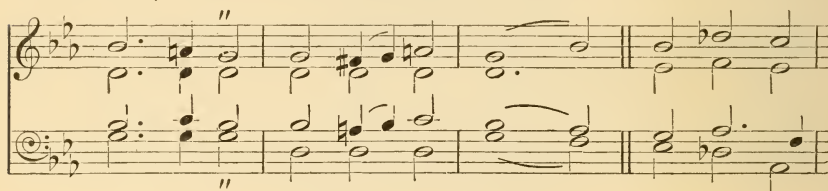
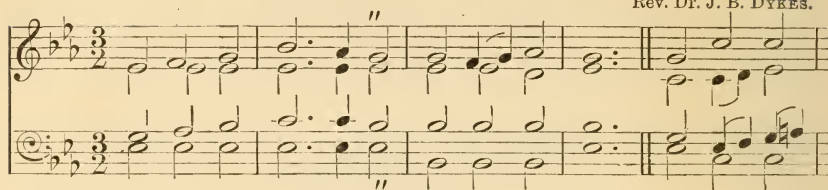
8 Our foreheads proclaim  
 His ineffable Name;  
 f Our bodies His glory display:  
 A day without night  
 We feast in His sight,  
 And eternity seems as a day!

C. WESLEY.

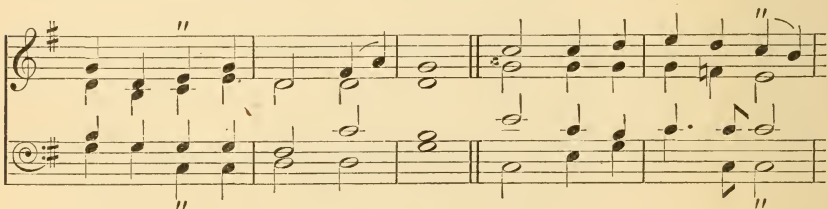
557

**Thorbury** (1st Tune).—6 4.6 4.6 6 4.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.

**Propior Deo** (2nd Tune).—6 4.6 4.6 6 4.

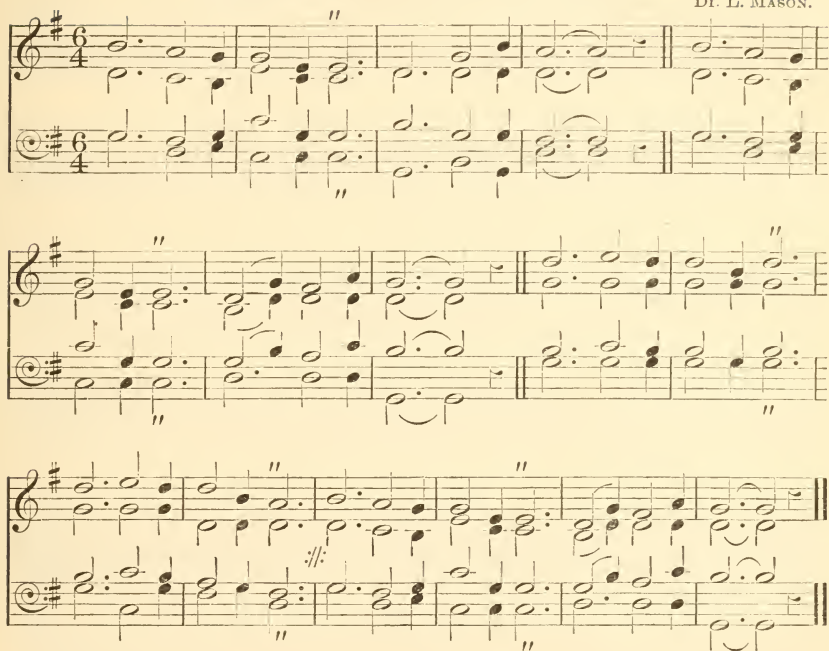
Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.





## Bethel (3rd Tune).—6 4.6 4.6 6 4.

Dr. L. MASON.



1 **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee ;  
*p* E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be,  
‘Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.’

*p* 2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee,

4 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

*f* 5 And when on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upwards I fly ;  
Still, all my song shall be,  
‘Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.’

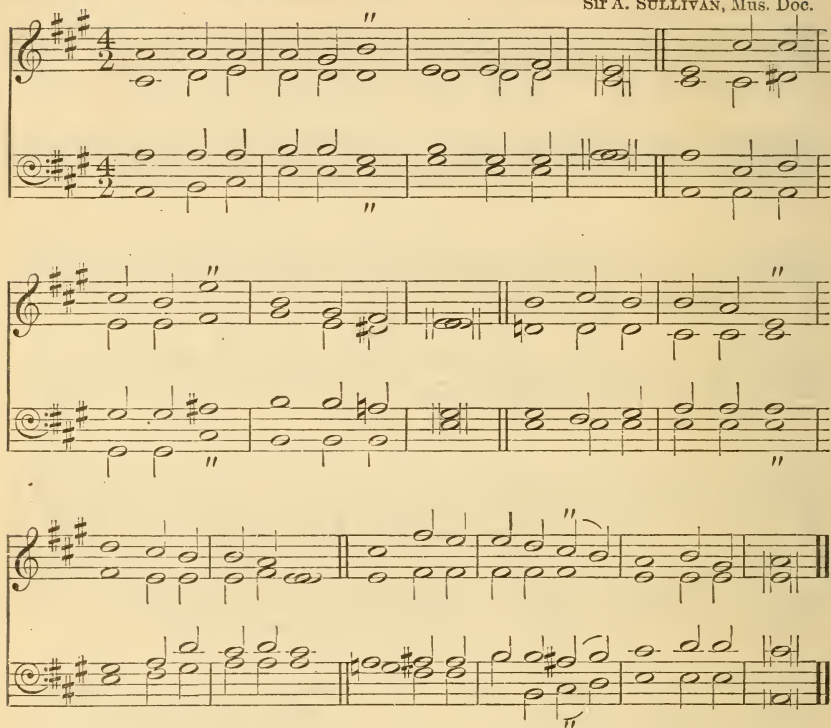
*f* 6 There in my Father's home,  
Safe and at rest,  
There in my Saviour's love  
Perfectly blest ;  
Age after age to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

S. F. ADAMS AND S. H. BICKERSTETH.

## 558

## Fatherland.—6 4.6 4.6 6 6 4.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



*p* 1 I'M but a stranger here,  
Heaven is my home.

Earth is a desert drear,  
Heaven is my home;

*p* Danger and sorrow stand  
Round me on every hand;  
Heaven is my fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,  
Heaven is my home.  
Short is my pilgrimage,  
Heaven is my home;  
And time's wild wintry blast  
Soon will be overpast,  
I shall reach home at last:  
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,  
Heaven is my home.

*f* I shall be glorified,  
Heaven is my home;  
There are the good and blest,  
Those I love most and best,  
And there I too shall rest:  
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I'll murmur not,  
Heaven is my home.  
Whate'er my earthly lot,  
Heaven is my home;

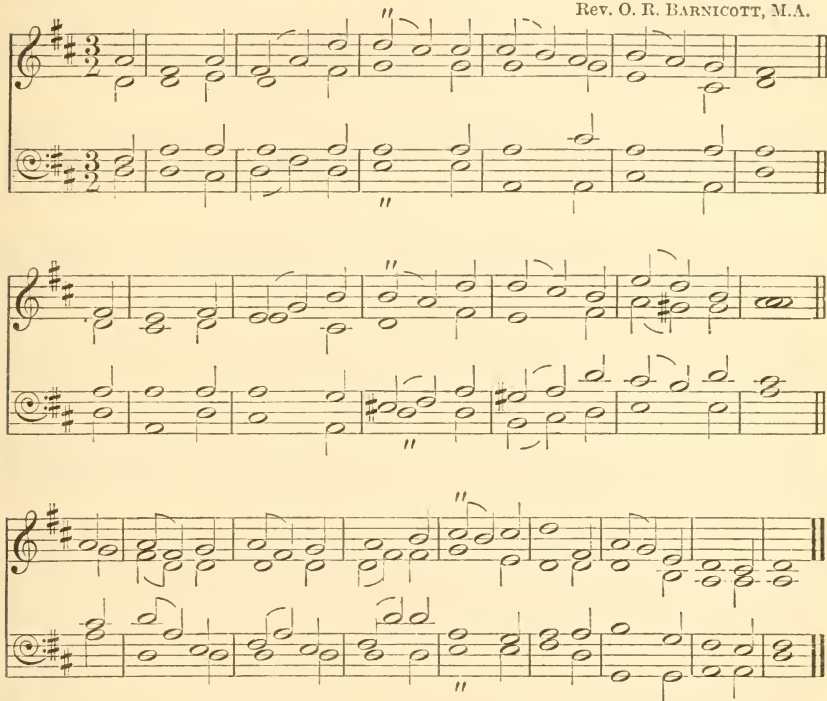
*f* For I shall surely stand  
There at my Lord's right hand—  
*ff* Heaven is my fatherland,  
Heaven is my home.

T. R. TAYLOR.

559

## Warrenne, No. 5.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

REV. O. R. BARNICOTT, M.A.



*p* 1 SWEET place ; sweet place alone !  
 The court of God most high,  
 The heaven of heavens, the throne  
 Of spotless majesty !

*f* O happy place, when shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

2 The stranger homeward bends,  
 And sigheth for his rest :

Heaven is my home, my friends  
 Lodge there in Abraham's breast :

*f* O happy place ! when shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

*p* 3 Earth's but a sorry tent,  
 Pitched for a few frail days,  
 A short-leased tenement ;

Heaven's still my song, my praise :  
*f* O happy place ! when shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

4 No tears from any eyes  
 Drop in that holy choir :

But death itself there dies,  
 And sighs themselves expire :

*f* O happy place ! when shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

5 There should temptations cease,

My frailties there should end ;

There should I rest in peace

In the arms of my best Friend :

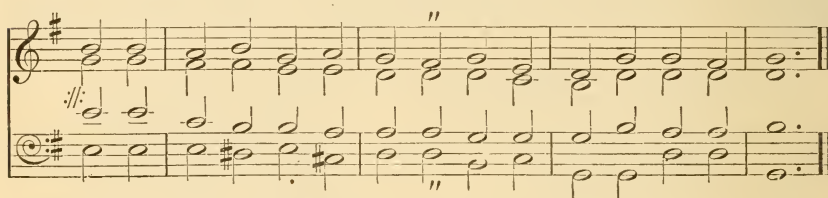
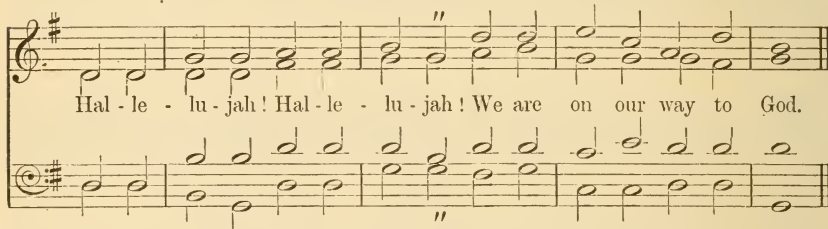
*f* O happy place ! when shall I be,

My God, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

S. CROSSMAN.

## 560

## Highbury.—6 6.8 6.8 7.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.  
Adapted from C. F. WITT.

1 FROM Egypt lately come,  
Where death and darkness reign,  
We seek our new, our better home,  
Where we our rest shall gain.  
f Hallelujah!  
We are on our way to God.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound  
We haste with songs of joy,  
Where peace and liberty are found,  
And sweets that never cloy.  
f Hallelujah! &c.

3 Our toils and conflicts cease  
p On Canaan's happy shore;  
There we shall dwell in endless peace,  
And never hunger more.  
f Hallelujah! &c.



4 There in celestial strains  
Enraptured myriads sing;  
There love in every bosom reigns,  
For God Himself is King.  
*f* Hallelujah! &c.

5 We soon shall join the throng;  
Their pleasures we shall share;  
And sing the everlasting song,  
With all the ransomed there.  
*f* Hallelujah! &c.

6 How bright the prospect is!  
It cheers the pilgrim's breast,  
We're journeying through the wilderness,  
But soon shall gain our rest!  
*f* Hallelujah! &c.

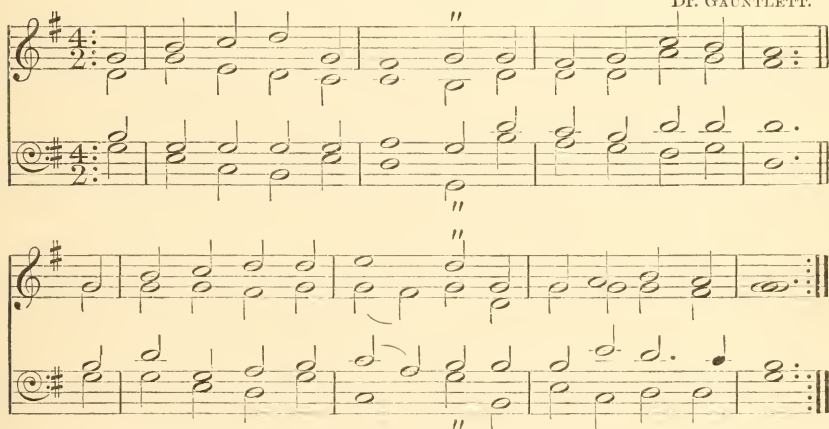
T. KELLY.

561

## St. Alphege.—7 6.7 6.

By permission, from *The Church Hymn and Tune Book*.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



## PART I.

*p* 1 **B**RIEF life is here our portion;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life is there.  
O happy retribution!  
Short toil, eternal rest:  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest.

*p* 2 And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown;  
But He, Whom now we trust in,  
Shall then be seen and known;  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.

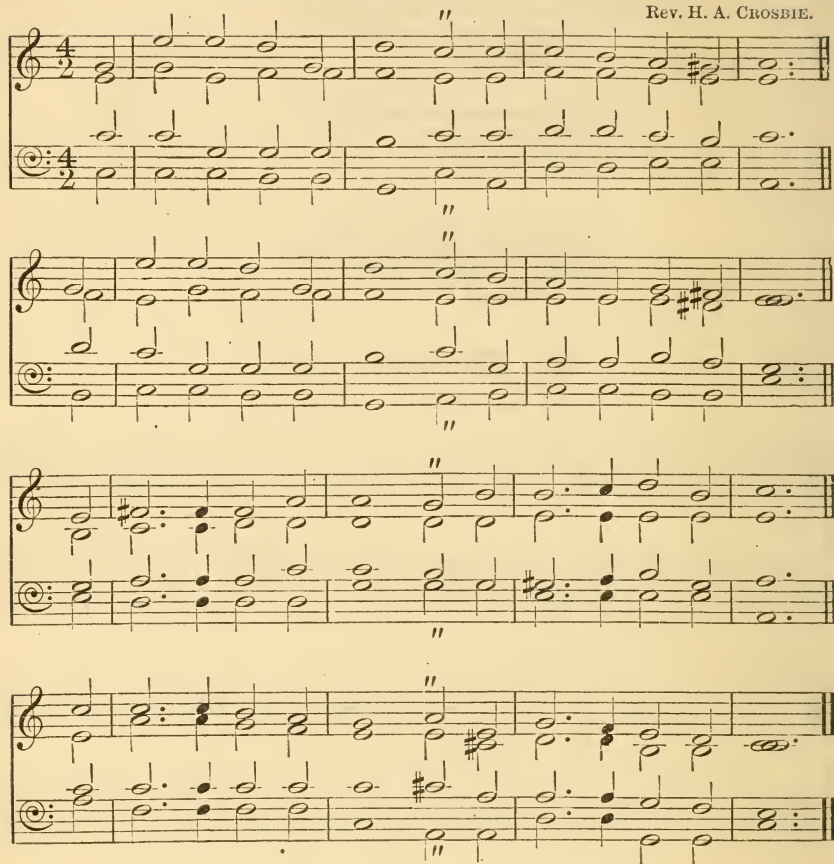
3 The morning shall awaken,  
The shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day:  
There God, our King and Portion,  
*f* In fulness of His grace,  
Shall we behold for ever,  
And worship face to face.

BERNARD, *trs.* by J. M. NEALE.

562

## Mossleigh.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

Rev. H. A. CROSBIE.



## PART II.

1 FOR thee, O dear, dear country,  
     Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
 For very love, beholding  
 Thy happy name, they weep.  
 The mention of thy glory  
 Is unction to the breast,  
 And medicine in sickness,  
 And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion,  
     O Paradise of joy,  
 Where tears are ever banished,  
 And smiles have no alloy;  
 The Lamb is all thy Splendour,  
 The Crucified thy Praise;  
 His laud and benediction  
 Thy ransomed people raise.

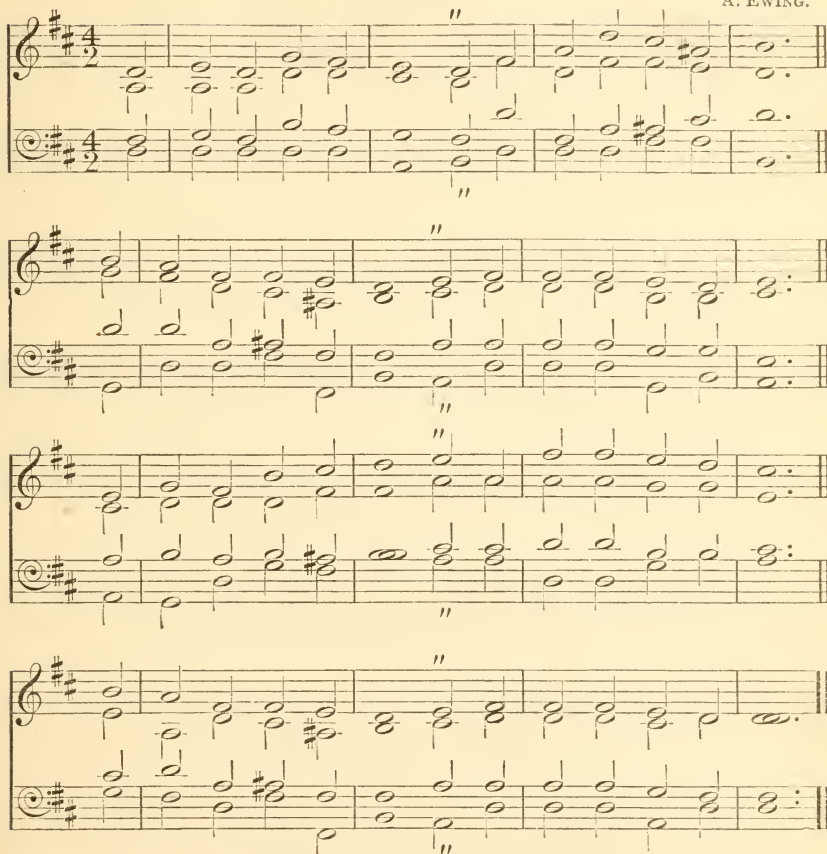
3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
     Thy streets with emeralds blaze;  
 The sardius and the topaz  
 Unite in thee their rays;  
 Thine ageless walls are bonded  
 With amethyst unpriced;  
 The saints build up its fabric,  
 And the Corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;  
 Thou hast no time, bright day;  
 Dear fountain of refreshment  
 To pilgrims far away.  
 Upon the Rock of Ages  
 They raise thy holy tower;  
 Thine is the victor's laurel,  
 And thine the golden dower.  
 BERNARD, *trs.* by J. M. NEALE.

## 563

## Ewing.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

A. EWING.



## PART III.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM the golden,  
 With milk and honey blest,  
 Beneath thy contemplation  
 Sink heart and voice oppressed ;  
*p* I know not, O I know not !  
 What joys await us there ;  
*f* What radiancy of glory,  
 What bliss beyond compare.
- f* 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the martyr throng ;  
 The Prince is ever in them,  
 The daylight is serene ;  
 The pastures of the blessed  
 Are decked with glorious sheen.

- f* 3 There is the throne of David ;  
 And there from care released,  
*f* The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast ;  
 And they, who with their Leader  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 For ever and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.

- f* 4 O sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect !  
 O sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect !  
*p* Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest,  
 Who art with God the Father,  
 And Spirit ever blest.

BERNARD, *trs.* by J. M. NEALE.

## 564

## Laister Dyke.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.



*p* 1 PILGRIMS we are and strangers,  
 As all our fathers were ;  
 Our path is full of dangers,  
 Beset with many a snare ;  
 But, in our God confiding,  
 No evil will we fear ;  
 For our defence providing,  
 He will be ever near.

2 Our heavenly habitation  
 Attracts our longing eyes ;  
 In sweet anticipation  
 We view the blissful prize ;  
 That glimpse our souls inflaming,  
 With more intense desire,  
 All earthly hopes disclaiming,  
 To heavenly joys aspire.

3 Jesus is gone before us,  
 Those mansions to prepare ;  
*f* Soon shall we share His glories,  
 And sing His praises there :  
 The prospect, O how cheering !  
 We hail the happy day,  
 And long for His appearing  
 To bear our souls away.

*f* 4 Then let us ne'er be weary,  
 Nor faint upon the road ;  
 For, though the way be dreary,  
 It leads us home to God :  
 It leads us to that station  
 Where foes no more annoy—  
 That world of full salvation,  
 And everlasting joy.

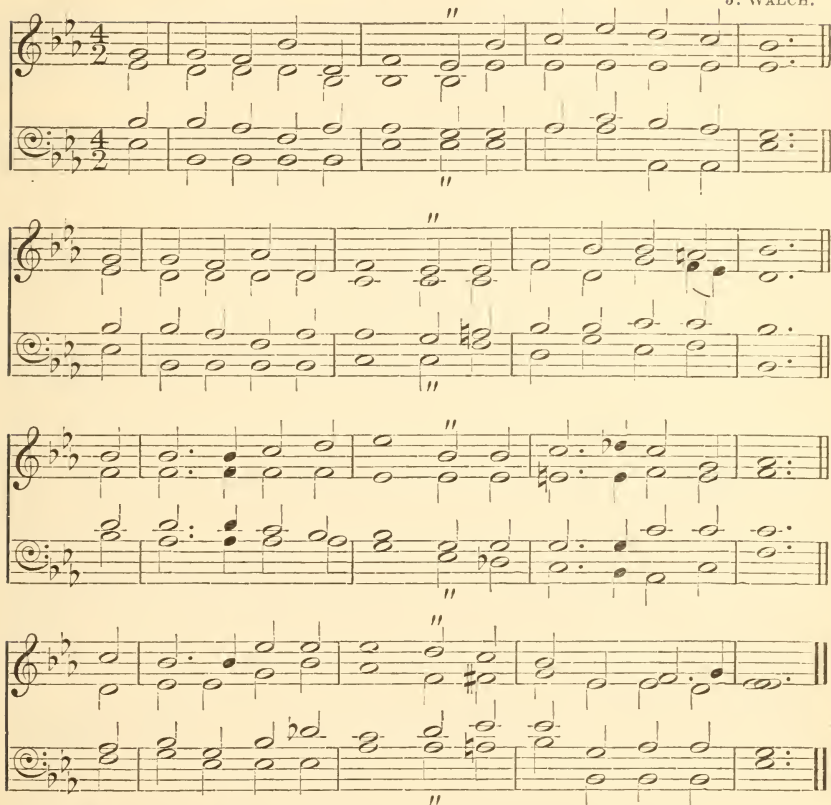
J. BURTON.



565

## St. George's, Bolton.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

J. WALCH.



*p* 1 I'M kneeling at the threshold,  
 A-weary, faint, and sore ;  
 I'm waiting for the dawning,  
 The opening of the door ;  
 I'm waiting till the Master  
 Shall bid me rise and come  
*f* To the glory of His presence,  
 The gladness of His home.

*p* 2 A weary path I've travelled,  
 'Mid darkness, storm, and strife,  
 Bearing many a burden,  
 Contending for my life ;  
 But now the morn is breaking,  
 My toil will soon be o'er,  
 I'm kneeling at the threshold,  
 My hand is on the door.

3 Methinks I hear the voices  
 Of the blessed as they stand,  
 Sweet singing in the sunshine  
 Of the unclouded land :

*f* O would that I were with them,  
 Amid the shining throng,  
 Uniting in their worship,  
 Rejoicing in their song.

4 The friends that started with me  
 Have entered long ago,  
 Ah! one by one they left me,  
 To struggle with the foe ;  
 Their pilgrimage was shorter,  
 Their triumph sooner won ;  
 How lovingly they'll hail me  
 When my work too is done !

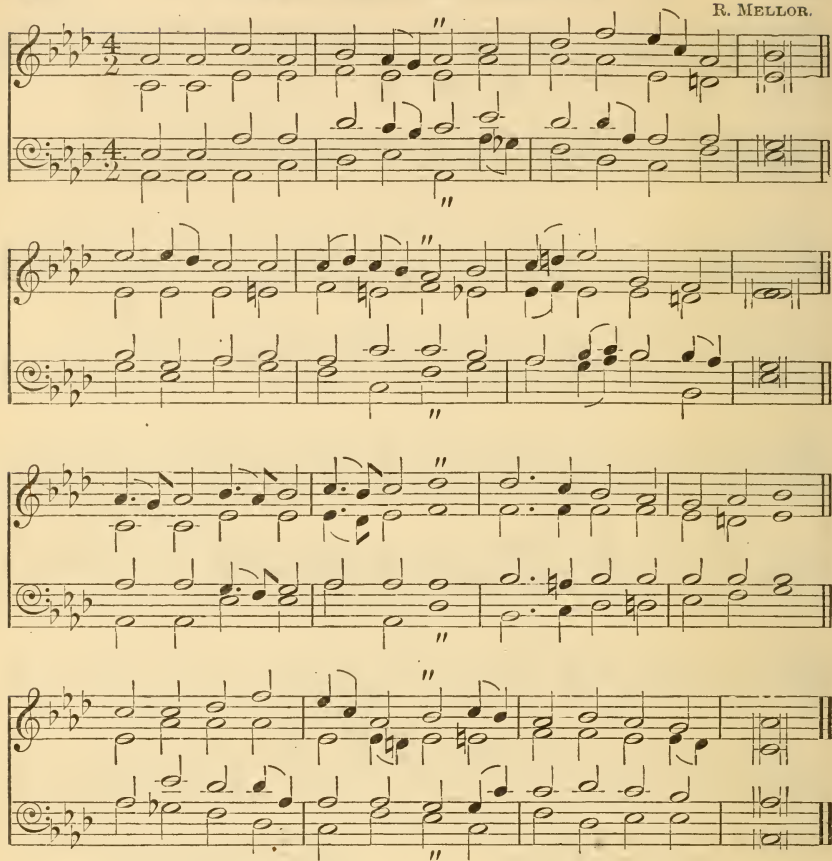
5 With them the blessed angels,  
 That know no grief nor sin,  
 I see them at the portals,  
 Prepared to let me in ;  
 O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure,  
 Thy time and way are best,  
*p* I'm wasted, worn, and weary ;  
 My Father ! bid me rest.

W. L. ALEXANDER.

## 566

## Elevation.—7 6.7 6.7 7.7 6.

R. MELLOR.



*f* <sup>1</sup> **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace ;  
 Rise from transitory things,  
 Towards heaven, thy native place :  
 Sun and moon and stars decay ;  
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course ;  
 Fire ascending seeks the sun ;  
 Both speed them to their source :  
 So my soul, that's born of God,  
 Pants to view His glorious face ;  
 Upwards tends to His abode,  
 To rest in His embrace.

3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,  
 Whilst I that coast explore;  
 Flattering world, with all thy snares,  
 Solicit me no more:  
 Pilgrims fix not here their home,  
 Strangers tarry but a night;  
 When the last dear morn is come,  
 They'll rise to joyful light.

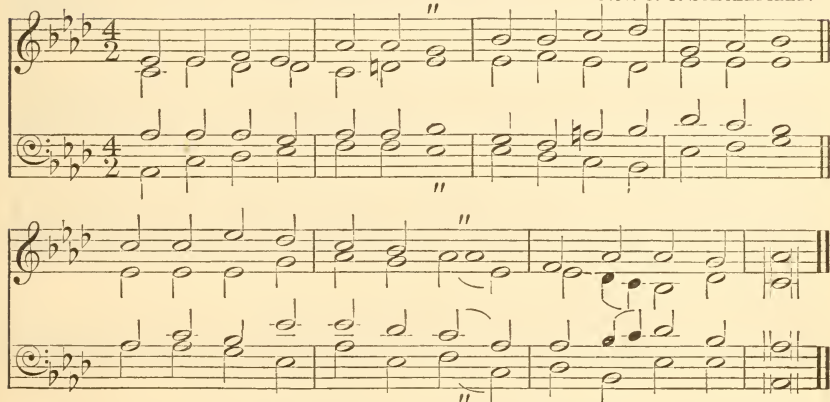
*f* 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
 Press onward to the prize;  
 Soon our Saviour will return  
 Triumphant in the skies:  
 Yet a season, and you know  
 Happy entrance will be given;  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

R. SEAGRAVE.

567

Irene.—7 7.7 5.

Rev. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



*p* 1 WHEN the day of toil is done,  
 When the race of life is run,  
 Father, grant Thy wearied one  
*pp* Rest for evermore!

2 When the darkness melts away  
 At the breaking of the day,  
 Bid us hail the cheering ray:  
*f* Light for evermore!

*p* 3 When the heart by sorrow tried  
 Feels at length its throbs subside,  
 Bring us, where all tears are dried,  
*f* Joy for evermore!

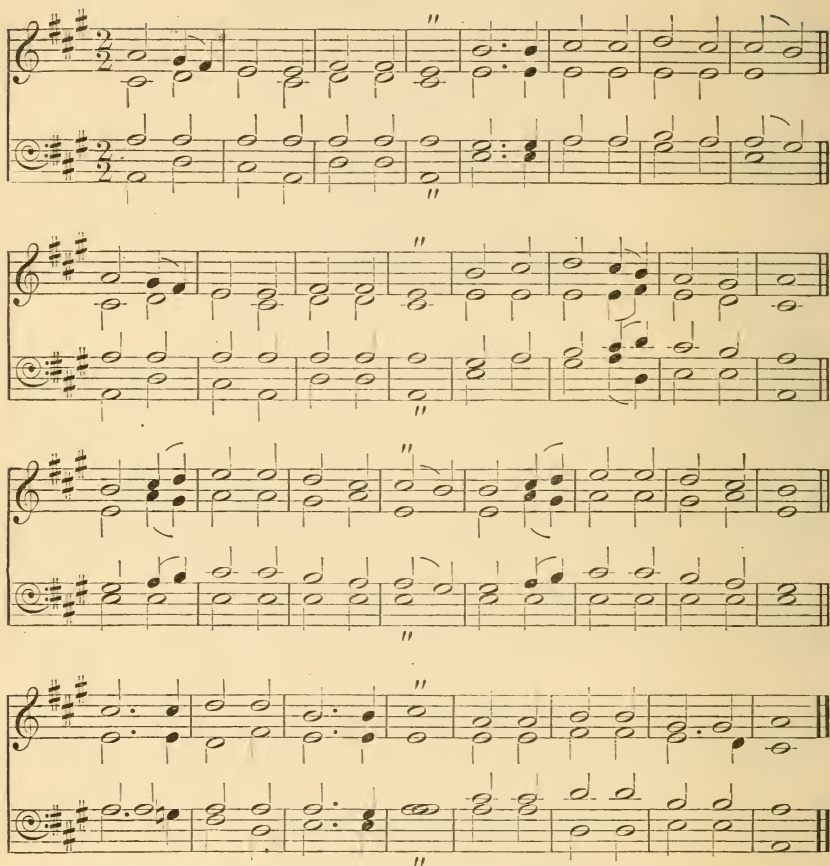
*p* 4 When for vanished days we yearn,  
 Days that never can return,  
 Teach us in Thy love to learn  
*f* Love for evermore!

*pp* 5 When the breath of life is flown,  
 When the grave must claim its own,  
 Lord of life! be ours Thy crown:  
*f* Life for evermore!

J. ELLERTON.

## 568

## Syria.—77.77.77.77.



1 **L**IFT your eyes of faith, and see  
 Saints and angels joined in one;  
 What a countless company  
 Stand before yon dazzling throne!  
 Each before his Saviour stands,  
 All in milk-white robes arrayed,  
 Palms they carry in their hands,  
*f* Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints, begin the endless song,  
 Cry aloud in heavenly lays,  
*f* 'Glory doth to God belong,'  
 God, the glorious Saviour, praise:  
 All salvation from Him came,  
 Him who reigns enthroned on high:  
 'Glory to the bleeding Lamb,'  
 Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne surround,  
 Next the saints in glory they;  
 Lulled with the transporting sound,  
 They their silent homage pay:  
 Prostrate on their face before  
 God and His Messiah fall;  
*f* Then in hymns of praise adore,  
 Shout the Lamb that died for all.

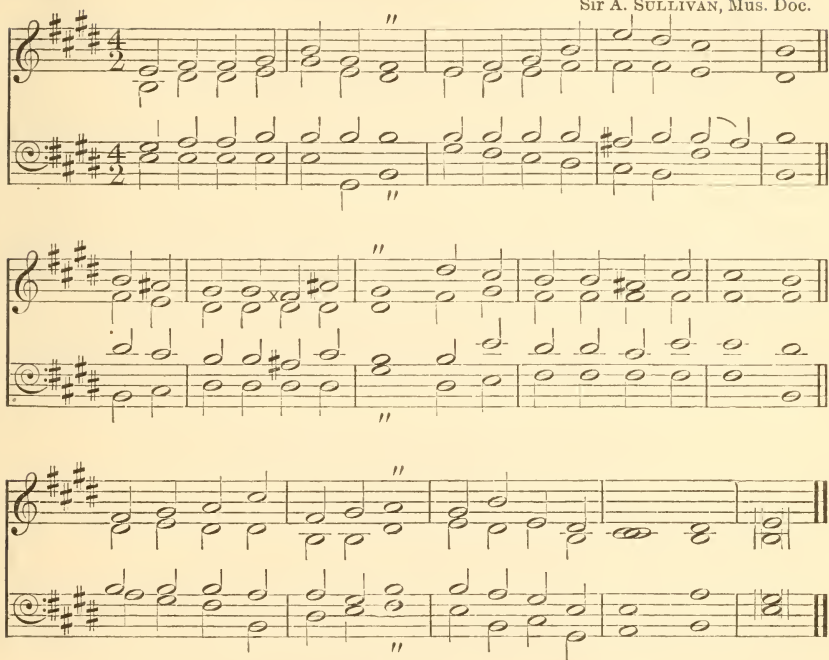
*f* 4 'Be it so,' they all reply,  
 'Him let all our orders praise;  
 Him that did for sinners die,  
 Saviour of the favoured race!  
*ff* Render we our God His right,  
 Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,  
 Honour, majesty, and might;  
 Praise Him, praise Him evermore!'  
 C. WESLEY.



## 569

## The Long Home.—7 8.7 8.7.7.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



1 HEAVENWARD our path still goes,  
 Sojourners on earth we wander,  
 Till we reach our blest repose,  
 In the land of promise yonder:  
 Here we stay a pilgrim band,  
 There must be our fatherland.

*f* 2 Heavenward! my soul, arise,  
 For thou art a heavenly being,  
 Thou shouldst seek no earthly prize,  
 When from this world thou art fleeing;  
 Hearts with heavenly wisdom blest  
 Can in heaven alone find rest.

3 Heavenward! death's mighty hand  
 Guides me there to joy and gladness;  
 There, within that blessed land,  
*f* Victor over pain and sadness,  
 Christ Himself has gone before—  
 Can I dread an unknown shore?

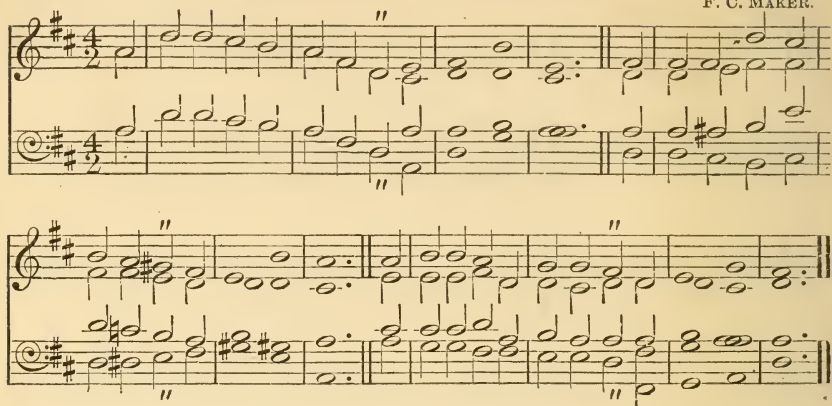
*ff* 4 Heavenward! O heavenward!  
 There shall be my lot and treasure;  
 Let me strive my heart to guard  
 From each vain and worldly pleasure:  
 Heavenward my thoughts must tend,  
 Till in heaven my cares shall end.

B. SCHMOLCK.

570

## Wentworth.—8 4.8 4.8 4.

F. C. MAKER.



*f* 1 MY God, I thank Thee, Who hast made  
 The earth so bright,  
 So full of splendour and of joy,  
 Beauty and light;  
 So many glorious things are here,  
 Noble and right.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
 Joy to abound;  
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
 Circling us round,  
 That in the darkest spot of earth  
 Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy  
*p* Is touched with pain;  
 That shadows fall on brightest hours;  
 That thorns remain:  
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
 And not our chain.

*p* 4 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
 The best in store;  
 We have enough, yet not too much  
 To long for more:  
 A yearning for a deeper peace  
 Not known before.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
 Though amply blest,  
 Can never find, although they seek,  
 A perfect rest;  
 Nor ever shall, until they lean  
 On Jesus' breast.

A. A. PROCTER.

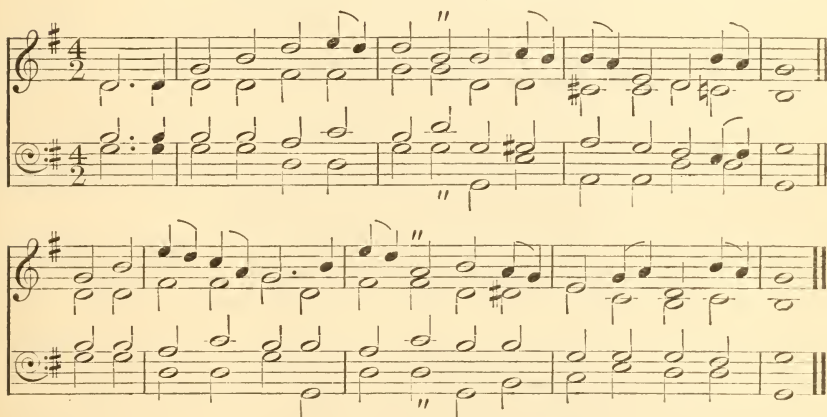
571

## Rokeby (1st Tune).—8 7.8 7.

T. MARSHALL.



## Toronto (2nd Tune).—8 7.8 7.



1 **T**HROUGH the night of doubt and sor-  
Onward goes the pilgrim band, [row  
*f* Singing songs of expectation,  
Marching to the Promised Land.

2 Clear before us through the darkness  
Gleams and burns the guiding light;  
*f* Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the light of God's own Presence  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread:

4 One the object of our journey,  
One the faith which never tires,  
One the earnest looking forward,  
One the hope our God inspires:

*f* 5 One the strain that lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One the march in God begun.

*f* 6 One the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.

7 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
Onward with the cross our aid,  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade.

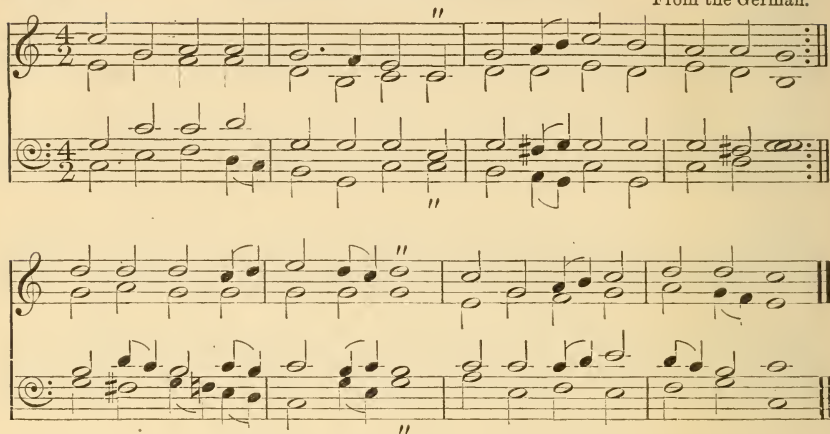
*p* 8 Soon shall come the grand awaking,  
Soon the rending of the tomb;  
*f* Then the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom.

S. BARING GOULD.

572

## Darmstadt.—878777

From the German.



1 WHO are these like stars appearing,  
 These, before God's throne who stand?  
 Each a golden crown is wearing:  
 Who are all this glorious band?  
*f* Hallelujah! hark, they sing,  
 Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,  
 Clothed in God's own righteousness;  
 These, whose robes of purest whiteness  
 Shall their lustre still possess,  
 Still untouched by time's rude hand?  
 Whence come all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended  
 For their Saviour's honour long,  
 Wrestling on till life was ended,  
 Following not the sinful throng;  
*f* These, who well the fight sustained,  
 Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

*p* 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,  
 Sore with woe and anguish tried;  
 Who in prayer full oft have striven  
 With the God they glorified;  
 Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
 God has bid them weep no more.

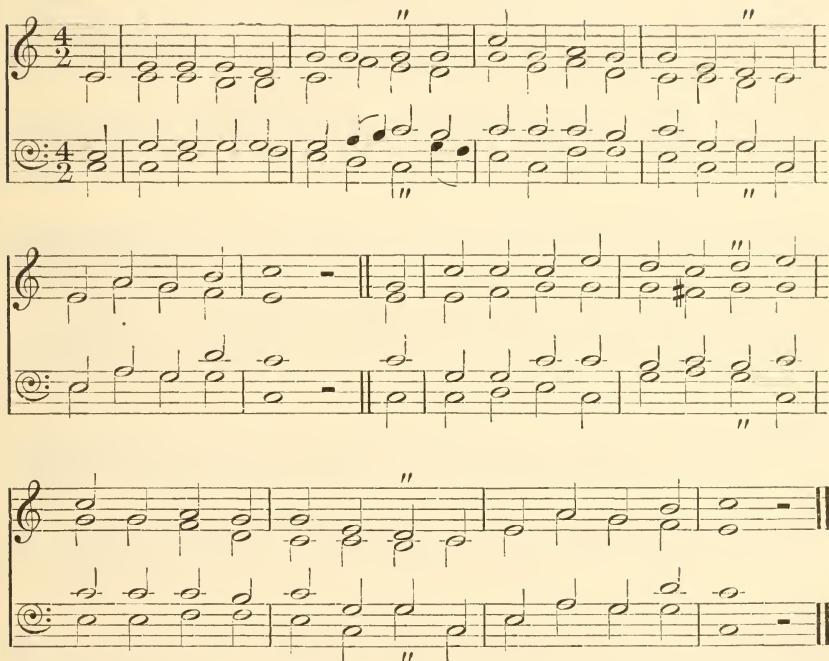
5 These are they who watched and waited,  
 Offering up to Christ their will,  
 Soul and body consecrated  
 Day and night to serve Him still;  
 Now in God's most holy place  
 Blest they stand before His face.

H. T. SCHENCK, *trs.* by F. E. COX.



573

Hull.—886.886.



1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot !  
How free from every anxious  
thought,

From worldly hope and fear !  
Confined to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,  
Already saved from self-design,  
From every creature-love ;

*f* Blest with the scorn of finite good,  
My soul is lightened of its load,  
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,  
A happiness beyond the view  
Of those that basely pant  
For things by nature felt and seen ;  
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures  
I neither have nor want. [mean,

4 No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in this wilderness ;  
A poor wayfaring man,

I lodge awhile in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
Till I my Canaan gain.

5 Nothing on earth I call my own ;  
A stranger, to the world unknown,  
I all their goods despise :  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a country out of sight,  
A country in the skies.

6 There is my house and portion fair ;  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home ;  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come.

*f* 7 I come—Thy servant, Lord, replies ;—  
I come to meet Thee in the skies,  
And claim my heavenly rest !  
Now let the pilgrim's journey end :  
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Receive me to Thy breast !

C. WESLEY.

P

574

Arabia.—88.88.88.88. (Anapæstic).

WHITE.



- f* 1 **A** WAY with our sorrow and fear !  
 We soon shall recover our home ;  
 The city of saints shall appear,  
 The day of eternity come ;  
 From earth we shall quickly remove,  
 And mount to our native abode ;  
 The house of our Father above,  
 The palace of angels and God.
- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,  
 When, raised by the life-giving Word,  
 We see the new city descend,  
 Adorned as a bride for her Lord ;  
 The city so holy and clean,  
 No sorrow can breathe in the air :  
 No gloom of affliction or sin,  
 No shadow of evil is there !
- 3 By faith we already behold  
 That lovely Jerusalem here ;  
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,  
 As crystal her buildings are clear :

Immovably founded in grace,  
 She stands, as she ever hath stood,  
 And brightly her Builder displays,  
 And beams with the glory of God.

- 4 No need of the sun in that day,  
 Which never is followed by night,  
 Where Jesus's beauties display  
 A pure and a permanent light :  
 The Lamb is their Light and their Sun :  
 And lo ! by reflection they shine,  
 With Jesus ineffably one,  
 And bright in effulgence divine !

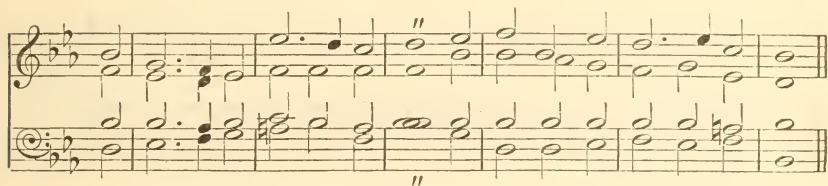
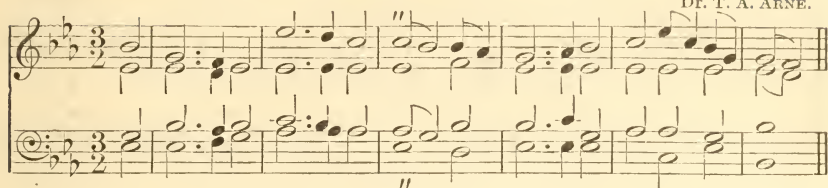
- f* 5 The saints in His presence receive  
 Their great and eternal reward ;  
 In Jesus, in heaven they live ;  
 They reign in the smile of their Lord ;  
 The flame of angelical love  
 Is kindled at Jesus's face ;  
 And all the enjoyment above  
 Consists in the rapturous gaze.

C. WESLEY.

575

## Urbridge.—8 8.8 8.8 8.8 8. (Anapæstic).

Dr. T. A. ARNE.



1 I LONG to behold Him arrayed  
 With glory and light from above,  
 The King in His beauty displayed,  
 His beauty of holiest love:  
 I languish and sigh to be there,  
 Where Jesus hath fixed His abode;  
 O when shall we meet in the air,  
 And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With Him I on Zion shall stand,  
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word)  
 The breadth of Immanuel's land  
 Survey by the light of my Lord;  
 But when, on Thy bosom reclined,  
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,  
*f* My fulness of rapture I find,  
 My heaven of heavens, in Thee.

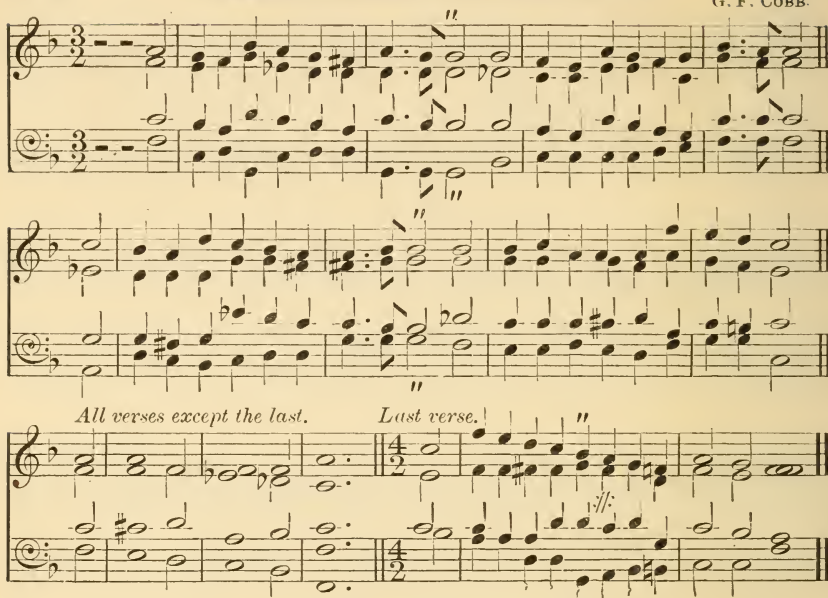
*f* 3 How happy the people that dwell  
 Secure in the city above!  
 No pain the inhabitants feel,  
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove!  
 Physician of souls, unto me  
 Forgiveness and holiness give;  
 And then from the body set free,  
 And then to Thy glory receive.

C. WESLEY.

576

## Holliderness.—10 10.10 10.6.

G. F. COBB.

*All verses except the last.**Last verse.*

- 1 WE ask not that our path be always bright,  
 But for Thine aid to walk therein aright;  
 That Thou, O Lord! through all its devious way,  
 Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day,  
 For this, for this we pray.
- 2 Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,  
 Not for exemption from its many woes;  
 But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,  
 With child-like faith we trust Thy guidance still,  
 And do Thy holy will.
- 3 Teach us, O Lord, to find the latent good  
 That sorrow yields when rightly understood;  
*f* And for the frequent joy that crowns our days,  
 Help us, with grateful hearts, our hymns to raise  
 Of thankfulness and praise.
- 4 Thou knowest all our needs, and wilt supply:  
 No veil of darkness hides us from Thine eye:  
 Nor vainly from the depths on Thee we call;  
 Thy tender love, that breaks the tempter's thrall,  
 Folds and encircles all.
- p* 5 Through sorrow and through loss, by toil and prayer,  
*f* Saints won the starry crowns which now they wear,  
*p* And by the bitter ministry of pain,  
 Grievous and harsh, but O not felt in vain,  
 Found their eternal gain!
- 6 If it be ours, like them to suffer loss,  
 Give grace, as unto them, to bear our cross,  
*f* Till, victors over each besetting sin,  
 We, too, Thy perfect peace shall enter in.  
 And crowns of glory win.

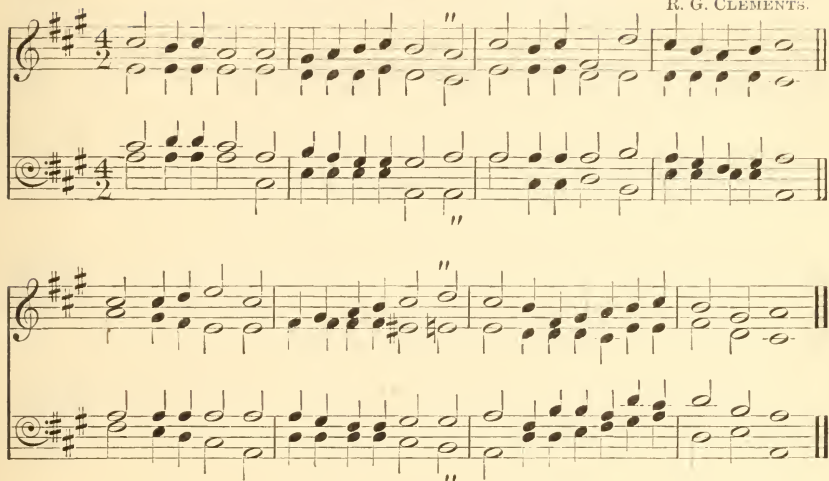
W. H. BURLEIGH.



577

## Dawning.—11 10.11 10.

R. G. CLEMENTS.



1 O FOR the peace which floweth as a river,  
 Making life's desert places bloom and smile?  
 O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright forever,  
 Amid the shadows of earth's little while!

2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,  
 To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;  
 A little while, to sow the seed with weeping,  
 Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

p 3 A little while, to wear the weeds of sadness,  
 To pace with weary step through miry ways;  
 Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,  
 And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

4 A little while the earthen pitcher taking  
 To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;  
 Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking  
 Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

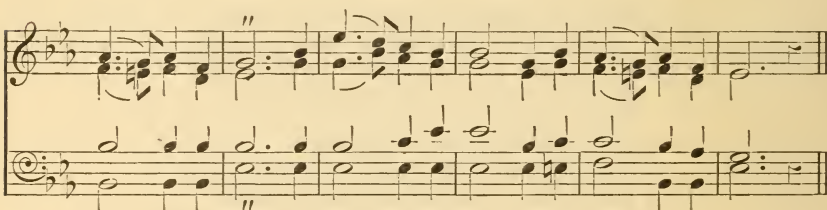
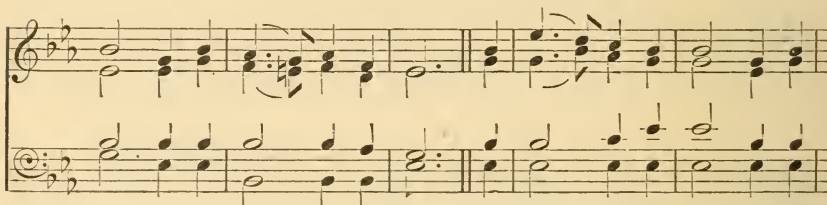
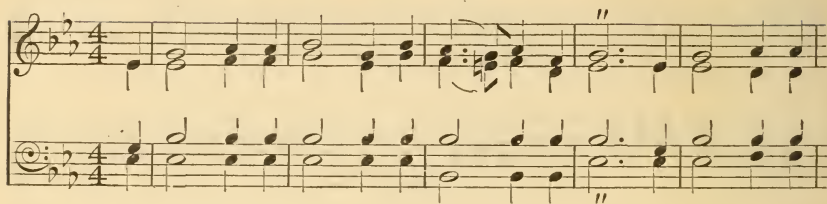
5 A little while, to keep the oil from failing;  
 A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim;  
 And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,  
 To greet His advent with the bridal hymn.

6 And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver—  
 The future glory and the present smile,  
 f With the bright promise of the glad forever,  
 Will light the shadows of the little while.

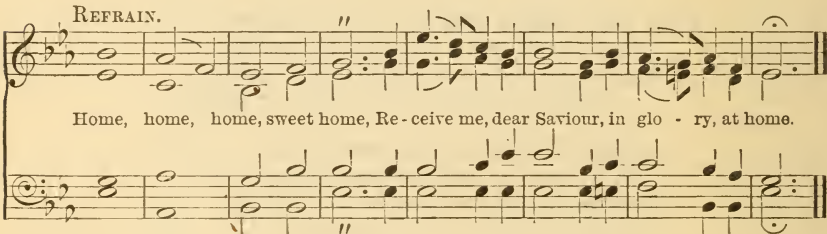
J. CREWDSON.

578

Thorne (1st Tune).—11 11.11 11.



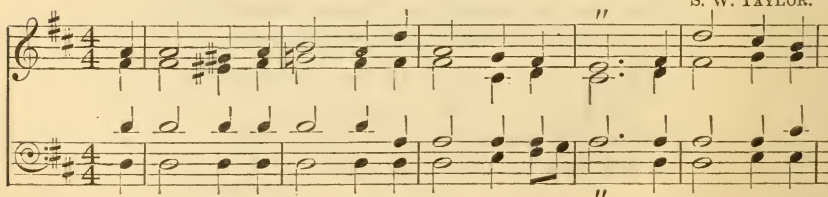
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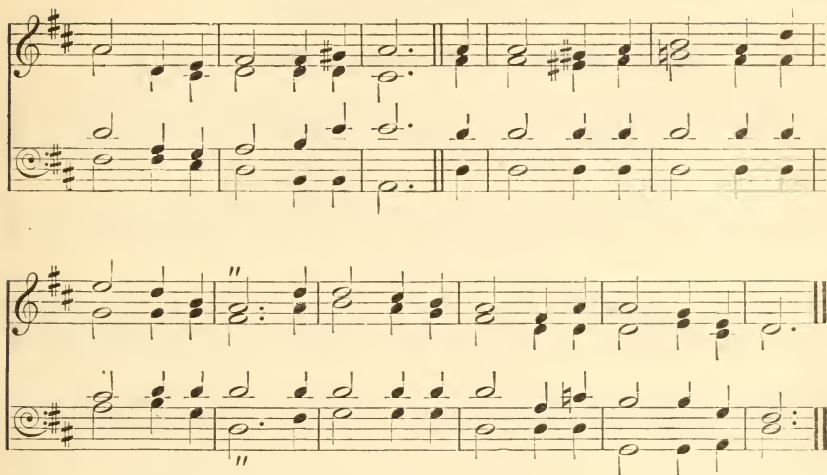


Home, home, home, sweet home, Re-ceive me, dear Saviour, in glo - ry, at home.

Lytham (2nd Tune).—11 11.11 11.

S. W. TAYLOR.





1 MY rest is in heaven, my rest is not here ;  
 Then why should I murmur when trials are near ?  
*p* Be hushed, my dark spirit—the worst that can come  
 But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,  
 And building my hopes in a region like this ;  
 I look for a city which hands have not piled,  
 I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,  
 I would not lie down upon roses below ;  
 I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,  
 Till I find them for ever on Jesus's breast.

*p* 4 Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy ;  
 One glimpse of His love turns them all into joy ;  
 And the bitterest tears, if He smiles but on them,  
 Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

5 Let trial and danger my progress oppose,  
 They only make heaven more sweet at the close ;  
 Come joy or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,  
 A home with my God will make up for it all.

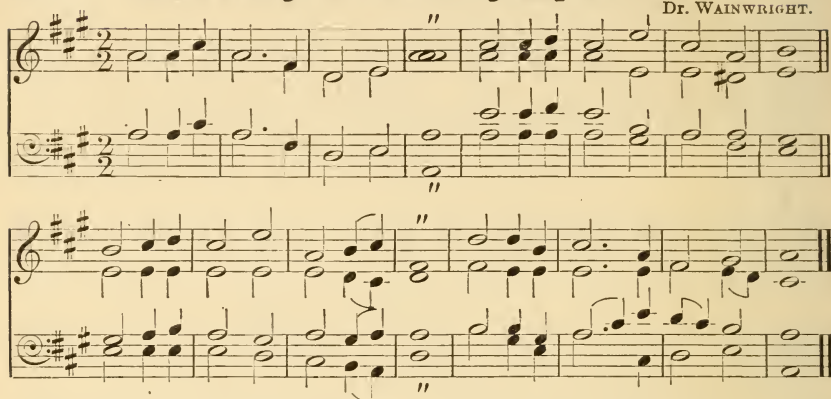
6 A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,  
 I march on in haste through the enemy's land ;  
 The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,  
*f* And I smooth it with hope, and I cheer it with song.

H. F. LYTE.

# THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—WORK AND WATCHFULNESS.

## 579 Wainwright's Evening Hymn.—L.M.

Dr. WAINWRIGHT.



1 G O, labour on; spend, and be spent—  
Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
It is the way the Master went;  
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on; 'tis not for nought!  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain:  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises—what are men?

3 Go, labour on; your hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast  
down;  
Yet falter not; the prize you seek  
Is near—a kingdom and a crown.

4 Go, labour on while it is day, [on;  
The world's dark night is hastening  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;  
It is not thus that souls are won.

*p* 5 Men die in darkness at your side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;  
Take up the torch and wave it wide,  
*f* The torch that lights time's thickest  
gloom.

6 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

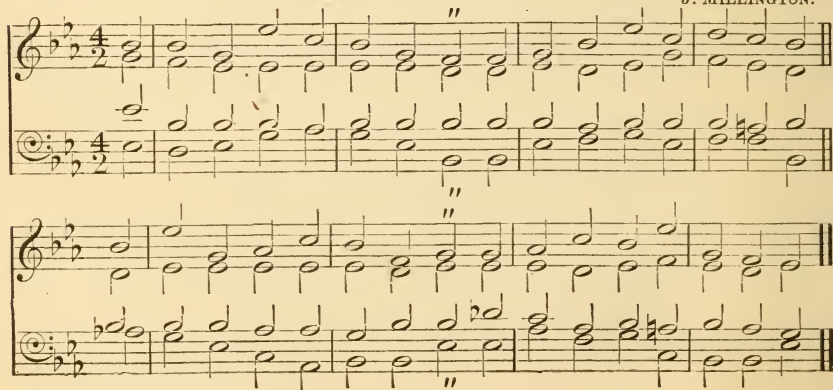
*f* 7 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
*f* The midnight cry, 'Behold I come!'

H. BONAR.

## 580

## Philip.—L.M.

J. MILLINGTON.



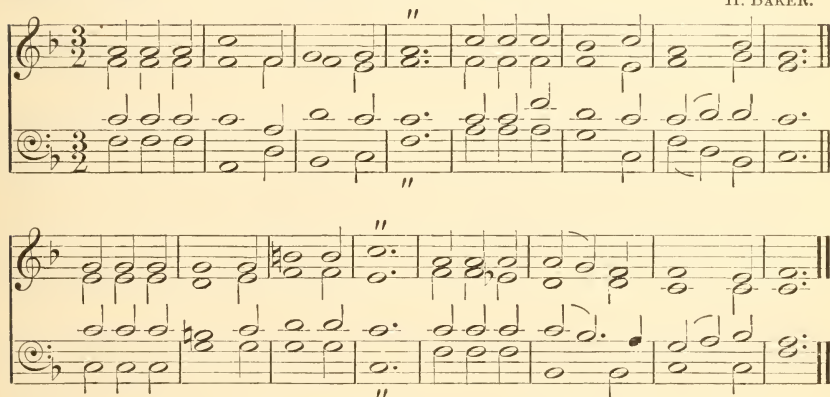


- 1 JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
On whom I cast my every care,  
On whom for all things I depend,  
Inspire and then accept my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of Thy grace,  
The grace that sure salvation brings,  
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,  
And hovering, hides me in His wings,
- 3 Still let Him with my weakness stay,  
Nor for a moment's space depart,  
Evil and danger turn away,  
And keep till He renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,  
His voice behind me may I hear,  
'Return, and walk in Christ thy Way :  
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near.'
- 5 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall,  
O reach me out Thy gracious hand ;  
Only on Thee for help I call,  
Only by faith in Thee I stand.
- C. WESLEY.

## 581—582

## Hesperus.—L.M.

H. BAKER.



- p* 1 PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear ;  
My utter helplessness reveal :  
Satan and sin are always near—  
Thee may I always nearer feel.
- 2 O that to Thee my constant mind  
May with an even flame aspire,  
Pride in its earliest motions find,  
And mark the risings of desire !
- 3 O that my tender soul may fly  
The first abhorred approach of ill—  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
The slightest touch of sin to feel !
- 4 Till Thou anew my soul create, [pray,  
Still may I strive, and watch, and  
Humbly and confidently wait,  
And long to see the perfect day.
- C. WESLEY.

## 582

## Hesperus.—L.M.

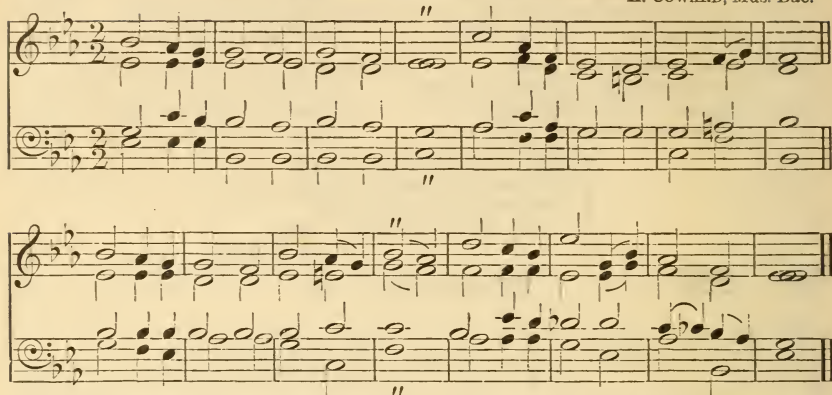
- 1 THE God of glory walks His round,  
From day to day, from year to year,  
And warns us each with awful sound,  
'No longer stand ye idle here !'
- 2 Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,  
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts  
are clear,  
Waste not of hope the morning light ;  
Ah, fools ! why stand ye idle here ?
- p* 3 O ! as the griefs ye would assuage,  
That wait on life's declining year,  
Secure a blessing for your age, [here.  
And work your Master's business
- p* 4 And ye whose locks of scanty grey  
Foretell your latest travail near ;  
How swiftly fades declining day,  
And stand ye yet so idle here ?
- p* 5 One hour remains ; there is but one ;  
But many a shriek and many a tear,  
*pp* Through endless years the guilt must  
moan  
Of moments lost and wasted here.
- 6 O Thou by all Thy works adored,  
To whom the sinner's soul is dear ;  
Recall us to Thy vineyard, Lord, [here.  
And grant us grace to serve Thee

R. HEBER.

583

## Entreaty.—L.M.

H. COWARD, Mus. Bac.

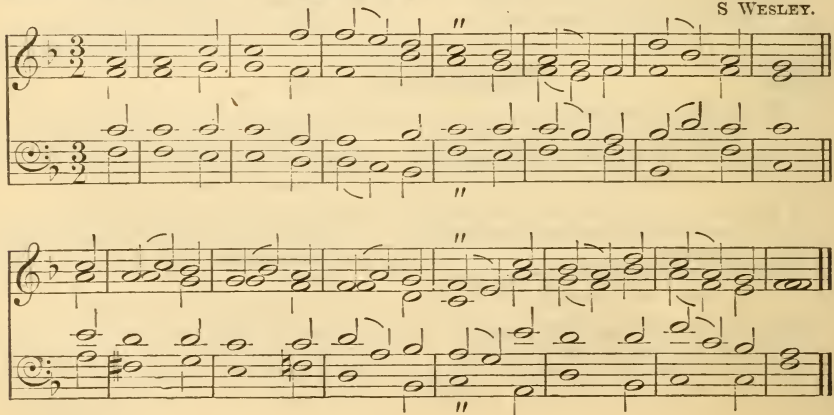


- 1 **L** ORD, speak to me that I may speak  
 In living echoes of Thy tone ;  
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
 Thy erring children lost and lone.
- 2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
 The wandering and the wavering feet ;  
 O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
 Thy hungering ones with manna  
 sweet !
- f* 3 O strengthen me, that while I stand,  
 Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,  
 I may stretch out a loving hand  
 To wrestlers with the troubled sea !
- 4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
 The precious things Thou dost im-  
 part ;  
 And wing my words that they may  
 The hidden depths of many a heart !
- p* 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
 That I may speak with soothing power  
 A word in season, as from Thee,  
 To weary ones in needful hour !
- f* 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
 Until my very heart o'erflow  
 In kindling thought and glowing word,  
 Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show !
- 7 O use me, Lord, use even me,  
 Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where ;  
 Until Thy blessed face I see,  
*ff* Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share !
- F. R. HAVERGAL.

584—585

## Philippi.—C.M.

S. WESLEY.



- f* 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on:  
A heavenly race demands Thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.
- f* 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey:  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.
- 5 Blest Saviour, summoned forth by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
*f* And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay mine honours down.
- f* 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye;—
- f* 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'  
*p* Shall blend in common dust. [gems

P. DODDRIDGE.

## 585

## Philippi.—C.M.

- p* 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below!  
How false and yet how fair!  
*p* Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flattering light;  
We should suspect some danger nigh  
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wavering minds,  
And steal our hearts from God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense!  
Thither the warm affections rove,  
Nor can we call them hence.
- 5 O Saviour! let Thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food;  
Let grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

I. WATTS.

## 586

## Marlow.—C.M.

HARRISON.



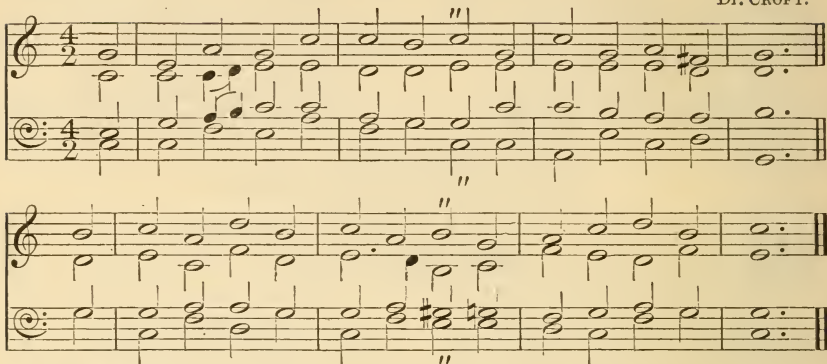
- 1 **A** M I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb,  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
*f* Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease?  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed o'er stormy seas!
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy Word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all Thy glorious war,  
Shall conquer though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thine armies shine  
*f* In robes of victory, through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

I. WATTS.

## 587

## St. Ann.—C.M.

Dr. CROFT.



1 SUMMONED my labour to renew,  
And glad to act my part,  
Lord, in Thy name my work I do,  
And with a single heart.

2 End of my every action Thou,  
In all things Thee I see;  
Accept my hallowed labour now,  
I do it unto Thee.

p3 Servant of all, to toil for man  
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse;

Thy majesty did not disdain  
To be employed for us!

4 Thy bright example I pursue,  
To Thee in all things rise;  
f And all I think, or speak, or do,  
Is one great sacrifice.

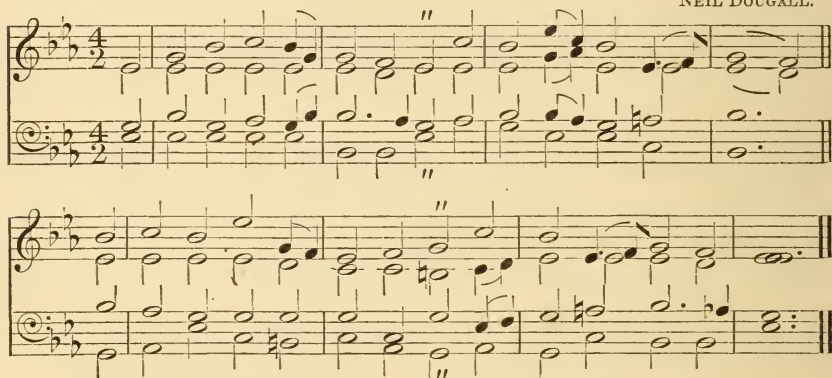
5 Careless through outward cares I go,  
From all distraction free;  
My hands are but engaged below,  
f My heart is still with Thee.

C. WESLEY.

## 588

## Kilmarnock.—C.M.

NEIL DOUGALL.



1 I WANT a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
p A pain to feel it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride or fond desire,  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.

3 That I from Thee no more may part,  
No more Thy goodness grieve,  
p The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make;  
f Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.



5 If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove ;  
*p* And let me weep my life away,  
For having grieved Thy love.

6 O may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul,  
And drive me to the blood again  
Which makes the wounded whole !  
C. WESLEY.

589

## St. Leonard's.—C.M.D.

Dr. H. HILES.



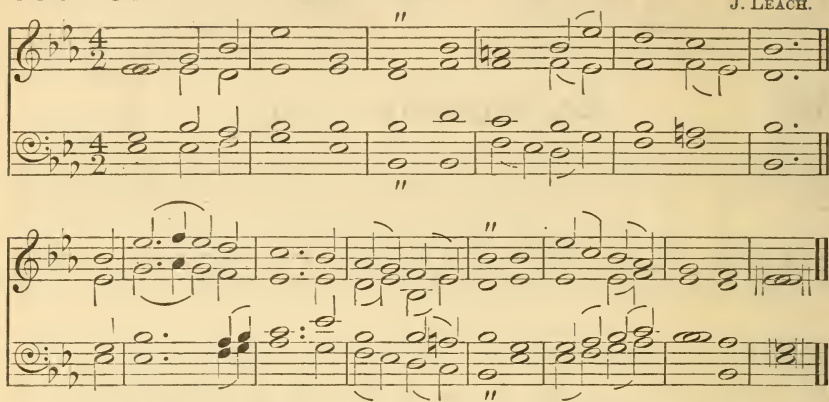
1 THE Galilean fishers toil  
All night, and nothing take ;  
*f* But Jesus comes—a wondrous spoil  
Is lifted from the lake !  
*p* Lord, when our labours are in vain,  
And vain the help of men,  
When fruitless is our care and pain,  
Come, blessèd Jesus, then !  
*f* 2 The night is dark, the surges fill  
The bark, the wild winds roar ;  
*p* But Jesus comes ; and all is still—  
The ship is at the shore.  
O Lord, when storms around us howl,  
And all is dark and drear,  
In all the tempests of the soul,  
O blessèd Jesus, hear !

*p* 3 A frail one, thrice denying Thee,  
Saw mercy in Thine eyes ;  
The penitent upon the tree  
Was borne to Paradise.  
*p* In hours of sin and deep distress,  
O show us, Lord, Thy face ;  
In penitential loneliness,  
O give us, Jesus, grace !  
4 The faithful few retire in fear,  
To their closed upper room ;  
But suddenly, with joyful cheer,  
They see their Master come.  
*f* Lord, come to us, unloose our bands,  
And bid our terrors cease ;  
Lift over us Thy blessèd hands,  
Speak, holy Jesus, peace !  
C. WORDSWORTH.

## 590—591

## Watchman.—S.M.

J. LEACH.



- 1 **H**ARK, how the watchmen cry,  
Attend the trumpet's sound!  
*f* Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,  
The powers of hell surround.
- 2 Who bow to Christ's command,  
Your arms and hearts prepare!  
The day of battle is at hand!  
*f* Go forth to glorious war!
- 3 See on the mountain-top  
The standard of your God!  
In Jesus' name I lift it up,  
All stained with hallowed blood.
- 4 His standard-bearer, I  
To all the nations call,  
*f* Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh,  
He bore the cross for all.
- 5 Go up with Christ your Head,  
Your Captain's footsteps see;

- Follow your Captain, and be led  
To certain victory.
- 6 All power to Him is given,  
He ever reigns the same;  
Salvation, happiness, and heaven  
Are all in Jesus' name.
- 7 Only have faith in God;  
In faith your foes assail,  
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,  
But all the powers of hell.
- 8 Our Captain leads us on;  
He beckons from the skies,  
And reaches out a starry crown,  
And bids us take the prize.
- 9 'Be faithful unto death;  
Partake my victory; [wreath,  
And thou shalt wear this glorious  
And thou shalt reign with Me.'
- C. WESLEY.

## 591

## Watchman.—S.M.

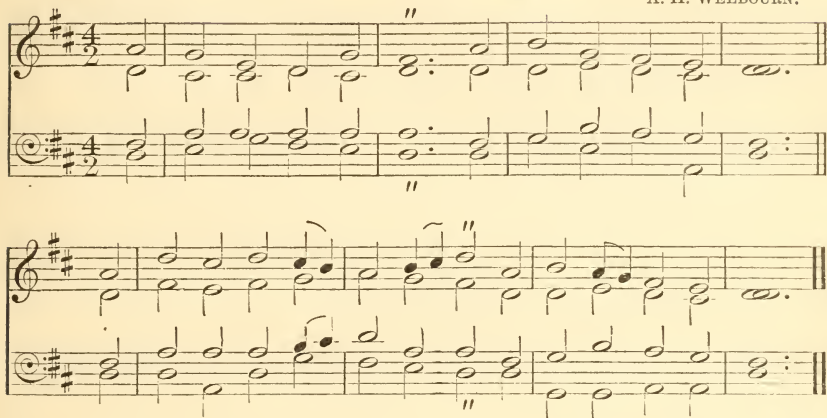
- 1 **G**RACIOUS Redeemer, shake  
This slumber from my soul!  
Say to me now, 'Awake, awake!  
*f* And Christ shall make thee whole.'
- 2 Lay to Thy mighty hand!  
Alarm me in this hour,  
And make me fully understand  
The thunder of Thy power.
- 3 Give me on Thee to call,  
Always to watch and pray,  
*p* Lest I into temptation fall,  
And cast my shield away.
- 4 For each assault prepared  
And ready may I be,  
For ever standing on my guard,  
And looking up to Thee.
- 5 O do Thou always warn  
My soul of evil near!  
When to the right or left I turn,  
Thy voice still let me hear:

- 6 'Come back! this is the way,  
Come back, and walk herein!'
- 7 O may I hearken and obey,  
And shun the paths of sin!  
Thou seest my feebleness;  
Jesus, be Thou my power,  
My Help and Refuge in distress,  
My Fortress and my Tower;
- 8 Give me to trust in Thee,  
Be Thou my sure abode,  
*f* My Horn, and Rock, and Buckler be,  
My Saviour, and my God.
- 9 Myself I cannot save,  
Myself I cannot keep,  
But strength in Thee I surely have,  
Whose eyelids never sleep.
- 10 My soul to Thee alone  
Now therefore I commend;  
*f* Thou, Jesus, love me as Thy own,  
And love me to the end.
- C. WESLEY.

## 592—593

## Driffeld.—S.M.

A. H. WELBOURN.



- f* 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on, [plies  
Strong in the strength which God sup-  
Through His eternal Son ;
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in His mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.
- f* 3 Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endured ;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God ;
- 4 That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts passed,  
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.
- 5 To keep your armour bright,  
Attend with constant care,  
Still walking in your Captain's sight,  
And watching unto prayer.
- 6 Pray, without ceasing, pray,  
Your Captain gives the word ;  
His summons cheerfully obey,  
And call upon the Lord.
- f* 7 To God your every want  
In instant prayer display ;  
Pray always ; pray, and never faint ;  
Pray, without ceasing pray !

C. WESLEY.

## 593

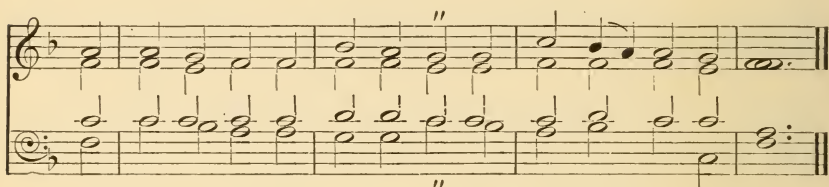
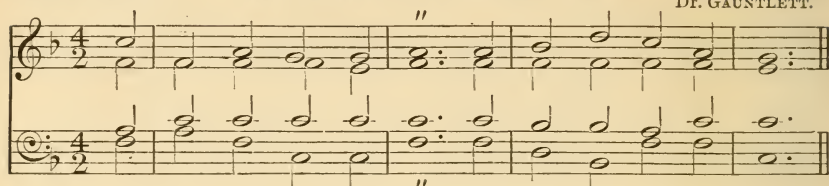
## Driffeld.—S.M.

- 1 IN fellowship, alone,  
To God with faith draw near,  
Approach His courts, besiege His throne  
With all the power of prayer.
- 2 Go to His temple, go,  
Nor from His altar move ;  
Let every house His worship know,  
And every heart His love.
- 3 To God your spirits dart,  
Your souls in words declare,  
*p* Or groan, to Him who reads the heart,  
The unutterable prayer.
- 4 His mercy now implore,  
And now show forth His praise,  
In shouts, or silent awe, adore  
His miracles of grace.
- p* 5 Pour out your souls to God,  
And bow them with your knees,  
And spread your hearts and hands  
And pray for Zion's peace. [abroad,
- 6 Your guides and brethren bear  
For ever on your mind ;  
*f* Extend the arms of mighty prayer,  
In grasping all mankind.
- f* 7 From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.
- f* 8 Still let the Spirit cry  
In all His soldiers, 'Come,'  
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,  
And take the conquerors home.

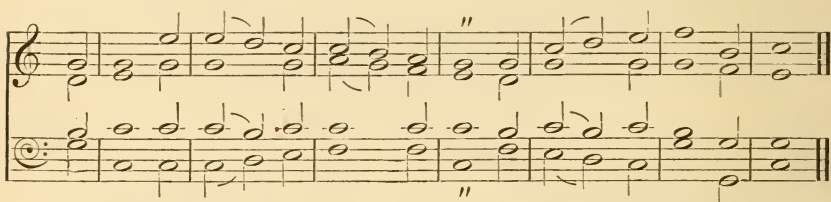
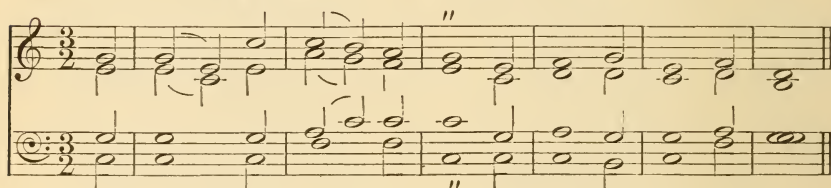
C. WESLEY.

## 594—595 Newland (1st Tune).—S.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



## Ferguson (2nd Tune).—S.M.



*1* YE servants of the Lord,  
*V* Each in his office wait,  
*p* Observant of His heavenly Word,  
*p* And watchful at His gate.

*f* 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
 And trim the golden flame,  
*Λ* Gird up your loins, as in His sight,  
 For awful is His Name.

*V* 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;  
 And while we speak, He's near;  
*Λ* Mark the first signal of His hand,  
 And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,  
 In such a posture found!  
*f* He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
 And be with honour crowned.

*f* 5 Christ shall the banquet spread  
 With His own royal hand,  
 And raise that faithful servant's head  
 Amid the angelic band.

P. DODDRIDGE.



## 595

## Newland or Ferguson.—S.M.

*f* 1 **E**QUIP me for the war,  
And teach my hands to fight;  
My simple upright heart prepare,  
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought;  
My whole of sin remove:  
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,  
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb! which was in Thee;  
And let my knowing zeal be joined  
To fervent charity.

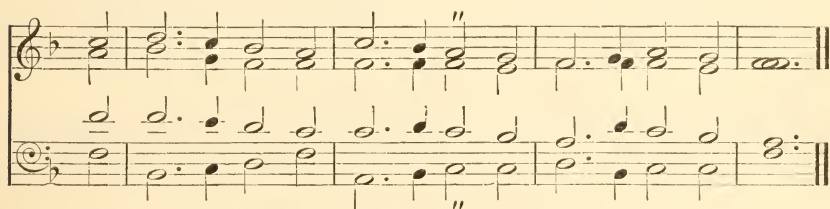
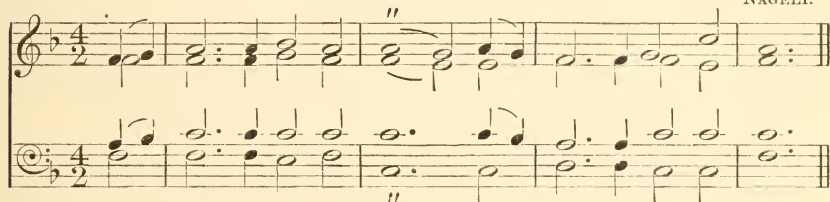
4 With calm and tempered zeal  
Let me enforce Thy call:  
And vindicate Thy gracious will,  
Which offers life to all.

C. WESLEY.

## 596

## Scott.—S.M.

NÄGELI.



1 **S**OW in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thine hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock;  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Scatter it on the rock.

*p* 3 The good, the fruitful ground,  
Expect not here nor there;  
O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found:  
Go forth, then, everywhere.

*p* 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown;  
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,  
When and wherever strown.

*p* 5 And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garners in the sky.

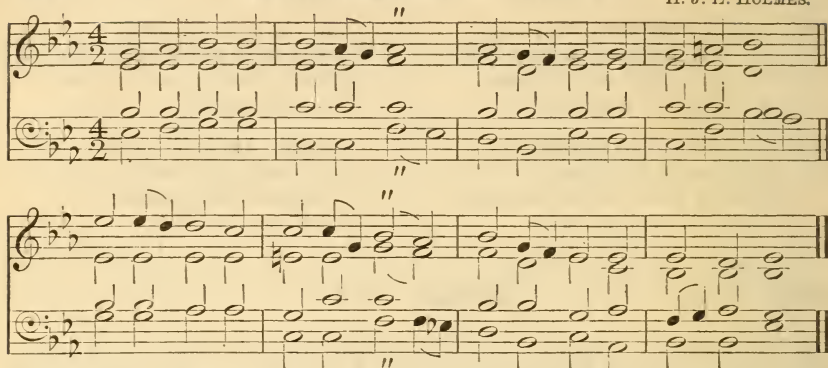
And 7 Thence, when the glorious end—  
The day of God, is come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
*f* And Heaven cry 'Harvest Home!'

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 597

## Holy Warfare.—7.7.7.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



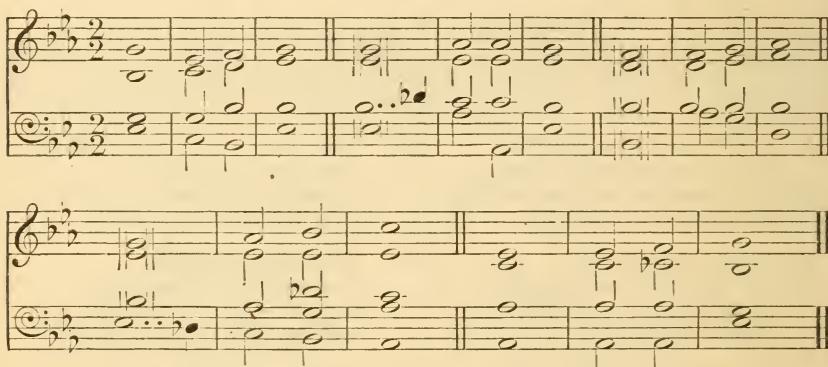
- 1** *f* **O**FT in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go:  
*f* Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.
- 2** Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war, and face the foe:  
Will ye flee in danger's hour?  
Know ye not your Captain's power?
- f* **3** Let your drooping hearts be glad:  
March in heavenly armour clad:

- Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Victory soon shall tune our song.
- f* **4** Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not fears your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.
- f* **5** Onward then in battle move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

H. K. WHITE.

## 598

## Bluntisham.—4 10.10 10.4.



- 1** *f* **C**OME, labour on:  
Who dares stand idle on the  
harvest plain, [grain?  
While all around him waves the golden  
And to each servant does the Master  
'Go work to-day.' [say,
- 2** *f* Come, labour on:  
Claim the high calling angels cannot  
share— [bear:  
To young and old the Gospel-gladness  
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly  
*p* The night draws nigh. [fly:

- 3** *f* Come, labour on:  
The labourers are few, the field is wide,  
New stations must be filled and blanks  
supplied; [home,  
From voices distant, far, or near at  
The call is, 'Come.'
- 4** *f* Come, labour on:  
The enemy is watching, night and day,  
*p* To sow the tares, to snatch the seed  
away;  
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,  
He slumbered not.

5 Come, labour on :  
 Away with gloomy doubts and faithless  
 fear ! [here ;  
 No arm so weak but may do service  
 By feeblest agents can our God fulfil  
 His righteous will.

6 Come, labour on : [sky,  
 No time for rest, till glows the western  
 While the long shadows o'er our path-  
 way lie,

And a glad sound comes with the setting  
 sun—

'Servants, well done !'

7 *f* Come, labour on :  
 The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure,  
 Blessed are those who to the end endure ;  
 p How full their joy, how deep their rest  
 shall be,

O Lord, with Thee !

J. BORTHWICK.

599

Broomsgrove.—6 4.6 4.6 7.6 4.

F. C. MAKER.

*Unison.* " *Harmony.* " *Unison.*

1 *f* HARK, 'tis the watchman's cry,  
*f* Wake, brethren, wake !

Jesus Himself is nigh ;

*f* Wake, brethren, wake !

Sleep is for sons of night ;

^ Ye are children of the light ;

*f* Yours is the glory bright ;

*f* Wake, brethren, wake !

2 Call to each wakening band,

*f* Watch, brethren, watch !

Clear is our Lord's command,

*f* Watch, brethren, watch !

Be ye as men that wait

^ Always at their Master's gate,

E'en though He tarry late :

*f* Watch, brethren, watch !

3 Heed we the Steward's call,

*f* Work, brethren, work !

There's room enough for all,

*f* Work, brethren, work !

This vineyard of the Lord

Constant labour will afford ;

He will your work reward :

*f* Work, brethren, work !

4 *f* Hear we the Shepherd's voice,

Pray, brethren, pray !

Would ye His heart rejoice,

Pray, brethren, pray !

p Sin calls for ceaseless fear,

^ Weakness needs the Strong One near ;

Long as ye struggle here,

*f* Pray, brethren, pray !

5 *f* Sound now the final chord,

Praise, brethren, praise !

p Thrice holy is the Lord,

*f* Praise, brethren, praise !

What more befits the tongues

^ Soon to join the angels' songs ?

Whilst heaven the note prolongs,

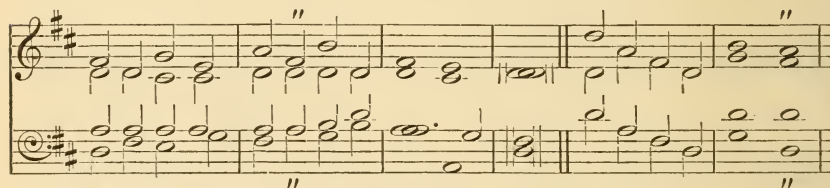
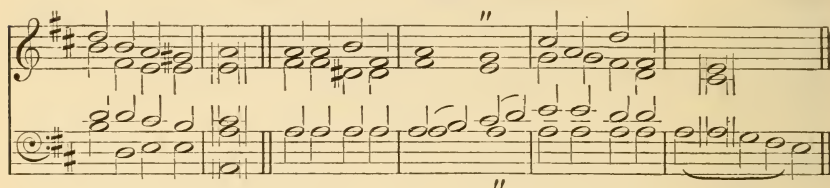
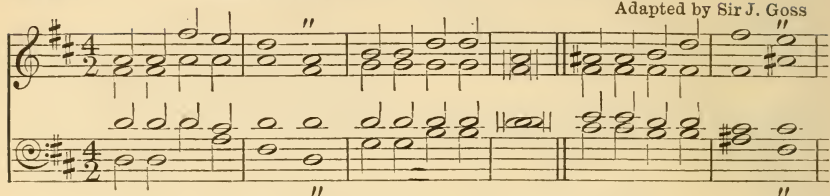
*ff* Praise, brethren, praise !

Unknown.

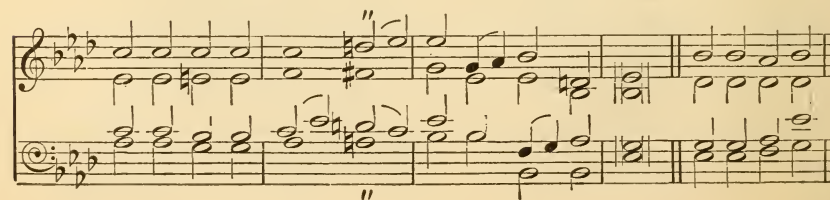
600

**Warrior** (1st Tune).—6 5. (12 lines).

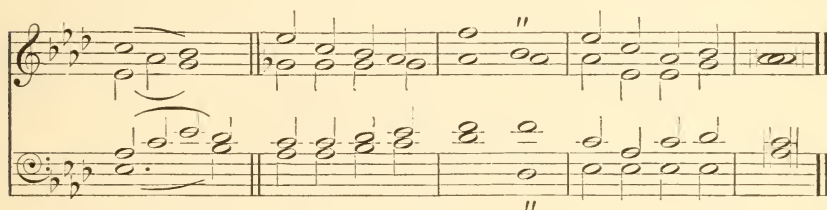
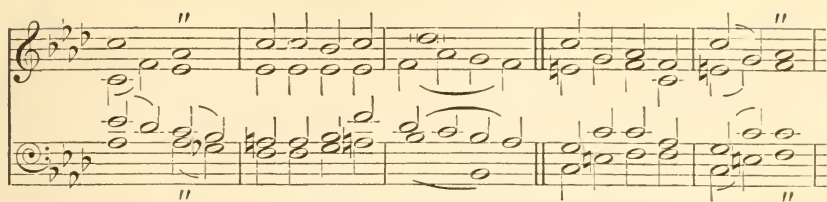
Adapted by Sir J. Goss

**Valour** (2nd Tune).—6 5. (12 lines).

A. H. MANN, Mus. Doc.







*f* 1 WHO is on the Lord's side?  
 Who will serve the King?  
 Who will be His helpers,  
 Other lives to bring?  
 Who will leave the world's side?  
 Who will face the foe?  
 Who is on the Lord's side?  
 Who will for Him go?  
*p* By Thy call of mercy,  
 By Thy grace divine,  
 We are on the Lord's side,  
*f* Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,  
 Not with gold or gem,  
*p* But with Thine own life-blood,  
 For Thy diadem.  
 With Thy blessing filling  
 Each who comes to Thee,  
 Thou hast made us willing,  
 Thou hast made us free.  
*f* By Thy grand redemption,  
 By Thy grace divine,  
 We are on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Fierce may be the conflict,  
 Strong may be the foe,  
 But the King's own army  
 None can overthrow.  
 Round His standard ranging,  
 Victory is secure;  
 For His truth unchanging  
 Makes the triumph sure,  
*f* Joyfully enlisting  
 By Thy grace divine,  
 We are on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, we are Thine.

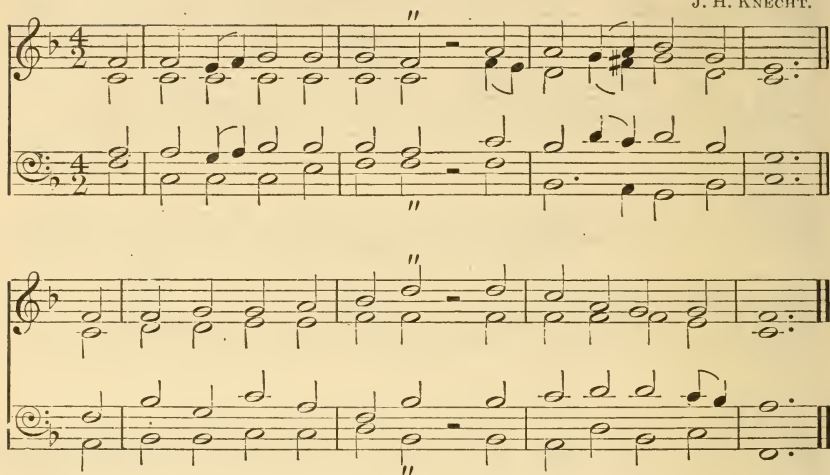
4 Chosen to be soldiers  
 In an alien land,  
 Chosen, callèd, faithful,  
 For our Captain's band,  
 In the service royal,  
 Let us not grow cold,  
*f* Let us be right loyal,  
 Noble, true, and bold.  
 Master, Thou wilt keep us,  
 By Thy grace divine,  
*f* Always on the Lord's side,  
 Saviour, always Thine!

F. R. HAVERGAL

## 601

## Barton.—7 6.7 6.

J. H. KNECHT.



*f* 1 O HAPPY band of pilgrims,  
If onward ye will tread,  
With Jesus as your Fellow,  
To Jesus as your Head!

2 O happy if ye labour  
As Jesus did for men :  
O happy if ye' hunger  
As Jesus hungered then !

*p* 3 The cross that Jesus carried  
He carried as your due :  
The crown that Jesus weareth  
He weareth it for you.

4. The faith by which ye see Him,  
The hope in which ye yearn,  
The love that through all troubles  
To Him alone will turn.

*p* 5 The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure.

6 What are they but His jewels,  
Of right celestial worth ?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth ?

*f* 7 O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win you such a prize.

JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, *trs.* by J. M. NEALE.

602

New York.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

G. J. WEBB.



## 1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!

Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss;  
*f* From victory unto victory,  
His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

## 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

The trumpet-call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day:  
With loyal hearts now serve Him,  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

## 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

Stand in His strength alone:  
*p* The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
*f* Put on the gospel armour,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

## 4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

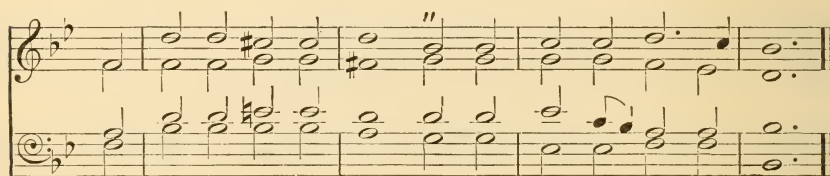
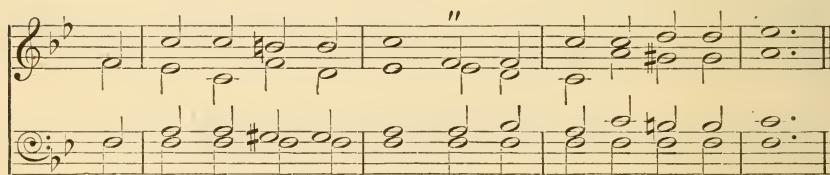
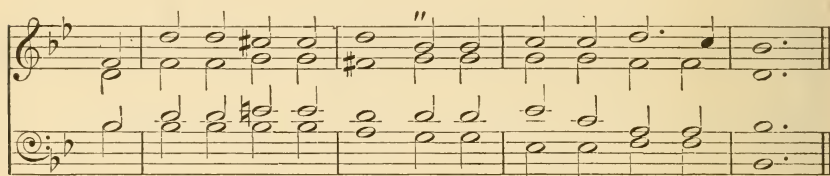
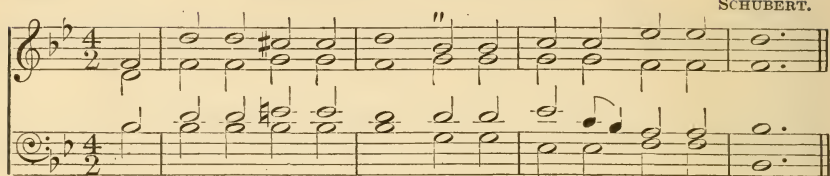
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
*f* To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.

G. DUFFIELD.

## 603

## Fairford.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

SCHUBERT.



*f* 1 UPLIFT the blood-stained banner,  
 Unsheathe the Spirit's sword;  
 Put on the Christian's armour,  
 The armour of the Lord;  
 The helmet of salvation,  
 And faith, victorious shield;  
 Go forth with acclamation,  
 The world your battle-field.

2 Each battle of the warrior,  
 Who fights by land or flood,  
 Is with confused noises,  
 And garments rolled in blood;  
 But this shall be with burning,  
 From heaven its light shall shine,  
 Both heart and soul discerning,  
 The fire of Love Divine.

*f* 3 Uplift the blood-stained banner,  
 And shout with trumpet's sound,  
 Deliverance to the captive,  
 And freedom to the bound;  
 Earth's jubilee of glory,  
 The year of full release:  
 O tell the wondrous story,  
 Go forth and publish peace!

*f* 4 Go forth, confessors, martyrs,  
 With zeal and love unpriced,  
 And preach the blood of sprinkling,  
 And live or die for Christ;  
 For Christ claim every nation,  
 Your banners wide unfurled;  
 Go forth and preach salvation,  
 Salvation for the world!

B. GOSCH.



## 604

## Eldela.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

J. B. BIRKBECK.



1 **L**ORD of the living harvest,  
That whitens o'er the plain,  
Where angels soon shall gather  
Their sheaves of golden grain;  
Accept these hands to labour,  
These hearts to trust and love,  
And deign by us to hasten  
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,  
Send us out, Christ, to be  
Content to bear the burden  
Of weary days for Thee;  
We ask no other wages,  
When Thou shalt call us home,  
But to have shared Thy travail  
And seen Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,  
And fill our souls with light!  
Clothe us in spotless raiment,  
In linen clean and white;  
Within Thy sacred temple  
Be with us, where we stand,  
And sanctify Thy people  
Throughout this happy land.

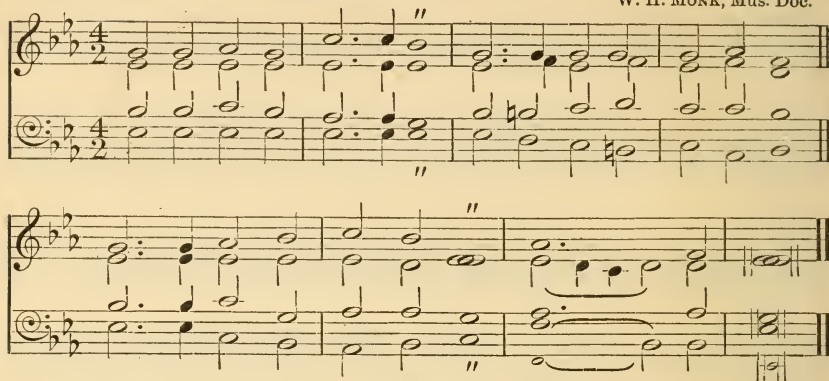
4 Be with us, God the Father!  
Be with us, God the Son!  
And God, the Holy Spirit!  
O Blessed Three in One!  
Make us a royal priesthood,  
Thee rightly to adore,  
And fill us with Thy fulness  
Now, and for evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

## 605

## Vigilate.—777.3.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.

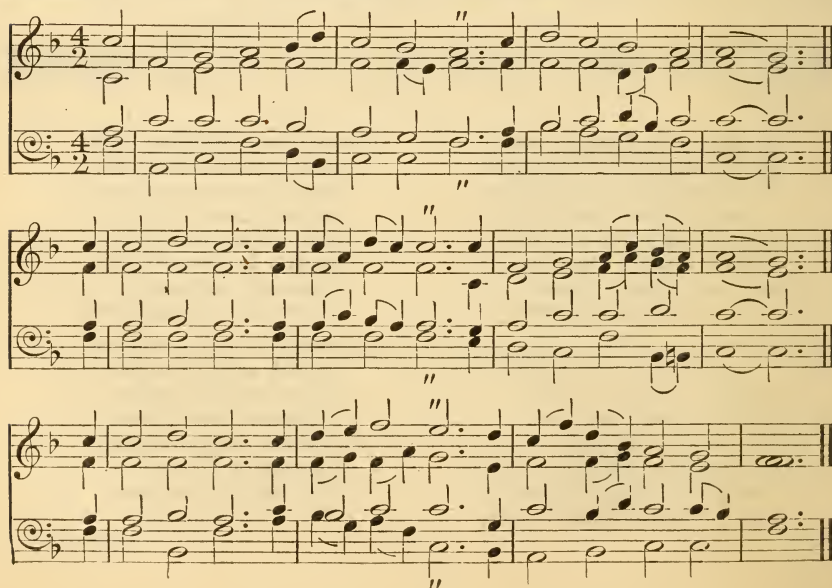


- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 'CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose;<br/>Hear the choirs of angels say;<br/>Thou art in the midst of foes:<br/><i>p</i> 'Watch and pray.'</p> <p>2 Principalities and powers,<br/>Mustering their unseen array,<br/>Wait for thy unguarded hours:<br/><i>p</i> 'Watch and pray.'</p> <p>3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,<br/>Wear it ever night and day:<br/>Ambushed lies the evil one:<br/><i>p</i> 'Watch and pray.'</p> | <p><i>f</i> 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;<br/>Still they mark each warrior's way;<br/>All with one sweet voice exclaim:<br/><i>p</i> 'Watch and pray.'</p> <p>5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,<br/>Him thou lovest to obey;<br/>Hide within thy heart His word:<br/><i>p</i> 'Watch and pray.'</p> <p>6 Watch, as if on that alone<br/>Hung the issue of the day;<br/>Pray, that help may be sent down:<br/><i>p</i> 'Watch and pray.'</p> |
|--|--|

C. ELLIOTT.

## 606

## Arabia.—86.86.86.



*p* 1 DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,  
 But train me for Thy will;  
 For even I, in fields so broad,  
 Some duties may fulfil;  
 And I will ask for no reward,  
 Except to serve Thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more  
 May to the service come:  
 To tend the vines, the grapes to store,  
 Thou dost appoint for some:  
 Thou hast Thy young men at the war,  
 Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best  
 As most it pleases Thee;  
 Each worker pleases when the rest

He serves in charity;  
 And neither man nor work unblest  
 Wilt thou permit to be.

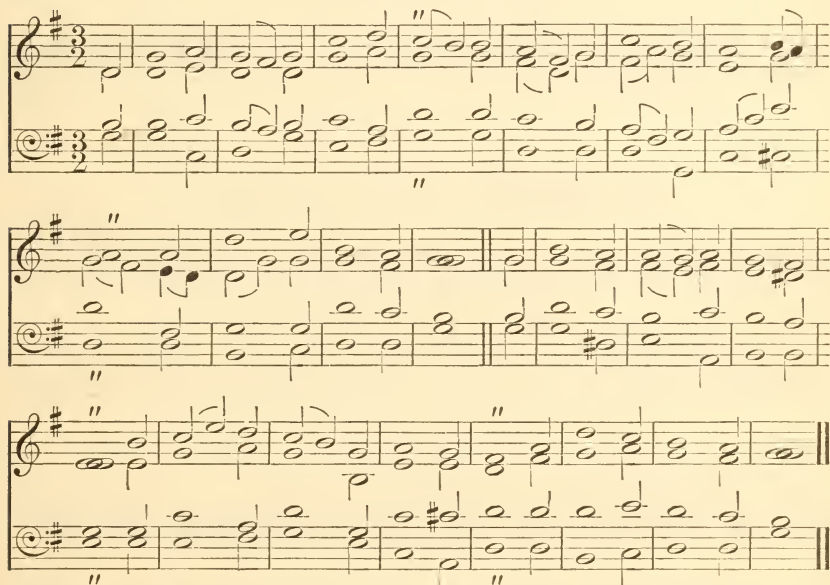
4 O ye who serve, remember One,  
 The worker's way who trod;  
 He served as man, but now His throne—  
 It is the throne of God;  
 The sceptre He hath to us shown  
 Is like a blossoming rod.

5 Our Master all the work hath done,  
 He asks of us to-day;  
 Sharing His service, every one  
 Share to His sonship may;  
 Lord, I would serve and be a son;  
 Dismiss me not, I pray.

T. T. LYNCH.

607

St. Justin.—886.886.



1 HELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,  
 And still my tempted soul stand by  
 Throughout the evil day;  
 The sacred watchfulness impart,  
 And keep the issues of my heart,  
 And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul, with Thy whole armour arm;  
 In each approach of sin alarm  
 And show the danger near;  
 Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,  
 And fill with godly jealousy  
 And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,  
 O let me see Thy gathering frown,  
 And feel Thy warning eye;

And, starting, cry from ruin's brink,  
 'Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink,  
 Or save me, or I die!'

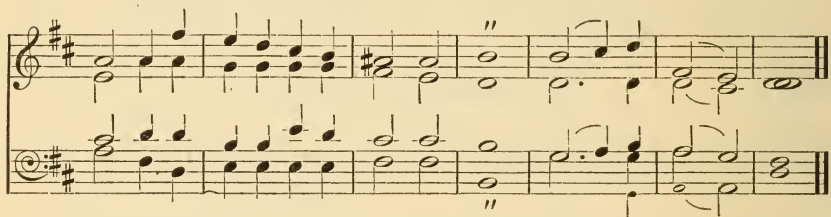
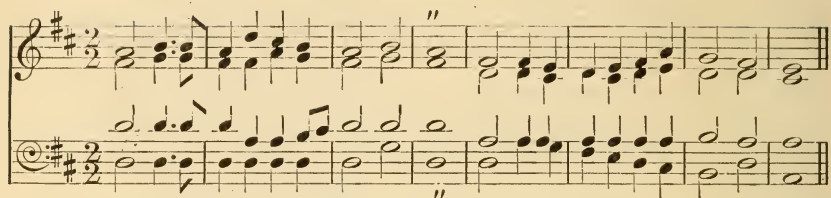
4 If near the pit I rashly stray,  
 Suffer me not to fall away,  
 But keen conviction dart!  
 Recall me by that pitying look,  
 That kind, upbraiding glance, which  
 Unfaithful Peter's heart. [broke

5 In me Thine utmost mercy show,  
 And make me like Thyself below,  
 Unblamable in grace;  
 Ready prepared, and fitted here  
 By perfect holiness, to appear  
 Before Thy glorious face.

C. WESLEY.

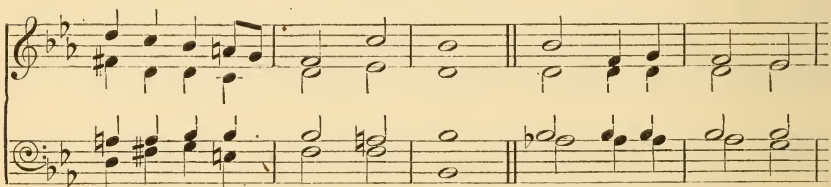
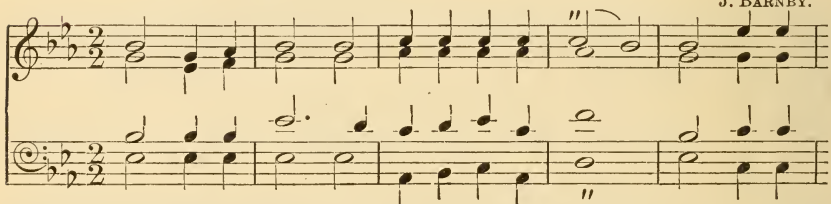
## 608

## Colosse (1st Tune).—10 10.10 4.



## St. Philip (2nd Tune).—10 10.10 4.

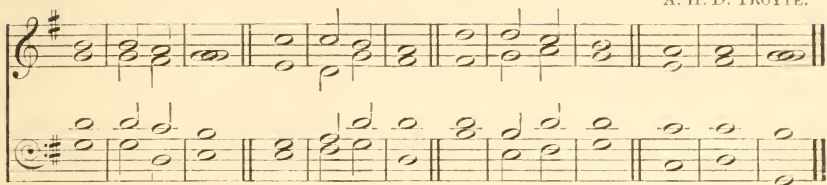
J. BARNBY.





## Chant.

A. H. D. TROYTE.



1 FOR all Thy saints who from their labours rest,  
 Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
 Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest:  
*f* Hallelujah !

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and Their Might;  
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light of Light:  
*f* Hallelujah !

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
 And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold:  
*f* Hallelujah !

4 O blest communion, fellowship Divine !  
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine:  
*f* Hallelujah !

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,  
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong:  
*f* Hallelujah !

*p* 6 The golden evening brightens in the West;  
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;  
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest:  
*f* Hallelujah !

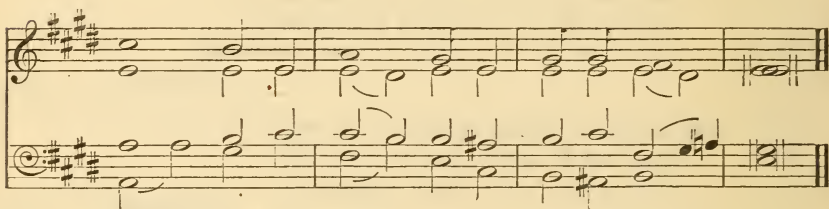
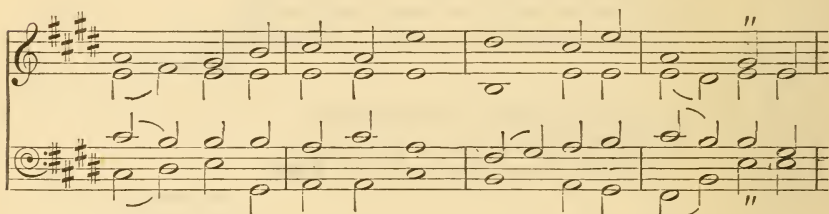
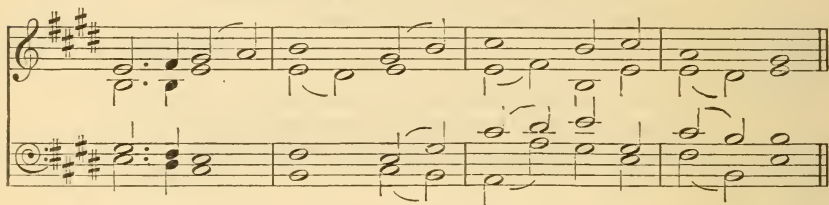
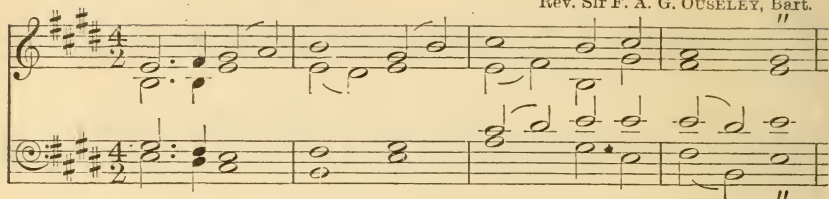
7 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
 The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
*f* The King of Glory passes on His way:  
*f* Hallelujah !

*f* 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
 Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
 Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:  
*f* 'Hallelujah !'  
 W. W. How.

## 609

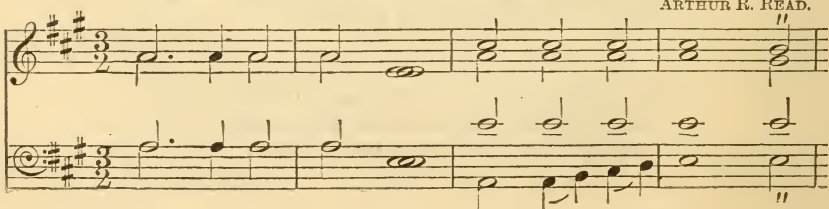
## Tenbury (1st Tune).—10 10.11 11.

Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart.



## Fontainebleau (2nd Tune).—10 10.11 11.

ARTHUR R. READ.





## 1.

*f* **B**REAST the wave, Christian when it is strongest;  
 Watch for day, Christian, when the night's longest;  
 Onward, and onward still, be thine endeavour;  
 The rest that remaineth will be for ever.

## 2.

*f* Fight the fight, Christian—Jesus is o'er thee;  
 Run the race, Christian—heaven is before thee;  
 He who hath promised faltereth never:  
 The love that redeemed thee flows on for ever.

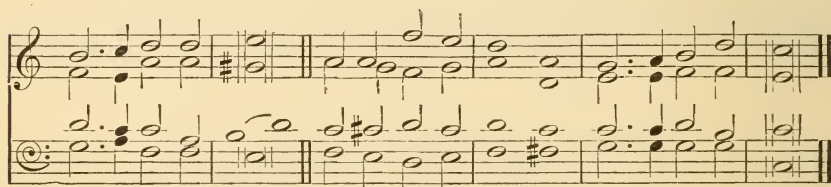
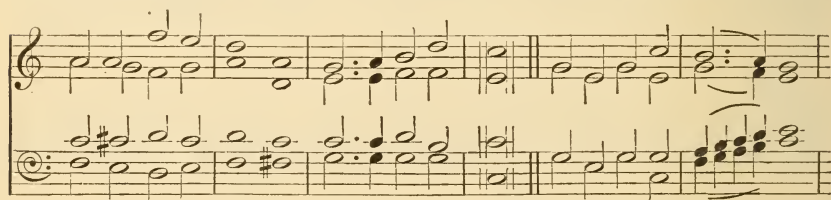
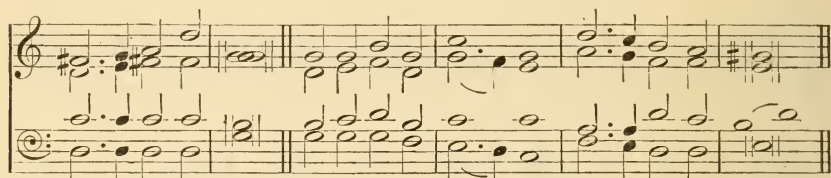
## 3.

Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth:  
 Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;  
*f* Thee from the love of Christ nothing shall sever;  
*ff* Mount when Thy work is done—praise Him for ever!

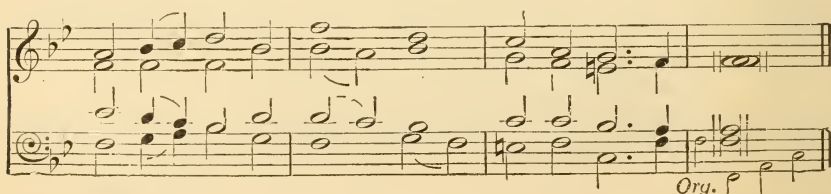
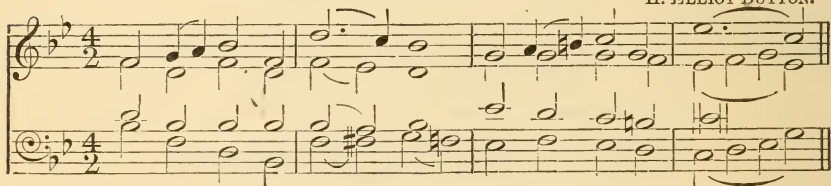
J. STAMMERS.

**610 Song of Triumph** (1st Tune).—11. (6 lines).

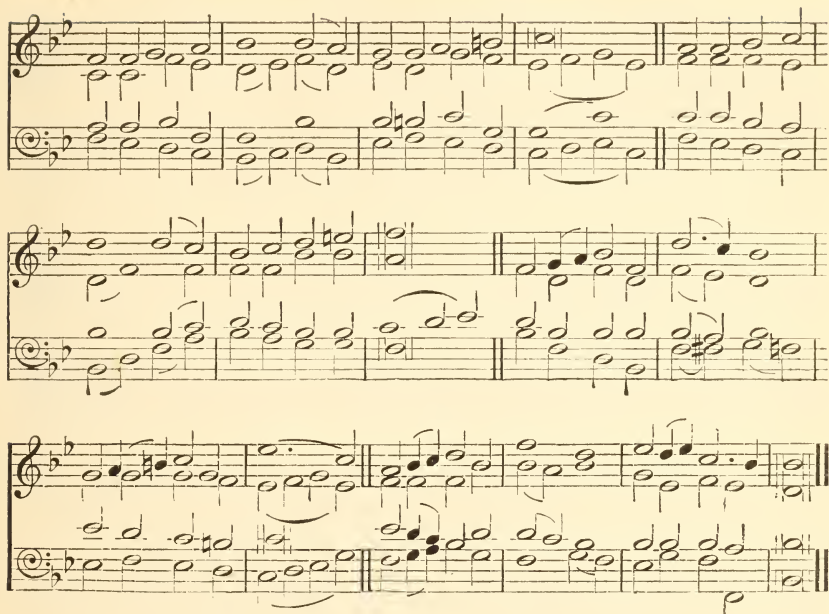
H. COWARD, Mus. Bac.

**Watchword** (2nd Tune).—11. (6 lines).

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.





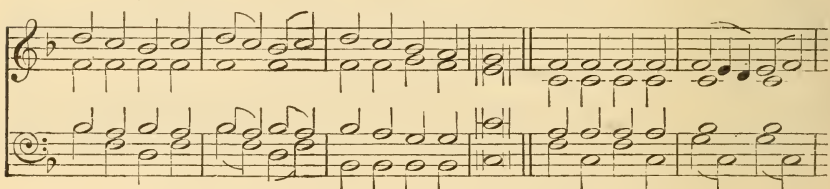
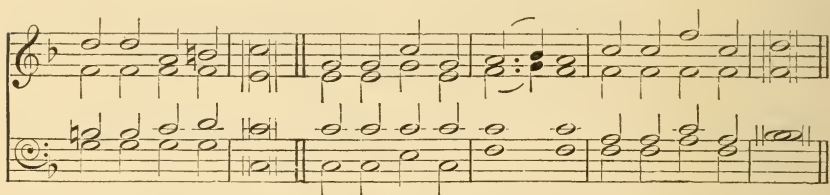
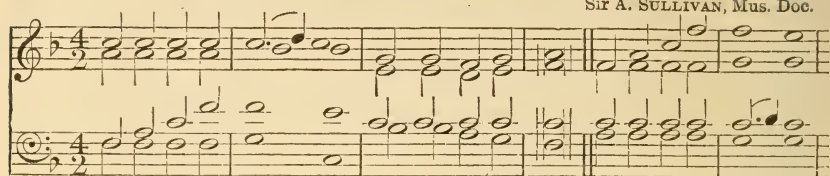


- f* 1 **ONWARD**, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
 Looking unto Jesus, who has gone before:  
 Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe,  
 Forward into battle, see His banners go:  
*f* Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
 Looking unto Jesus, Who is gone before.
- f* 2 At the Name of Jesus, Satan's host doth flee;  
 On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!  
 Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise:  
 Brothers, lift your voices; loud your anthems raise:  
 Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
 Looking unto Jesus, Who is gone before.
- f* 3 Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God,  
 Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod:  
 We are not divided, all one body we—  
 One in hope and doctrine, one in charity;  
 Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
 Looking unto Jesus, Who is gone before.
- p* 4 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane;  
 But the Church of Jesus constant will remain:  
*f* Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;  
 We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail;  
 Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
 Looking unto Jesus, Who is gone before.
- f* 5 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng;  
 Blend with ours your voices in the triumph-song;  
 Glory, praise, and honour unto Christ the King,  
 This through countless ages men and angels sing:  
*f* Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,  
 Looking unto Jesus, Who is gone before.

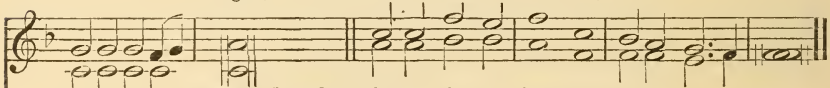
611

**St. Gertrude** (*1st Tune*).—11. (6 lines).

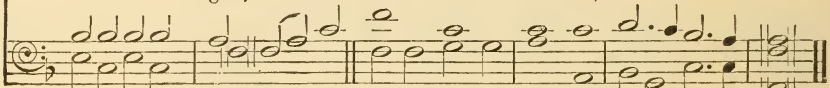
Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



fight; Jor-dan flows be - fore us,



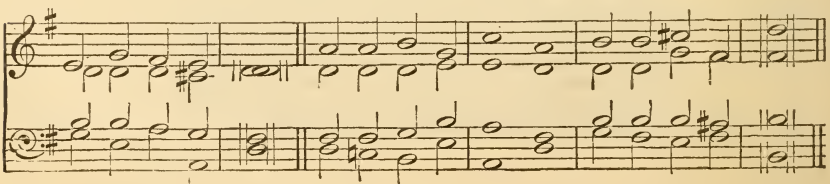
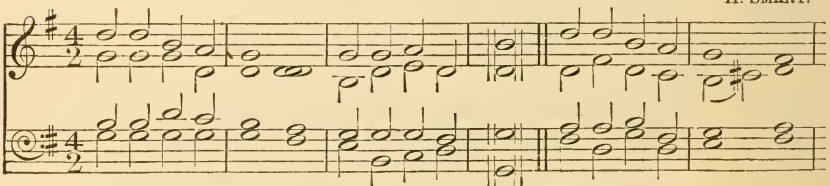
fight; Jor - dan flows be - fore us,

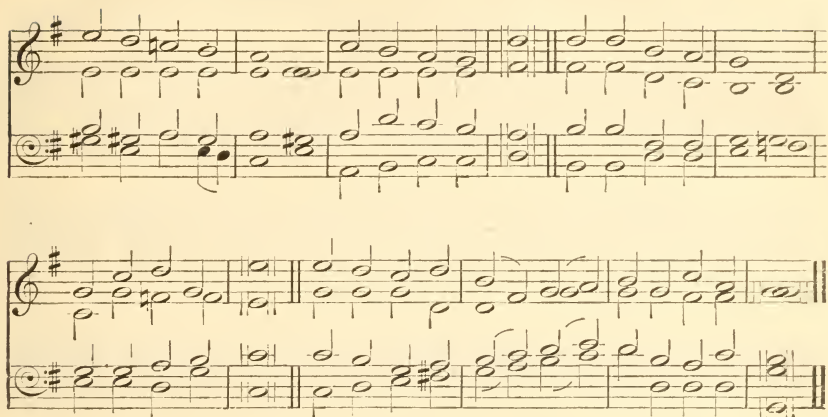


fight; Jor-dan flows be - fore us,

**St. Boniface** (*2nd Tune*).—11. (6 lines).

H. SMART.





1 **F**ORWARD! be our watchword, steps and voices joined;  
 Seek the things before us, not a look behind;  
 Burns the fiery pillar at our army's head;  
 Who shall dream of shrinking by Jehovah led?

*f* Forward through the desert, through the toil and fight;  
 Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light.

2 Forward, when in childhood buds the infant mind;  
 All through youth and manhood, not a thought behind;  
 Speed through realms of nature, climb the steps of grace;  
 Faint not, till around us gleams the Father's face:

*f* Forward, all the life-time, climb from height to height,  
 Till the head be hoary, till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus, salt of all the earth,  
*p* Till each yearning purpose springs to glorious birth:  
 Sick, they ask for healing; blind, they grope for day:  
 Pour upon the nations wisdom's loving ray:

*f* Forward, out of error; leave behind the night;  
 Forward, through the darkness, forward into light.

4 Glories upon glories hath our God prepared,  
 By the souls that love Him one day to be shared:

*p* Eye hath not beheld them, ear hath never heard;  
 Nor of these hath uttered thought or speech a word:

*f* Forward, ever forward, clad in armour bright,  
 Till the veil be lifted, till our faith be sight.

5 Far o'er yon horizon rise the city towers  
 Where our God abideth; that fair home is ours;  
 Flash the streets with jasper, shine the gates with gold;  
 Flows the gladdening river, shedding joys untold:

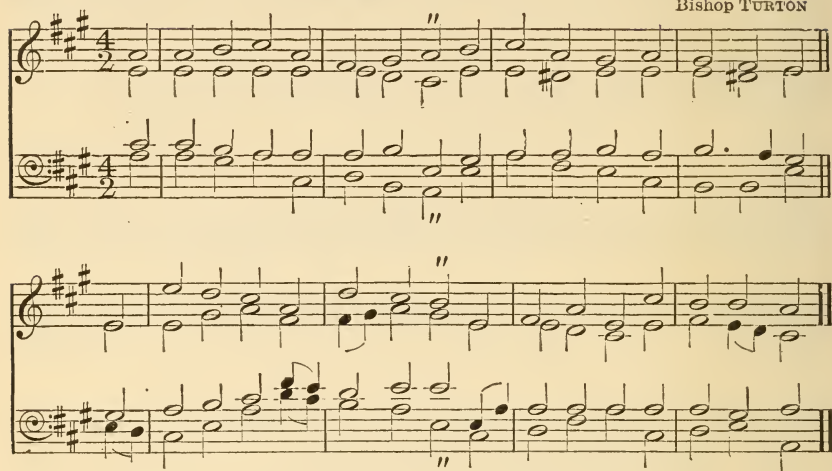
*f* Thither, onward thither, in Jehovah's might:  
 Pilgrims to your country, forward into light.

H. ALFORD.

612—613

Ely.—L.M.

Bishop TURTON



1 **O** THOU by long experience tried,  
Near Whom no grief can long abide,  
My Lord! how full of sweet content  
My years of pilgrimage are spent.

2 All scenes alike engaging prove  
To souls impressed with sacred love;  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with  
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea. [Thee

3 To me remains nor place nor time;  
My country is in every clime;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none;  
*f* But with my God to guide my way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where Thou art not,  
That were, indeed, a dreadful lot:  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

6 Ah, then! to His embrace repair;  
My soul, thou art no stranger there:  
*f* There Love Divine shall be thy guard,  
And peace and safety thy reward.

J. M. B. GUION, *trs.* by W. COWPER.

613

Ely.—L.M.

1 **W**HY should I murmur or repine,  
O Lamb of God, Who bled for me?

*p* What are my griefs compared with  
Thine,  
Thy tears, Thy groans, Thine agony!

2 If Thou the furnace-flames employ,  
Thou sittest as Refiner, near,  
To purge away the base alloy,  
Till Thine own image, bright, appear.

3 Though oft Thy way is in the sea,  
Thy footsteps in the wingèd storm;  
Though crested billows threaten me—  
Love slumbers in their frowning form!

4 Submissive would I kiss the rod,  
Needful each stroke I humbly own;  
Or let me trust Thee, O my God!  
If now the 'need be' is unknown.

5 Soon shall Thy dealings be unrolled,  
The wondrous chart will fix my gaze,  
*f* And heaven's revolving years unfold  
New themes for wonder and for praise.

6 Wave upon wave which rolled before  
Tempestuous o'er this ruffled breast,  
Then lulled asleep, shall break no more  
The rapture of eternal rest!

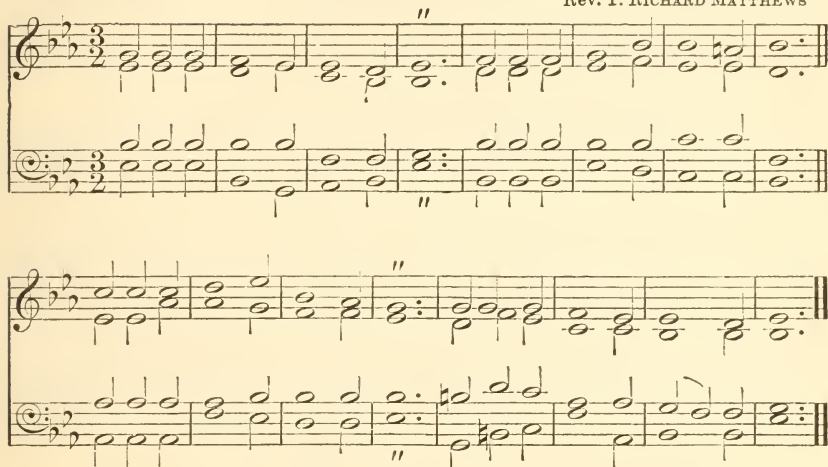
J. R. MACDUFF.



## 614—615

## Sarby.—L.M.

Rev. T. RICHARD MATTHEWS



1 AND is there, Lord, a cross for me,  
As through this wilderness I stray,  
Which, if I would, I must not flee,  
But Thy Divine command obey?

2 I would not, Lord, pass by that cross,  
For Thou hast placed it in my way;  
p To turn aside would be my loss,  
A I, therefore, lift my heart and pray—

3 'Show me the cross that I must bear;  
Bend my proud heart that I may take,  
In holy faith and humble prayer,  
The cross of shame for Thy dear sake:

p 4 'For Thou didst take a cross for me,  
And on it all my sins didst bear;  
Its agony Thou didst not flee,  
That in Thy glory I might share.

5 'Then I will take my cross with joy,  
And bear it onward to the end;  
My shame and pride, O Lord, destroy!  
My faith and hope on Thee depend.

f 6 'Thou soon wilt take the cross away,  
And place the crown upon my brow,  
In that bright world of endless day,  
Where I no more a cross shall know.'

H. ADDISCOTT.

## 615

## Sarby.—L.M.

1 NOW, Lord, I on Thy truth depend,  
Nor earth nor hell my soul shall  
move;  
Thy mercy ne'er shall have an end,  
Thy faithfulness I daily prove.

2 I have been kept in time that's past,  
And still Thou dost my strength re-  
new;  
A My soul into Thine arms I cast,  
I'll trust Thee all my journey through.

3 For me the fowler spreads His net,  
My soul He watches to destroy;  
Ten thousand snares my path beset;  
But Thou shalt guide me with Thine  
eye.

p 4 I find Thy every promise sweet,  
A Thy love my fainting spirit cheers;  
V Thy counsel shall direct my feet,  
While passing through this vale of  
tears.

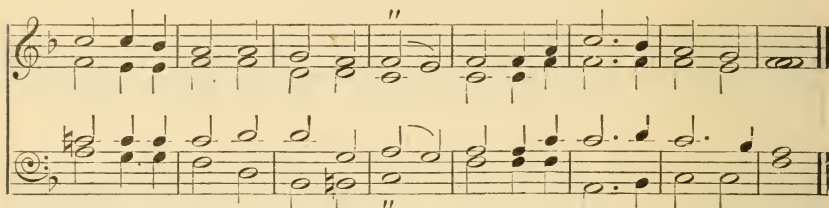
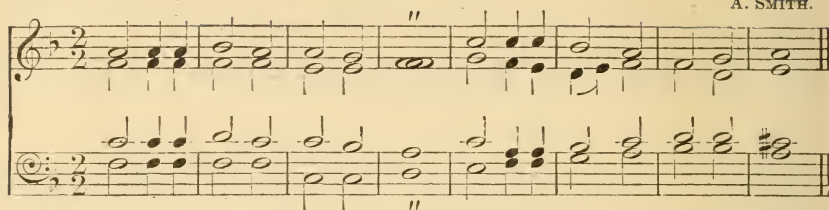
A 5 And after death Thou wilt receive  
My soul into Thy loved embrace;  
f I then shall in Thy presence live,  
And see the glories of Thy face.

H. BOURNE AND W. SANDERS.

## 616—617

## Maplebeck.—L.M.

A. SMITH.



1 O JESUS, full of truth and grace !  
 O all-atoning Lamb of God !  
 I wait to see Thy glorious face,  
 I seek redemption through Thy blood.

2 Now in Thy strength I strive with Thee,  
 My Friend and Advocate with God ;  
 Give me the glorious liberty,  
 Grant me the purchase of Thy blood.

3 Thou art the Anchor of my hope,  
 The faithful saying I receive ;  
 Surely Thy death shall raise me up,  
 For Thou hast died that I may live.

4 Satan, with all his arts, no more  
 Me from the gospel hope shall move ;  
 I shall receive the gracious power,  
 And find the pearl of perfect love.

5 Though Satan gives my God the lie,  
 I all His truth and grace shall know ;  
 I shall, the helpless creature I,  
 Reach perfect holiness below.

6 My flesh, which cries, ' It cannot be,'  
 Shall silence keep before the Lord ;  
 And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee  
 Before His everlasting word.

C. WESLEY.

## 617

## Maplebeck.—L.M.

1 A WAY, my unbelieving fear ! [place ;  
 Fear shall in 'me no more have  
 Though Jesus doth not yet appear,  
 And hides the brightness of His face ;

p2 But shall I therefore let Him go,  
 And basely to the tempter yield ?

f No, in the strength of Jesus, no !  
 I never will give up my Shield.

p3 Although the vine its fruit deny,  
 Although the olive yield no oil,  
 The withering fig-tree droop and die,  
 The field illude the tiller's toil.

p4 The empty stall no herd afford,  
 The flocks be cut off from their place,  
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,  
 The God of my salvation praise.

5 In hope, believing against hope,  
 Jesus my Lord and God I claim ;  
 Jesus my strength shall lift me up,  
 Salvation is in Jesus' name ;

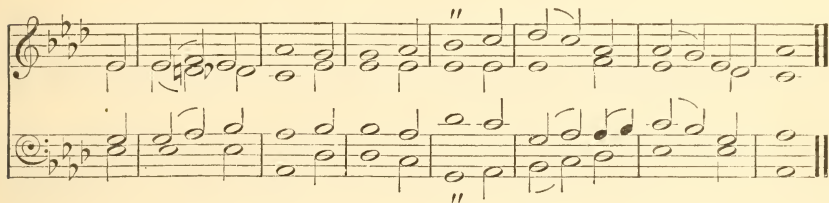
f6 To me He soon shall bring it nigh ;  
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,  
 On wings of love mount up on high,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

C. WESLEY.

618

**Shortlands** (1st Tune).—C.M.*Brightly.*

T. WALDO MORELL.

**Horsley** (2nd Tune).—C.M.

W. HORSLEY, Mus. Doc.



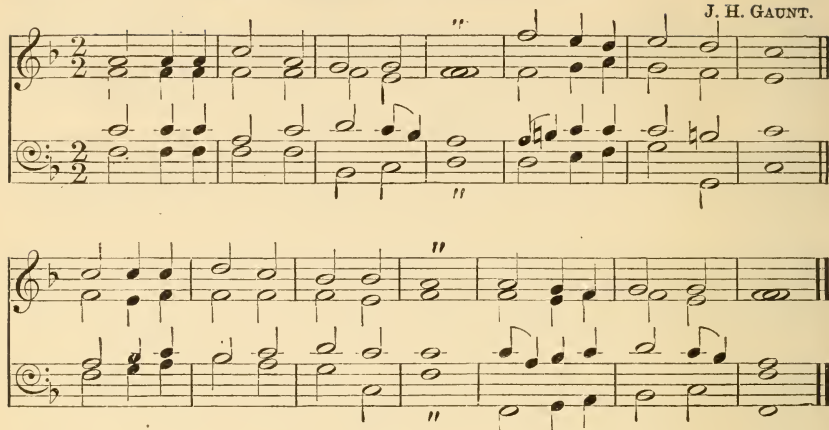
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|---|--|
| <p>1 MY God, my Father, blissful Name !<br/>           O may I call Thee mine ?<br/>       May I with sweet assurance claim<br/>           A portion so divine ?</p> <p>2 This only can my fears control,<br/>           And bid my sorrows fly ;<br/>       What harm can ever reach my soul<br/>           Beneath my Father's eye ?</p> <p>p 3 Whate'er Thy providence denies,<br/>           I calmly would resign,<br/>       For Thou art good and just and wise ;<br/>           O bend my will to Thine !</p> | <p>4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,<br/>           O give me strength to bear !<br/>       And let me know my Father reigns,<br/>           And trust His tender care.</p> <p>5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown<br/>           To my weak, erring sight ;<br/>       Yet let my soul, adoring, own<br/>           That all Thy ways are right.</p> <p>6 My God, my Father, be Thy Name<br/>           My solace and my stay,<br/>       O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,<br/>           And drive my fears away !</p> |
|---|--|

A. STEELE.

## 619

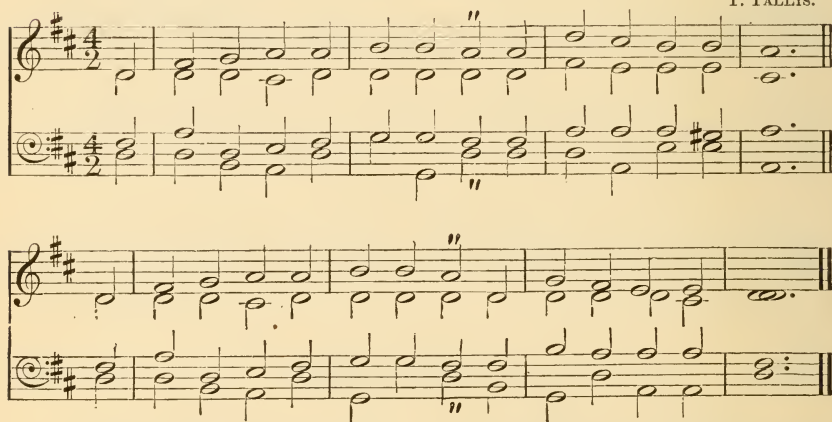
## Brampton (1st Tune).—C.M.

J. H. GAUNT.



## Tallis's Ordination Hymn (2nd Tune).—C.M.

T. TALLIS.



1 **O** FOR a faith that will not shrink  
Though pressed by many a foe:  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe—

2 That will nor murmur or complain  
Beneath the chastening rod;  
*p* But in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt—

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
*p* And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Lights up a dying bed—

*f* 5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss  
Of my eternal home.

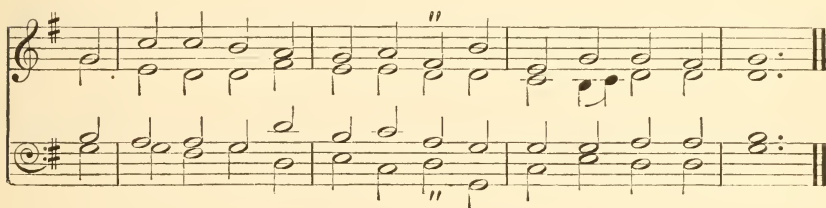
W. H. BATHURST.



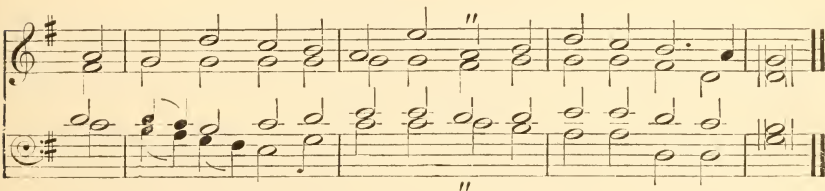
620

**Farrant** (1st Tune).—C.M.

R. FARRANT.

**St. Louis** (2nd Tune).—C.M.

H. COWARD, Mus. Bac.



1 THROUGH all the changing scenes  
In trouble and in joy, [of life,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O magnify the Lord with me !  
j With me exalt His Name ;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just ;  
Deliverance He affords to all  
Who in His succour trust.

4 O make but trial of His love,  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they  
Who in His truth confide !

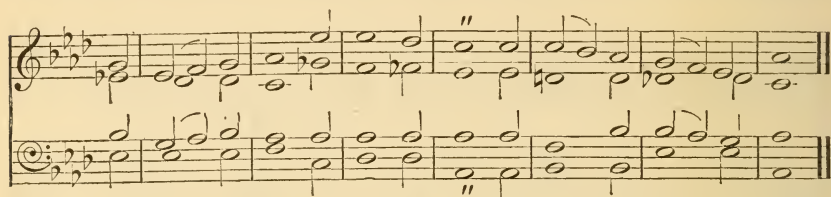
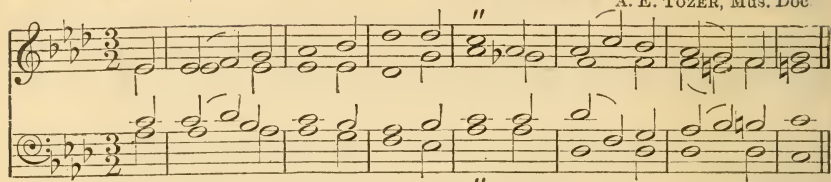
5 For God preserves the souls of those  
Who on His truth depend ;  
To them and their posterity  
His blessing shall descend.

N. TATE AND N. BRADY.

## 621—622

## Jazer.—C.M.

A. E. TOZER, Mus. Doc



*p* 1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
On Thee, when sorrows rise—  
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting heart relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,  
For Thou alone canst heal ;

*p* Thy Word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.

*p* 3 But O ! when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call Thee mine :  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?  
Thou art mine only Trust ;  
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face ?  
And shall I seek in vain ?  
And can the ear of sovereign Grace  
Be deaf when I complain ?

6 No ! still the ear of sovereign Grace  
Attends the mourner's prayer !  
O may I ever find access  
To breathe my sorrows there !

7 Thy mercy-seat is open still ;  
There let my soul retreat ;  
With humble hope attend Thy will,  
And wait before Thy feet.

A. STEELE.

## 622

## Jazer.—C.M.

1 ALL as God wills, Who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told.

2 Enough that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track ;  
*p* That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
His chastening turned me back ;

3 That more and more a Providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Sweet with eternal good ;

4 That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight ;

5 That care and trial seem at last,  
Through memory's sunset air,  
Like mountain ranges overpast,  
In purple distance fair ;

6 That all the jarring notes of life  
Seem blending in a psalm,  
And all the angles of its strife  
Slow rounding into calm.

7 And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the West winds play,  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

J. G. WHITTIER.

623

## Land of Rest.—C.M.D.

R. S. NEWMAN.



1 AS helpless as a child who clings  
 Fast to his father's arm,  
 And casts his weakness on the strength  
 That keeps him safe from harm :  
 So I, my Father, cling to Thee,  
 And thus I every hour  
 Would link my earthly feebleness  
 To Thine Almighty power.

2 As trustful as a child who looks  
 Up in his mother's face,  
 And all his little griefs and fears  
 Forgets in her embrace :  
 So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,  
 And in Thy face Divine  
 Can read the love that will sustain  
 As weak a faith as mine.

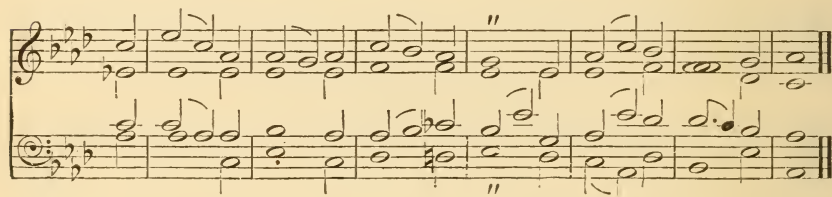
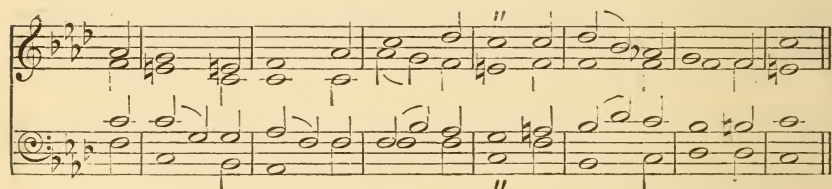
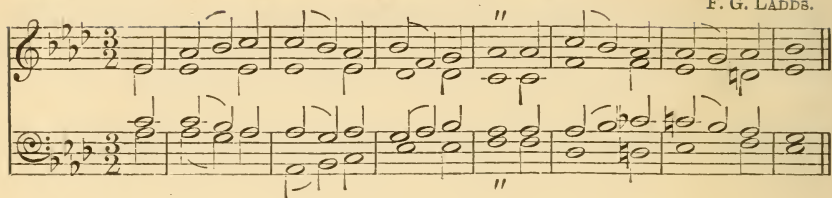
p 3 As loving as a child who sits  
 Close by His parent's knee,  
 And knows no want while he can have  
 That sweet society :  
 So sitting at Thy feet, my heart  
 Would all its love outpour,  
*f* And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord,  
 To love Thee more and more.

J. D. BURNS.

## 624

## Hiding-Place.—C.M.D.

F. G. LADDS.



1 **T**HOU art my hiding-place, O Lord,  
 In Thee I put my trust,  
 Encouraged by Thy Holy Word,  
 A feeble child of dust.  
 I have no argument beside,  
 I urge no other plea,  
 And 'tis enough my Saviour died,  
*f* My Saviour died for me.

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,  
 And furious foes assail,  
 My refuge is the mercy-seat,  
 My hope within the veil.  
*p* From strife of tongues and bitter words  
 My Spirit flies to Thee ;  
 Joy to my heart the thought affords,  
*f* My Saviour died for me.

*p* 3 'Mid trials, heavy to be borne,  
 When mortal strength is vain,  
 A heart with grief and anguish torn,  
 A body racked with pain—  
 Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,  
 Bid every murmur flee,  
 But this, the witness in my breast :  
 My Saviour died for me.

*p* 4 And when Thine awful voice commands  
 This body to decay,  
 And life in its last lingering sands  
 Is ebbing fast away—  
 Then, though it be in accents weak,  
 And faint and trembling 'y,  
*f* O give me strength in death to speak,  
 'My Saviour died for me!'

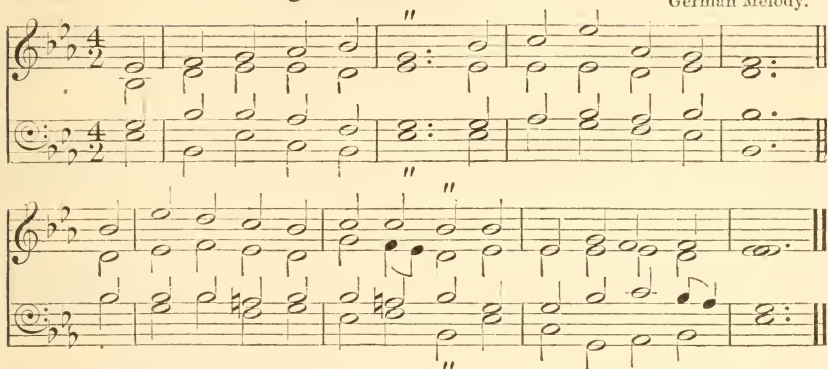
T. RAFFLES.



625

## Jfrancoia.—S.M.

German Melody.



*f* 1 **A**WAY, my needless fears,  
And doubts no longer mine;  
A ray of heavenly light appears,  
A messenger Divine.

2 Thrice comfortable hope,  
That calms my troubled breast;  
My Father's hand prepares the cup,  
And what He wills is best.

3 If what I wish is good,  
And suits the Will Divine;  
By earth and hell in vain withstood,  
I know it shall be mine.

4 Still let them counsel take  
To frustrate His decree,  
They cannot keep a blessing back  
By Heaven designed for me.

*f* 5 Here then I doubt no more,  
But in His pleasure rest, [power  
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and  
Engage to make me blest.

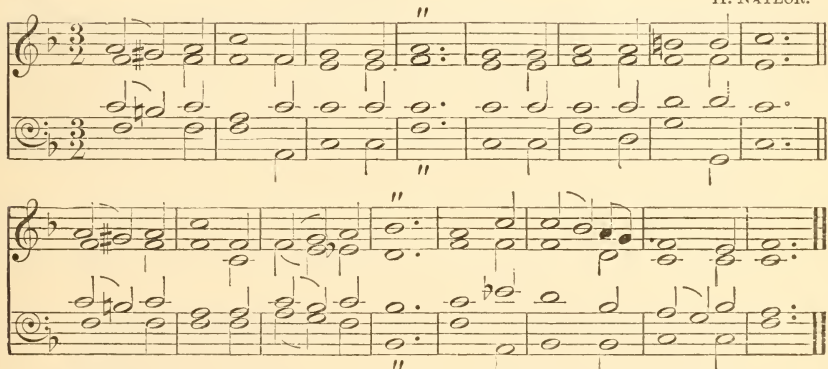
*f* 6 To accomplish His design  
The creatures all agree;  
And all the attributes Divine  
Are now at work for me.

C. WESLEY.

626

## Zion.—77.77.

H. NAYLOR.



1 **W**HEN we cannot see our way,  
Let us trust and still obey;  
He who bids us forward go,  
Cannot fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,  
Though a passage seem denied,  
Fearless let us still proceed,  
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

*p* 3 Though it be the gloom of night,  
Though we see no ray of light;

Since the Lord Himself is there,  
Why should we have doubt or fear?

4 Night with Him is never night,  
Where He is, there all is light;  
When He calls us, why delay?  
They are happy who obey.

5 Be it ours, then, while we're here  
Him to follow without fear;

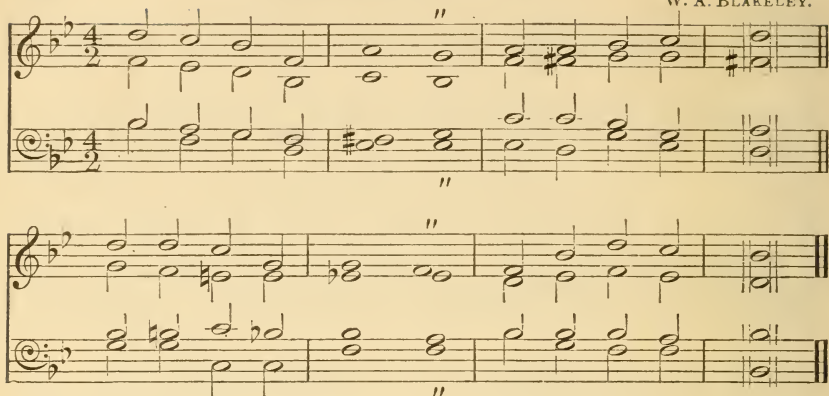
*f* Where He calls us, there to go;  
What He bids us, that to do.

T. KELLY.

## 627

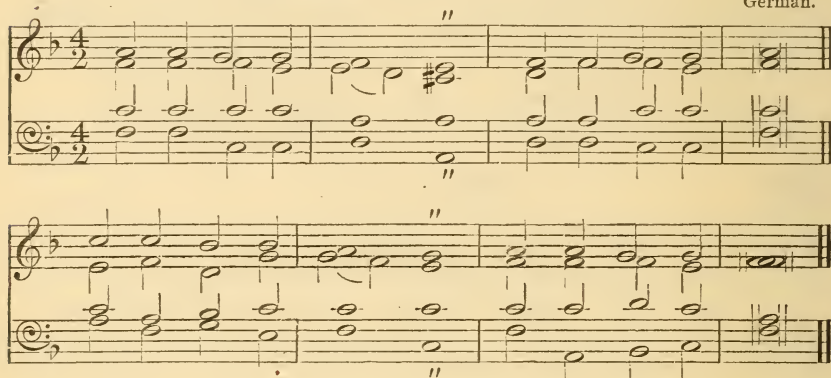
## St. Dominic (1st Tune).—6 5.6 5.

W. A. BLAKELEY.



## Caswall (2nd Tune).—6 5.6 5.

German.



1 **O** LET him, whose sorrow  
No relief can find  
Trust in God and borrow  
Ease for heart and mind.

*p* 2 When the mourner weeping,  
Sheds the secret tear,  
God His watch is keeping,  
Though none else is near.

3 God will never leave thee,  
All thy wants He knows,  
Feels the pains that grieve thee,  
Sees thy cares and woes.

*f* 4 Raise thine eyes to heaven  
When thy spirits quail,  
When, by tempests driven,  
Heart and courage fail.

5 When in grief we languish,  
He will dry the tear,  
Who His children's anguish  
Soothes with succour near.

*p* 6 All our woe and sadness  
In the world below,  
Balance not the gladness  
We in heaven shall know.

7 On Thy truth relying  
In the mortal strife,  
*p* Lord, receive us, dying,  
To eternal life.

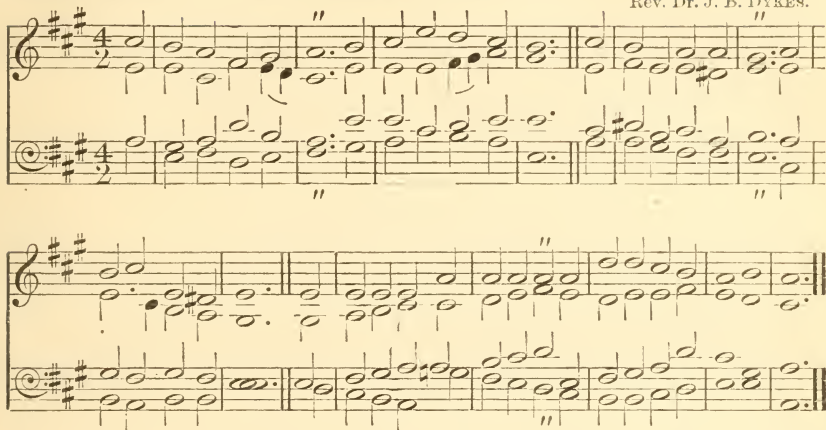
8 Jesus, gracious Saviour,  
In the realms above,  
*f* Crown us with Thy favour;  
Fill us with Thy love.

H. S. OSWALD, tr's. by F. E. COX.

## 628—629

## St. Godric.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



*f* 1 JESUS, at Thy command  
I launch into the deep,  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep:  
*f* For Thee I would the world resign,  
And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wise;  
My compass is Thy Word;  
My soul each storm defies,  
While I have such a Lord.  
*f* I trust Thy faithfulness and power  
To save me in the trying hour.

*p* 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep  
Through all my passage lie,  
Yet Christ will safely keep,  
And guide me with His eye:  
*f* My anchor, Hope, shall firm abide,  
And I each boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,  
The port of endless rest;  
My soul, thy sails expand,  
And fly to Jesus' breast  
*f* O may I reach the heavenly shore,  
Where winds and waves distress no more!

*p* 5 When'er becalmed I lie,  
And storms forbear to toss,  
Be Thou, O Lord, still nigh  
Lest I should suffer loss!  
For more the treacherous calm I dread,  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, Heavenly Wind, and blow  
A prosperous gale of grace,  
To waft from all below  
To heaven my destined place:  
*f* Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

A. M. TOPLADY.

## 629

## St. Godric.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

1 MY trust is in the Lord;  
What foe can injure me?  
Why bid me like a bird  
Before the fowler flee?  
The Lord is on His heavenly throne,  
Omnipotent to save His own.

*p* 2 The wicked may assail,  
The tempter sorely try,  
All earth's foundations fail,  
All nature's springs be dry;  
Yet God is in His holy shrine,  
And I am strong while He is mine.

3 His flock to Him is dear,  
He watches them from high;  
He sends them trials here,  
To fit them for the sky:  
But safely will He tend and keep  
*p* The humblest, feeblest of His sheep.

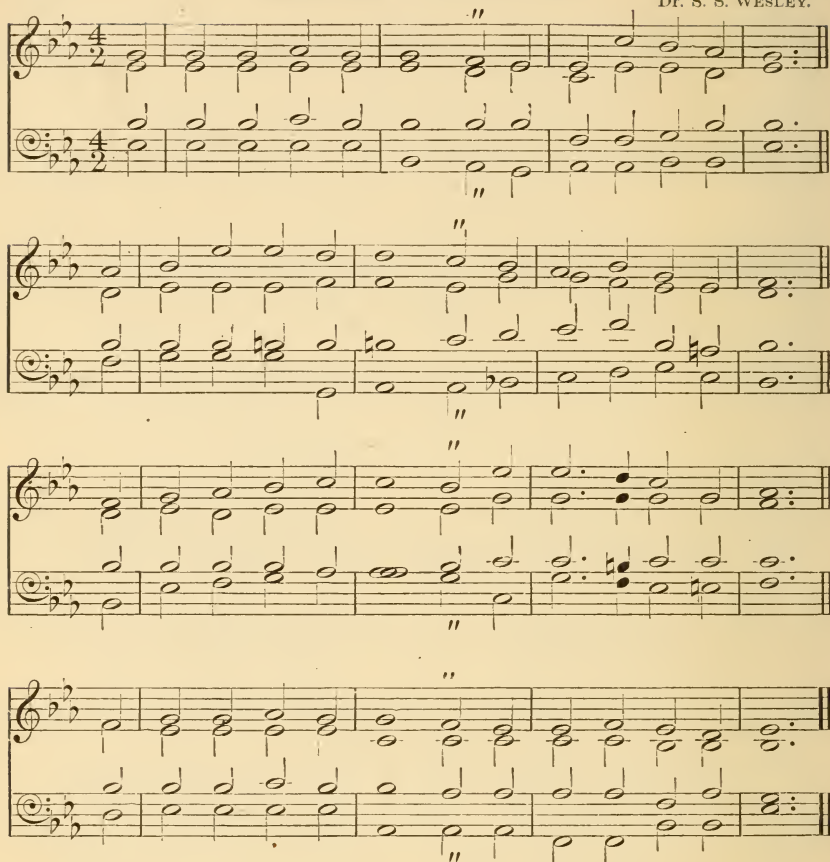
4 His foes a season here  
May triumph and prevail;  
But ah! the hour is near,  
When all their hopes must fail:  
*f* While like the sun His saints shall rise,  
And shine with Him above the skies.

H. F. LYTE.

## 630

## Aurelia.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

Dr. S. S. WESLEY.



V **1** I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,  
 For I am full of sin,  
*p* My soul is dark and guilty,  
 My heart is dead within;  
 I need the cleansing Fountain,  
 Where I can always flee—  
 The blood of Christ most precious,  
 The sinner's perfect plea.

V **2** I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
 For I am very poor;  
*p* A stranger and a pilgrim,  
 I have no earthly store;  
 I need the love of Jesus  
 To cheer me on my way,  
 To guide my doubting footsteps,  
 To be my strength and stay.

**3** I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
 I need a Friend like Thee,  
 A Friend to soothe and pity,  
 A Friend to care for me;  
 I need the heart of Jesus  
 To feel each anxious care,  
 To tell my every trouble,  
 And all my sorrow share.

V **4** I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
 For I am very blind,  
*p* A weak and foolish wanderer,  
 With dark and erring mind;  
 I need the light of Jesus  
 To tread the thorny road,  
 To guide me safe to glory,  
 Where I shall see my God,



5 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
 I need Thee day by day,  
 To fill me with Thy fulness,  
 To lead me on my way;  
 I need Thy Holy Spirit  
 To teach me what I am,  
 To show me more of Jesus,  
 To point me to the Lamb.

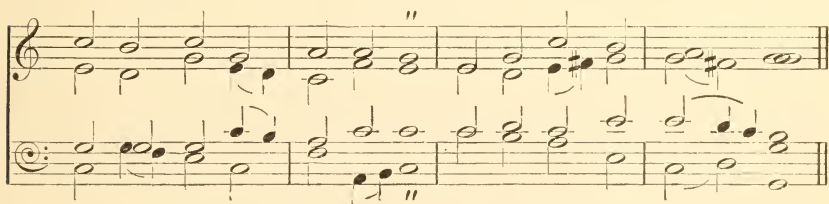
6 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
 And hope to see Thee soon,  
 Encircled with the rainbow,  
 And seated on Thy throne;  
 There with Thy blood-bought children  
 My joy shall ever be  
 To sing Thy praises, Jesus!—  
 To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

F. WHITFIELD.

631

Coldrey.—7 6.7 6.7 7.

H. SMART.



1 IN the day of thy distress,  
 May Jehovah hear thee!  
 In the hour when dangers press,  
 Jacob's God be near Thee!  
 Send thee from His holy place  
 Timely aid, or strengthening grace!

2 May thy prayers and offerings rise,  
 By thy God recorded?  
 Thine oblations reach the skies  
 Graciously rewarded!  
 Granted be thy heart's request,  
 All thy purposes be blest!

3 Thy success our hearts shall cheer;  
 We with glad acclaim  
 Will our grateful trophies rear  
 In Jehovah's Name.  
 Go beneath His guardian care,  
 And the Lord fulfil thy prayer!

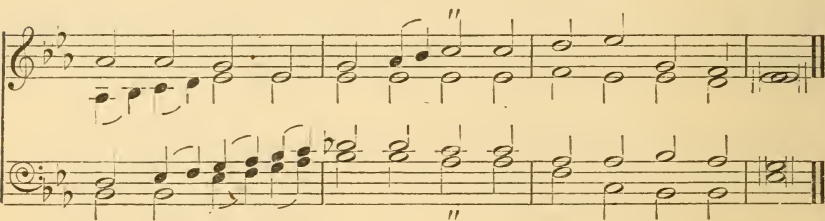
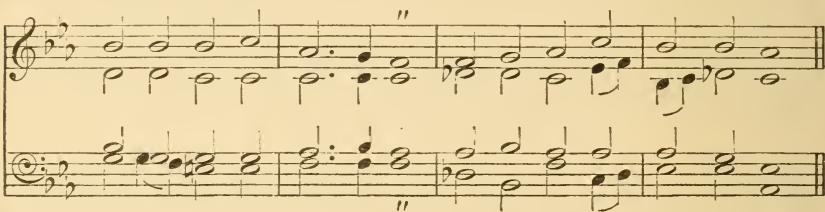
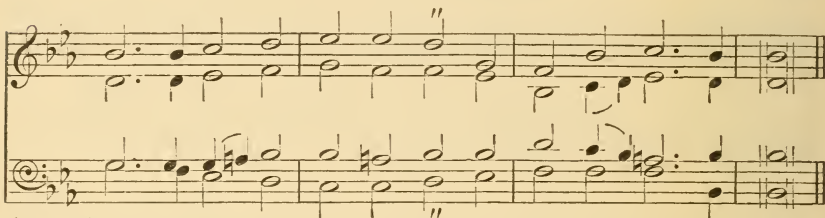
4 Vain the despot's haughty boasts,  
 Fleets or martial forces;  
 Be our trust the God of Hosts,  
 Heavenly our resources.  
 Theirs shall be defeat and shame;  
 We shall triumph in Thy name.

J. CONDER.

632

## St. Hilary.—7 6.7 6.7 7.7 6.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



1 TO the hills I lift mine eyes,  
 The everlasting hills;  
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,  
 My soul the Spirit feels.  
 Will He not His help afford?  
 Help, while yet I ask, is given:  
 God comes down; the God and Lord  
 That made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray always ; pray,  
And still in God confide ;

*p* He thy feeble steps shall stay,  
Nor suffer thee to slide :  
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast :  
He thy quiet spirit keeps ;  
^ Rest in Him, securely rest ;  
^ Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell  
Thy Keeper can surprise ;  
^ Careless slumbers cannot steal  
^ On His all-seeing eyes ;  
*f* He is Israel's sure defence ;  
Israel all His care shall prove,  
Kept by watchful providence,  
And ever-waking love.

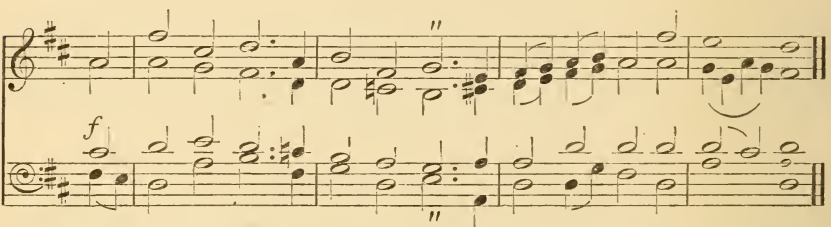
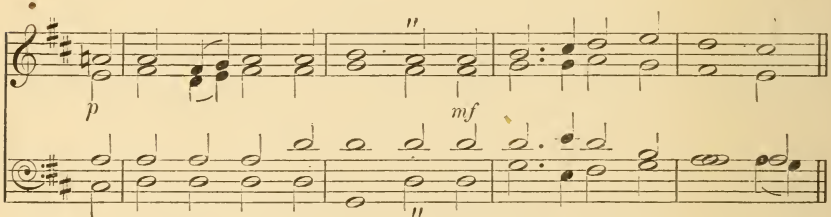
4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand  
Omnipotently near !  
^ Lo ! He holds thee by thy hand,  
^ And banishes thy fear ;  
Shadows with His wings thy head ;  
Guards from all impending harms :  
*f* Round thee and beneath are spread  
The everlasting arms.

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,  
Shall bless thy coming in ;  
^ Kindly compass thee about,  
^ Till thou art saved from sin ;  
Like thy spotless Master, thou,  
Filled with wisdom, love, and power,  
*f* Holy, pure, and perfect, now,  
Henceforth, and evermore.

633

**Worship** (1st Tune).—7 7.8 7.7 7.8 7.

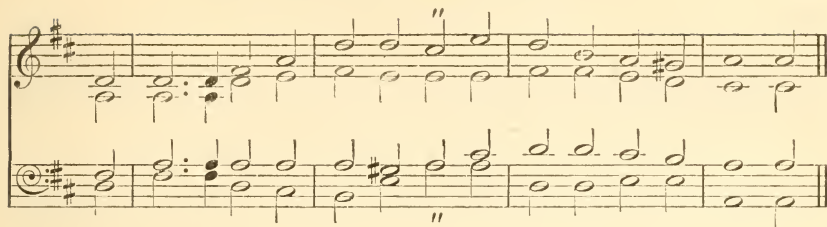
J. B. BIRKBECK.

**Grasmere** (2nd Tune).—7 7.8 7.7 7.8 7.

EDWIN MOSS.







*f* **1** HEAD of Thy church triumphant,  
 We joyfully adore Thee;  
 Till Thou appear,  
 Thy members here  
 Shall sing like those in glory:  
 We lift our hearts and voices  
 With blest anticipation,  
 And cry aloud,  
 And give to God  
 The praise of our salvation.

*p* **2** While in affliction's furnace,  
 And passing through the fire,  
 Thy love we praise,  
 In joyful lays,  
 Which ever brings us nigher:  
*f* We clap our hands exulting  
 In Thine Almighty favour;  
 The love divine  
 Which made us Thine  
 Shall keep us Thine for ever.

*p* **3** Thou dost conduct Thy people  
 Through storms of fierce temptation,  
 Nor will we fear,  
 While Thou art near,  
 The fire of tribulation:  
*f* The world with sin and Satan  
 In vain our march opposes,  
 By Thee we shall  
 O'ercome them all,  
 And sing the song of Moses.

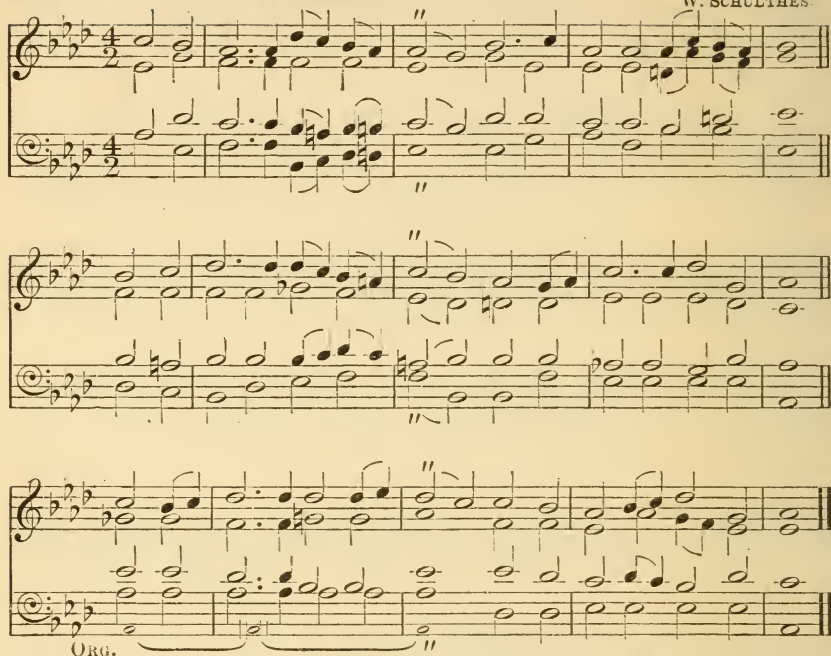
**4** By faith we see the glory  
 To which Thou shalt exalt us,  
 The cross despise  
 For that high prize  
 Which Thou hast set before us:  
*p* And if Thou count us worthy,  
 We each as dying Stephen,  
 Shall see Thee stand  
 At God's right hand,  
*f* To take us up to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

## 634

## Requiem.—7.7.7.7.7.

W. SCHULTHES



1 SON of God, to Thee I cry :  
 By the holy mystery  
 Of Thy dwelling here on earth,  
 By Thy pure and holy birth,  
 Lord, Thy presence let me see ;  
 Manifest Thyself to me.

*p* 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry :  
 By Thy bitter agony,  
*mp* By Thy pangs, to us unknown,  
 By Thy spirit's parting groan,  
 Lord, Thy presence let me see ;  
 Manifest Thyself to me.

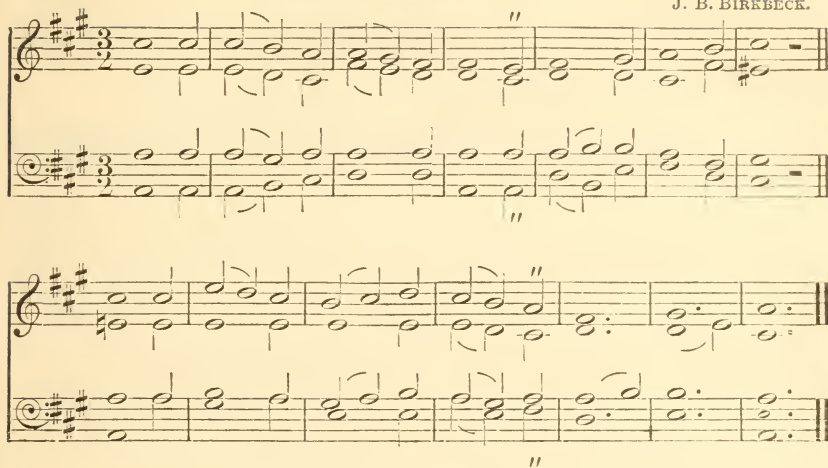
3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry :  
 By Thy glorious majesty,  
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
 Meek to suffer, strong to save,  
 Lord, Thy presence let me see ;  
 Manifest Thyself to me.

*f* 4 Lord of Glory, God most high,  
 Man exalted to the sky,  
 With Thy love my bosom fill,  
 Prompt me to perform Thy will ;  
 Then Thy glory I shall see ;  
 Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.  
 R. MANT.

635

## Sacred Rest.—8 5.8 2.

J. B. BIRKBECK.



1 I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,  
 Trusting only Thee!  
 Trusting Thee for full salvation,  
 Great and free.

*p* 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,  
 At Thy feet I bow;  
 For Thy grace and tender mercy  
 Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing  
 In the crimson flood;  
 Trusting Thee to make me holy  
 By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;  
 Thou alone shalt lead,  
 Every day and hour supplying  
 All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,  
 Thine can never fail:  
 Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,  
 Must prevail.

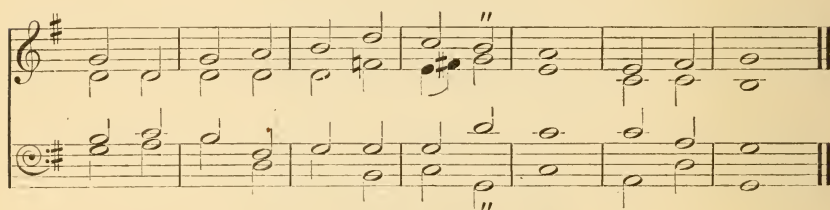
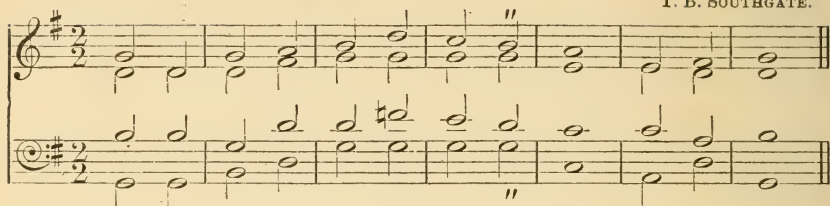
*f* 6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;  
 Never let me fail;  
 I am trusting Thee for ever,  
 And for all.

F. R. HAVERGAL

## 636

## Southgate.—8 4.8 4.8 8 8 4.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.



1 THROUGH the love of God our  
All will be well: [Saviour,  
Free and changeless is His favour,  
All, all is well:

Precious is the blood that healed us;  
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;  
Strong the hand stretched forth to  
All must be well. [shield us,

p 2 Though we pass through tribulation,  
All will be well;  
Ours is such a full salvation,  
All, all is well:

Happy, still in God confiding;  
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding;  
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;  
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;  
All will be well;  
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,  
'All, all is well.'

f On our Father's love relying,  
Jesus every need supplying  
Then in living or in dying  
All must be well.

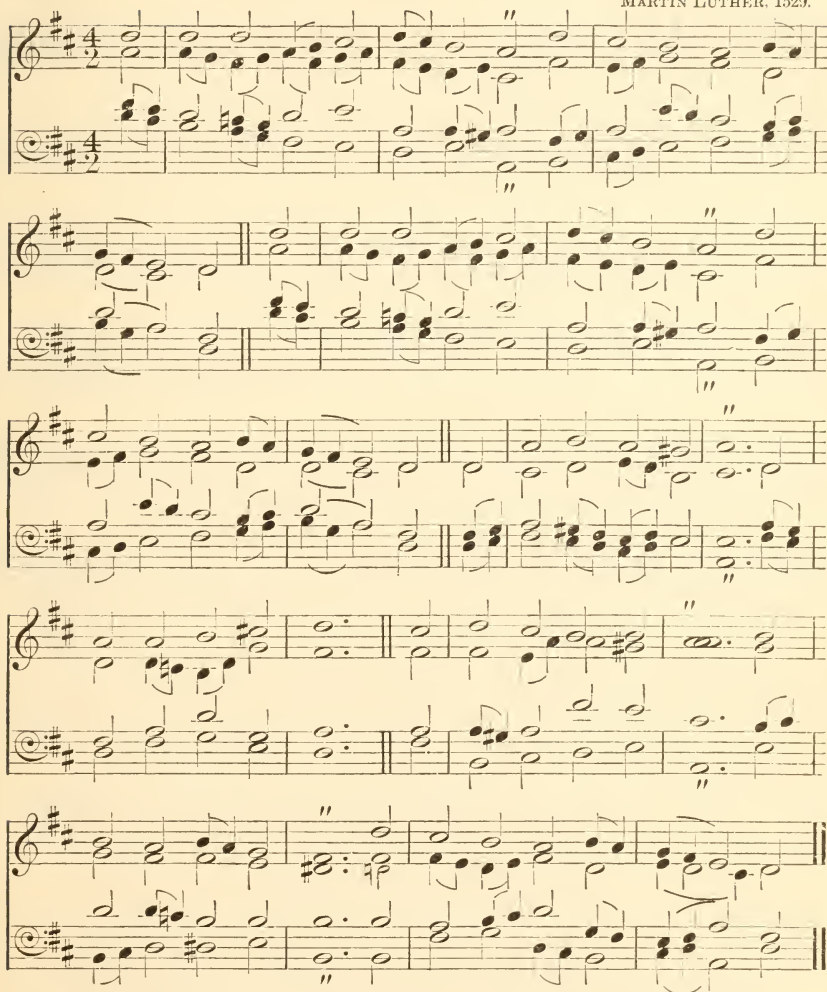
M. PETERS.



## 637

## Ein feste Burg.—8 7.8 7.6 6.6 6.7.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.



*f* 1 **A** FORTRESS sure is God our King,  
 A Shield that ne'er shall fail us;  
 His sword alone shall succour bring,  
 When evil doth assail us;  
*m* With craft and cruel hate  
 Doth Satan lie in wait,  
 And, armed with deadly power,  
 Seeks whom he may devour:  
 On earth where is his equal?

*f* 2 **O** who shall then our Champion be,  
 Lest we be lost for ever?  
*f* One sent by God—from sin 'tis He  
 The sinner shall deliver;  
 And dost thou ask His Name?

'Tis Jesus Christ—the Same  
 Of Sabaoth the Lord,  
 The Everlasting Word—  
 'Tis He must win the battle.

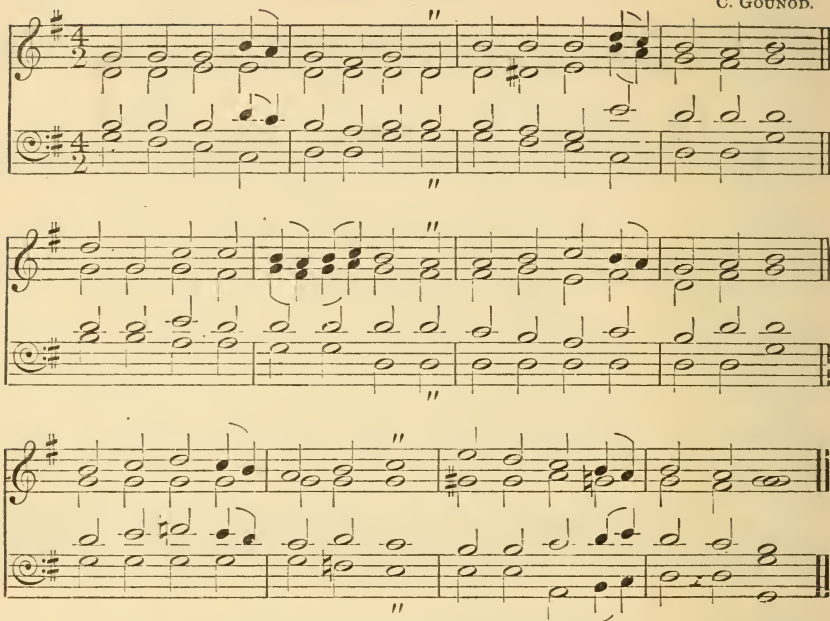
3 God's Word remaineth ever sure,  
 (To us no merit owing),  
 The Spirit's gifts—of sin the cure—  
 Each day He is bestowing:  
*p* Though nought we love be left,  
 Of all, e'en life, bereft;  
 Yet what shall Satan gain?  
*f* God's kingdom doth remain,  
 And shall be ours for ever.

M. LUTHER, *trs.* by G. THRING.

## 638

## Gounod.—8 7.8 7.7 7.

C. GOUNOD.



**1** ONE there is above all others  
 Well deserves the name of Friend;  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end:  
 They who once His kindness prove  
*f* Find it everlasting love.

**2** Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed his blood?  
*p* But our Jesus died to have us  
 Reconciled in Him to God:  
 This was boundless love indeed!  
*f* Jesus is a Friend in need.

**3** When He lived on earth abasèd  
 Friend of Sinners was His Name;  
 Now above all glories raisèd,  
 He rejoices in the same;  
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
 And to all their wants attends.

**4** O for grace our hearts to soften!  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love:  
 We, alas! forget too often  
 What a Friend we have above;  
*f* But when home our souls are brought,  
 We shall love Thee as we ought.

J. NEWTON.

639

## Defence.—8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7.

H. SMART.

1 CALL Jehovah thy Salvation,  
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;  
 In His secret habitation  
 Dwell, and never be dismayed;  
 There no tumult can alarm thee,  
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;  
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
 In eternal safety there.

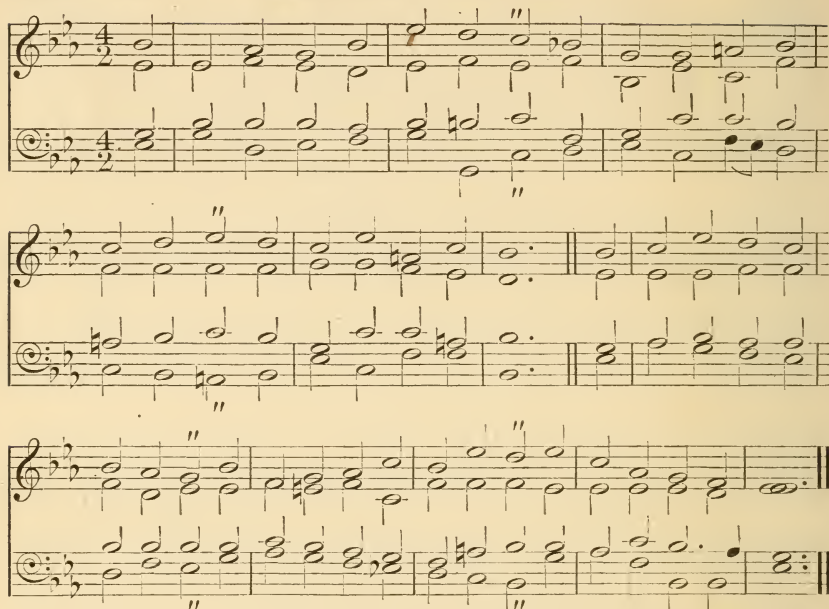
p 2 From the sword at noon-day wasting,  
 From the noisome pestilence,  
 In the depth of midnight blasting,  
 God shall be thy sure defence;  
 Fear thou not the deadly quiver,  
 When a thousand feel the blow;  
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver  
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,  
 Thou on God hath set thy love,  
 With the wings of His protection  
 He will shield thee from above:  
 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,  
 He will hearken, He will save;  
 Here for grief reward thee double,  
 f Crown with life beyond the grave.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 640—641

## Ruperra.—886.886.



1 **A**LTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,  
The budding fig-tree droop and die,  
No oil the olive yield,  
Yet will I trust in Thee, my God,  
Yea, bend rejoicing to Thy rod,  
And by Thy grace be healed.

2 Though fields in verdure once arrayed,  
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,  
Or parched by scorching beam,  
*f* Still in the Lord shall be my trust,  
My joy; for, though His frown is just,  
His mercy is supreme.

*p* 3 Though from the folds the flock decay,  
Though herds be famished o'er the lea  
And round the empty stall,  
My soul above the wreck shall rise,  
Its better joys are in the skies:  
There God is All in All.

4 In God my Strength, howe'er distress  
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,  
*f* Nay, triumph in His love;  
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,  
Free as the hind He makes, and fleet.  
To speed my course above.

H. U. ONDERDONK.

## 641

## Ruperra.—886.886.

1 **O**FT when the waves of passion rise,  
And storms of life conceal the skies,  
And o'er the ocean sweep;  
*p* Tossed with the long tempestuous night,  
We see no ray of heavenly light,  
To cheer the lonely deep.

2 But lo! in our extremity,  
The Saviour walking on the sea!  
E'en now He passes by;  
He silences our clamorous fear,  
And mildly says, 'Be of good cheer,  
*p* Be not afraid, 'tis I.'

3 O Lord, if it be Thou indeed,  
So near us in our time of need,  
So good, so strong to save—

Speak the kind word of power to me,  
Bid me believe and come to Thee,  
Swift-walking on the wave.

4 He bids me come: His voice I know,  
And boldly on the waters go,  
And brave the tempest's shock:  
*f* O'er rude temptations now I bound;  
The billows yield a solid ground,  
The wave is firm as rock.

*f* 5 Come in, come in, Thou Prince of Peace,  
And all the storms of life shall cease,  
And fall, no more to rise;  
O if Thy Spirit still remain,  
Our rest on distant shores we gain,  
Our haven in the skies!

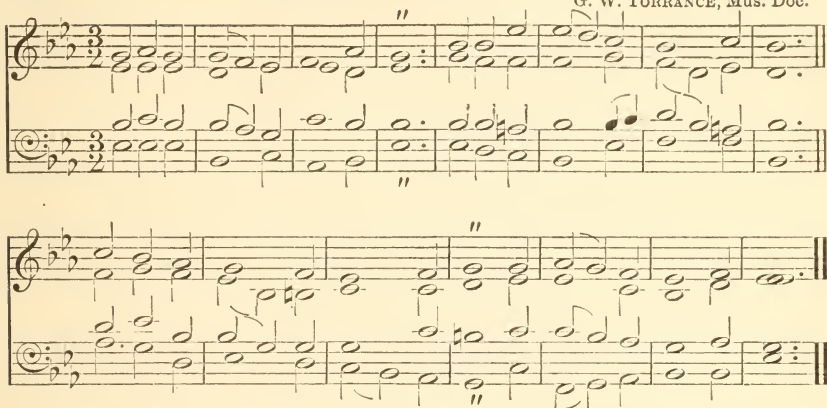
C. WESLEY.



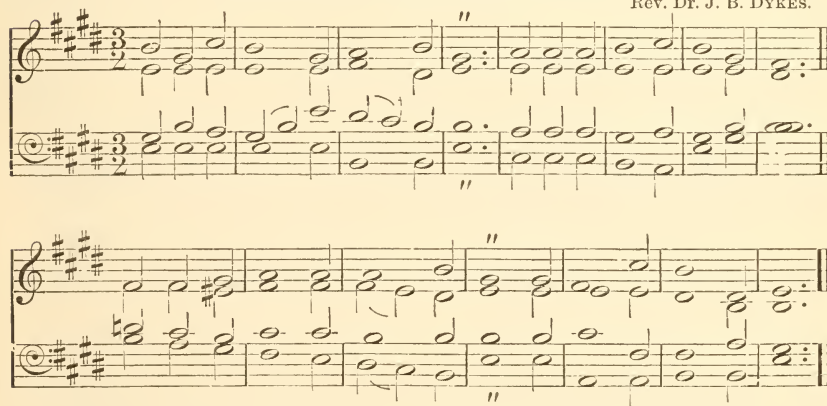
642

**Trust** (1st Tune).—888.6.

G. W. TORRANCE, Mus. Doc.

**Durham** (2nd Tune).—888.6.

REV. DR. J. B. DYKES.



1 **O** HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,  
The faint, the weak on Thee may  
lean : [scene,  
Help me, throughout life's varying  
By faith to cling to Thee.

2 Blest with communion so divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,  
When, as the branches to the vine,  
My soul may cling to Thee?

3 Far from her home, fatigued, oppress,  
Here she has found a place of rest;  
An exile still, yet not unblest,  
While she can cling to Thee!

4 What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and joys remove,  
With patient, uncomplaining love,  
Still would I cling to Thee.

5 Oft when I seem to tread alone  
Some barren waste with thorns o'er-  
A voice of love in gentlest tone [grown,  
Whispers, 'Still cling to Me.'

p 6 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside;  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
The souls that cling to Thee!

7 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,  
Since Thou art near and strong to save:  
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,  
Because they cling to Thee.

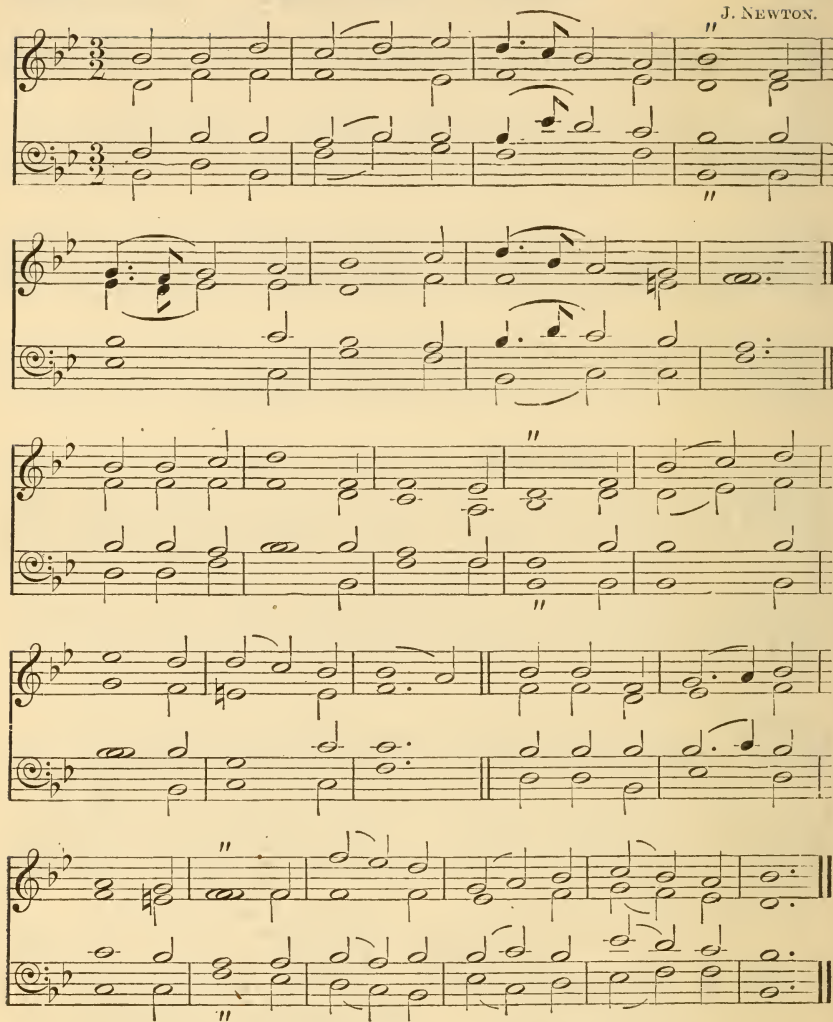
8 Blest is my lot whate'er befall:  
What can disturb me, who appal,  
While, as my Strength, my Rock, my All,  
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

C. ELLIOTT.

## 643

## Admiration.—888888.

J. NEWTON.



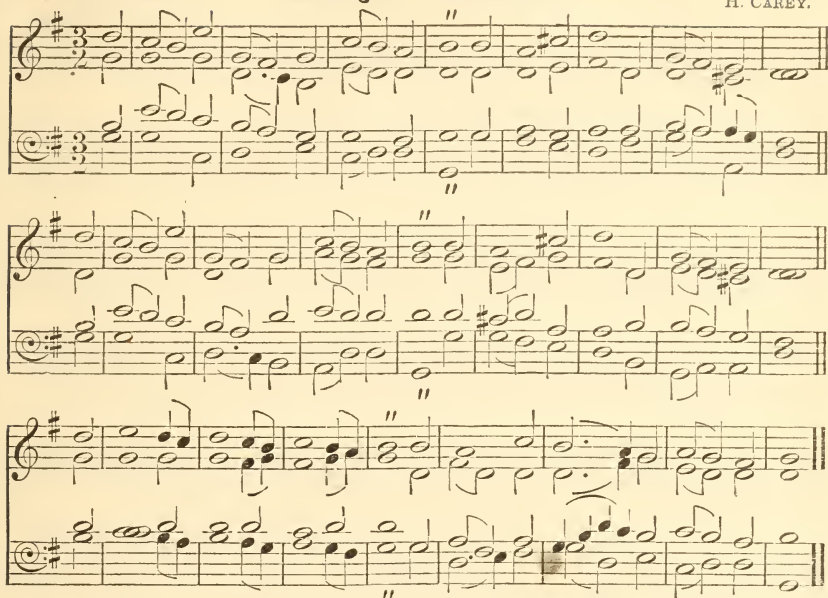
- 1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host and Guide  
 Of all who seek their home above,  
 Beneath Thy shadow we abide,  
 The cloud of Thy protecting love;  
 Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy Word;  
 Our end, the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,  
 We shall not in the desert stray;  
 We shall not full direction need,  
 Nor miss our providential way;  
 As far from danger as from fear,  
 While Love, Almighty Love, is near.

C. WESLEY.

## 644—645

## Carey's.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

H. CAREY.



1 NOW I have found the ground wherein  
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain;  
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin  
 Before the world's foundation slain;  
*f* Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, Thine everlasting grace  
 Our scanty thought surpasses far:  
*p* Thy heart still melts with tenderness;  
 Thine arms of love still open are,  
*f* Returning sinners to receive,  
 That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O Love! Thou bottomless abyss!  
 My sins are swallowed up in Thee:  
 Covered is my unrighteousness,  
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me.  
 While Jesus' blood, through earth and  
 skies,  
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries!

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea;  
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!  
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,  
 I look into thy Saviour's breast:  
*f* Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear,  
 Mercy is all that's written there.

*p* 5 Though waves and storms go o'er my  
 head, [friends be gone,  
 Though strength, and health, and  
 Though joys be withered all, and dead,  
 Though every comfort be withdrawn,  
 On this my steadfast soul relies,  
 Father! Thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,  
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;  
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
 When earth's foundations melt away;  
*f* Mercy's full power I then shall prove,  
 Loved with an everlasting love

J. A. ROTHÉ, *trs.* by J. WESLEY.

## 645

## Carey's.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

1 THY hand, Lord, cannot shortened be,  
 The hand which plagued the Egyptian race,  
 Which brought Thy people through the [sea,  
 Which led them o'er the wilderness:  
 Which has to us so often given [heaven.  
 Drink from the rock, and bread from  
 2 That hand which opened wide mine eyes;  
 That hand which now, by faith, I see,  
 Measures the floods and spans the skies,  
 And grasps the winds, and covers me!

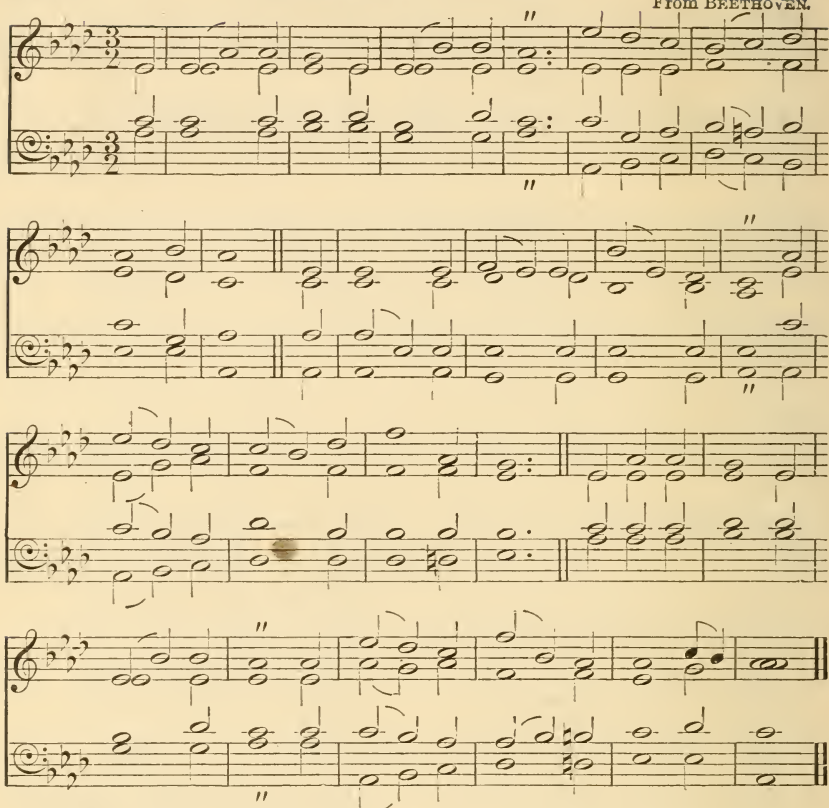
It brings the blind through ways unknown,  
 It holds, it lifts me to Thy throne.  
*f* 3 Kept by that hand I cannot fear  
 Lest earth or hell should pluck me  
 thence:  
 I trample on temptation near,  
 Supported by Omnipotence;  
 Possessed of boundless power divine,  
 Of boundless love, for Christ is mine.

C. WESLEY.

## 646

## Samaría.—8 8 8 8 8.

FROM BEETHOVEN.



*f* 1 WE saw Thee not when Thou didst  
come

To this poor world of sin and death,  
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home  
In that despised Nazareth;

*f* But we believe Thy footsteps trod  
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

*f* 2 We did not see Thee lifted high

Amid that wild and savage crew,  
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry, [do,  
'Forgive, they know not what they

*f* Yet we believe the deed was done,  
Which shook the earth and veiled the  
sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb  
Where late Thy sacred body lay,  
Nor sat within that upper room,

Nor met Thee in the open way;  
*f* But we believe that angels said,  
'Why seek the living with the dead?'

4 We did not mark the chosen few,  
When Thou didst through the clouds  
ascend.

*p* First lift to heaven their wondering  
view,

Then to the earth all prostrate bend;

*f* Yet we believe that mortal eyes  
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,  
And thence Thy waiting people bless,  
No ray of glory from the sky

Doth shine upon our wilderness;

*f* But we believe Thy faithful word,  
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

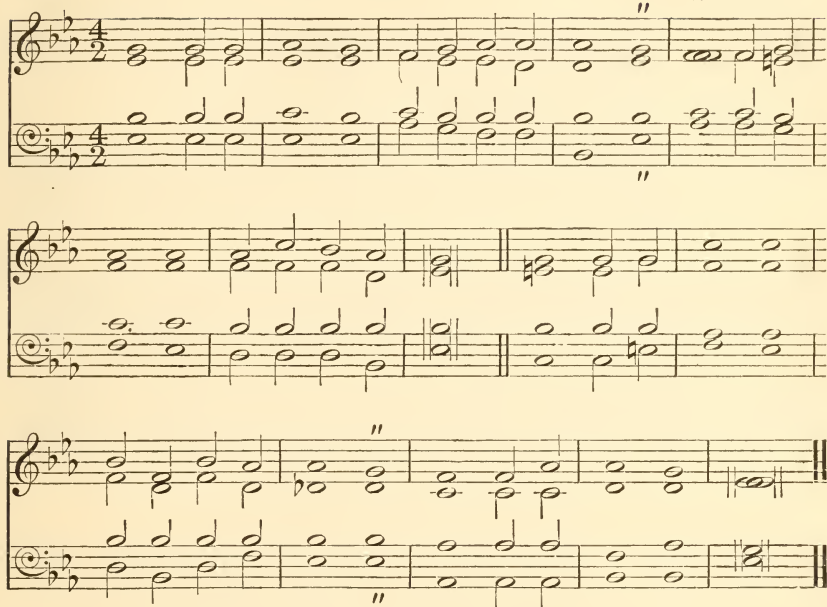
J. H. GURNEY.



647

## Trust.—11 10.11 6.

C. E. KETTLE.



1 STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,  
 And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod;  
 Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,  
 Still will we trust in God!

*p* 2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,  
 And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;  
 Through Him alone, Who hath our way appointed,  
 We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring  
 Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed:  
 Choose for us, God; Thy wisdom is unerring,  
 And we are fools and blind.

4 So from our sky the night shall furl her shadows,  
 And day pour gladness through her golden gates;  
 Our rough path leads to flower-enamelled meadows,  
 Where joy our coming waits.

5 Let us press on: in patient self-denial,  
 Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;

*f* Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial,  
 Our crown beyond the cross.

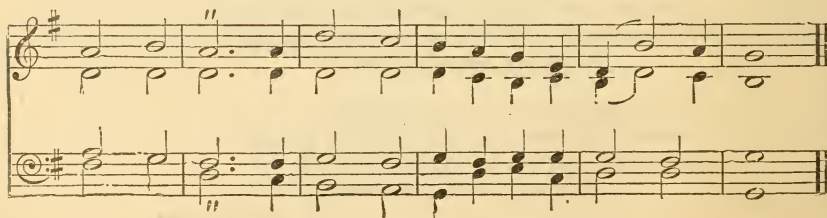
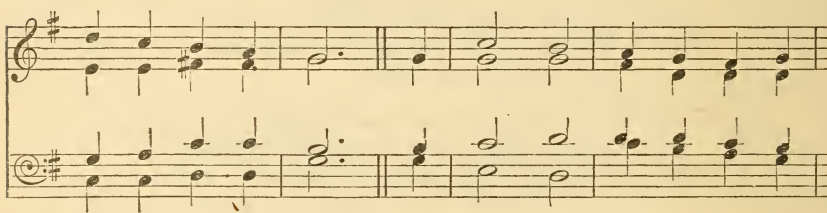
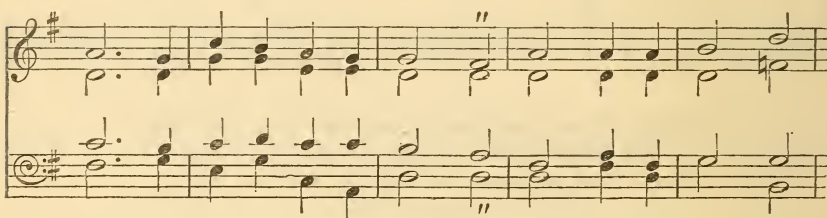
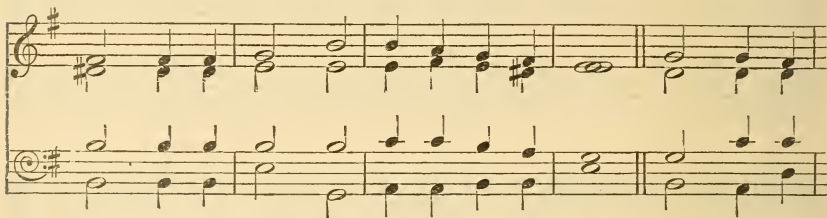
W. H. BURLEIGH.

R

648

Warrenne, No. 4.—11 10.11 10.10 10.

Rev. O. R. BARNICOTT, M.A.



1 **T**HOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow  
 Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;  
*p* Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,  
 Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;  
 We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,  
 And lay them at Thy feet; Thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly  
*p* On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;  
 How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly  
 He bore it homeward, on His shoulders laid.  
 And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,  
 And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present, each temptation,  
 Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;  
 All to each one assigned of tribulation,  
 Or to belovèd ones than self more dear;  
*p* All pensive memories, as we journey on,  
 Longings for vanished smiles, and voices gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness  
 By stormy clouds too quickly overcast:  
*p* Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,  
 And the dark river to be crossed at last.  
 O what could hope and confidence afford  
 To tread that path, but this, Thou knowest, Lord!

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;  
 As man our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;  
 On earth with purest sympathies o'erflowing,  
*p* O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved:  
 And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,  
 And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

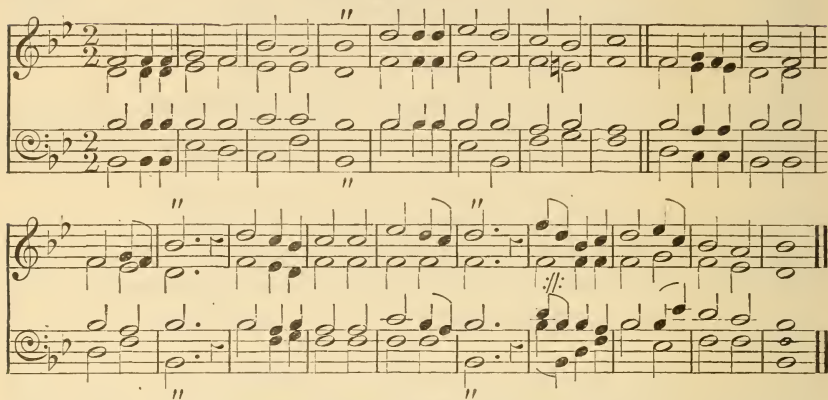
6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,  
 And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;  
 On everlasting strength our weakness staying,  
 Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:  
*f* Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,  
 And follow on to know as we are known.

J. BORTHWICK.

516 THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—CONTENTMENT  
AND RESIGNATION.

649

St. Paul.—L.M.



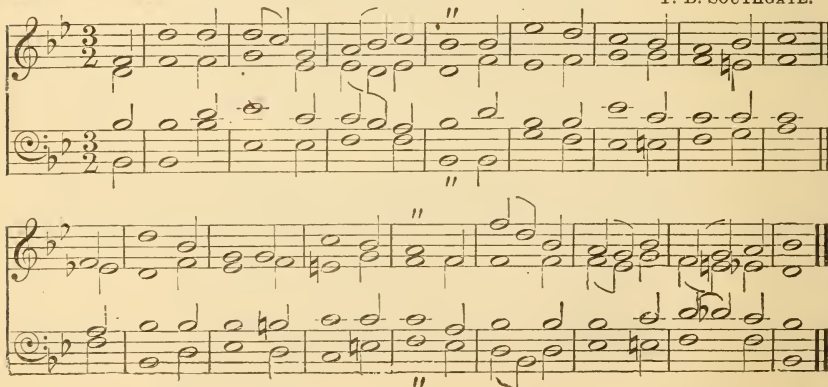
- 1 HOW do Thy mercies close me round !  
For ever be Thy name adored !  
I blush in all things to abound ;  
The servant is above his Lord !
- p 2 Inured to poverty and pain,  
A suffering life my Master led,  
The Son of God, the Son of man,  
He had not where to lay His head.
- 3 But lo ! a place He hath prepared  
For me, whom watchful angels keep ;  
Yea, He Himself becomes my Guard,  
p He smoothes my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects ; my fears, begone !  
What can the Rock of Ages move ?  
Safe in Thy arms I lay me down,  
Thine everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While Thou art intimately nigh,  
Who, who shall violate my rest ?  
f Sin, earth, and hell I now defy ;  
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,  
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;  
Thou, Lord, on Whom my soul is stayed,  
p Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,  
In time and in eternity ;  
f Thou never, never, wilt forsake  
A helpless worm that trusts in Thee.

C. WESLEY.

650—651

Brookfield.—L.M.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.





- 1 **H**OW shall I follow Him I serve?  
How shall I copy Him I love?  
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,  
Which lead me to His seat above?
- p 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn  
The life of toil, the mean abode,  
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn—  
Are these the consecrated road?
- 3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,  
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,  
Until the perfect work was done—  
And drank the bitter cup of gall.
- p 4 Lord, should my path through suffering  
Forbid that I should e'er repine; [lie,  
Still let me turn to Calvary, [Thine.  
Nor heed my griefs, remembering
- 5 O let me think how Thou didst leave  
Untasted every pure delight,  
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,  
The toilsome day, the homeless night!
- p 6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me—  
Thou camest not Thyself to please:  
And dear as earthly comforts be,  
Shall I not love Thee more than these?
- 7 Yes, I would count them all but loss.  
To gain the notice of Thine eye;  
p Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,  
j But Thou canst give the victory.
- J. CONDER.

## 651

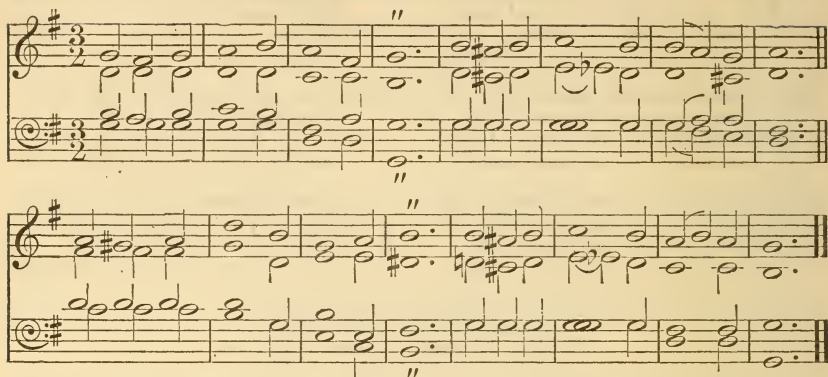
## Brookfield.—L.M.

- 1 **M**Y sufferings all to Thee are known,  
Tempted in every point like me;  
Regard my grief, regard Thine own,  
p Jesus, remember Calvary!
- 2 O call to mind Thy earnest prayers,  
Thy agony, and sweat of blood,  
Thy strong and bitter cries and tears,  
p Thy mortal groan, 'My God! My God!'
- 3 For whom didst Thou the cross endure?  
Who nailed Thy body to the tree?  
Did not Thy death my life procure?  
p O let Thy pity answer me!
- 4 Art Thou not touched with human woe?  
Hath pity left the Son of Man?  
Dost Thou not all my sorrows know,  
And claim a share in all my pain?
- 5 Have I not heard, have I not known,  
That Thou, the everlasting Lord,  
Whom heaven and earth their Maker own,  
Art always faithful to Thy word?
- p 6 Thou wilt not break a bruised reed,  
Or quench the smallest spark of grace,  
Till through the soul Thy power is spread,  
Thy all-victorious righteousness.
- 7 The day of small and feeble things  
I know Thou never wilt despise;  
I know, with healing in His wings,  
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise.
- 8 With labour faint Thou wilt not fail,  
Or wearied give the sinner o'er,  
Till in this earth Thy judgments dwell,  
And, born of God, I sin no more.

C. WESLEY.

## 652

## St. Bernard.—L.M.



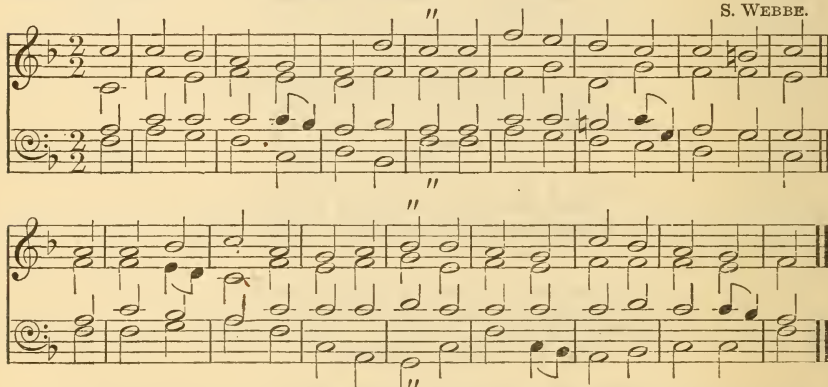
- 1 LORD, let my heart still turn to Thee  
 In all my hours of waking thought;  
 Nor let me ever wish to be  
 Or think, or feel, where Thou art not.
- p 2 In every hour of pain or woe,  
 When nought on earth my heart can  
 cheer,  
 When sighs will burst, and tears will  
 flow,  
 Lord, hush the sigh and dry the tear.
- 3 In every dream of earthly bliss,  
 Do Thou, my Saviour, present be ;

- Nor let me think of happiness [Thee.  
 On earth without the thought of
- 4 And when before the throne I kneel,  
 Hear, from that throne of grace, my  
 prayer ;  
 And let each hope of heaven I feel,  
 Burn with the thought to meet Thee  
 there.
- 5 Thus teach me, Lord, to look to Thee,  
 In every hour of waking thought ;  
 Nor let me ever wish to be,  
 Or think, or feel, where Thou art not.
- Unknown.*

## 653—654

## Melcombe.—L.M.

S. WEBBE.



- 1 THOU Lamb of God, Thou Prince of  
 Peace,  
 For Thee my thirsty soul doth pine,  
 My longing heart implores Thy grace ;  
 O make me in Thy likeness shine !
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,  
 Thy will in all things may I see ;
- p In love be every wish resigned,  
 And hallowed my whole heart to Thee.
- p 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
 With lamb-like patience arm my  
 breast ;  
 When grief my wounded soul assails,  
 In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by Thy side still may I keep,  
 How'er life's various current flow,  
 With steadfast eye mark every step,  
 And follow Thee where'er Thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,  
*p* Alone Thou hast the winepress trod :  
 In me Thy strengthening grace be shown  
 O may I conquer through Thy blood !

6 So when on Zion Thou shalt stand,  
 And all heaven's host adore their King,  
*f* Shall I be found at Thy right hand,  
 And free from pain Thy glories sing.  
 C. F. RICHTER, *trs.* by J. WESLEY.

## 654

## Melcombe.—L.M.

1 **E**TERNAL Beam of light divine,  
 Fountain of unexhausted love,  
 In Whom the Father's glories shine  
 Through earth beneath, and heaven  
 above :

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,  
 Give me Thy easy yoke to bear,  
 With steadfast patience arm my breast  
 With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from Thee,  
 Prepared and mingled by Thy skill,  
 Though bitter to the taste it be,  
 Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh ! [gone,  
 So shall each murmuring thought be  
 And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,  
 As clouds before the mid-day sun.

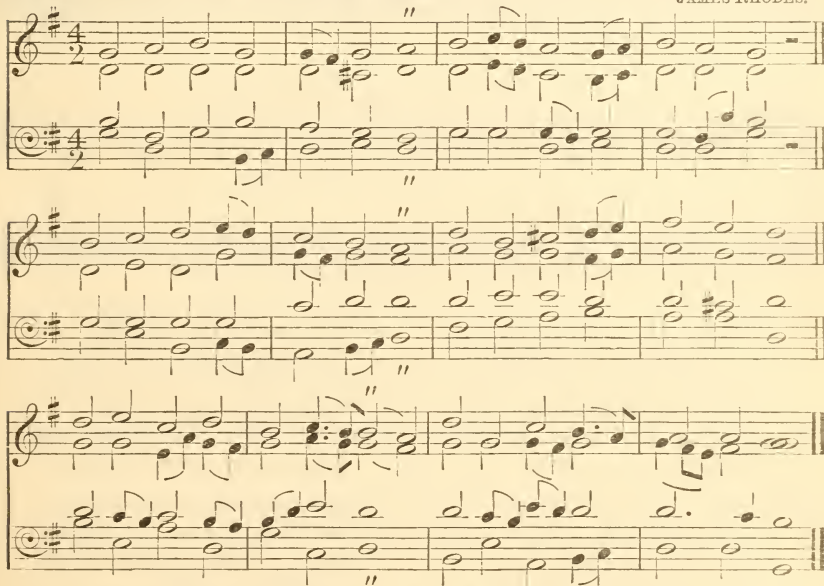
*p* 5 Speak to my warring passions, 'Peace !'  
 Say to my trembling heart, 'Be still !'  
 Thy power my strength and fortress is,  
 For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

6 O death ! where is thy sting ? where now  
 Thy boasted victory, O grave ?  
*f* Who shall contend with God ? or who  
 Can hurt whom God delights to save ?  
 C. WESLEY.

## 655

## Early Dawn.—7.7.7.7.

JAMES RHODES.



*p* 1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart :  
 Make me teachable and mild,  
 Upright, simple, free from art ;  
 Make me as a weanèd child :  
 From distrust and envy free,  
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
 Let me as a child receive ;  
 What to-morrow may betide,  
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.

3 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care :  
 Why should I the burden bear ?

3 As a little child relies  
 On a care beyond his own ;  
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;  
 Fears to stir a step alone ;  
 Let me thus with Thee abide,  
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

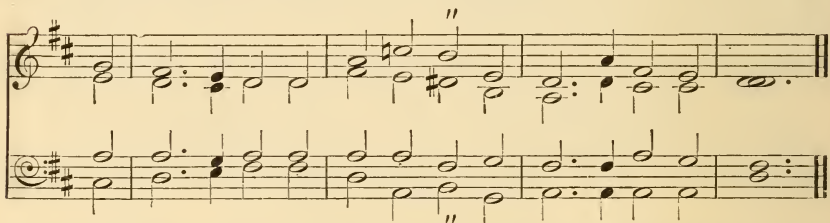
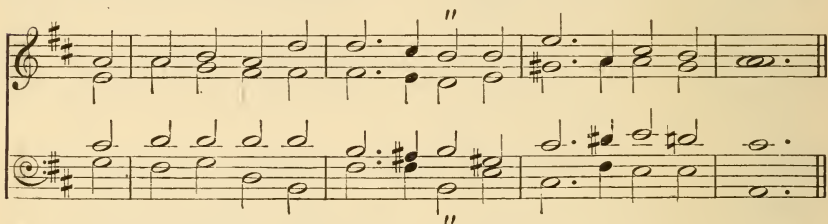
4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,  
 Safe from dangers, free from fears  
 May I live upon Thy smiles,  
 Till the promised hour appears,  
 When the sons of God shall prove  
 All their Father's boundless love.

J. NEWTON.

## 656

## Allhallows.—8 6.8 6.8 6.

A. H. BROWN.



1 G O not far from me, O my Strength !  
 Whom all my times obey ;  
 Take from me anything Thou wilt,  
 But go not Thou away—  
 And let the storm that does Thy work  
 Deal with me as it may.

p2 On Thy compassion I repose,  
 In weakness and distress ;  
 I will not ask for greater ease,  
 Lest I should love Thee less :  
 O 'tis a blessed thing for me  
 To need Thy tenderness !

3 Thy love has many a lighted path  
 No outward eye can trace ;  
 And my heart sees Thee in the deep,  
 With darkness on its face,  
 And communes with Thee 'mid the  
 As in a secret place. [storm,

4 When I am feeble as a child,  
 And flesh and heart give way,  
 Then on Thy everlasting strength  
 With passive trust I stay ;  
 And the rough wind becomes a song,  
 f And darkness shines like day.

5 There is no death for me to fear,  
 For Christ, my Lord, hath died ;  
 There is no curse in this my pain,  
 For He was crucified,  
 And it is fellowship with Him  
 That keeps me near His side.

6 My heart is fixed, O God, my strength,  
 My heart is strong to bear ;  
 I will be joyful in Thy love,  
 And peaceful in Thy care :  
 Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,  
 According to His prayer.

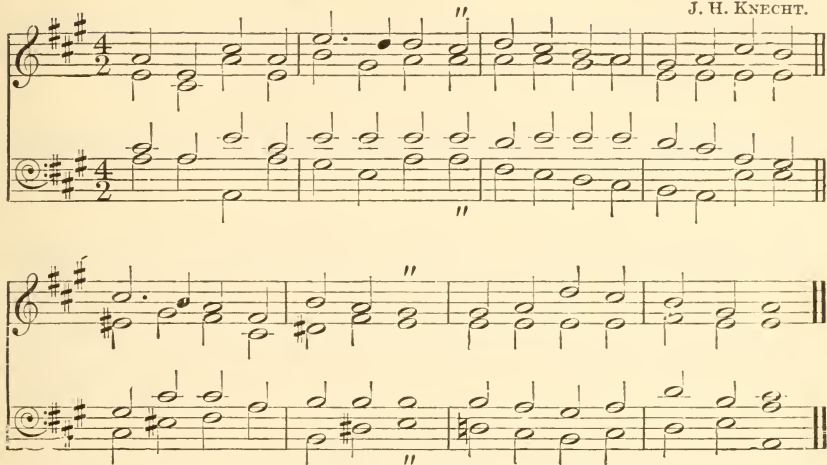
A. L. WARING.



657

## St. Mildred.—8 8 7 7.

J. H. KNECHT.



- p* 1 **T**HOUGH, by sorrows overtaken,  
 Lord, Thy servants seem forsaken,  
 Thine Almighty hand, we know,  
 Blendeth love with human woe.
- 2 Over earth, and over ocean,  
 Claiming sinful man's devotion,  
 Round the living and the dead,  
 Lord, Thy boundless love is spread.
- 3 All to death in this world hasteth,  
 Riches vanish, beauty wasteth;  
 Yet within the mourner's breast  
 Love is an undying guest.
- 4 Love, unlike all worldly pleasures,  
 Wraps in grief its golden treasures;  
*p* And to meek and wounded hearts  
 Deep and holy joy imparts.
- 5 Love, that strength and pardon bringest  
 Through His Cross from whence thou springest,  
 Win us with Thy gracious force,  
 Heavenward turn our spirits' course.
- 6 Come, and while salvation's morning  
 On our darkened soul is dawning,  
 Sin's deep midnight roll away,  
 Pour on us the light of day.

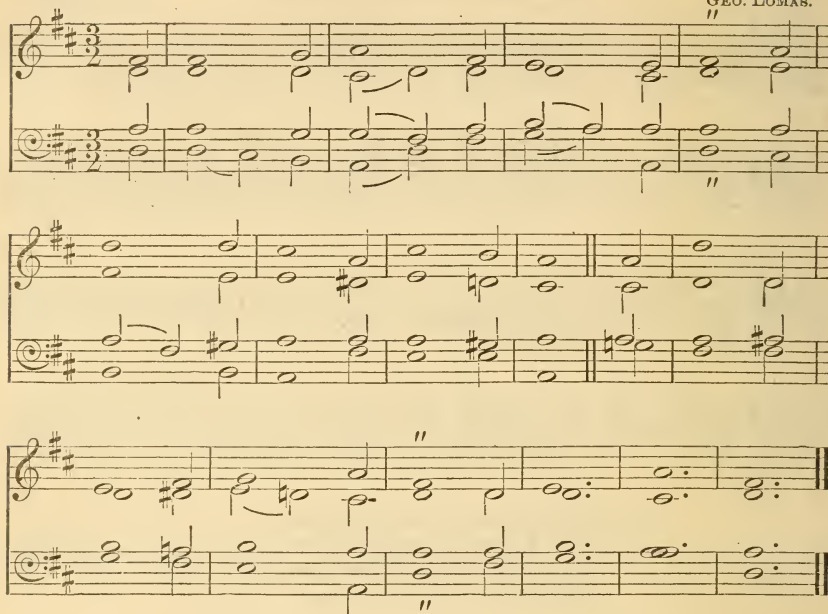
A. HERBERT.

R\*

658

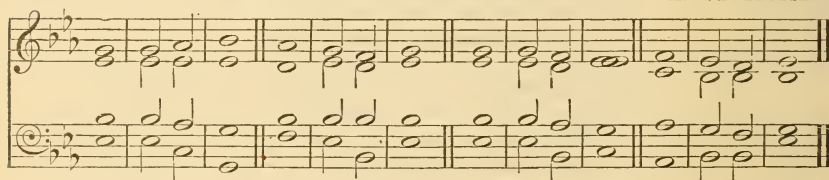
## Southport.—888.4.

GEO. LOMAS.



## Chant.

A. H. D. TROYTE.



1 **M**Y God and Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home, on life's rough  
O teach me from my heart to say, [way,  
*p* Thy will be done!

*p* 2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not;  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done!

*p* 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
Thy will be done!

*p* 4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what is Thine;  
*pp* Thy will be done!

5 Should grief or sickness waste away,  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father, still I'll strive to say—  
*p* Thy will be done!

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—  
*p* Thy will be done!

7 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
*p* Thy will be done!

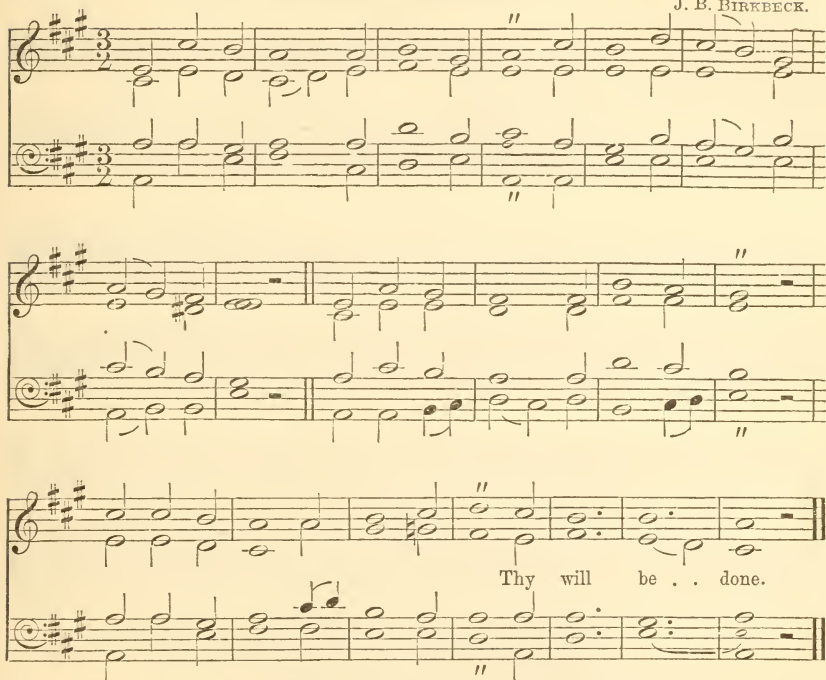
8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
*f* Thy will be done!

C. ELLIOTT.

## 659

## Christian Submission.—8 8.8 8.4.

J. B. BIRKBECK.



1 WE see not, know not : all our way  
 Is night, with Thee alone is day :  
 From out the torrent's troubled drift,  
 Above the storm, our prayers we lift,  
*p* Thy will be done !

2 The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,  
 But who are we to make complaint,  
 Or dare to plead, in times like these,  
 The weakness of our love of ease ?  
*p* Thy will be done !

3 We take with solemn thankfulness  
 Our burden up, nor ask it less ;  
 And count it joy that even we  
 May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee :  
*p* Thy will be done !

4 Though dim as yet in tint and line,  
 We trace Thy picture's wise design,  
 And thank Thee that our age supplies  
 Its dark relief of sacrifice :  
*p* Thy will be done !

5 And if, in our unworthiness,  
 Thy sacrificial wine we press ;  
 If from Thy ordeal's heated bars  
 Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,  
*p* Thy will be done !

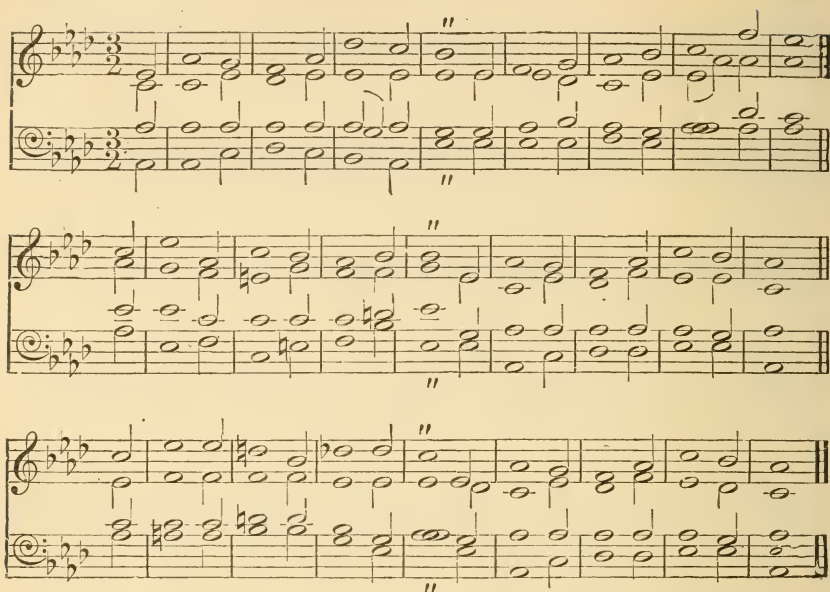
6 If, for the age to come, this hour  
 Of trial hath vicarious power,  
 And, blest by Thee, our present pain  
 Be liberty's eternal gain,  
 Thy will be done !

7 Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,  
 The anthem of the destinies !  
*f* The minor of Thy loftier strain  
 Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,  
 Thy will be done !

J. G. WHITTIER.

660

## Southgate.—8 8.8 8.8 8.



1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a Shepherd's care :  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye :  
 My noonday walks He shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.

*p* 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary, wandering steps He leads,  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow  
 Amidst the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy presence shall my pains beguile :  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden green and herbage crowned ;  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

*p* 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still.  
*f* Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

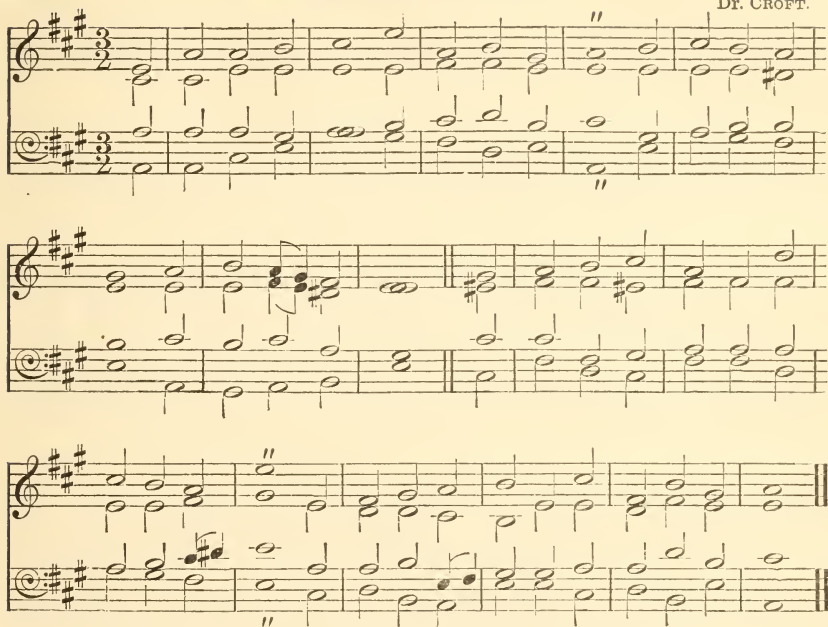
J. ADDISON



661

## Hanover.—10 10.11 11.

Dr. CROFT.



1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright;  
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;  
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
 The Scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;  
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread;  
 His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,  
 So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 His call we obey, like Abraham of old,  
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;  
 For though we are strangers, we have a sure Guide,  
 And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

4 When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;  
 He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)  
 The heart-cheering promise—the Lord will provide.

p 5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;  
 Yet since we have known the Saviour's great Name;  
 In this, our strong tower, for safety we hide;  
 The Lord is our power—the Lord will provide.

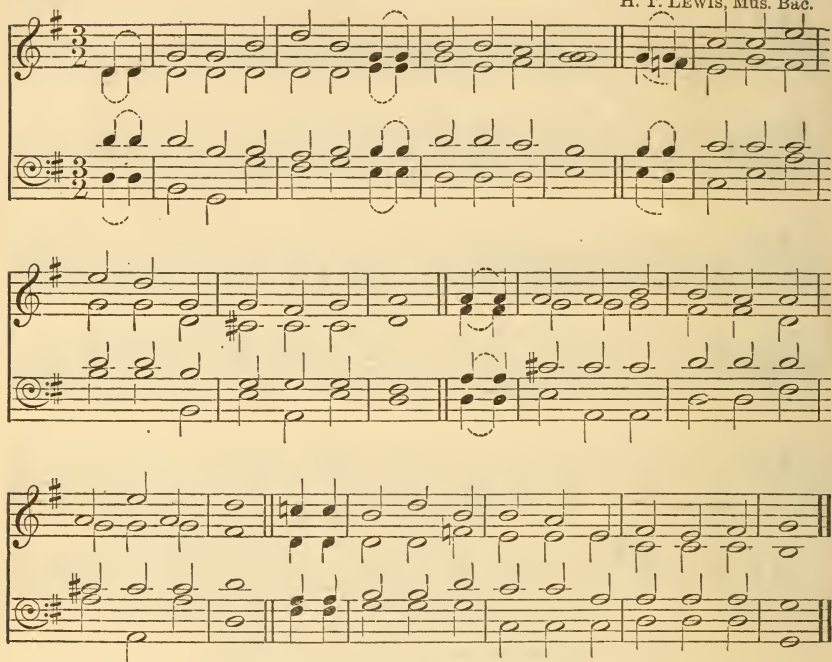
p 6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
 This word of His grace shall comfort us through:  
 No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,  
 We hope to die shouting—'The Lord will provide!'

J. NEWTON.

## 662

## Tribute.—Irregular.

H. T. LEWIS, Mus. Bac.



**1** FOR what shall I praise Thee, my God and my King,  
 For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?  
 Shall I praise Thee for pleasure, for health, and for ease,  
 For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?

**2** Shall I praise Thee for flowers that bloomed on my breast,  
 For joys in perspective, and pleasures possessed?  
 For the spirits' that heightened my days of delight,  
 And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

*f* **3** For this would I praise Thee! but if only for this,  
 I should leave half untold the donation of bliss:  
 I thank Thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,  
 For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear:

*p* **4** For nights of anxiety, watchings, and tears,  
 A present of pain, a perspective of fears:

*f* I praise Thee, I bless Thee, my King and my God,  
 For the good and the evil Thy hand hath bestowed.

*p* **5** The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown,  
 They yielded no fruits, they are withered and gone;  
 The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me;  
*f* 'Twas the message of mercy—it led me to Thee.

C. WILSON.

663

## Elim or Rest.—Irregular.

W. H. CALLCOTT.



1 MY heart is resting, O my God,  
 I will give thanks and sing;  
 My heart is at the secret source  
 Of every precious thing:  
*p* Now the frail vessel Thou hast made  
 No hand but Thine shall fill;  
 For the waters of this world have failed  
 And I am thirsty still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
 And here all day they rise;  
 I seek the treasure of Thy love,  
 And close at hand it lies:  
 And a new song is in my mouth  
 To long-loved music set;  
 Glory to Thee for all the grace  
 I have not tasted yet.

3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,  
 For want and weakness known;  
 And the fear that sends me to Thyself  
 For what is most my own:  
 I have a heritage of joy  
 That yet I must not see;  
*p* But the hand that bled to make it mine,  
 Is keeping it for me.

4 My heart is resting, O my God,  
 My heart is in Thy care;  
 I hear the voice of joy and health,  
*f* Resounding everywhere:  
 'Thou art my portion,' saith my soul,  
 Ten thousand voices say;  
 And the music of their glad Amen  
*f* Will never die away.

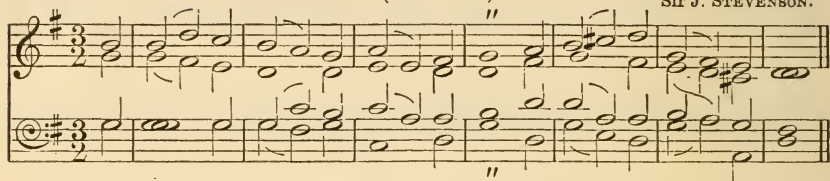
A. L. WARING.

# THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION.

664—665

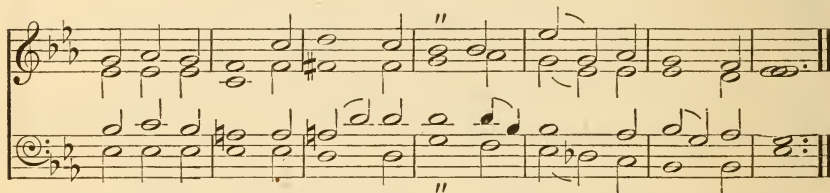
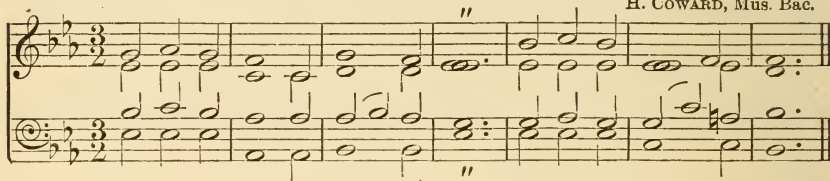
Dublin (1st Tune).—C.M.

Sir J. STEVENSON.



Brocco Bank (2nd Tune).—C.M.

H. COWARD, Mus. Bac.



- 1 PRAYER is the breath of God in man,  
 Returning whence it came;  
 Love is the sacred fire within,  
 And prayer the rising flame.
- p 2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,  
 And soothes the troubled breast,  
 Yields comfort to the mourning soul,  
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 The prayers and praises of the saints,  
 Like precious odours sweet,

- Ascend and spread a rich perfume  
 Around the mercy-seat.
- 4 When God inclines the heart to pray,  
 He hath an ear to hear;  
 To Him there's music in a moan,  
 And beauty in a tear.
- 5 The humble suppliant cannot fail  
 To have his wants supplied,  
 Since He for sinners intercedes  
 Who once for sinners died.

B. BEDDOME.

665

Dublin or Brocco Bank.—C.M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
 Uttered or unexpressed;  
 p The motion of a hidden fire,  
 That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
 The falling of a tear,  
 The upward glancing of an eye,  
 When none but God is near.

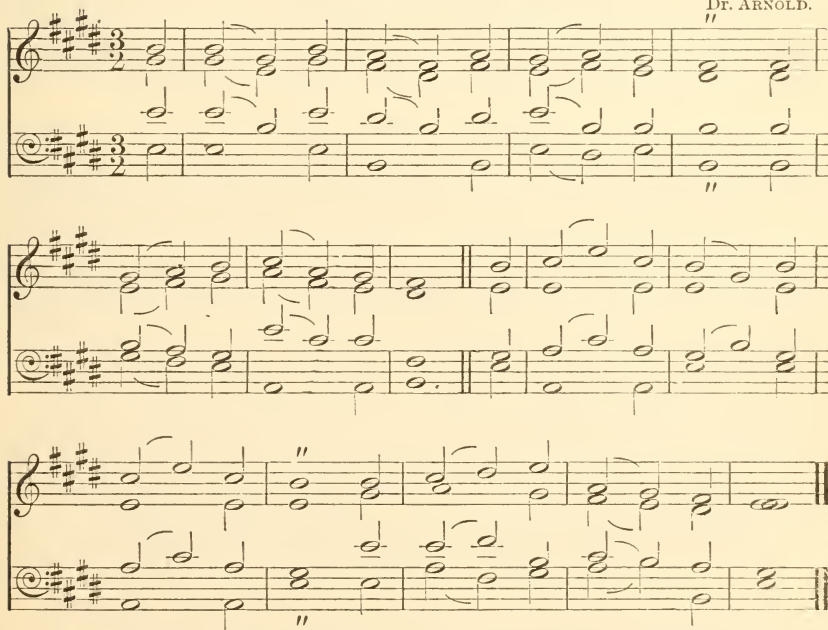


- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try,  
*f* Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- p* 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways;  
*f* While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, 'Behold, he prays.'
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death :  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind ;  
*p* While, with the Father and the Son,  
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;  
The Holy Spirit pleads,  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.
- f* 8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :  
Lord, teach us how to pray !  
J. MONTGOMERY.

666

Arnold's.—C.M.

DR. ARNOLD.



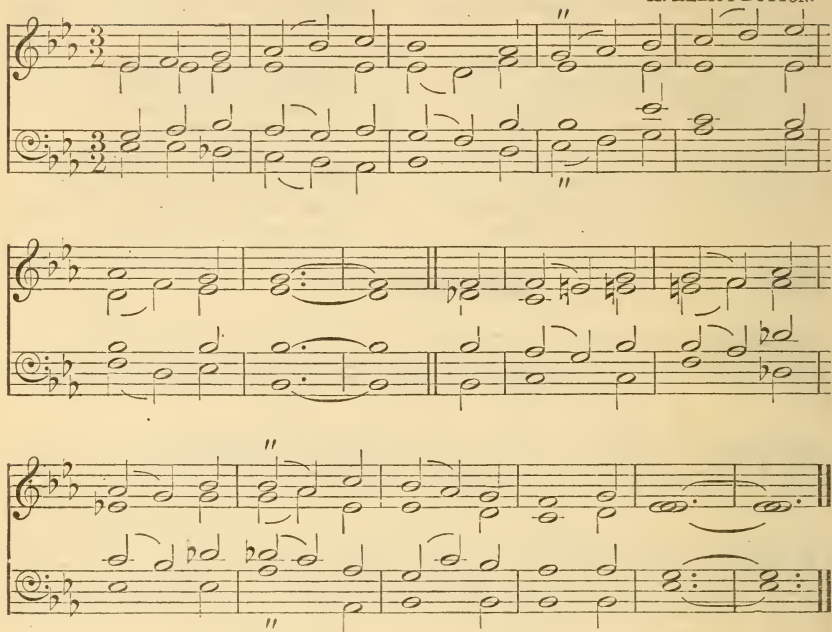
- p* 1 SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve  
In this our evil day ;  
To all Thy tempted followers give  
The power to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,  
Long as the cross we bear,  
O let our souls on Thee be cast  
In never-ceasing prayer !
- 3 The Spirit of interceding grace  
Give us in faith to claim ;  
To wrestle till we see Thy face,  
And know Thy hidden name.
- f* 4 Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,  
Till Thou Thyself bestow,  
Be this the cry of every heart,  
'I will not let Thee go :
- f* 5 'I will not let Thee go, unless  
Thou tell Thy name to me,  
With all Thy great salvation bless,  
And make me all like Thee :
- f* 6 'Then let me on the mountain-top  
Behold Thy open face,  
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,  
And prayer in endless praise.'

C. WESLEY.

## 667

## Suppliant.—C.M.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to  
 No other help I know; [Thee,  
*p* If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,  
 Ah! whither shall I go!

*p* 2 What did Thy only Son endure  
 Before I drew my breath:  
 What pain, what labour, to secure  
 My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,  
 I now should feel Thy power!  
 Now all my wants Thou wouldst relieve  
 In this, the accepted hour.

4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift  
 My weary, longing eyes:  
 O let me now receive that gift!  
*p* My soul without it dies.

5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;  
 O speak, and I shall live!  
 For here I will unwearied lie,  
 Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

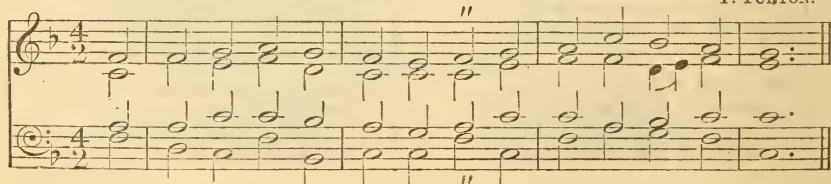
6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,  
 Could I but see Thy face!  
*f* Now let me hear Thy quickening voice,  
 And taste Thy pardoning grace.

C. WESLEY.

## 668

## Etheldreda.—C.M.

T. TURTON.





1 O HELP us, Lord! each hour of need,  
Thy heavenly succour give!  
Help us in thought and word and deed  
Each hour on earth we live.

*p* 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed,  
With contrite anguish sore!  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
O help us, Lord, the more!

3 O help us through the prayer of faith,  
More firmly to believe!  
For still the more Thy servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.

*p* 4 O help us, Saviour, from on high,  
We know no help but Thee!  
O help us so to live and die,  
*f* As Thine in heaven to be!

H. H. MILMAN.

669

Pendeen.—77.77.

HY. ROACH.



1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

*p* 3 With my burden I begin;  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

*p* 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast;  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

*p* 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

Λ 6 Show me what I have to do—  
*f* Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die Thy people's death.

J. NEWTON.

## 670

## Intercession.—7 5.7 5.7 5.7 5.8 8.

W. H. CALLCOTT.



1 **W**HEN the weary, seeking rest,  
To Thy goodness flee;  
When the heavy-laden cast  
All their load on Thee;  
*p* When the troubled, seeking peace,  
On Thy name shall call;  
When the sinner, seeking life,  
At Thy feet shall fall;  
*f* Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
*f* In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,  
Lifts his soul above;  
*p* When the prodigal looks back  
To his Father's love;  
When the proud man, in his pride,  
Stoops to seek Thy face;  
When the burdened brings his guilt  
To Thy throne of grace;  
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
*f* In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,  
All his toils to end;  
When the hungry craveth food,  
And the poor a friend;  
*p* When the sailor on the wave  
Bows the suppliant knee;  
When the soldier on the field  
Lifts his heart to Thee;  
*f* Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
*f* In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care  
In the city crowd;  
When the shepherd on the moor  
Names the Name of God;  
When the learned and the high,  
Tired of earthly fame,  
Now on higher joys intent,  
Name the blessed Name;  
*f* Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
*f* In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.



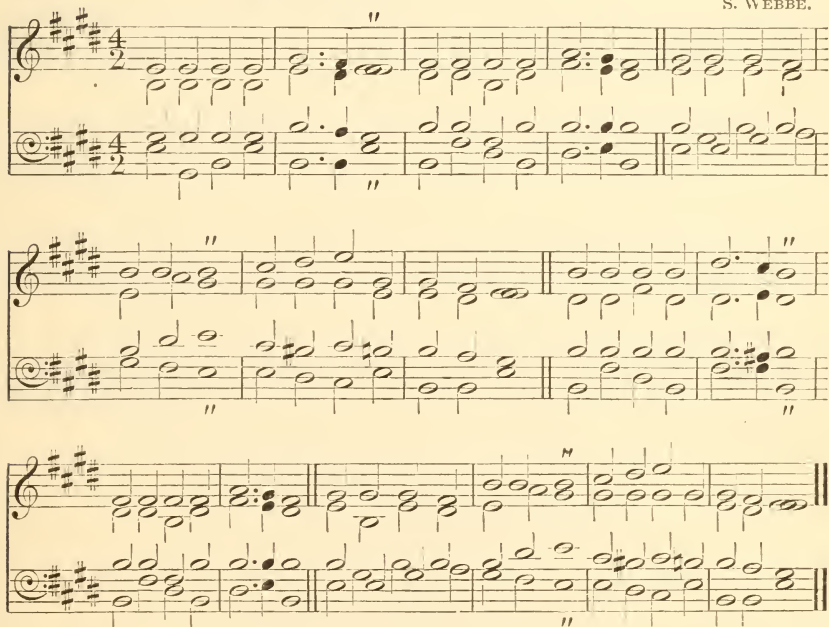
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>5 When the child, with grave, fresh lip,<br/>Youth or maiden fair ;<br/>When the aged, weak and grey,<br/>Seek Thy face in prayer :</p> <p><i>p</i> When the widow weeps to Thee,<br/>Sad and lone and low ;<br/>When the orphan brings to Thee<br/>All his orphan woe :</p> <p><i>f</i> Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,<br/><i>f</i> In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> | <p>6 When creation, in her pangs,<br/>Heaves her heavy groan ;<br/>When Thy Salem's exiled sons<br/>Breathe their bitter moan ;<br/>When Thy widowed, weeping Church,<br/>Looking for a home,<br/>Sendeth up her silent sigh,<br/>'Come, Lord Jesus, come !'</p> <p><i>f</i> Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,<br/><i>f</i> In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> |
|--|---|

H. BONAR.

671

Benevento.—77.77.77.77.

S. WEBBE.



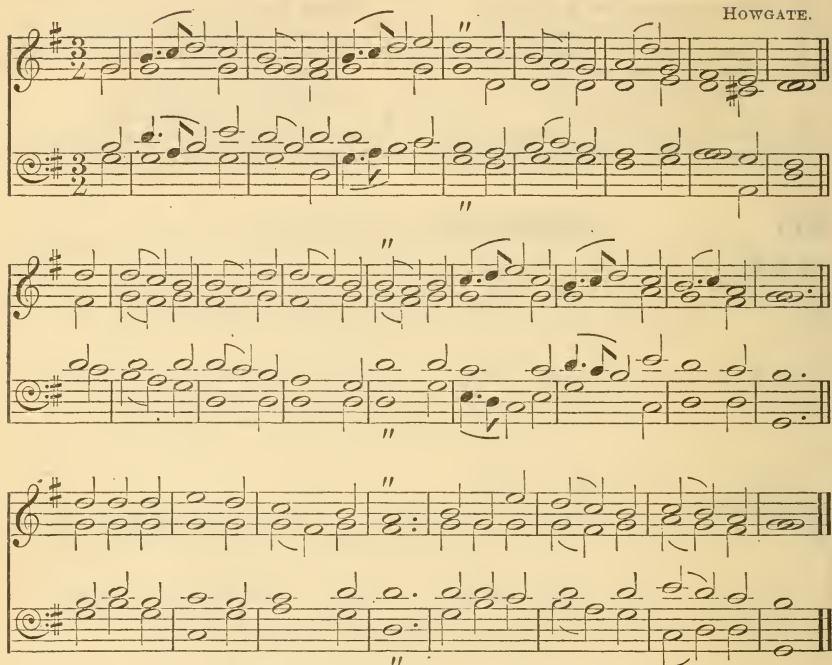
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 <b>L</b>ORD, have mercy when we pray<br/>Strength to seek a better way ;<br/>When our waking thoughts begin<br/>First to loathe our cherished sin ;</p> <p><i>p</i> When our weary spirits fail,<br/>And our aching brows are pale ;<br/>When our tears bedew Thy Word,<br/><i>f</i> Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.</p> | <p><i>p</i> 2 Lord, have mercy when we lie<br/>On the restless bed and sigh ;<br/>Sigh for death, yet fear it still<br/>From the thought of former ill :<br/>When the dim advancing gloom<br/>Tells us that our hour is come ;<br/>When is loosed the silver cord,<br/><i>f</i> Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.</p> |
|---|---|
- 3 Lord, have mercy, when we know,  
First how vain this world below :  
When its darker thoughts oppress,  
Doubts perplex, and fears distress,  
*f* Of Thy bright but distant heaven :  
*f* Then Thy fostering grace afford ;  
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord.

H. H. MILMAN.

672

## Worsley.—88.88.88.

HOWGATE.



1 O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer !  
 What tongue can tell the almighty grace ?  
 God's hands or bound or open are,  
 As Moses or Elijah prays :  
 Let Moses in the Spirit groan,  
 And God cries out, ' Let Me alone !'

2 O blessèd word of gospel grace !  
 Which now we for our Israel plead,  
 A faithless and backsliding race,  
 Whom Thou hast out of Egypt freed ;  
*p* O do not then in wrath chastise,  
 Nor let Thy whole displeasure rise !

3 Father, we ask in Jesus' Name.  
 In Jesus' power and Spirit pray :  
 Divert Thy vengeful thunder's aim,  
 O turn Thy threat'ning wrath away !  
 Our guilt and punishment remove,  
 And magnify Thy pardoning love.

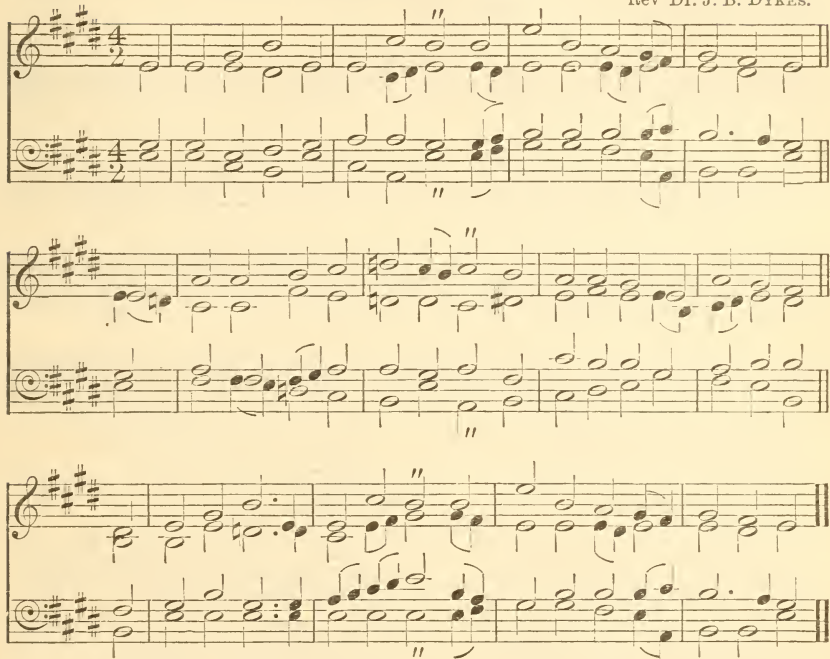
4 Father, regard Thy pleading Son !  
 Accept His all-availing prayer,  
 And send a peaceful answer down,  
 In honour of our Spokesman there ;  
 Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,  
 And speaks Thy rebels up to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

673

## St. Werbergh.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

Rev Dr. J. B. DYKES.



- 1 JESUS, Thou sovereign Lord of all,  
     The same through one eternal day,  
     Attend Thy feeblest followers' call,  
     And O instruct us how to pray!  
     Pour out the supplicating grace,  
     And stir us up to seek Thy face!
- 2 We cannot think a gracious thought,  
     We cannot feel a good desire,  
     Till Thou, who call'dst a world from nought,  
     The power into our hearts inspire;  
*p* And then we in Thy Spirit groan,  
     And then we give Thee back Thine own.
- 3 To help our soul's infirmity,  
     To heal Thy sin-sick people's care,  
     To urge our God-commanding plea,  
     And make our hearts a house of prayer,  
     The promised Intercessor give,  
     And let us now Thyself receive.
- 4 Come in Thy pleading Spirit down  
     To us who for Thy coming stay;  
     Of all Thy gifts we ask but one,  
     We ask the constant power to pray,  
     Indulge us, Lord, in this request,  
     Thou canst not then deny the rest.

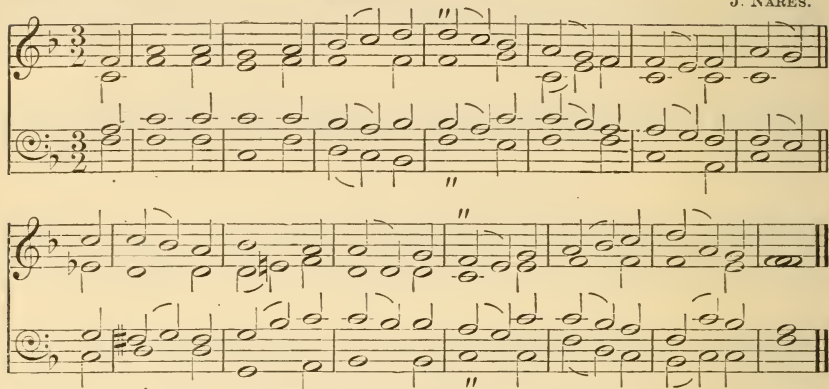
C. WESLEY.

# THE CHRISTIAN LIFE— MUTUAL FORBEARANCE AND LOVE.

674—675

Nares.—C.M.

J. NARES.



- 1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart ;  
p Whate'er of sin is in us found,  
O bid it all depart !
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless ;  
V But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear,  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.

- 4 Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve ;  
Λ Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into Thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till Thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.
- Λ 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought  
Receive Thy ready bride :  
f Give us in heaven a happy lot  
With all the sanctified.

C. WESLEY.

675

Nares.—C.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,  
To Thee for help we fly ;  
Thy little flock in safety keep ;  
p For, O ! the wolf is nigh.
- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay ;  
He seizes every struggling soul,  
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into Thy protection take,  
And gather with Thine arm ;  
Λ Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.

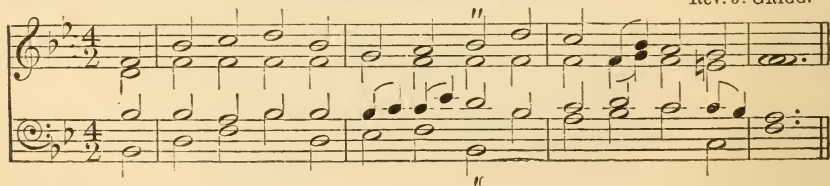
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,  
While by our Shepherd's side :  
Λ The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree ;  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in Thee !
- Λ 6 Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die ;  
f And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.

C. WESLEY.

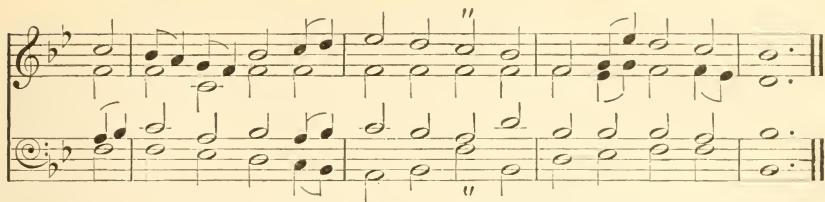
676

Tiverton.—C.M.

REV. J. GRIGG.







1 BLEST be the dear uniting love  
That will not let us part;  
Our bodies may far off remove—  
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,  
Where He appoints we go;  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
And do His work below.

3 O may we ever walk in Him,  
And nothing know beside;  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified.

p 4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To His beloved embrace;  
Expect His fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart,  
Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor place,  
Nor life nor death can part.

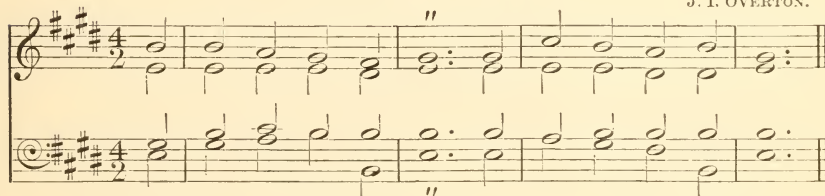
6 But let us hasten to the day,  
Which shall our flesh restore,  
When death shall all be done away,  
And bodies part no more!

C. WESLEY.

677

Caunton.—S.M.

J. I. OVERTON.



1 BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

p 3 We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathising tear.

4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain,  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.

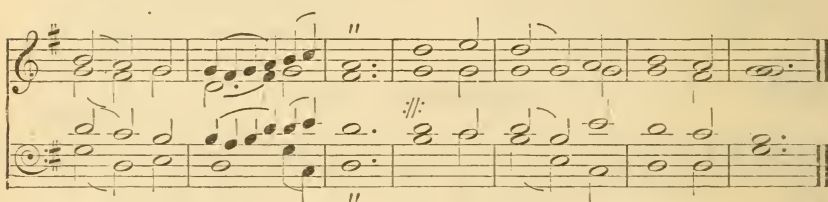
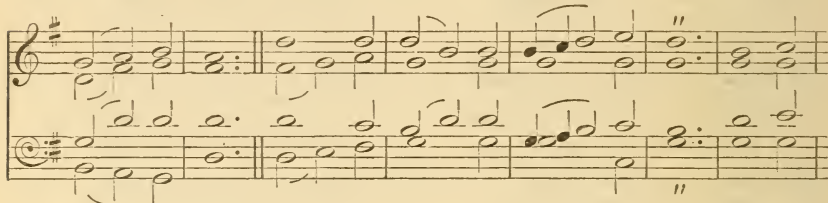
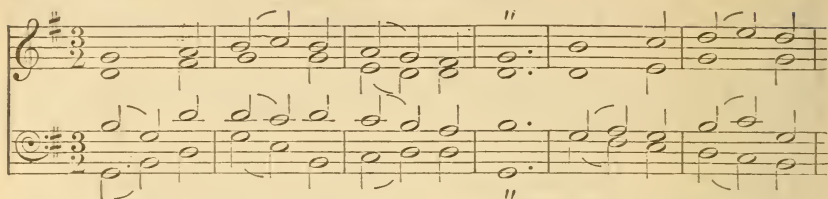
f 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

J. FAWCETT.

## 678—679

Clayton.—7 7 7 7.



1 JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,  
Let us in Thy Name agree:  
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace;  
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By Thy reconciling love,  
Every stumbling-block remove;  
Each to each unite, endear;  
Come and spread Thy banner here!

3 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,  
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.

p 4 Let us for each other care,  
Each the other's burden bear,  
To Thy Church the pattern give,  
Show how true believers live.

p 5 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide;  
All the depths of love express,  
All the heights of holiness!

6 Let us then with joy remove  
To the family above;  
On the wings of angels fly:  
Show how true believers die.

C. WESLEY.

## 679

Clayton.—7 7 7 7.

1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,  
Perfecting the saints below,  
Hear us, who Thy nature share,  
Who Thy mystic body are.

2 Join us, in one Spirit join  
Let us still receive of Thine:  
Still for more on Thee we call,  
Thou who fillest all in all!

3 Closer knit to Thee, our Head;  
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed:  
Let us daily growth receive,  
More and more in Jesus live.

4 Jesus! we Thy members are,  
Cherish us with kindest care,

Of Thy flesh and of Thy bone,  
Love, for ever love Thine own!

5 Move, and actuate, and guide;  
Divers gifts to each divide:  
Placed according to Thy will,  
Let us all our work fulfil;

p 6 Sweetly may we all agree,  
Touched with softest sympathy;  
Kindly for each other care;  
Every member feel its share.

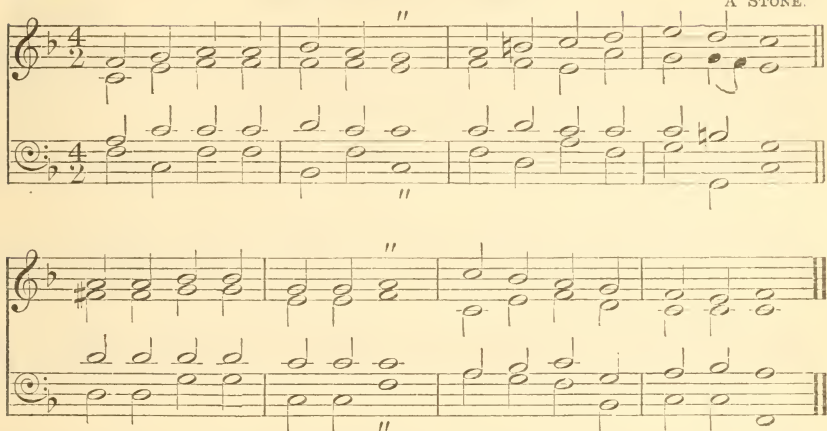
f 7 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,  
Rendered all distinctions void;  
Names, and sects, and parties fall;  
ff Only Christ be all in all.

C. WESLEY.

680

## Chester.—7 7.7 7.

A STONE.



1 AS the sun's enlivening eye  
 Shines on every place the same ;  
 So the Lord is always nigh  
 To the souls that love His name.

2 When they move at duty's call,  
 He is with them by the way :  
 He is ever with them all,  
 Those who go, and those who stay.

3 From His only mercy-seat  
 Nothing can their souls confine,  
*p* Still in spirit they may meet,  
 Still in sweet communion join.

4 For a season called to part,  
 Let us then ourselves commend  
 To the gracious eye and heart  
 Of our ever-present Friend.

*p* 5 Jesus, hear our humble prayer !  
 Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,  
 Let Thy mercy and Thy care  
 All our souls in safety keep.

6 In Thy strength may we be strong !  
 Sweeten every cross and pain :  
 Give us, if we live, ere long  
 Here to meet in peace again.

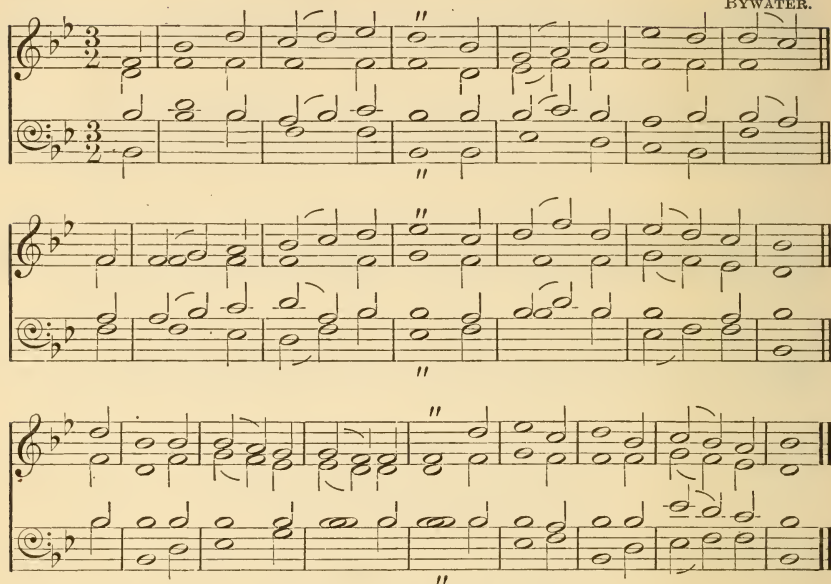
7 Then, if Thou Thy help afford,  
 Ebenezers shall be reared ;  
*f* And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
 Who our poor petitions heard.

J. NEWTON.

## 681

## Cheerful.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

BYWATER.



1 THOU God of truth and love,  
We seek Thy perfect way,  
Ready Thy choice to approve,  
Thy providence obey;  
Enter into Thy wise design,  
And sweetly lose our will in Thine.

2 Why hast Thou cast our lot  
In the same age and place?  
And why together brought  
To see each other's face?

3 To join with softest sympathy,  
And mix our friendly souls in Thee?

3 Didst Thou not make us one,  
That we might one remain,  
Together travel on,  
And bear each other's pain;  
Till we Thy utmost goodness prove,  
And rise renewed in perfect love?

4 Surely Thou didst unite  
Our kindred spirits here,  
That all hereafter might  
Before Thy throne appear;  
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,  
And all Thy glorious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear  
The blessed end in view,  
And join, with mutual care,  
To fight our passage through;  
And kindly help each other on,  
Till all receive the starry crown.

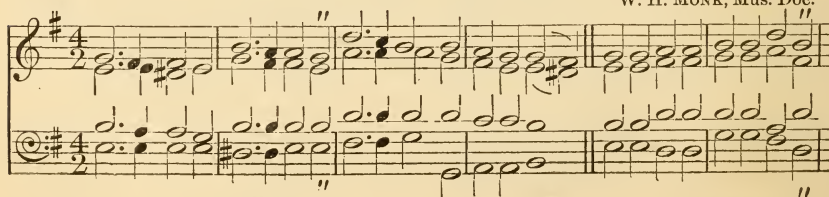
6 O may Thy Spirit seal  
Our souls unto that day,  
With all Thy fulness fill,  
And then transport away!  
Away to our eternal rest,  
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

C. WESLEY.

## 682

## Everton.—8 7.8 7.4 7.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.







1 **D**EAREST friends, by love united,  
Love Divine hath made us one;  
By the world contemned and slighted,  
Prized and loved by God alone;  
Jesus, bless us, while we hand in hand  
go on.

2 Though the tempter, like a lion,  
Constant watches for his prey,  
Christ will bring us safe to Zion,  
He will guard us by the way;  
He will keep us if we humbly watch and  
pray.

p 3 Though the way be rough and thorny,  
We, through grace, will travel on;  
Death, ere long, will end our journey;  
Jesus then will claim His own;  
f Angels shouting, 'Welcome to the  
glorious throne.'

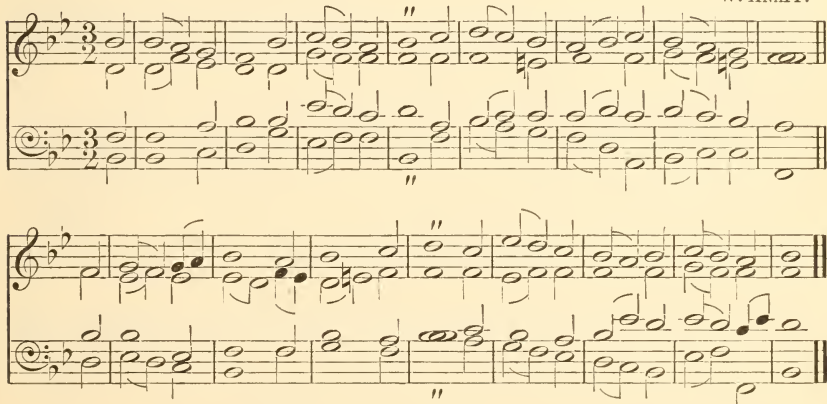
4 'Welcome, welcome, happy spirit,'  
Christ will to His children say;  
f 'Crowns and kingdoms now inherit,  
Reign with me in endless day,  
In bright mansions, you shall with me  
ever stay.' *Unknown.*

## CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS—THE MINISTRY.

683

Wareham.—L.M.

W. KNAPP.



1 **S**HALL I, for fear of feeble man,  
The Spirit's course in me restrain?  
Or, undismayed, in deed and word  
Be a true witness for my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I  
Conceal the word of God Most High?  
p How then before Thee shall I dare  
To stand, or how Thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,  
Softened Thy truths, and smoothed my  
tongue,  
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
p The cross, endured, my Lord, by Thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,  
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?  
A man! an heir of death! a slave  
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage, since Thou wilt spread  
Thy shadowing wings around my head;  
Since in all pain Thy tender love  
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

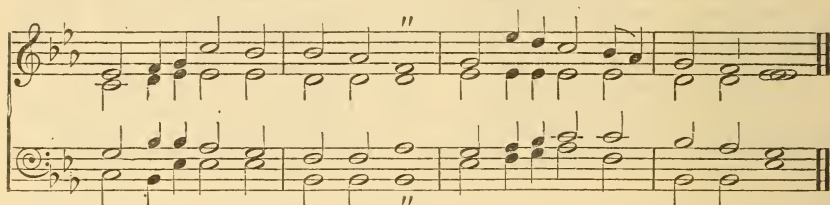
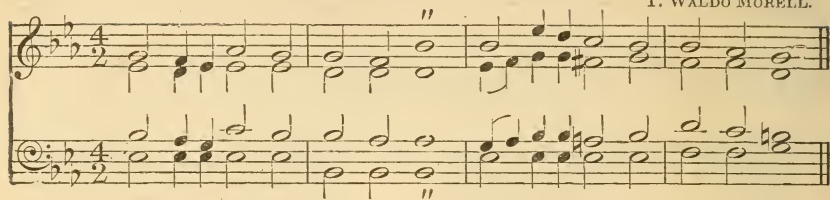
f 6 Give me Thy strength, O God of power;  
Then let winds blow or tempests roar:  
Thy faithful witness will I be;  
'Tis fixed; I can do all through Thee!

C. WESLEY.

## 684

## Southend.—L.M.

T. WALDO MORELL.



1 REAPER! behold the fields are white  
With the great harvest of the world!

Soldier! seek thou the thickest fight,  
Thy Captain's standard is unfurled.

2 Wise to win souls, exhort, reprove,  
And watch the flock redeemed by  
blood;

Warn with thy tears, and preach in love  
The gospel of the grace of God.

p 3 Toil on in the appointed way,  
The precious fruit shall soon appear;

Work thou thy work whilst it is day!  
The shadows lengthen, night is near.

4 And say not that thy hands are weak,  
Thy heart is faint, thy soul cast down;  
But press thou on the prize to seek:  
Faithful to death, secure the crown.

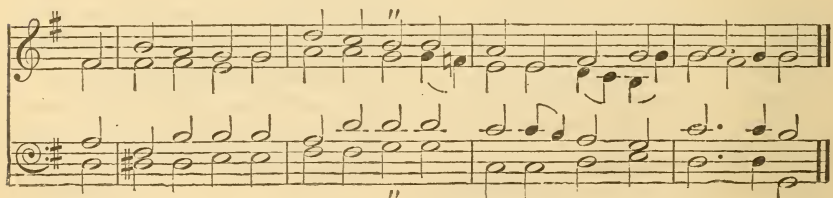
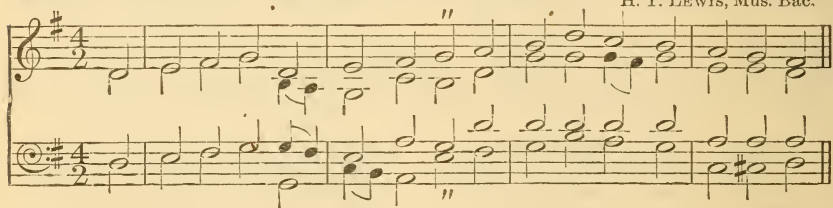
5 Soon shalt thou hear the Master's voice,  
The welcome cry, 'Behold, I come!

*f* Within the pearly gates rejoice,  
And rest thee in Thy heavenly home.'  
G. RAWSON.

## 685

## Kelvinside.—L.M.

H. T. LEWIS, Mus. Bac.



p1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,  
 Attentive to our earnest prayer,  
 We plead for those who plead for Thee :  
 Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work ! how vast their charge !

Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge ;  
 Their best acquirements are our gain ;  
 We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine  
 Their words, and let those words be  
 Thine ;  
 To them Thy sacred truth reveal ;  
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;  
 Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed ;  
 Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
 A blest reward for all their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around  
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;  
 In humble strains Thy grace implore,  
 Thy new-creating power adore.

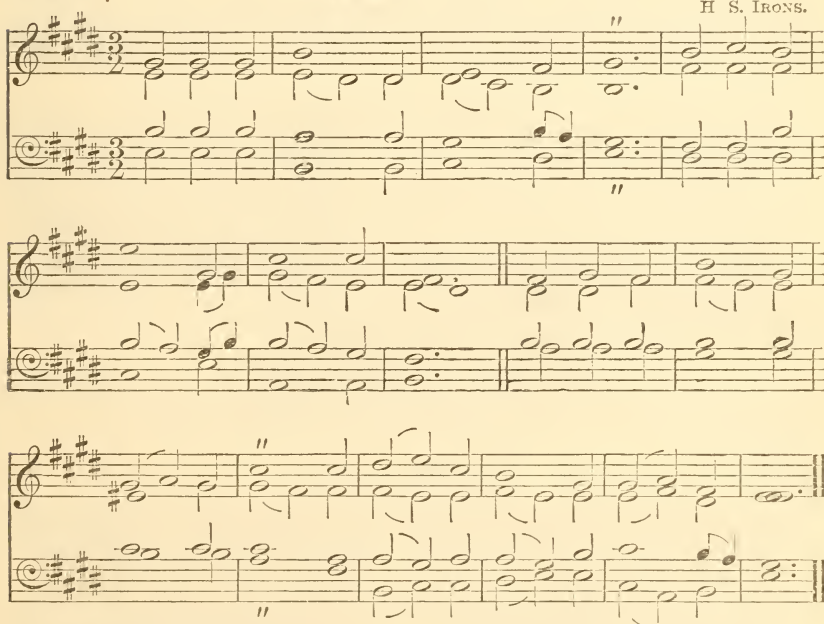
6 Let sinners break their heavy chains ;  
 And souls distressed forget their pains ;  
 Let light through distant realms be  
 spread,  
 And Zion rear her drooping head.

B. BEDDOME.

686

Hope.—L.M.

H. S. IRONS.



1 **W**E bid thee welcome in the name  
 Of Jesus, our exalted Head ;  
 Come as a servant, so He came,  
 And we receive thee in His stead.

2 Come as a shepherd, guard and keep  
 This fold from hell, and earth, and sin ;  
 Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,  
 The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman, take thy stand  
 Upon thy tower amidst the sky ;  
 And when the sword comes on the land,  
 Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

4 Come as an angel, hence to guide  
 A band of pilgrims on their way,  
 That, safely walking at Thy side,  
 We fail not, faint not, turn, nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher sent from God,  
 Charged His whole counsel to declare :  
 Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,  
 While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

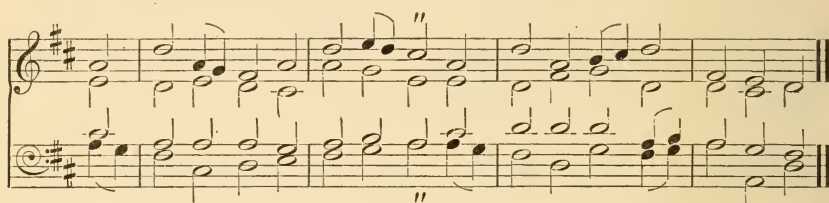
6 Come as a messenger of peace,  
 Filled with the Spirit, fired with love ;  
 Live to behold our large increase,  
 And die to meet us all above.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 687—688

## Jestus.—L.M.

German.



1 **P**OUR out Thy Spirit from on high,  
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless,  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple, when we stand  
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,  
f Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand  
The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
Firmness with meekness from above,  
To bear Thy people on our heart, [love:  
And love the souls whom Thou dost

4 To watch and pray, and never faint,  
By day and night strict guard to keep,  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish Thy lambs and feed Thy sheep.

p 5 So when our work is finished here,  
We may in hope our charge resign!  
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,  
f O God! may they and we be Thine.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 688

## Jestus.—L.M.

p 1 **T**HOU, before whose gracious throne  
We bow our suppliant spirits down,  
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,  
And all our trembling lips would tell.

2 With power benign Thy servant spare!  
Nor turn aside Thy people's prayer;  
Avert Thy swift descending stroke,  
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

3 Restore him, sinking to the grave, [save;  
Stretch out Thine arm, make haste to  
Back to our hopes and wishes give,  
And bid our friend and father live.

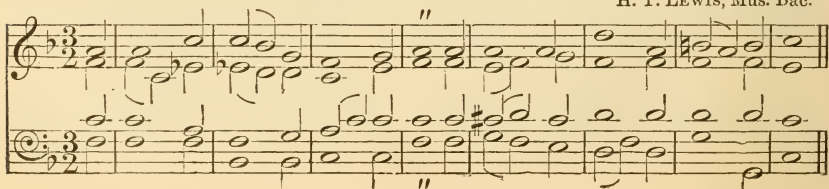
p 4 Yet, if our supplications fail, [vail,  
And prayers and tears can nought pre-  
Be Thou his Strength, be Thou his Stay,  
And guide him safe to endless day!

F. KIRKHAM.

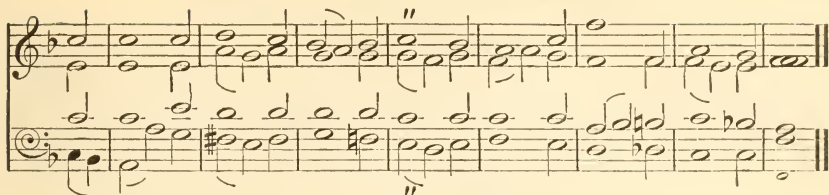
## 689

## Humility.—L.M.

H. T. LEWIS, Mus. Bac.







- 1 A BLESSING on Thy servant's head,  
Lord God, we fervently implore ;  
On him this day a blessing shed,  
For life, for death, for evermore.
- 2 For all that Thou in him hast wrought,  
For all that Thou by him hast done,  
f Our warmest, purest thanks be brought  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord, Thy Son.
- 3 To Thee he gave his flower of youth,  
To Thee his manhood's fruit he gave,  
The herald of life giving truth,  
Dead souls from endless death to save.
- 4 Forsake him not in his old age,  
But while his Master's cross he bears,  
f Faith be his staff on pilgrimage,  
f A crown of glory his grey hairs.
- 5 With holier zeal his heart enlarge,  
Though strength decay, and sight grow dim,  
That we, the people of his charge,  
May glorify Thy grace in Him.
- 6 So, when his warfare here shall cease,  
By suffering perfected in love,  
His ransomed soul shall join in peace,  
The Church of the First-born above.
- J. MONTGOMERY.

690

## Claremont.—C.M.

J. FOSTER.



- 1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,  
When God recalls His own,  
And bids them leave a world of woe  
For an immortal crown ?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those  
Whose life to God was given ?  
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,  
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past ; their work is done ;  
And they are fully blest :  
They fought the fight, the victory won,  
And entered into rest.
- 4 Did not the sheep that they have left,  
Their watchful care still need ?  
Poor wanderers, of their guide bereft,  
What hand their steps will lead ?
- 5 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,  
And miss his tender care,  
But they who bear with joy the cross,  
The crown must soonest wear.
- 6 And is not He, who called them home,  
Still to His Church most nigh,  
To bid yet other labourers come,  
And all her needs supply.
- f 7 Then let our sorrow cease to flow,  
God has recalled His own ;  
But let our hearts in every woe  
Still say, ' His will be done ! '

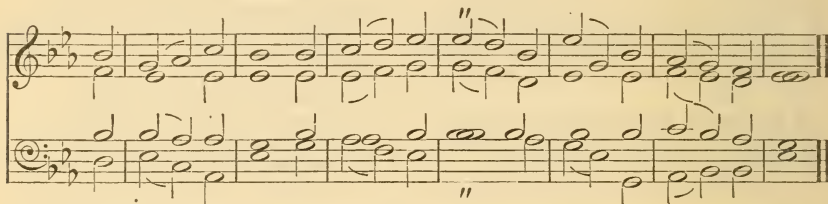
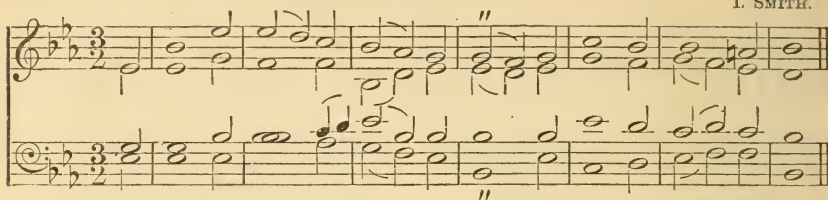
T. HASTINGS.

S

## 691

## Abbridge.—C.M.

I. SMITH.



1 JESUS, the word of mercy give,  
And let it swiftly run ;  
And let the priests themselves believe,  
And put salvation on.

2 Clothed with the Spirit of Holiness,  
May all Thy people prove  
The plenitude of gospel grace,  
The joy of perfect love.

3 Jesus, let all Thy lovers shine  
Illustrious as the sun ;  
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,  
Their glorious circuit run.

4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread  
Their light where'er they go ;  
And heavenly influences shed  
On all the world below.

5 As giants may they run their race,  
Exulting in their might !  
As burning luminaries, chase  
The gloom of hellish night :

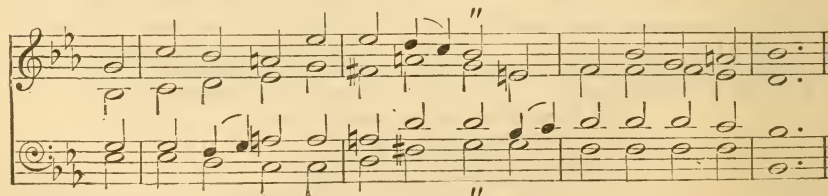
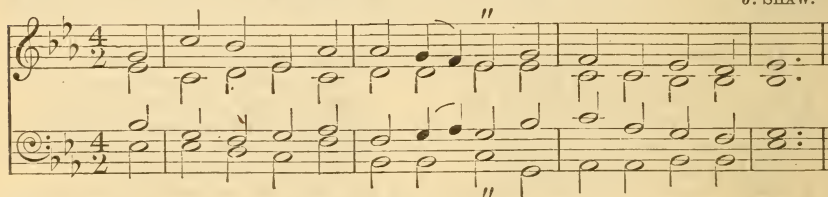
6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,  
Their healing wings display ;  
And let their lustre still increase  
Unto the perfect day.

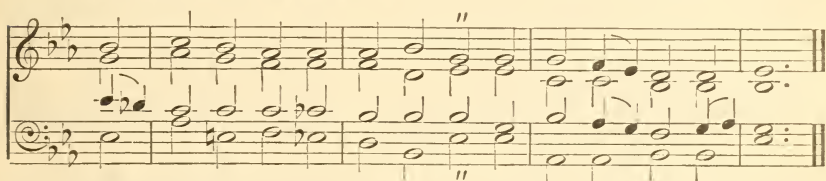
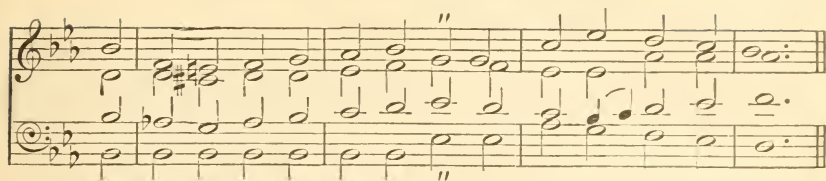
C. WESLEY.

## 692

## Kirkstall.—C.M.D.

J. SHAW.





1 TEACHER of hearts, 'tis Thine alone  
Thine officers to ordain,  
Point out Thine instruments, unknown  
To undiscerning men ;  
The pastors of Thy Church apprise  
Of Thine unseen decree,  
And stir them up to recognise  
The men designed by Thee.

2 The men whom Thou hast inly moved  
Their charge to undertake,  
And toil for precious souls, beloved  
For their Redeemer's sake ;  
Thy chosen ministers reveal,  
With whom Thou always art,  
And then their saving gospel seal  
On every listening heart.

C. WESLEY.

693

# St. George.—S.M.

By permission, from *The Church Hymn and Tune Book*. DR. GAUNTLETT.



*f* 1 HOW beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice,  
How sweet the tidings are !  
Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;  
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light !  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

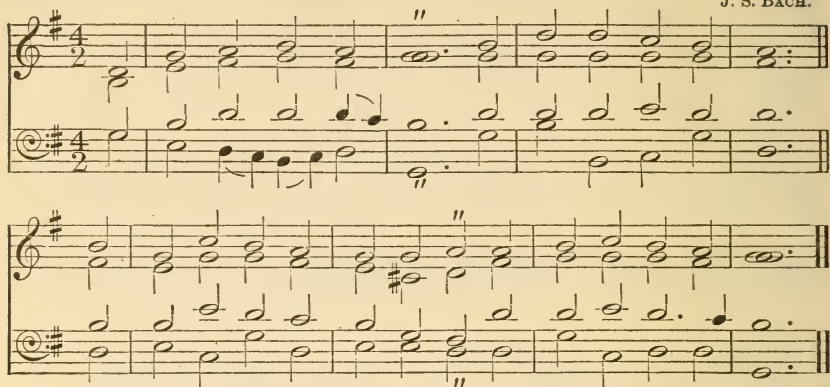
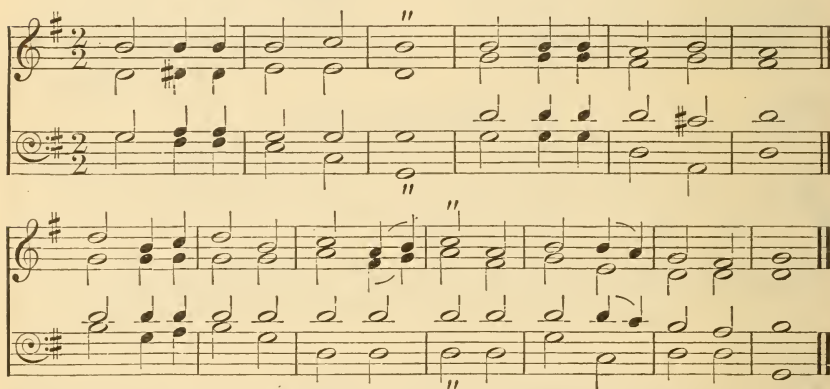
5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad ;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

I. WATTS.

**694—695** *Augustine* (1st Tune).—S.M.

J. S. BACH.

**Vigil** (2nd Tune).—S.M.

*p* 1 **R**EST from thy labours, rest,  
Soul of the just set free !  
Blest be thy memory, and blest  
Thy bright example be.

2 Now, toil and conflict o'er,  
Go, take with saints thy place,  
But go, as each hath gone before,  
A sinner saved by grace.

3 Lord Christ, into Thy hands  
Thy servant we resign ;

*p* And now we wait Thy own commands,  
We are not his but Thine.

4 Thou art Thy Church's head,  
And when the members die,  
Thou raisest others in their stead ;  
To Thee we lift our eye.

5 On Thee our hopes depend,  
We gather round our Rock ;  
Send whom Thou wilt, but condescend  
Thyself to feed Thy flock.

J. MONTGOMERY.

**695** *Augustine or Vigil*.—S.M.

1 **A**ND let our bodies part,  
To different climes repair—  
Inseparably joined in heart  
The friends of Jesus are.

2 Jesus, the Corner-stone,  
Did first our hearts unite ;  
And still He keeps our spirits one,  
Who walk with Him in white.



3 O let us still proceed  
In Jesus' work below ;  
*f* And, following our triumphant Head,  
To further conquests go !

4 The vineyard of their Lord  
Before His labourers lies ;  
And, lo ! we see the vast reward  
Which waits us in the skies.

5 O let our heart and mind  
Continually ascend,  
*p* That haven of repose to find  
Where all our labours end ;

6 Where all our toils are o'er,  
Our suffering and our pain :—  
Who meet on that eternal shore,  
Shall never part again.

*f* 7 O happy, happy place,  
Where saints and angels meet !  
There we shall see each other's face,  
And all our brethren greet.

8 The Church of the First-born,  
We shall with them be blest,  
*f* And, crowned with endless joy, return  
To our eternal rest.

9 We shall our time beneath  
Live out in cheerful hope,  
And fearless pass the vale of death,  
And gain the mountain-top.

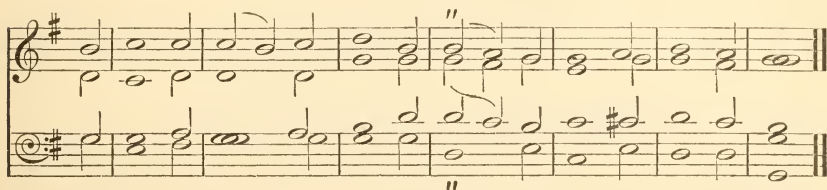
*f* 10 To gather home His own  
God shall His angels send,  
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,  
In deathless triumph end.

C. WESLEY.

696

Ibtham.—S.M.

J. NICHOLSON.



1 SERVANT of God, well done !  
Rest from Thy loved employ !  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came,  
He started up to hear,  
*p* A mortal arrow pierced his frame,  
He fell—but felt no fear.

3 His spirit, with a bound,  
Left its encumbering clay ;  
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground  
A darkened ruin lay.

4 The pains of death are past,  
Labour and sorrow cease ;  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
*p* His soul is found in peace.

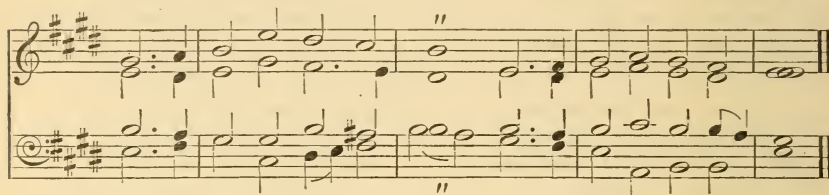
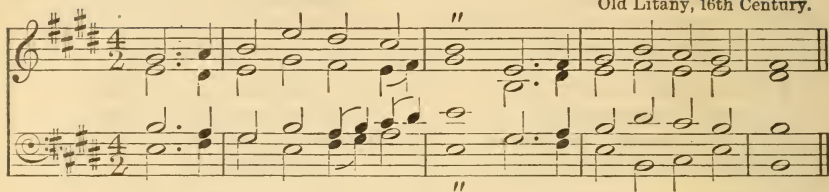
5 Soldier of Christ, well done !  
Praise be thy new employ ;  
*f* And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 697

## Innocents.—7 7. 7 7.

Old Litany, 16th Century.



1 GO, ye messengers of God,  
Like the beams of morning fly!  
Take the wonder-working rod;  
Lift the Saviour's Cross on high.

2 Go to many a tropic isle,  
In the bosom of the deep,  
Where the skies for ever smile,  
*p* And the oppress for ever weep.

3 O'er the negro's night of care,  
Pour the living light of heaven:  
Chase away his wild despair:  
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

4 Where the golden gates of day  
Open on the gorgeous East,  
Wide the wondrous Cross display,  
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

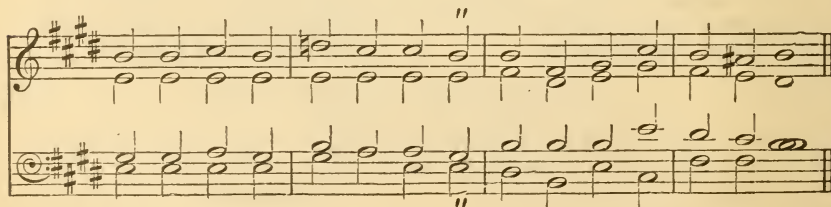
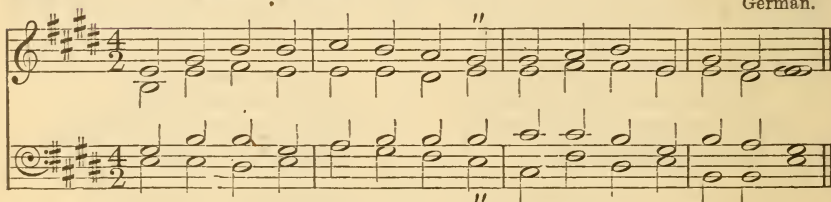
*f* 5 Sound aloud Jehovah's call  
Visit every soul and sea;  
Preach the Cross of Christ to all—  
Christ, Whose love is full and free.

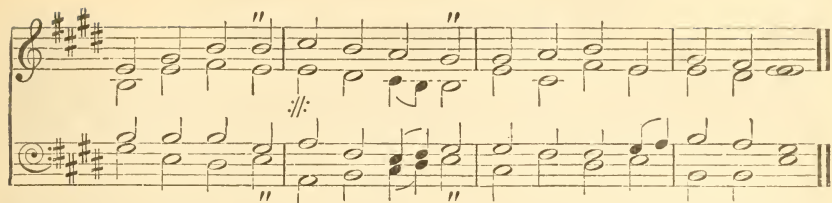
J. MARSDEN.

## 698

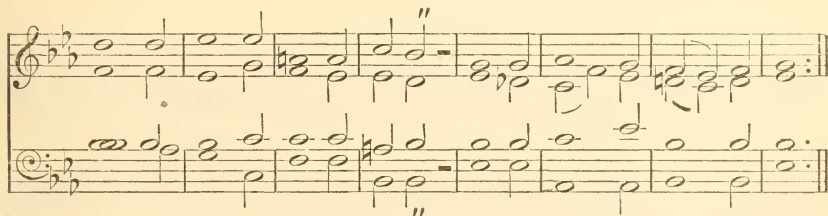
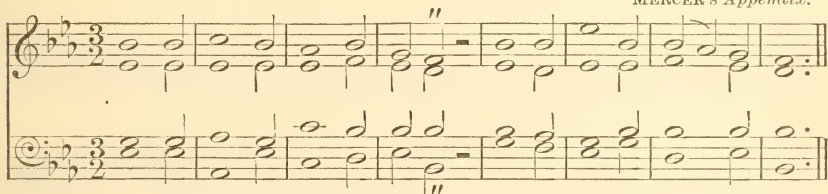
## Mannheim (1st Tune).—8 7. 8 7. 4 7.

German.



**Melita** (2nd Tune).—8 7.8 7.4 7.

MERCER'S Appendix.



1 **S**ERVANTS of the Great Jehovah,  
 Now go forth at His command ;  
 He will bless your feeble efforts—  
 Own the labours of your hand :  
 Run, ye heralds,  
 Spread the Gospel through the land.

2 Enter every town and village ;  
 Light and truth shall then abound ;  
 Tell poor guilty dying sinners  
 What a Saviour you have found ;  
*f* Lift your voices,  
 Though the powers of hell surround.

3 Satan's kingdom now is falling :  
 'Courage !' your great Captain cries ;  
 Though you may be counted foolish,  
 Truly you confound the wise :  
 Nought can harm you,  
 Though the rich and poor despise.

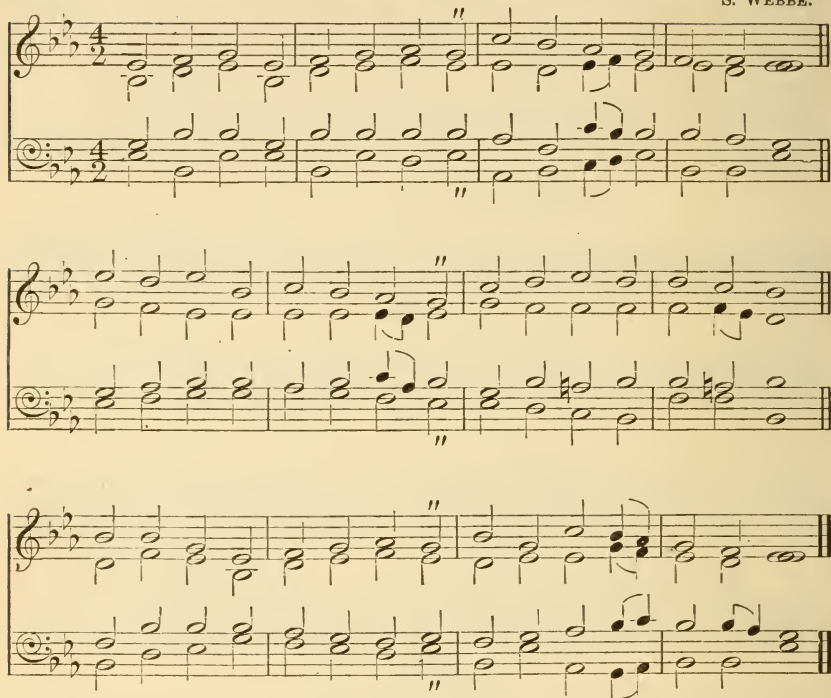
4 Though you are exposed to dangers,  
 While you o'er the deserts roam—  
 Trust in Jesus for protection,  
 Till to brighter worlds you come :  
 Be not weary,  
*f* Soon you will arrive at home.

W. SANDERS.

699

## St. Werburgh.—87.87.87.

S. WEBBE.



1 **L**ORD of life, prophetic Spirit,  
 In sweet measure evermore  
 To Thy holy children dealing  
 Each his gift from Thy rich store,  
 Bless Thy family adoring,  
 As in Israel's schools of yore.

*p* 2 God and Father of all spirits,  
 Whose dread call young Joshua knew,  
 Forty days in darkness waiting  
 With Thy servant good and true,  
 Thence to wage Thy war descending;  
 Own us, Lord, Thy champions true.

3 One Thy light, the temple filling,  
 Holy, Holy, Holy Three!  
 Meanest men and brightest angels  
 Wait alike the Word from Thee;  
 Highest musings, lowliest worship,  
 Must their preparation be.

4 Here we stand; Redeemer, send us!  
 But because Thy Word is fire,  
 And our lips, unclean and earthly,  
 Breathe no breath of high desire;  
 Send Thy Seraph from Thine altar  
 Veiled, but in His bright attire.

5 Cause Him, Lord, to fly full swiftly  
 With the mystic coal in hand,  
 Sin-consuming, soul-transforming,  
 (Faith and love will understand,)  
 Touch our lips, Thou awful Mercy,  
 With Thine own keen, healing brand!

6 Thou didst come that fire to kindle:  
 Fain would we Thy torches prove,  
 Far and wide Thy beacons lighting  
 With the undying spark of love;  
*f* Only feed our flame, we pray Thee,  
 With Thy breathings from above.

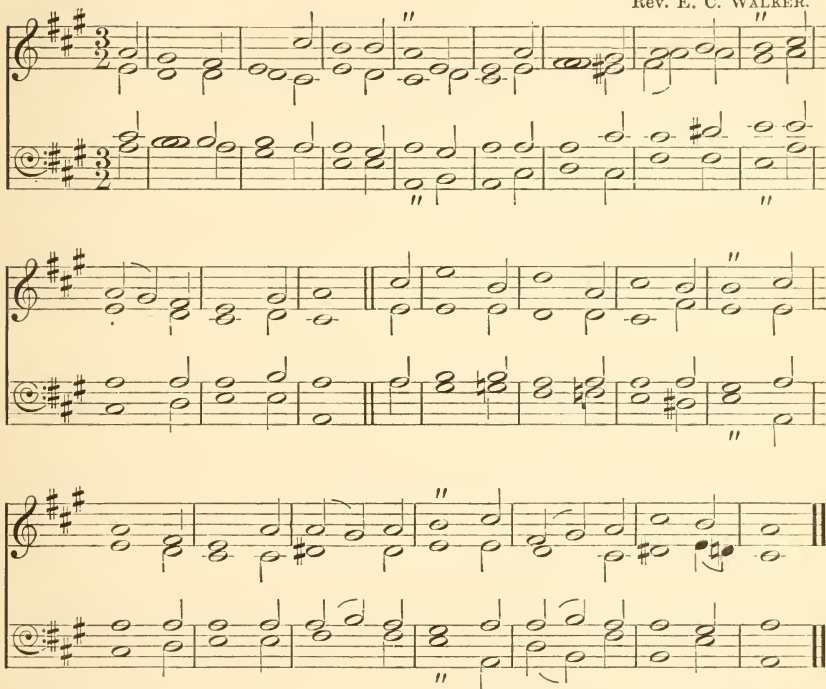
J. KEBLE.



700

## King's College.—8 8 6.8 8 6.

Rev. E. C. WALKER.



1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,  
 The best concerted schemes are  
 And never can succeed; [vain,  
*p* We spend our wretched strength for  
 nought,  
 But if our works in Thee be wrought,  
 They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if Thou didst Thyself inspire  
 Our souls with this intense desire  
 Thy goodness to proclaim—  
*f* Thy glory if we now intend,  
 O let our deed begin and end  
 Complete in Jesus' name!

3 In Jesus' name behold we meet,  
 Far from an evil world retreat,  
 And all its frantic ways:  
 One only thing resolved to know,  
 And square our useful lives below  
 By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,  
 Not in the dark monastic cell,  
 By vows and grates confined;  
 Freely to all ourselves we give,  
 Constrained by Jesus' love to live  
 The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now Thy love impart,  
 To govern each devoted heart,  
 And fit us for Thy will;  
 Deep founded in the truth of grace,  
 Build up Thy rising church and place  
 The city on the hill.

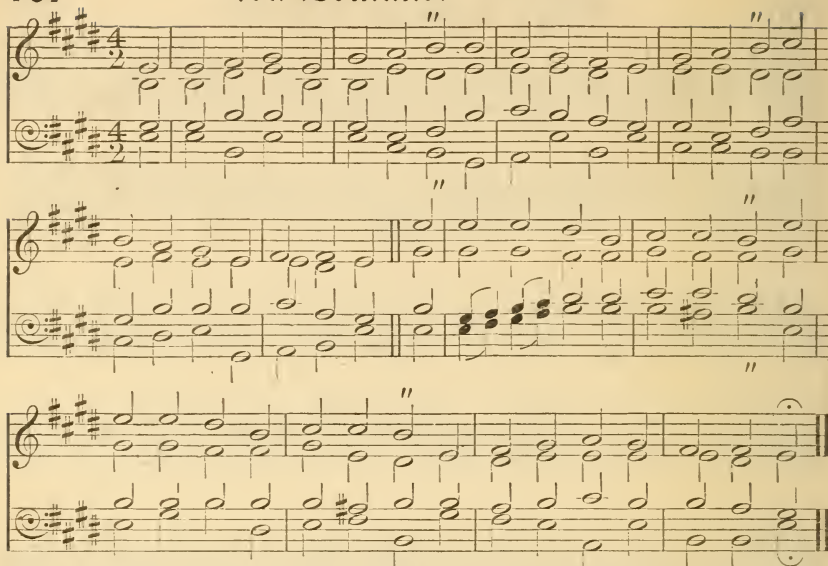
6 O let our faith and love abound!  
 O let our lives to all around  
 With purest lustre shine;  
*f* That all around our works may see,  
 And give the glory, Lord, to Thee,  
 The heavenly Light Divine.

C. WESLEY.

s\*

## 701

## St. Edmund.—888.888.



1 **T**HY power and saving truth to show,  
A warfare at Thy charge I go,  
Strong in the Lord, and Thy great  
might ;

*f* Gladly take up the hallowed cross :  
And, counting all things else but loss,  
Beneath Thy sacred banner fight.

2 A spectacle to fiends and men,  
To all their fierce or cool disdain  
With calmest pity I submit ;  
Determined nought to know beside  
My Jesus and Him crucified,  
I tread the world beneath my feet.

3 Superior to their smile, or frown,  
On all their goods my soul looks down,  
Their pleasures, wealth, and power,  
and state :

*f* The man that dares their god despise,  
The Christian—he alone is wise ;  
The Christian—he alone is great.

4 O God, let all my life declare  
How happy all Thy servants are :  
How far above those earthly things ;  
How pure, when washed in Jesus' blood :  
How intimately one with God, [blood :  
A heaven-born race of priests and  
kings.

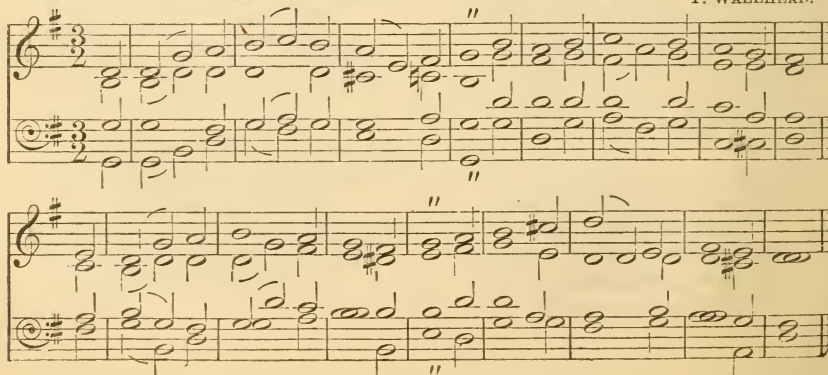
5 For this alone I live below,  
The power of godliness to show,  
The wonders wrought by Jesus' name :  
*f* O that I might but faithful prove ;  
Witness to all Thy pardoning love  
And point them to the atoning Lamb.

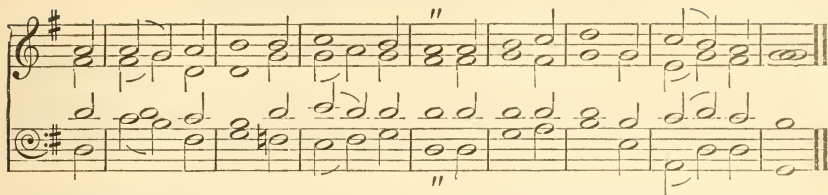
C. WESLEY.

## 702

## Whittington.—888.888.

T. WALLHEAD.





1 **G**IVE me the faith which can remove,  
And sink the mountain to a plain;  
Give me the childlike, praying love,  
Which longs to build Thy house again:  
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,  
And all my ardent soul devour.

2 I want an even, strong desire,  
I want a calmly fervent zeal,  
p To save poor souls out of the fire,  
To snatch them from the verge of hell,  
And turn them to a pardoning God,  
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.

p 3 I would the precious time redeem,  
And longer live for this alone,  
To spend, and to be spent, for them  
Who have not yet my Saviour known;

Fully on these my mission prove,  
And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.

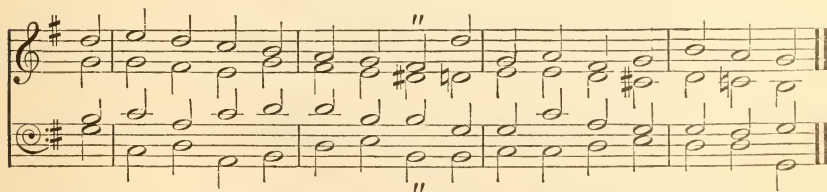
4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,  
Into Thy blessed hands receive;  
And let me live to preach Thy word;  
And let me to Thy glory live;  
My every sacred moment spend,  
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart  
With boundless charity divine!  
So shall I all my strength exert,  
And love them with a love like Thine;  
And lead them to Thy open side,  
The sheep, for whom their Shepherd died.  
C. WESLEY.

703

Lusatia.—8 8.8.8.8.

From FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.



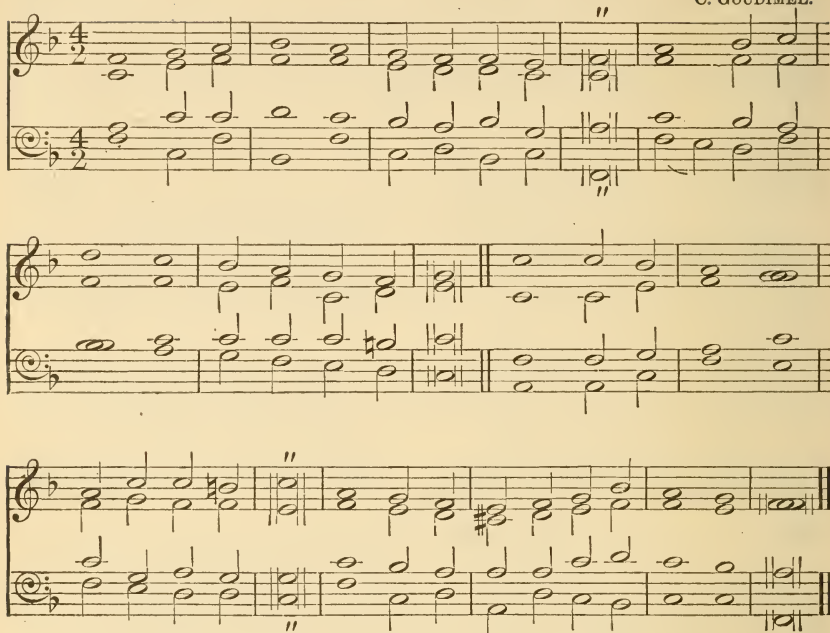
1 'COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,  
Comfort my people,' saith your God!  
Ye soon shall see His smiling face,  
His golden sceptre, not His rod,  
And own, when now the cloud's removed,  
He only chastened whom He love.

2 Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap;  
The Lord shall comfort all that mourn;  
Who now go on their way and weep,  
f With joy they doubtless shall return,  
And bring their sheaves with vast in-  
And have their fruit to holiness. [crease,  
C. WESLEY.

704

## Toulon.—10 10.10 10.

C. GOUDIMEL.



1 GO to the grave in all thy glorious prime,  
 In full activity of zeal and power;  
 A Christian cannot die before his time,  
*p* The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labour cease;  
 Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;  
 Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,  
 Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

*p* 3 Go to the grave; though like a fallen tree,  
 At once with verdure, flowers, and fruitage crowned,  
 Thy form may perish, and thine honours be  
 Lost in the mouldering bosom of the ground.

4 Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,  
 The germ of immortality shall keep;  
 While, safe as watched by cherubim, thy dust  
 Shall to the judgment-day in Jesus sleep.

5 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay  
 In death's embraces ere He rose on high;  
 And all the ransomed by that narrow way  
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

6 Go to the grave—no, take thy seat above;  
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,  
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,  
 And open vision for the written word.

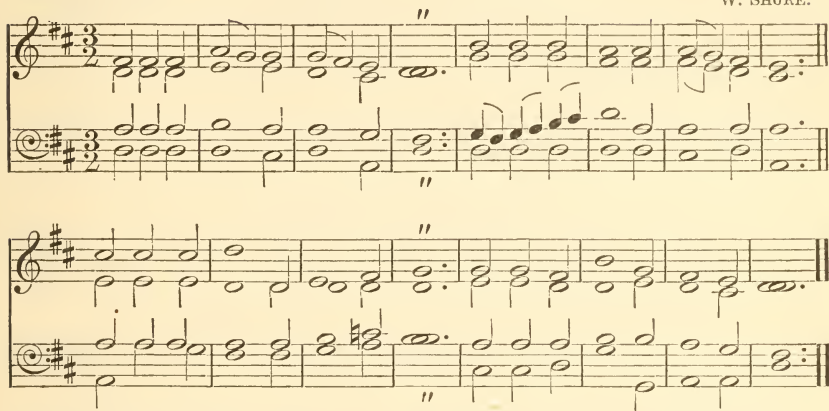
J. MONTGOMERY.



705—706

Wavertree.—L.M.

W. SHORE.



1 GOD is the refuge of His saints,  
When storms of sharp distress in-  
Ere we can offer our complaints, [vade,  
V Behold Him present with His aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be  
hurled  
A Down to the deep, and buried there;  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
f Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
In sacred peace our souls abide;  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

p 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow  
Makes glad the city of our God:  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through  
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, Thine Holy Word,  
That all our raging fears controls:  
Sweet peace Thy promises afford, [souls.  
And give new strength to fainting

f 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on His truth, and armed with  
power.

I. WATTS.

706

Wavertree.—L.M.

1 O THOU, our Husband, Brother,  
Friend,  
Behold a cloud of incense rise!  
A The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,  
Grateful, accepted sacrifice!

p 2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;  
Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad;  
Thy gifts abundantly increase;  
Enlarge, and fill us all with God.

3 Before Thy sheep, great Shepherd, go  
And guide into Thy perfect will;  
Cause us Thy hallowed Name to know,  
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;  
O let us all be saints indeed!  
And pure as Thou Thyself art pure,  
Conformed in all things to our  
Head.

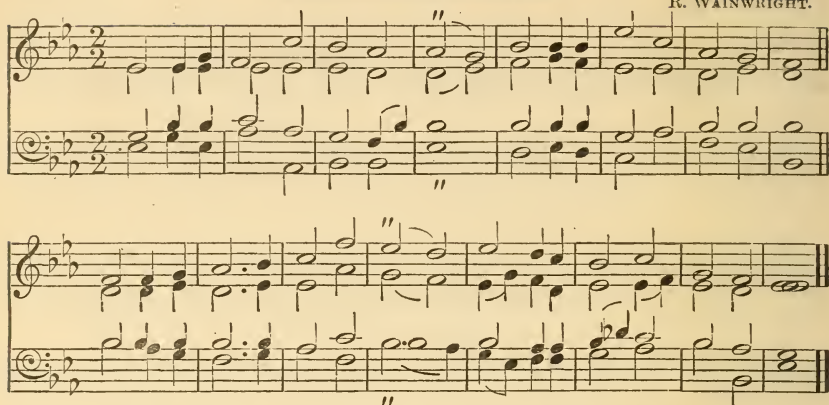
A 5 From all iniquity redeem;  
Cleanse by the Water and the Word;  
V And free from every spot of blame,  
And make the servant as his Lord!

C. WESLEY.

## 707

## Newmarket.—L.M.

R. WAINWRIGHT.



1 UNCHANGEABLE, Almighty Lord,  
Our souls upon Thy truth we stay;  
Accomplish now Thy faithful word,  
And guide us in Thy perfect way.

2 O let us all join hand in hand,  
Who seek redemption in Thy blood;  
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,  
And build the temple of our God!

3 Thou only canst our wills control,  
Our wild unruly passions bind;  
Tame the fierce temper of our soul,  
And make us of one heart and mind.

4 Speak but the reconciling word, [side:  
The winds shall cease, the waves sub-  
We all shall praise our common Lord,  
Our Jesus, and Him crucified.

p 5 Giver of peace and unity,  
Send down Thy mild, pacific Dove:  
We all shall then in one agree,  
And breathe the Spirit of Thy love.

6 We all shall think and speak the same,  
Delightful lesson of Thy grace;  
f One undivided Christ proclaim,  
And jointly glory in Thy praise.

7 Regard Thine own eternal prayer,  
And send a peaceful answer down:  
To us Thy Father's name declare:  
Unite and perfect us in one!

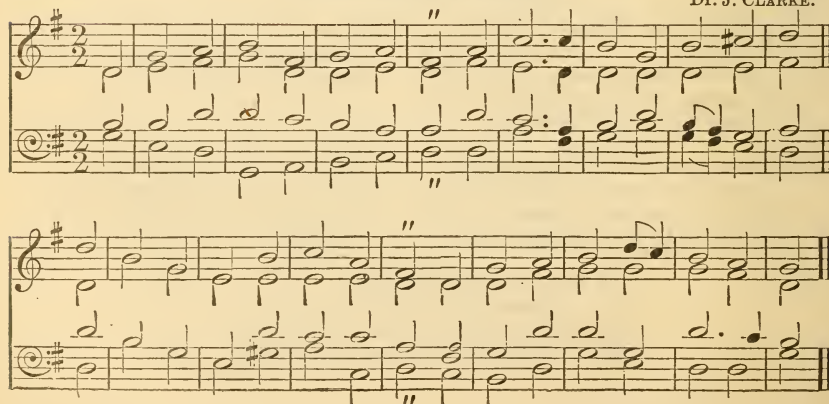
8 So shall the world believe and know,  
That God hath sent Thee from above,  
When Thou art seen in us below,  
And every soul displays Thy love.

C. WESLEY.

## 708

## Bristol.—L.M.

DR. J. CLARKE.



- f* 1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake ! awake !  
Put on Thy strength, the nations  
And let the world, adoring, see [shake,  
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,  
'I am Jehovah, God alone ;  
Thy voice their idols shall confound,  
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt,  
Vain sacrifice for human guilt ;  
But to each conscience be applied  
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.
- 4 Let Zion's time of favour come ;  
O bring the tribes of Israel home,  
And let our wandering eyes behold  
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

*f* 5 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim  
In every clime of every name ;  
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,  
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

W. SHRUBSOLE.

709

St. Fulbert.—C.M.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



- f* 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust  
Exalt thy fallen head ;  
*f* Again in thy Redeemer trust ;  
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake ! awake ! put on thy strength,  
Thy beautiful array ;  
The day of freedom dawns at length,  
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
And send thy heralds forth ;  
*f* Say to the South—'Give up thy charge,  
And keep not back, O North !'
- 4 They come, they come ! thine exiled  
Where'er they rest or roam, [bands  
Have heard Thy voice in distant lands  
And hasten to their home.
- f* 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,  
And God His works destroy,  
With songs the ransomed shall return,  
*f* And everlasting joy.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 710

## Hope.—S.M.



1 [ LET party-names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread :  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one, in Christ their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found ;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With the same blessings crowned !

*f* 3 Envy and strife begone,  
And only kindness known,  
Where all one common Father have,  
One common Master own.

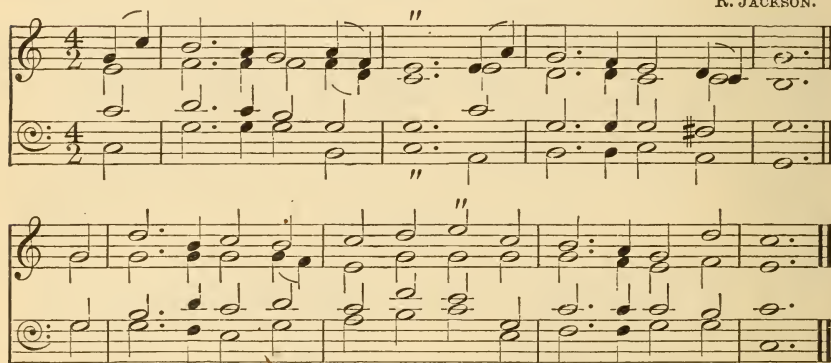
4 Thus will the Church below  
Resemble that above,  
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,  
And every heart is love.

B. BEDDOME.

## 711

## Hrowsley.—S.M.

R. JACKSON.



1 WHO in the Lord confide,  
And feel His sprinkled blood,  
In storms and hurricanes abide,  
Firm as the mount of God.

2 Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,  
His Zion cannot move :  
*f* His faithful people stand secure,  
In Jesus' guardian love.

3 As round Jerusalem  
The hilly bulwarks rise,  
So God protects and covers them  
From all their enemies.

4 On every side He stands,  
And for His Israel cares ;  
And safe in His Almighty hands  
Their souls for ever bears.

5 But let them still abide  
In Thee, all-gracious Lord,  
Till every soul is sanctified,  
And perfectly restored.

6 The men of heart sincere  
Continue to defend ;  
*f* And do them good, and save them here.  
And love them to the end.

C. WESLEY.



712

## Thirlwell.—S.M.

R. TOMLINSON.



- 1 I LOVE Thy Kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The Church, O blest Redeemer, saved  
With Thine own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God,  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.
- p3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring
- 6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given,  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. DWIGHT.

713

## St. Bees.—7.7.7.

W. SMALLWOOD.



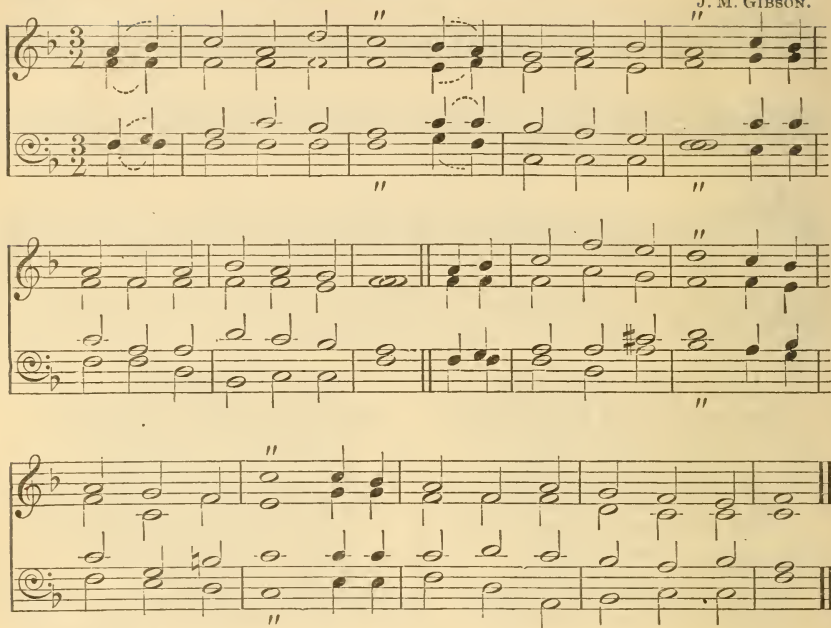
- 1 GOD of love, that hear'st the prayer,  
Kindly for Thy people care,  
Who on Thee alone depend :  
Love us, save us to the end.
- 2 Save us, in the prosperous hour,  
From the flattering tempter's power,  
From his unsuspected wiles,  
From the world's pernicious smiles.
- p3 Men of worldly, low design,  
Let not these Thy people join,

- Poison our simplicity,  
Drag us from our trust in Thee.
- 4 Never let the world break in :  
Fix a mighty gulf between :  
Keep us little and unknown,  
Prized and loved by God alone.
- 5 Let us still to Thee look up,  
Thee, Thy Israel's Strength and Hope ;  
Nothing know, or seek, beside  
Jesus, and Him crucified. C. WESLEY

## 714

## Bensham.—5 5 9.6 6 9.

J. M. GIBSON.



- 1 HOW happy are we  
Who in Jesus agree  
To expect His return from above :  
We sit under our vine,  
And delightfully join  
In the praise of His excellent love.
- p2 How pleasant and sweet,  
In His name when we meet,  
Is His fruit to our spiritual taste !  
We are banqueting here  
On angelical cheer,  
And the joys that eternally last.
- 3 Invited by Him,  
We drink of the stream  
Ever flowing in bliss from the throne :  
Who in Jesus believe,  
We the Spirit receive  
That proceeds from the Father and Son.
- 4 The unspeakable grace  
He obtained for our race,  
And the spirit of faith He imparts ;  
Then, then we conceive  
How in heaven they live,  
By the kingdom of God in our hearts.
- 5 True believers have seen  
The Saviour of men,  
p As His head He on Calvary bowed ;  
We shall see Him again,  
When, with His bright train,  
He descends on the luminous cloud.
- 6 We remember the word  
Of our crucified Lord,  
When He went to prepare us a place ;  
' I will come in that day,  
And transport you away,  
And admit to a sight of My face.'
- f7 With earnest desire  
After Thee we aspire,  
And long Thy appearing to see ;  
Till our souls Thou receive,  
In Thy presence to live,  
And be perfectly happy in Thee.
- 8 Come, Lord, from the skies,  
And command us to rise,  
Prepared for the mansions above ;  
f With our Head to ascend,  
And eternity spend  
In a rapture of heavenly love.

C. WESLEY,

715

## Oasis.—6 6.6 6.6 6.

G. LOMAS.



1 CITY not made with hands,  
 Not throned above the skies,  
 Nor walled with shining walls,  
 Nor framed with stones of price,  
 More bright than gold or gem,  
 God's own Jerusalem !

p 2 Where'er the gentle heart  
 Finds courage from above ;  
 Where'er the heart forsook  
 Warns with the breath of love ;  
 Where faith bids fear depart,  
 City of God, thou art !

3 Thou art where'er the proud  
 In humbleness melts down ;  
 Where self itself yields up :  
 Where martyrs win their crown ;  
 Where faithful souls possess  
 Themselves in perfect peace.

4 Where in life's common ways  
 With cheerful feet we go ;  
 Where in His steps we tread  
 Who trod the way of woe ;  
 Where He is in the heart,  
 City of God Thou art !

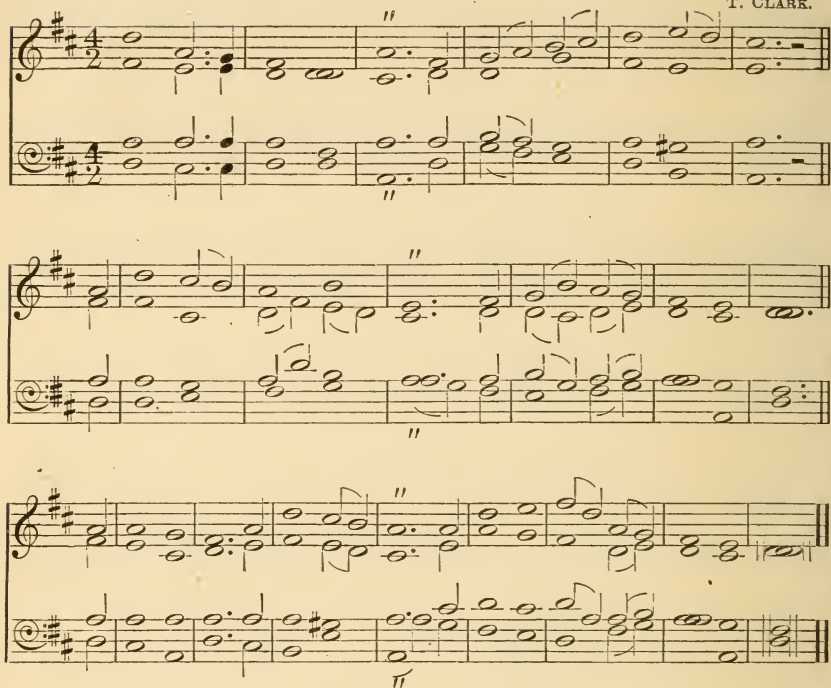
5 Not throned above the skies,  
 Nor golden-walled afar,  
 But where Christ's two or three  
 In His name gathered are,  
 Be in the midst of them,  
 God's own Jerusalem !

F. T. PALGRAVE

## 716

## Lebanon.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

T. CLARK.



1 COME, all whoe'er have set  
 Your faces Zion-ward,  
 In Jesus let us meet,  
 And praise our common Lord;  
*f* In Jesus let us still go on;  
 Till we appear before His throne.

2 Nearer, and nearer still,  
 We to our country come;  
 To that celestial hill,  
 The weary pilgrim's home,  
 The New Jerusalem above,  
 The seat of everlasting love.

5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,  
 Our All in All, is He;  
 If in His steps we tread,  
 We soon His face shall see:  
*f* Shall see Him with our glorious friends,  
 And then in heaven our journey ends.

3 The ransomed sons of God,  
 All earthly things we scorn;  
 And to our high abode  
 With songs of praise return: [ceed,  
*f* From strength to strength we still pro-  
 With crowns of joy upon our head.

p 4 The peace and joy of faith  
 Each moment may we feel;  
 Redeemed from sin and wrath,  
 From earth and death, and hell,  
 We to our Father's house repair,  
 To meet our Elder Brother there.

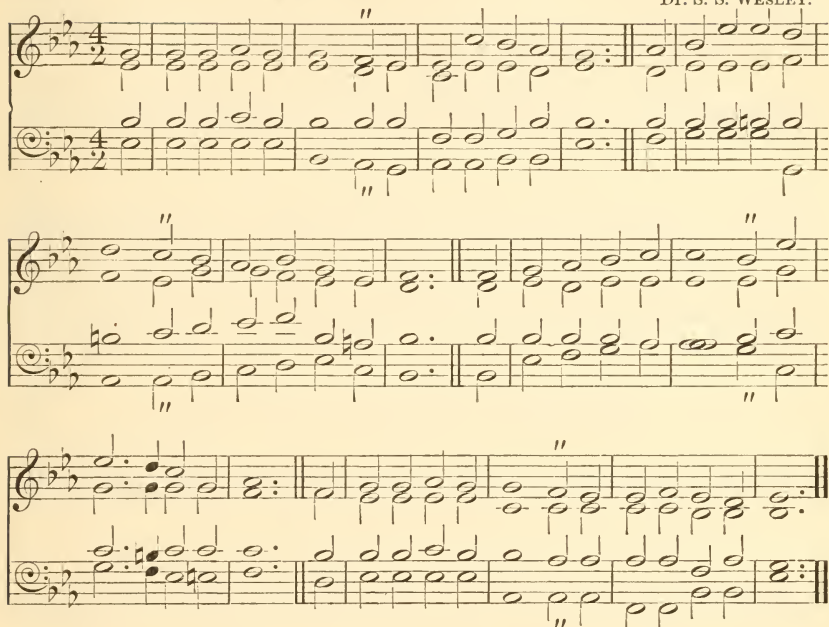
C. WESLEY.



717

## Aurelia.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

Dr. S. S. WESLEY.



1 THE Church's one foundation  
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;  
 She is His new creation  
 By water and the word :  
 From heaven He came and sought her  
 To be His holy bride,  
 With His own blood He bought her,  
 And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,  
 Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 One charter of salvation,  
 One Lord, one faith, one birth ;  
 One Holy Name she blesses,  
 Partakes one holy food,  
 And to one hope she presses,  
 With every grace endued.

p 3 Though with a scornful wonder  
 Men see her sore oppress,  
 By schisms rent asunder,  
 By heresies distrest ;  
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
 Their cry goes up, 'How long ?'  
 And soon the night of weeping  
 f Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
 'Mid tumult, storm, and war,  
 She waits the consummation  
 Of peace for evermore ;  
 Till with the vision glorious  
 Her longing eyes are blest,  
 And the great Church victorious  
 v Shall be the Church at rest.

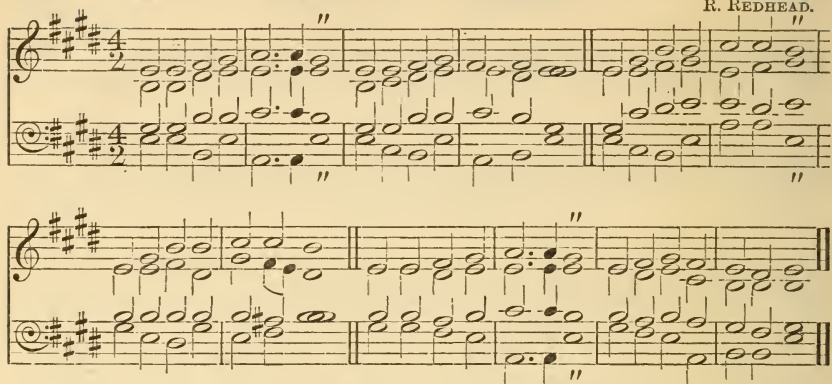
5 Yet she on earth hath union  
 With God the Three in One,  
 p And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won.

O happy ones and holy !  
 Lord, give us grace that we,  
 Like them, the meek and lowly,  
 On high may dwell with Thee !

S. J. STONE.

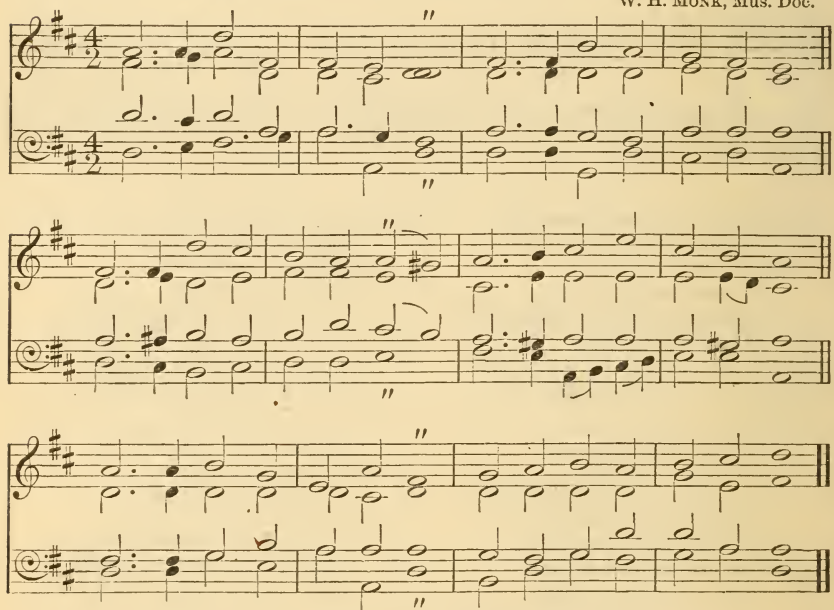
## 718 Redhead, No. 76 (1st Tune).—77.77.77.

R. REDHEAD.



## Morning (2nd Tune).—77.77.77.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.



**1** GOD of mercy, God of grace,  
 Show the brightness of Thy face,  
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,  
 Fill Thy Church with light divine;  
 And Thy saving health extend  
 Unto earth's remotest end.

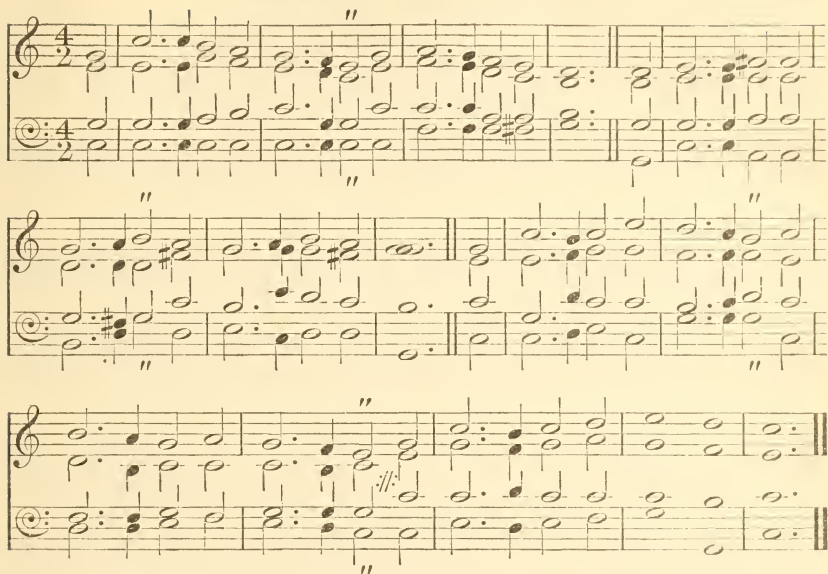
**f2** Let the people praise Thee, Lord;  
 Be by all that live adored!  
 Let the nations shout and sing.

Glory to their Saviour-King;  
 At Thy feet their tribute pay,  
 And Thy holy will obey.

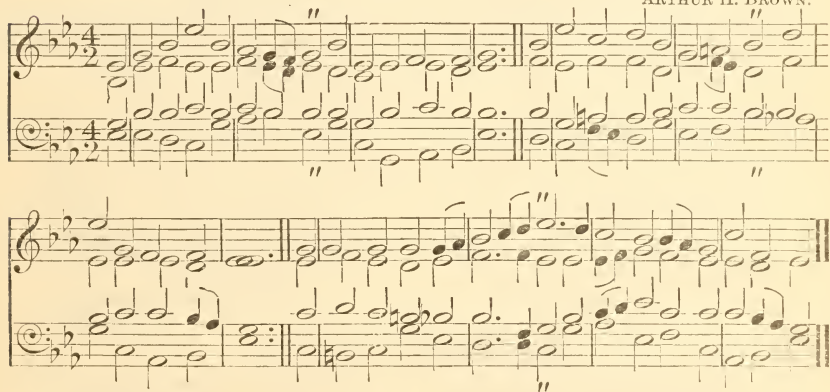
**f3** Let the people praise Thee, Lord;  
 Earth shall then her fruits afford;  
 God to man His blessing give;  
 Man to God devoted live;  
 All below and all above,  
 One in joy, and light, and love.

H. F. LYTE

## 719

**Daniel** (1st Tune).—8 6.8 6.8 8.**St. Kitts** (2nd Tune).—8 6.8 6.8 8.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



*p* 1 **H**OW sweet to think that all who  
love

The Saviour's precious name,  
Who look by faith to Him above,

And own His gentle claim,

⌋ Though severed wide by land or sea,  
Are members of one family.

2 Christians who dwell on snow-clad  
Or on the burning strand, [ground,  
And those whose happy home is found  
In our fair peaceful land,

⌋ Are linked by more than earthly tie,  
And form one lovely family.

3 'Our Father,' is the hallowed sound

They breathe from day to day;

Trained by His love, their steps are  
In the same heavenward way; [found

⌋ Their joys alike, alike their fears,

⌋ The same bright hope their exile cheers.

*f* 4 Yes, they are one—though some, we  
know,

Have reached the home of love;

But those who yet remain below

Are one with those above;

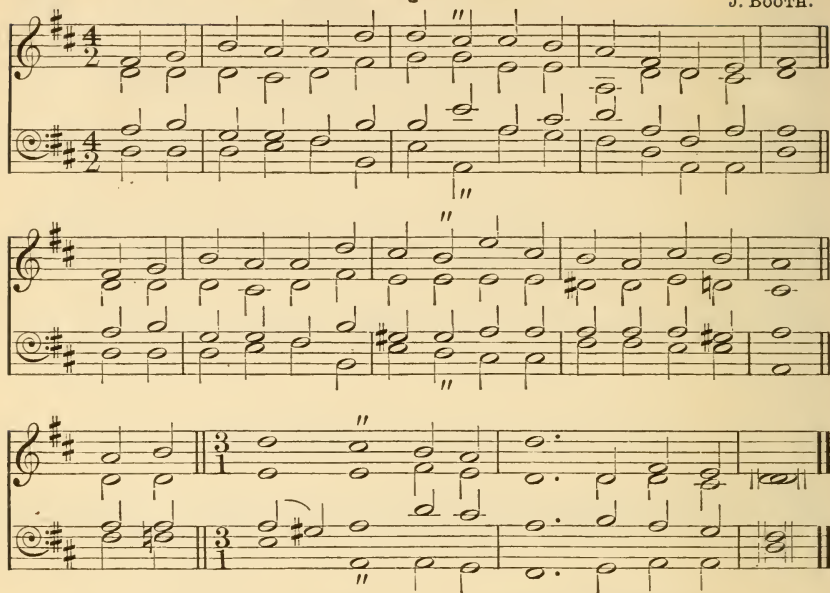
⌋ In that bright world are mansions fair,  
And all will soon be gathered there.

H. WHITTEMORE.

## 720—721

## Westbury.—8 7.8 7.4 7.

J. BOOTH.



1 **Z**ION stands by hills surrounded,  
 Zion kept by power Divine;  
 All her foes shall be confounded,  
 Though the world in arms combine:  
*f* Happy Zion!  
 What a favoured lot is Thine.

*p* 2 Every human tie may perish:  
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;  
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;  
 Heaven and earth at last remove;  
 But no changes  
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 Zion's Friend in nothing alters,  
 Though all others may and do;  
 His is love that never falters,

Always to its object true.

*f* Happy Zion!

Crowned with mercies ever new.

*p* 4 If thy God should show displeasure,  
 'Tis to save, and not destroy;  
 If He punish, 'tis in measure;  
 'Tis to rid thee of alloy;

Be thou patient:  
 Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

*p* 5 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
 Thence to bring thee forth more  
 bright;

But can never cease to love thee;

Thou art precious in His sight:

God is with thee,  
 God thine everlasting light!

T. KELLY.

## 721

## Westbury.—8 7.8 7.4 7.

1 **O** HOW blest the congregation  
 Who the gospel know and prize;  
 Joyful tidings of salvation  
 Brought by Jesus from the skies!  
 He is near them, [cries.  
 Knows their wants and hears their  
 2 In His name rejoicing ever,  
 Walking in His light and love,  
 And foretasting in His favour,  
 Something here of bliss above  
*f* Happy people! [move?  
 Who shall harm them! what shall

3 In His righteousness exalted,  
 On from strength to strength they go;  
 By ten thousand ills assaulted,  
 Yet preserved from every foe—  
*f* On to glory,  
 Safely speed through all below.

*f* 4 God will keep His own anointed:  
 Nought shall harm them, none con-  
 trials as their lot appointed, [denn;  
 All must work for good to them—  
 All shall help them  
 To their heavenly diadem.

H. F. LYTE.



722

## Austria.—87.87.87.87.

HAYDN.



- 1 **G** LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God;  
*f* He Whose Word cannot be broken,  
 Formed thee for His own abode.  
 On the Rock of Ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose?  
 With Salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
- f* 2 See, the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove;  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage?  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the Cloud and Fire appear!  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near:

Thus deriving from their banner  
 Light by night and shade by day,  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which He gives them when they pray.

- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood,  
 Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God,  
 'Tis His love His people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings;  
 And as priests, His solemn praises  
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
 I through grace a member am,  
 Let the world deride or pity,  
 I will glory in Thy name:  
*p* Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show;  
*f* Solid joys and lasting treasure,  
 None but Zion's children know.

J. NEWTON.

## 723

## Bethany.—87.87.87.87.

H. SMART.



- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken ;  
 O my people, faint and few,  
*p* 'Comfortless, afflicted, broken—  
 Fair abodes I build for you :  
 Thorns of heartfelt tribulation  
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;  
*f* You shall name your walls Salvation,  
 And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 'There, like streams that feed the garden,  
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;  
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
 All His bounty shall bestow :  
 Still, in undisturbed possession,  
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;  
*f* Never shall you feel oppression,  
 Hear the voice of war again.

- 3 'Ye no more your suns descending,  
 Waning moons, no more shall see :  
 But your griefs for ever ending,  
 Find eternal noon in Me :  
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,  
 Change to day the gloom of night ;  
*f* He, the Lord, shall be your glory,  
 God your everlasting Light.'

W. COWPER.

724

## Hughenden.—10 10.11 11.

W. C. FILBY.



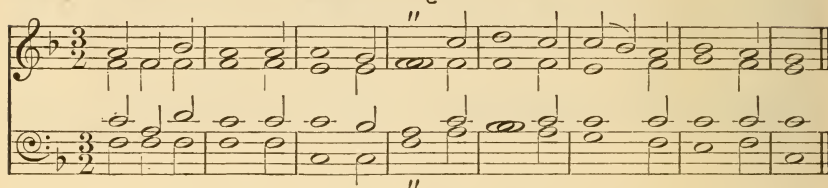
- 1 ALL thanks to the Lamb, Who gives us to meet ;  
 His love we proclaim, His praises repeat ;  
 We own Him our Jesus, continually near  
 To pardon and bless us, and perfect us here.
- p* 2 In Him we have peace, in Him we have power,  
 Preserved by His grace throughout the dark hour ;  
 In all our temptation He keeps us to prove  
 His utmost salvation, His fulness of love.
- 3 Through pride and desire unhurt we have gone ;  
 Through water and fire, in Him we went on ;  
 The world and the devil through Him we o'ercame,  
 Our Saviour from evil, for ever the same.
- 4 When we would have spurned His mercy and grace,  
 To Egypt returned, and fled from His face,  
 He hindered our flying, His goodness to show,  
 And stopped us by crying, 'Will ye also go?'
- 5 O what shall we do our Saviour to love?  
 To make us anew, come, Lord, from above !  
 The fruit of Thy passion, Thy holiness give ;  
 Give us the salvation of all that believe.
- f* 6 Come, Jesus, and loose the stammerer's tongue,  
 And teach even us the spiritual song :  
 Let us without ceasing give thanks to Thy grace,  
 And glory, and blessing, and honour and praise.
- f* 7 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free ;  
 Ah ! hast Thou not, Lord, a blessing for me ?  
 The peace Thou hast given this moment impart,  
 And open Thy heaven of love in my heart.

C. WESLEY.

# CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS—BAPTISM AND THE LORD'S SUPPER.

725—726

Blockley.—L.M.



1 COME Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Honour the means ordained by  
 Make good our apostolic boast, [Thee!  
 And own Thy glorious ministry.

2 We now Thy promised presence claim,  
 Sent to disciple all mankind,  
 Sent to baptize into Thy name;  
 We now Thy promised presence find.

3 O that the souls baptized therein  
 May now Thy truth and mercy feel;  
 May rise and wash away their sin!  
 Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal!

3 Father! in these reveal Thy Son:  
 In these, for whom we seek Thy face,  
 The hidden mystery make known,  
 The inward pure baptized in grace.

4 Eternal Spirit! come from high,  
 Baptizer of our spirits Thou!  
 The sacramental seal apply,  
 And witness with the water now!

C. WESLEY.

726

Blockley.—L.M.

1 GOD of that glorious gift of grace  
 By which Thy people seek Thy face,  
 When in Thy presence we appear,  
 Vouchsafe us faith to venture near.

2 Confiding in Thy truth alone,  
 Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,  
 We lay the treasure Thou hast given,  
 To be received and reared for heaven.

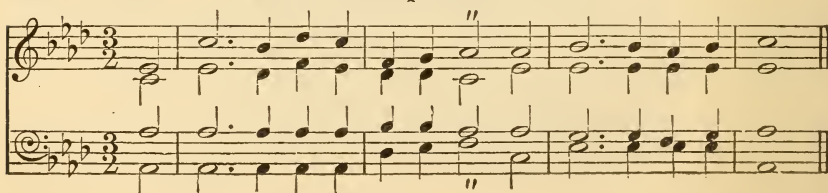
p 3 Lent to us for a season, we  
 Give him for ever, Lord, to Thee;  
 Assured that, if to Thee he live,  
 We gain in what we seem to give.

4 Make him and keep him Thine own child,  
 Meek follower of the Undeified;  
 Possessor here of grace and love,  
 Inheritor of heaven above.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

727—728

Kind Shepherd.—C.M.







1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands  
With all-engaging charms ;  
p Hark ! how He calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in His arms !

2 Permit them to approach, He cries,  
Nor scorn their humble name ;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came.

f 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands  
And yield them up to Thee,  
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine ;  
Thine let our offspring be.

4 If orphans they are left behind,  
Thy guardian care we trust ;  
V That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
p If weeping o'er their dust.

P. DODDRIDGE.

## 728 Kind Shepherd.—C.M.

1 BEHOLD, what condescending love  
Our Saviour still displays !—  
To babes and sucklings He extends  
The riches of His grace.

2 He still the ancient promise keeps,  
To our forefathers given ;  
Our children in His arms He takes,  
And calls them heirs of heaven.

3 Forbid them not whom Jesus calls,  
Nor dare the claim resist ;  
For His own lips to us declare—  
Of such will heaven consist.

4 With flowing tears, and thankful hearts,  
We give them up to Thee ;  
V Receive them, Lord, into Thine arms ;  
Thine may they ever be.

P. DODDRIDGE.

## 729 Allhallows.—C.M.

S. WEBBE.



1 ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be ;  
Thy testamental Cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

p 3 Can I Gethsemane forget ?  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee.

p 4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God my sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee.

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me ;  
f Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
f Will I remember Thee.

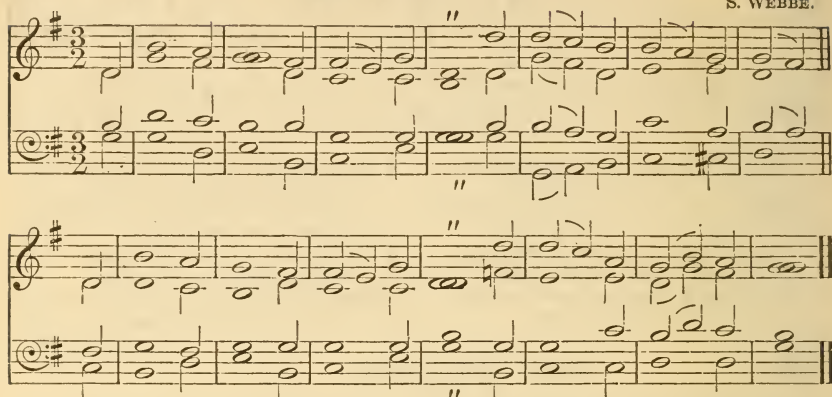
p 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
f When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
f Jesus, remember me,

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 730—731

## Belmont.—C.M.

S. WEBBE.



1 IN memory of the Saviour's love,  
We keep the sacred feast,  
Where every humble, contrite heart  
Is made a welcome guest.

2 By faith we take the Bread of Life  
With which our souls are fed,  
The cup in token of His blood  
*p* That was for sinners shed.

3 Under His banner thus we sing  
The wonders of His love,  
And thus anticipate by faith  
The heavenly feast above.

T. COTTERILL.

## 731

## Belmont.—C.M.

*p* 1 O GOD unseen, yet ever near,  
Thy presence may we feel;  
And thus, inspired with holy fear,  
Before Thy footstool kneel.

2 Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love;  
The streams that through the desert  
The manna from above. [flow,

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,  
To feast on heavenly food;  
Our meat, the Body of the Lord;  
Our drink, His precious Blood.

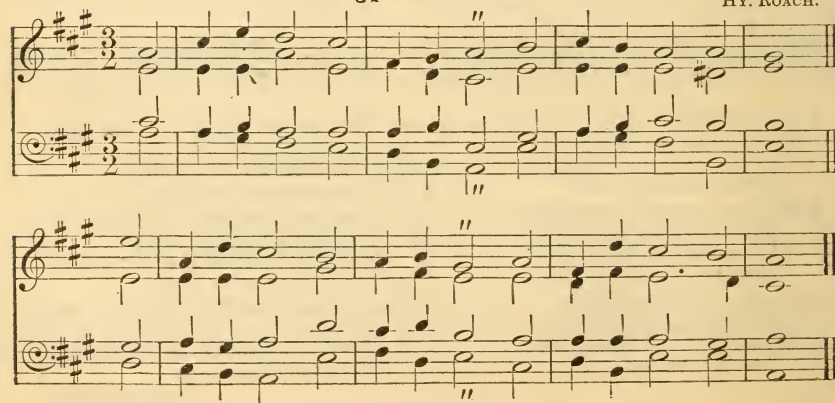
4 Thus would we all Thy words obey,  
For we, O God, are Thine;  
*f* And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength Divine.

E. OSLER.

## 732

## Chypons.—C.M.

HY. ROACH.



1 JESUS, at whose supreme command  
We now approach to God,  
Before us in Thy vesture stand,  
p Thy vesture dipped in blood !

2 Obedient to Thy gracious word,  
We break the hallowed Bread,  
p Remember Thee, our dying Lord,  
And trust on Thee to feed.

3 Now, Saviour, now Thyself reveal,  
And make Thy nature known ;  
Affix Thy blessed Spirit's seal,  
And stamp us for Thine own :

4 The tokens of Thy dying love  
O let us all receive ;  
And feel the quickening Spirit move,  
And consciously believe.

5 The living Bread, sent down from  
In us vouchsafe to be : [heaven,  
Thy Flesh for all the world is given,  
And all may live by Thee.

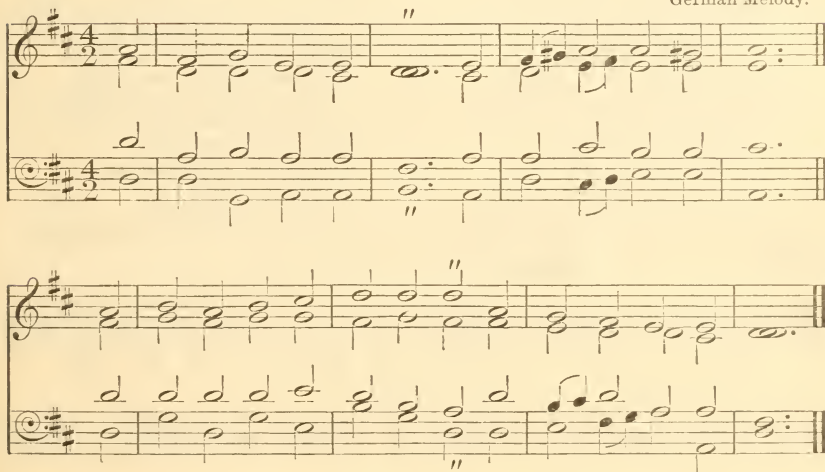
6 Now, Lord, on us Thy Flesh bestow,  
And let us drink Thy Blood,  
Till all our souls are filled below  
With all the Life of God.

C. WESLEY.

733

Swabia.—S.M.

German Melody.



f 1 STAND, soldier of the cross,  
Thy high allegiance claim,  
And vow to hold the world but loss  
For thy Redeemer's name.

2 Arise, and be baptized,  
And wash thy sins away :  
Thy league with God be solemnized,  
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 Our heavenly country now,  
Our Lord and Master, thine,  
Receive imprinted on thy brow,  
His passion's awful sign.

4 No more thine own, but Christ's—  
With all the saints of old,  
Apostles, seers, evangelists,  
And martyr throngs enrolled—

5 In God's whole armour strong,  
From hell's embattled powers :  
The warfare may be sharp and long,  
f The victory must be ours.

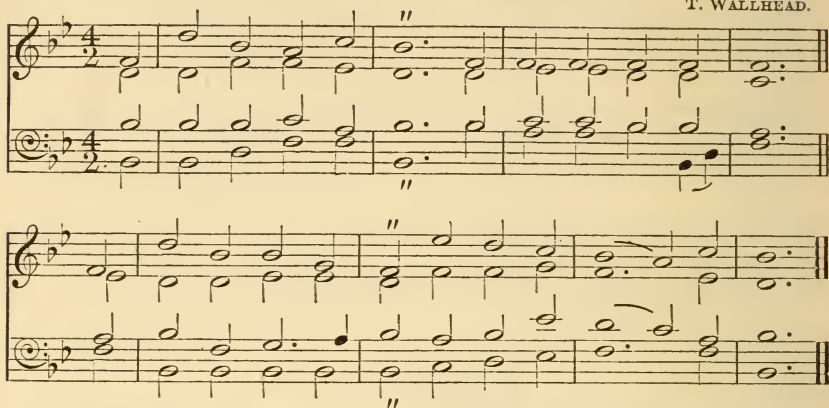
6 O bright the conqueror's crown,  
The song of triumph sweet,  
f When faith casts every trophy down  
At our great Captain's feet.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

## 734

## Safety.—6 6.6 6.

T. WALLHEAD.



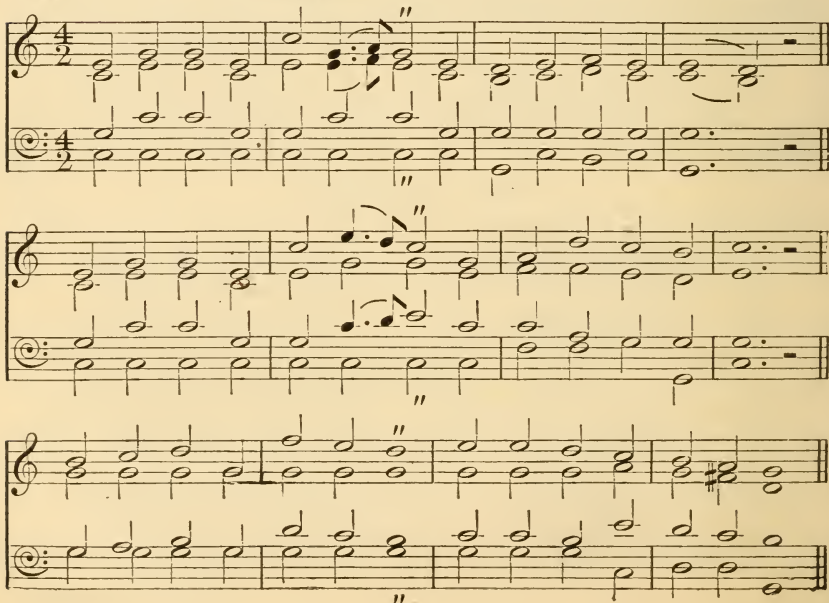
- 1 I HUNGER and I thirst ;  
 Jesus, my manna be :  
 Ye living waters, burst  
 Out of the Rock for me.
- 2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,  
 My life-long wants supply ;  
 As living souls are fed,  
 O feed me, or I die.
- 3 Thou true life-giving Vine,  
 Let me Thy sweetness prove ;

- Renew my life with Thine,  
 Refresh my soul with love.
- 4 Rough paths my feet have trod,  
 Since first their course began ;  
 Feed me, Thou Bread of God ;  
 p Help me, thou Son of Man.
- 5 For still the desert lies  
 My thirsting soul before ;  
 O living waters, rise  
 Within me evermore.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

## 735

## Ontario.—7 6.7 6.7 7.7 6.







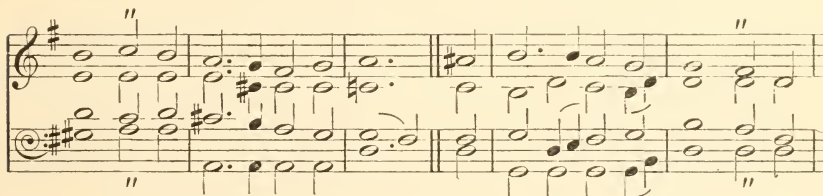
1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
In gracious power come down,  
Save this child, by nature lost,  
And take him for Thine own :  
*p* Hear us, sinful worms of earth,  
While on *his* behalf we pray ;  
Grant *him* that celestial birth  
No water can convey,

*p* 2 Vain is every outward rite,  
Unless Thy grace be given :  
Nothing but Thy saving might  
Can form a soul for heaven.  
Jesus, Thou wast once a child  
May this infant blessèd be ;  
Thine alone may *he* be sealed,  
And ever live with Thee.

C. WESLEY.

### 736 Angel's Story.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

Dr. A. H. MANN.



1 **O** BREAD to pilgrims given,  
O Food that angels eat,  
O Manna sent from heaven,  
For heaven-born natures meet.  
Give us, for Thee long pining,  
To eat till richly filled ;  
Till, earth's delights resigning,  
Our every wish is stilled.

*p* 2 O Water, life-bestowing,  
Forth from the Saviour's heart,  
A Fountain purely flowing,  
A Fount of love Thou art ;

O let us freely tasting,  
Our burning thirst assuage ;  
Thy sweetness never wasting,  
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,  
We Thee unseen adore ;  
Thy faithful Word believing,  
We take, and doubt no more :  
Give us, Thou true and loving,  
On earth to live in Thee ;  
Then, death the veil removing,  
*f* Thy glorious face to see.

From the Latin, trs. by R. PALMER.

737

Muremberg.—7 6.7 6.7 8.7 6.

German.



1 LAMB of God, whose dying love,  
We now recall to mind,  
Send the answer from above,  
And let us mercy find :  
Think on us who think on Thee,  
And every struggling soul release ;  
*p* O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace !

*p* 2 By Thine agonizing pain  
And bloody sweat we pray—  
By Thy dying love to man—  
Take all our sins away ;  
Burst our bonds and set us free ;  
From all iniquity release ;  
O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace !

3 Let Thy blood, by faith applied,  
The sinner's pardon seal,  
Speak us freely justified,  
And all our sickness heal ;  
By Thy passion on the tree,  
Let all our griefs and troubles cease,  
*p* O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace !

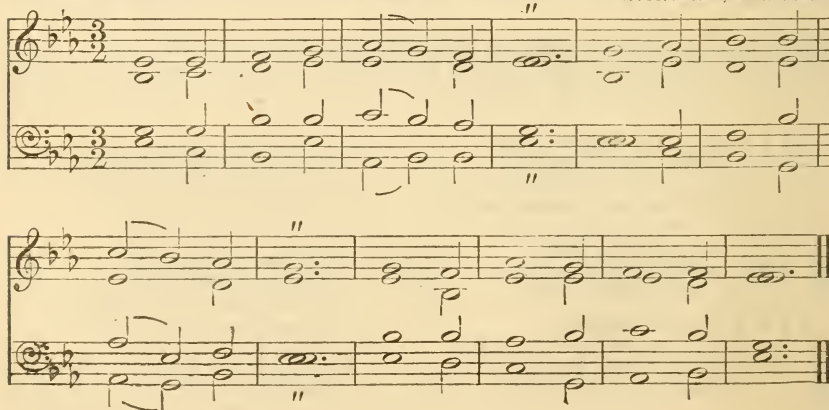
4 Lord, we would not hence depart  
Till Thou our wants relieve,  
Write forgiveness on our heart,  
And all Thine image give.  
Still our souls shall cry to Thee,  
Till perfected in holiness ;  
*p* O remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace !

C. WESLEY.

738—739

St. Philip.—7 7 7.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.



1 JESUS, to Thy table led,  
Now let every heart be fed  
With the true and living Bread.

*p* 2 While in penitence we kneel,  
Thy sweet presence let us feel,  
*f* All Thy wondrous love reveal.

*p* 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,  
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,  
Turn our sadness into praise.

7 Lead us by Thy pierced hand  
Till around Thy throne we stand  
*f* In the bright and better land.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,  
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,  
Fill our hearts with love Divine.

*p* 5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,  
Whence there flowed the healing tide;  
There our sins and sorrows hide.

6 From the bonds of sin release,  
Cold and wavering faith increase,  
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

R. H. BAYNES.

## 739

## St. Philip.—7 7 7.

1 LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere the time shall pass away,  
*p* Humbly at Thy feet we pray.

*p* 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,  
And that love will then be known  
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

*pp* 4 By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,

*p* 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe,  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

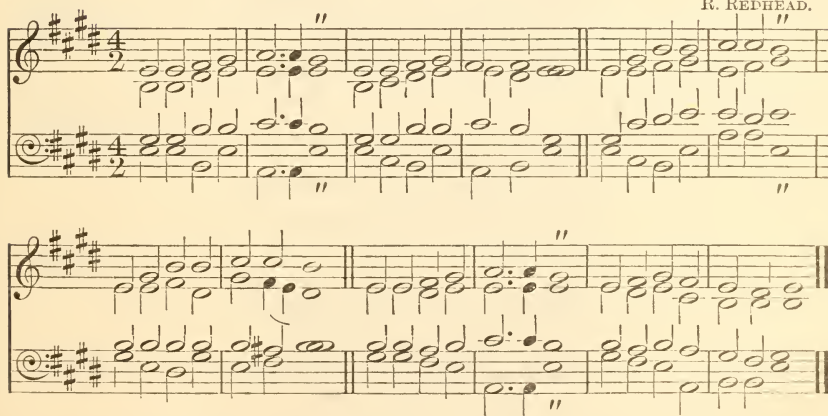
6 Judge and Saviour of our race,  
When we see Thee face to face,  
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

J. WILLIAMS.

## 740

## Redhead, No. 76.—7 7 7 7 7 7.

R. REDHEAD.



*p* 1 BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,  
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed.  
Ever may my soul be fed  
With this true and living Bread;  
Day by day with strength supplied  
Through the life of Him who died.

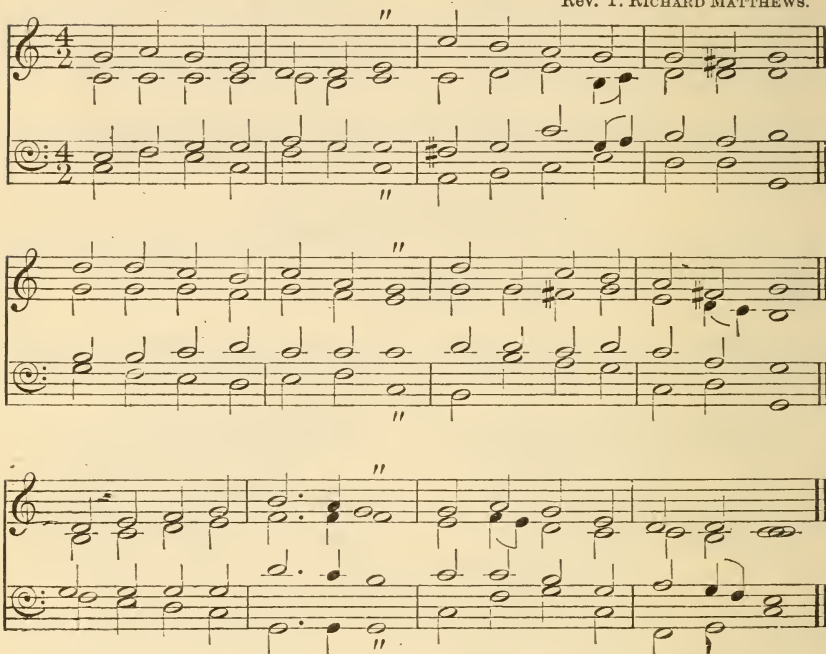
2 Vine of heaven! Thy Blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice;  
'Tis Thy wounds my healing give;  
To Thy cross I look and live.  
Thou my life! O let me be  
*f* Rooted, grafted, built on Thee!

J. CONDER.

741

## Reynoldstone.—7 7.7 7.7 7.

REV. T. RICHARD MATTHEWS.



1 **T**ILL He come—O let the words  
 Linger on the trembling cords;  
 Let the little while between  
 In their golden light be seen:  
 Let us think how heaven and home  
 Lie beyond that 'Till He come.'

*p* 2 When the weary ones we love  
 Enter on their rest above,  
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
 All our life-joy overcast?  
 Hush, be every murmur dumb.  
 It is only till He come.

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press:  
 Would we have one sorrow less?

*p* All the sharpness of the cross,  
 All that tells the world is loss,  
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,  
 Only whisper 'Till He come.'

4 See, the feast of love is spread,  
 Drink the wine, and break the bread:  
 Sweet memorials—till the Lord  
 Call us round His heavenly board;  
 Some from earth, from glory some,  
 Severed only till He come.

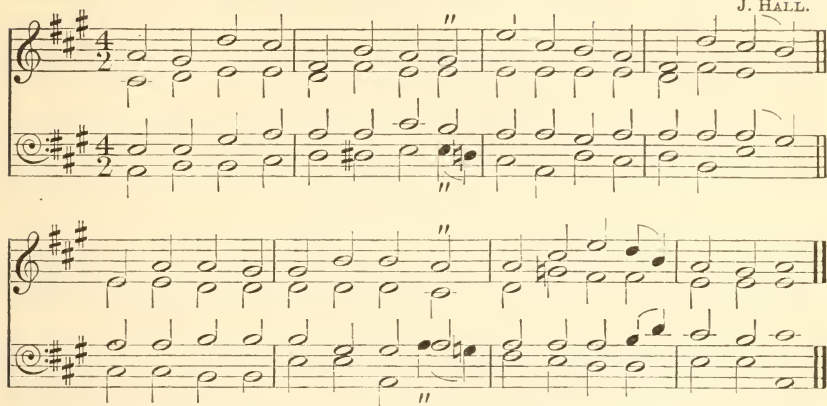
E. H. BICKERSTETH.



742

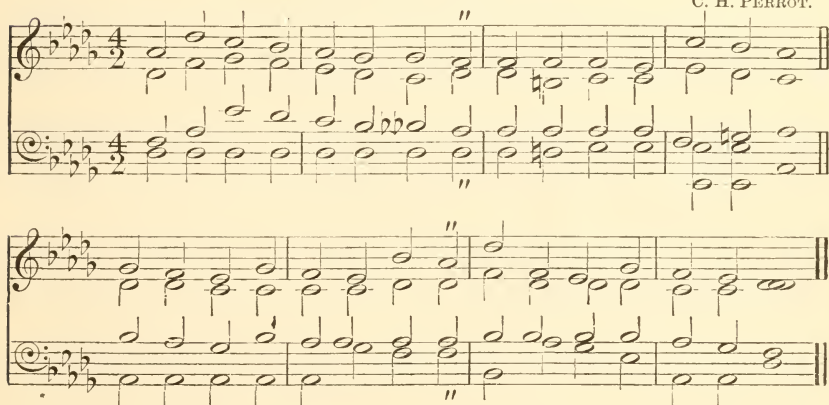
## Paterson (1st Tune).—8 7.8 7.

J. HALL.



## Guardant (2nd Tune).—8 7.8 7.

C. H. PERROT.

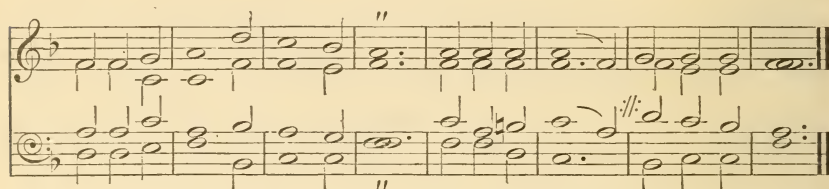
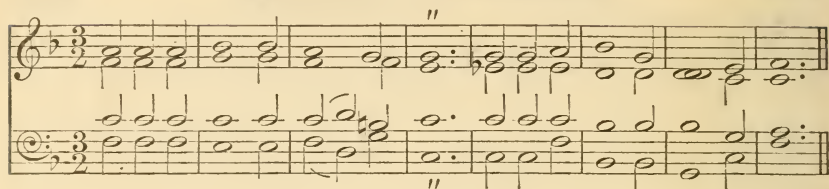


- 1 SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding  
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,  
*p* All the feeble gently leading,  
 While the lambs Thy bosom share :
- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,  
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;  
 There, we know, Thy word believing,  
 Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
 Let them be the lion's prey ;  
 Let Thy tenderness so loving  
 Keep them all life's dangerous way.
- f* 4 Then within Thy fold eternal,  
 Let them find a resting-place ;  
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

W. A. MUHLENBURG.

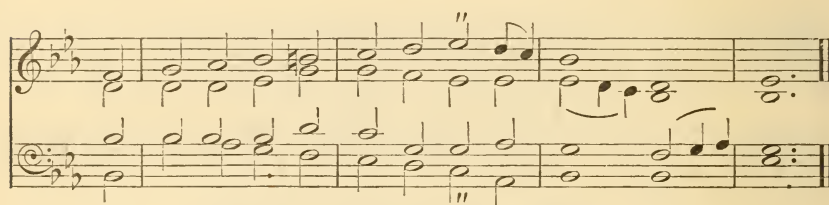
## 743

## Calm (1st Tune).—888.4.



## Faith (2nd Tune).—888.4.

MALCOLM ALLISON.



1 BY Christ redeemed, in Christ  
restored,  
We keep the memory adored,  
And show the death of our dear Lord,  
Until He come !

2 His body broken in our stead,  
Is shown in this memorial bread ;  
And so our feeble love is fed,  
Until He come !

pp 3 The streams of His dread agony,  
His life-blood shed for us we see ;  
The wine shall tell the mystery,  
Until He come !

p 4 And thus that dark betrayal-night,  
With the last advent we unite,  
By one blest chain of loving rite,  
Until He come !

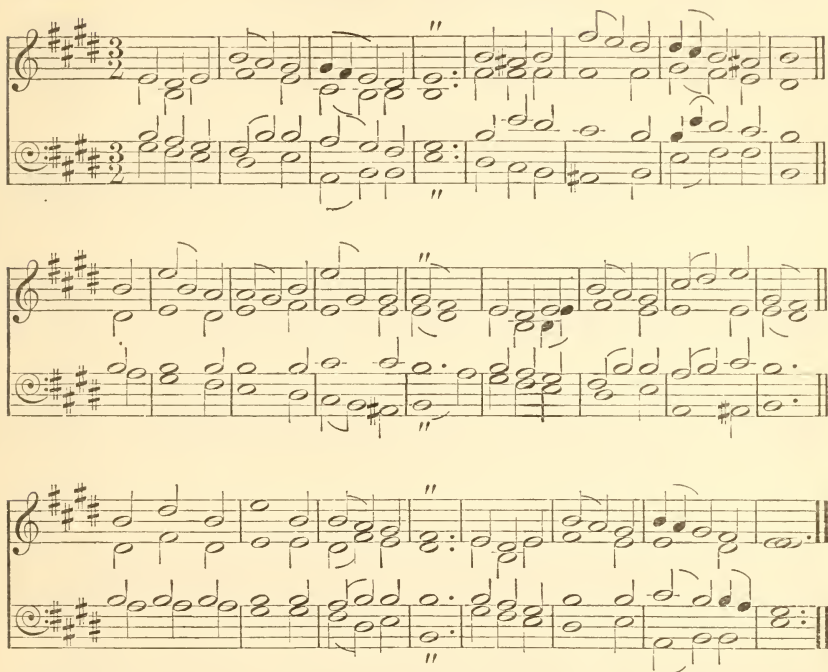
f 5 Until the trump of God be heard,  
Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
And with the great commanding  
word  
f The Lord shall come !

6 O blessed hope ! with this elate  
Let not our hearts be desolate,  
But strong in faith, in patience wait,  
Until He come !

G. RAWSON.

744

Adam.—88.88.88.



1 VICTIM Divine, Thy grace we claim,  
While thus Thy precious death we  
show,  
Once offered up a spotless Lamb,  
In Thy great temple here below,  
Thou didst for all mankind atone,  
And standest now before the throne.

2 Thou standest in the holiest place,  
As now for guilty sinners slain ;  
The blood of sprinkling speaks and prays  
All-prevalent for helpless man ;  
Thy blood is still our ransom found,  
And speaks salvation all around.

p 3 The smoke of Thine atonement here  
Darkened the sun, and rent the veil,  
Made the new way to heaven appear,  
And showed the great Invisible :  
Well pleased in Thee, our God looked  
And called e'en rebels to a crown. [down,

4 He still respects Thy sacrifice,  
Its savour sweet doth always please :  
The Offering smokes through earth and  
skies,  
Diffusing life, and joy, and peace ;  
To these, Thy lower courts, it comes,  
And fills them with Divine perfumes.

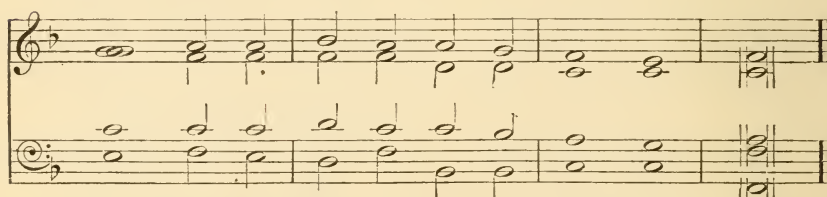
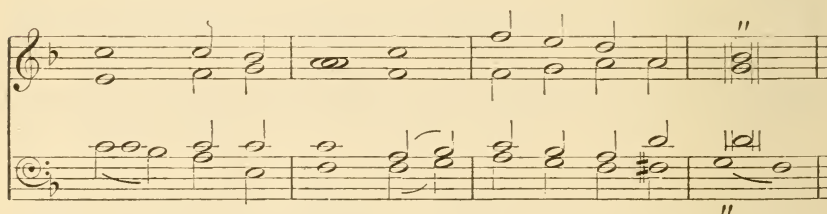
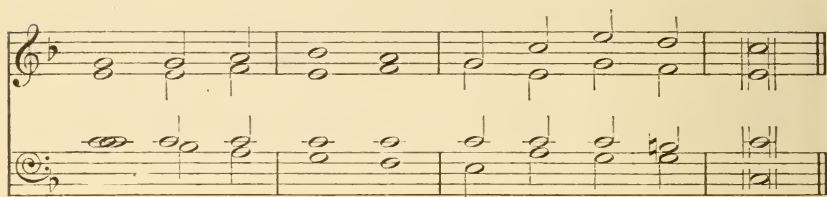
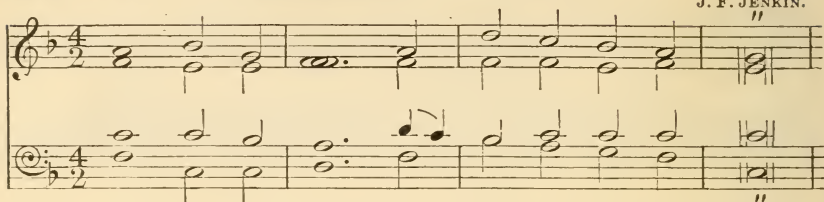
5 We need not now go up to heaven  
To bring the long-sought Saviour down ;  
Thou art to all already given,  
Thou dost e'en now Thy banquet crown :  
To every faithful soul appear,  
And show Thy real presence here.

C. WESLEY.

745—746

Valparaiso.—10 10.10 10.

J. F. JENKIN.



$\text{^}$  **H**ERE, O my Lord! I see Thee face to face;  
 Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;  
 $\text{v}$  Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,  
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;  
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;  
*p* Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.



- 3 I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need  
 Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;  
 It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;  
 My strength is in Thy night, Thy might alone.
- 4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;  
*p* Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood :  
 Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—  
 Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.
- p* 5 Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;  
 The feast, though not the love, is past and gone,  
 The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here—  
 Nearer than ever—still my Shield and Sun.
- 6 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;  
 Yet passing, points to the glad feast above :  
*f* Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,  
 The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

H. BONAR.

## 746

## Valparaíso.—10 10.10 10.

- V* 1 NOT worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs  
 With trembling hand that from Thy table fall,  
*p* A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes,  
 To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.
- p* 2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,  
 Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board :  
 Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled—  
 I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,  
 And I could face the cold rough world again ;  
*f* And with that treasure in my heart could brook  
 The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.
- 4 And is not mercy Thy prerogative :  
 Free mercy—boundless, fathomless, Divine ?  
*p* Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive !  
 And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.
- p* 5 I hear Thy voice : Thou bidd'st me come and rest :  
 I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet ;  
 Thou bidd'st me take my place—a welcome guest  
 Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.
- f* 6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,  
 My prayer can only lose itself in Thee :  
 Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,  
 Lord, let me sup with Thee : sup Thou with me.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

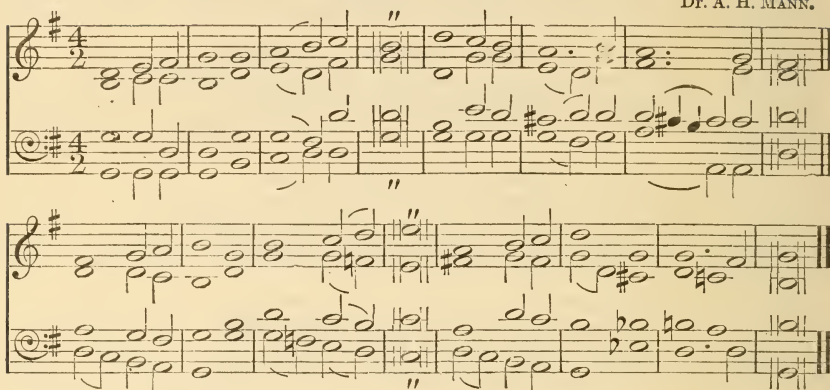
T\*

# CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS— THE SABBATH.

747

Lusus.—L.M.

Dr. A. H. MANN.

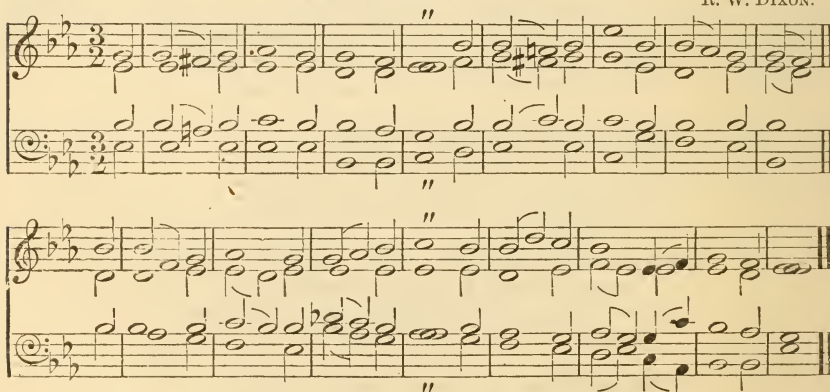


- 1 THE hallowed morn is dear to me,  
When prayer and praise awake the  
Or friends, with sacred minstrelsy, [day,  
Call me from earthly cares away ;
- 2 And dear to me the sacred hour  
Employed within Thy courts, O Lord !  
p To feel devotion's soothing power,  
And taste the manna of Thy Word ;
- 3 And dear to me the loud 'Amen,'  
Which echoes through the blest abode,  
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,  
Dies on the walls, but lives with God.
- 4 In secret I have often prayed,  
And still the anxious tears would fall ;  
But on Thy secret altar laid,  
The fire descends and dries them all.
- 5 Although the world, with iron hands,  
May bind me with its six days' chain,  
The Sabbath snaps this chain like bands,  
And leads me to God's house again.
- 6 Let men of pleasure strike their lyre,  
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms ;  
f But I, in prayer's swift car of fire,  
Will rise to Jesus' sheltering arms.
- J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

748

Staincliffe.—L.M.

R. W. DIXON.



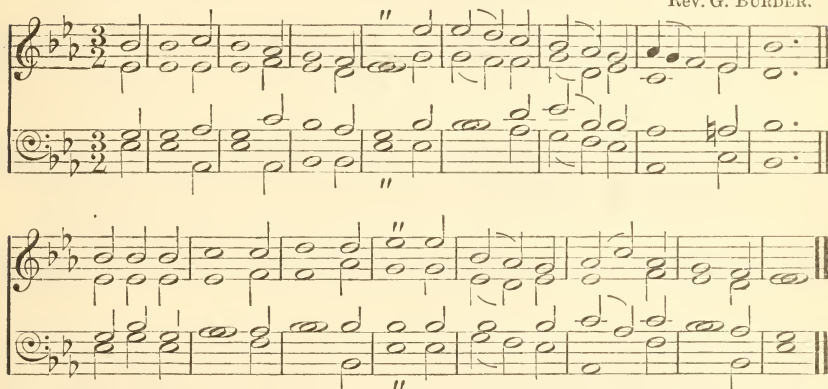
- p 1 AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,  
We gather in these hallowed  
walls ;  
And Vesper hymn and Vesper prayer  
Rise mingling on the holy air.
- 2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,  
Here find the rest of God's own peace ;  
And strengthened here by hymn and  
prayer,  
Lay down the burden and the care.

- 3 O God our Light ! to Thee we bow ;  
 p Within all shadow standest Thou ;  
 Give deeper calm than night can bring ;  
 Give sweeter songs than life can sing.
- 4 Life's tumult we must meet again,  
 We cannot at the shrine remain ;  
 But in the spirit's secret cell,  
 May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.
- S. LONGFELLOW.

749—750

Luton.—L.M.

Rev. G. BURDER.



- f* 1 **M**ILLIONS within Thy courts have met,  
 Millions this day before Thee bowed ;  
 Their faces Zion-ward were set,  
 Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed.
- f* 2 People of many a tribe and tongue,  
 Men of strange colours, climates, lands,  
 Have heard Thy truth, Thy glory sung,  
 And offered prayer with holy hands.
- 3 Soon as the light of morning broke  
 O'er island, continent, or deep,  
 Thy far-spread family awoke,  
 Sabbath all round the world to keep.
- 4 From East to West the sun surveyed,  
 From North to South, adoring throngs ;
- And still, where evening stretched her shade,  
 The stars came out to hear their [songs.]
- 5 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh [gain ;  
 Hath failed this day some suit to  
 p To those in trouble Thou wert nigh ;  
 Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.
- 6 The poor were bountifully fed, [rod,  
 Thy chastened sons have kissed the  
 p Thy mourners have been comforted,  
 The pure in heart have seen their God.
- 7 Yet one prayer more—and be it one  
 In which both heaven and earth accord ;  
 Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son,  
 Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord.
- J. MONTGOMERY.

750

Luton.—L.M.

- 1 **W**E rose to-day with anthems sweet,  
 To sing before the mercy-seat,  
 And ere the darkness round us fell,  
 We bade the grateful Vespers swell.
- 2 What'er has risen from heart sincere,  
 Each upward glance of filial fear,  
 Each true resolve, each solemn vow,  
 Jesus our Lord ! accept it now.
- 3 O let each following Sabbath yield  
 For our loved work an ampler field,  
 A sturdier hatred of the wrong,  
 A stronger purpose to grow strong !
- 4 What'er beneath Thy searching eyes  
 Has wrought to spoil our sacrifice,
- p 'Mid this sweet stillness while we bow,  
 Jesus our Lord ! forgive it now.
- 5 And teach us erring souls to win,  
 And hide a multitude of sin ;  
 p To tread in Christ's long-suffering way,  
 And grow more like Him day by day.
- 6 So as our Sabbaths hasten past,  
 And rounding years bring nigh the last ;  
 When sinks the sun behind the hill,  
 When all the weary wheels stand still ;
- p7 When by our bed the loved ones weep  
 And death-dews o'er the forehead creep,  
 And vain is help or hope from men ;  
 Jesus our Lord ! receive us then.

W. M. PUNSHON

## 751

## Berry.—L.M.



1 **L**ORD of the Sabbath's peaceful hours  
 This sacred day is Thine, not ours,  
 Not ours, to employ for labour's gains,  
 Not ours to spend in folly's aims.

3 To bend before Thy hallowed seat,  
 To praise and pray at Jesus' feet,  
 To tread the way to endless bliss,  
 On earth, no happiness like this !

*p* 2 How sweet to rest from worldly toil,  
 From anxious care, from fierce turmoil ;  
 To tread Thy courts 'tis sweeter still,  
 To hear Thy fame and do Thy will ;

*f* 4 Bright day, and best of all the seven,  
 Fit emblem of the rest of heaven,  
 Precursor of eternal day,  
 Premonitor of Time's decay.

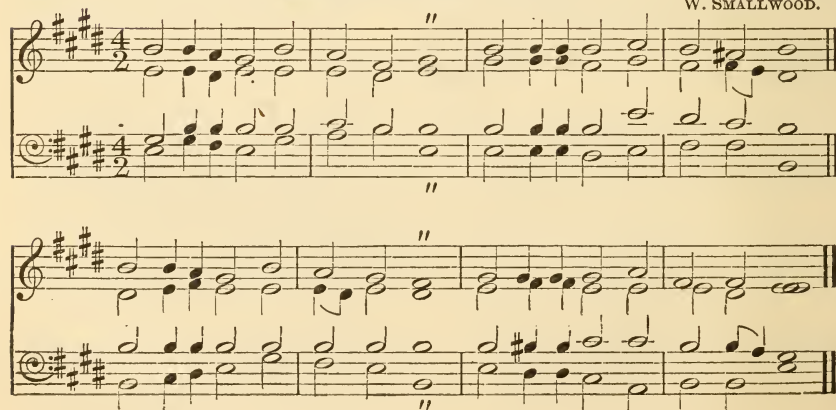
5 Prelusive of those joys above, "  
 Which holy, ransomed spirits prove,  
*f* When loosed from earth and sin, they rise  
 To taste the fruits of Paradise.

*Unknown.*

## 752

## Bampstead.—L.M.

W. SMALLWOOD.





*f* 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise Thy Name, give thanks,  
and sing!

To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

*p* 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest!  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

*f* 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His word;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they  
shine!

How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 But I shall share a glorious part  
When grace hath well refined my  
heart;

And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,  
*p* Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below;

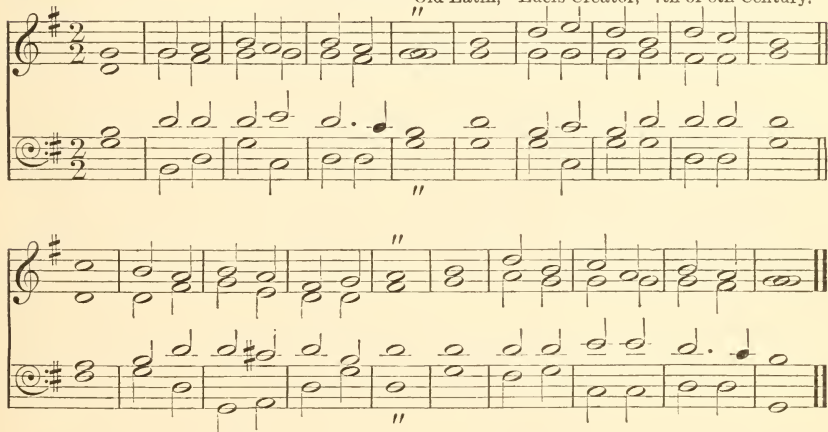
*f* And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

I. WATTS.

## 753

## Hicce.—L.M.

Old Latin, "Lucis Creator," 7th or 8th Century.



1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun.  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Come, bless the Lord whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;  
Provides an antepast of heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.

*f* 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may  
As grateful incense to the skies; [rise  
And draw, from heaven, that sweet  
repose  
Which none but he that feels it knows.

*p* 4 This heavenly calm within the breast  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the Church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

*f* 5 With joy, great God! Thy works we  
view,  
In various scenes, both old and new;  
With praise we think on mercies past;  
With hope we future pleasures taste,

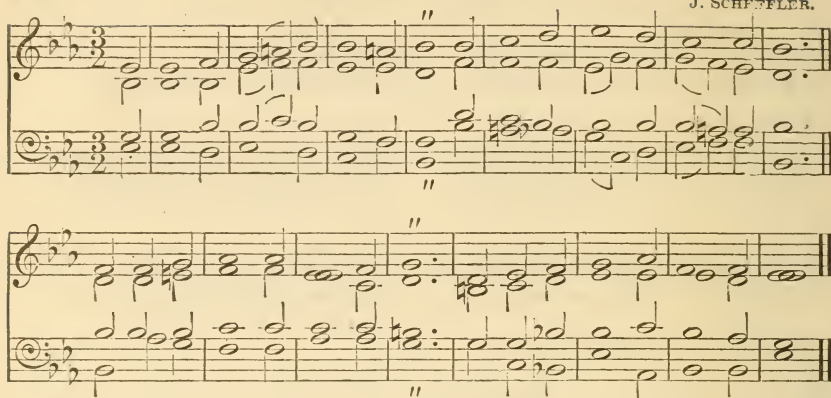
6 In holy duties let the day  
In holy pleasures pass away;  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

J. STENNETT.

## 754

## Angelus.—L.M.

J. SCHFFELER.



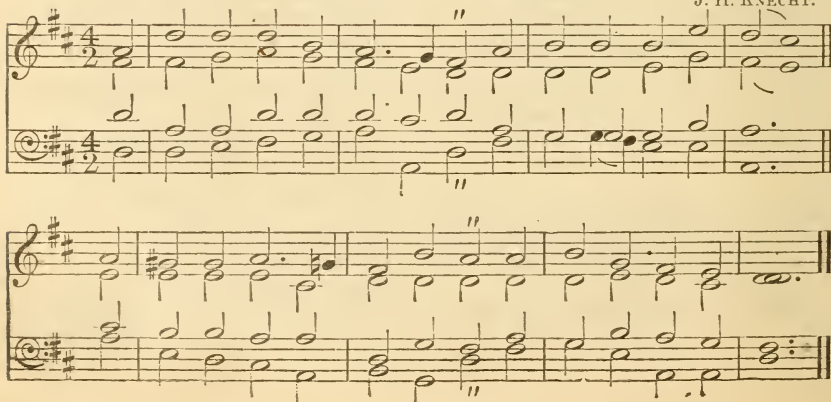
- 1 A T even, ere the sun had set,  
 A The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;  
 p O in what divers pains they met!  
 f O with what joy they went away!
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,  
 Oppressed with various ills draw near:  
 A What if Thy form we cannot see,  
 We know and feel that Thou art here!
- p 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;  
 For some are sick and some are sad,  
 And some have never loved Thee well,  
 And some have lost the love they had;
- A 4 And some have found the world is vain,  
 Yet from the world they break not  
 free;
- And some have friends who give them  
 pain,  
 Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee.
- 5 And none, O Lord! have perfect rest,  
 For none are wholly free from sin;  
 And they, who fain would serve Thee  
 best,  
 Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 O Saviour Christ! Thou too art Man;  
 Thou hast been troubled, tempted,  
 tried;  
 Thy kind but searching glance can  
 scan  
 p The very wounds that shame would  
 hide.
- f 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall;  
 p Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
 'And in Thy mercy heal us all!

H. TWEELS.

## 755—756

## Zwingle.—C.M.

J. H. KNECHT.



- f* 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours His own;  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround His throne.
- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints His triumph spread,  
And all His wonders tell.
- f* 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son!

Help us, O Lord, with joy to sing  
Of Thy salvation won.

- f* 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes, in God His Father's Name  
To save our sinful race.
- f* 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens in which He reigns  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

I. WATTS.

## 756

## Zwingle.—C.M.

- 1 THE Lord be with us as we bend  
His blessing to receive;  
*p* His gift of peace upon us send,  
Before His courts we leave.
- 2 The Lord be with us as we walk  
Along our homeward road;  
*p* In silent thought, or friendly talk,  
Our hearts be still with God.

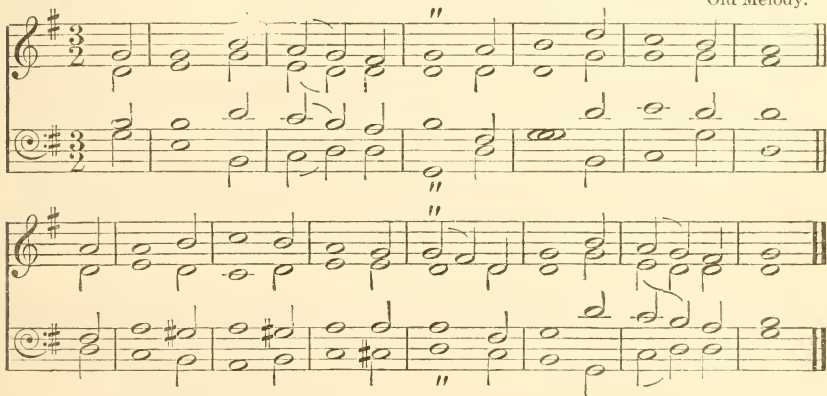
- 3 The Lord be with us till the night  
Shall close the day of rest;  
Be He of every heart the Light,  
Of every home the Guest.
- 4 And when our nightly prayers we say,  
His watch He still shall keep,  
Crown with His grace His own blest day  
And guard His people's sleep.

J. ELLERTON.

## 757—758

## St. Andrew's.—S.M.

Old Melody.



- f* 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome, to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King Himself comes near,  
And feasts His saints to-day;  
Here we may sit, and see Him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

- 3 One day, amidst the place  
Where my dear Lord hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- p* 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss. I. WATTS.

## 758

## St. Andrew's.—S.M.

- f* 1 HAIL to the Sabbath Day,  
The day Divinely given,  
When men to God their homage pay,  
And earth draws near to heaven.
- p* 2 Lord, in Thy sacred hour,  
Within Thy courts we bend;  
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,  
Our Father and our Friend.
- 3 But Thou art not alone  
In courts by mortals trod:

Nor only is the day Thine own,  
When crowds adore their God

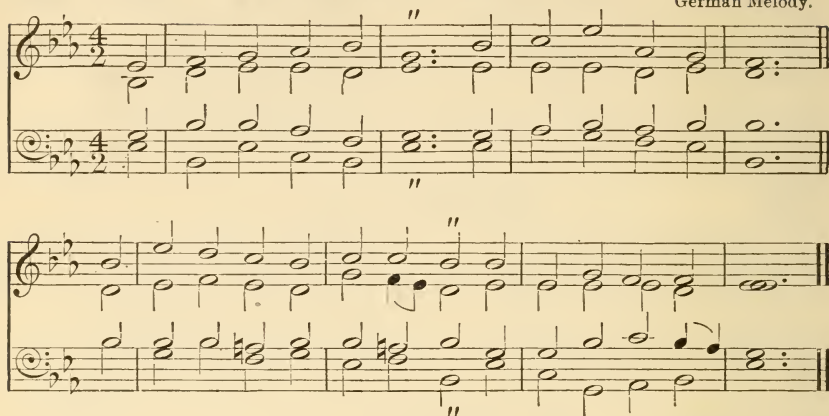
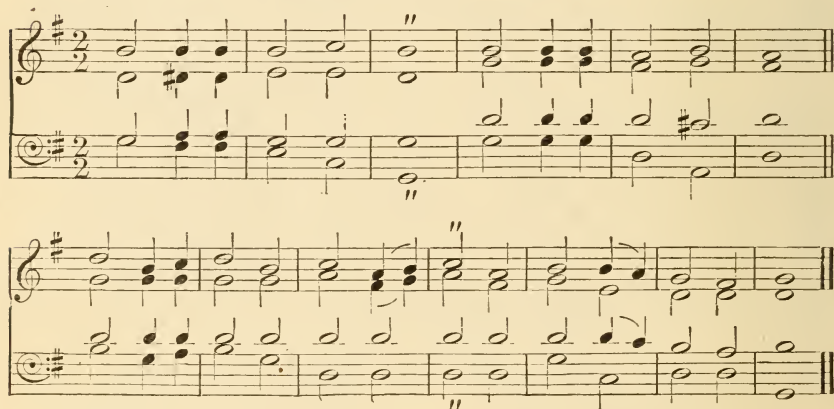
- 4 Thy temple is the arch  
Of yon unmeasured sky;  
Thy Sabbath the stupendous march  
Of vast Eternity.
- 5 Lord, may a holier day  
Dawn on Thy servants' sight:  
And grant us in Thy courts to pray  
Of pure unclouded light.

S. G. BULFINCH.

759—760

**Franconia** (1st Tune).—S.M.

German Melody.

**Vigil** (2nd Tune).—S.M.

- 1 **O**UR day of praise is done;  
The evening shadows fall;  
*f* But pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light that lightens all!
- 2 Around the throne on high,  
Where night can never be  
A The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Sing ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here;  
Too soon of praise we tire:  
A But O, the strains how full and clear  
Of that eternal choir!

- 4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,  
If Thou attune the heart,  
*p* We in Thine angels' music still,  
May bear a humble part.
- 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
*f* And make our life a daily psalm  
Of glory to Thy name.
- A 6 A little while, and then  
Shall come the glorious end;  
*f* And songs of angels and of men  
In perfect anthems blend.

J. ELLERTON.



## 760

## Franconia or Vigil.—S.M.

*f* 1 THIS is the day of light :  
 Let there be light to-day ;  
 O Dayspring, rise upon our night,  
 And chase its gloom away !

*p* 2 This is the day of rest :  
 Our failing strength renew ;  
 On weary brain and troubled breast  
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

*p* 3 This is the day of peace :  
 Thy peace our spirits fill ;  
 Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease ;  
 The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer :  
 Let earth to heaven draw near ;  
 Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;  
 Come down to meet us here.

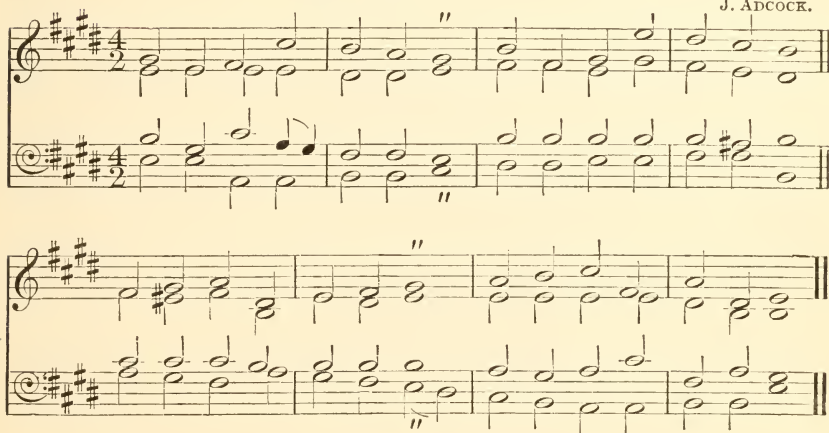
*f* 5 This is the best of days :  
 Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
*ff* O Vanquisher of death !

J. ELLERTON.

## 761

## Percy.—77.77.

J. ADCOCK.



1 ERE another Sabbath close,  
 Ere again we seek repose,  
 Lord, our song ascends to Thee,  
*p* At Thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,  
 For this rest upon our way,  
 Thanks to Thee alone be given,  
 Lord of earth, and King of heaven.

*p* 3 Cold our services have been,  
 Mingled every prayer with sin :  
 But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;  
 By Thy grace alone we live.

4 Whilst this thorny path we tread,  
 May Thy love our footsteps lead !  
 When our journey here is past,  
 May we rest with Thee at last !

5 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove  
 Foretastes of our joys above,  
 While their steps Thy children bend  
 To that rest which knows no end !

6 One there is at Thy right hand,  
 Angels bow at His command,  
*p* Yet He suffered in our stead,  
 And His wounds our pardon plead.

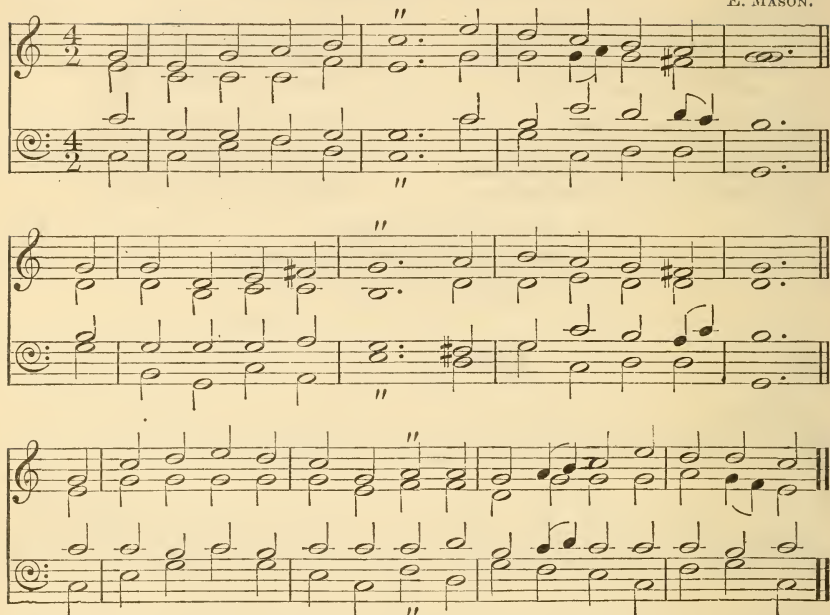
7 By the merits of Thy Son,  
 By the victory He won,  
*f* Pardoning grace and peace bestow,  
 Whilst we journey here below.

Unknown.

762

Seabridge.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

E. MASON.



*f* 1 **A**WAKE! ye saints, awake!  
 And hail this sacred day;  
 In loftiest songs of praise  
 Your joyful homage pay;  
 Come, bless the day that God hath blest,  
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn  
 The Lord of Life arose,  
 And burst the bars of death,  
 And vanquished all our foes;  
*f* And now He pleads our cause above,  
 And reaps the fruit of all His love.

*ff* 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!  
 Heaven with hosannas rings;  
 And earth in humbler strains,  
 Thy praise responsive sings;  
 'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
 Through endless years to live and reign.'

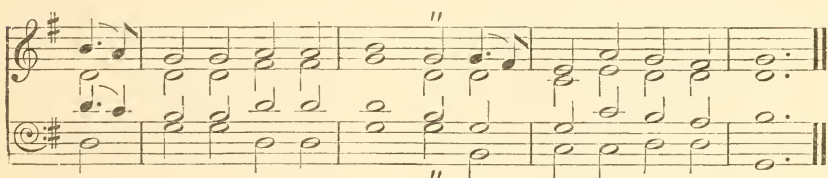
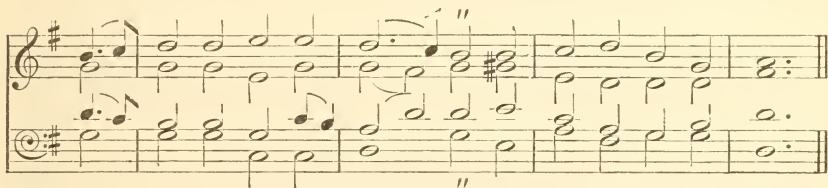
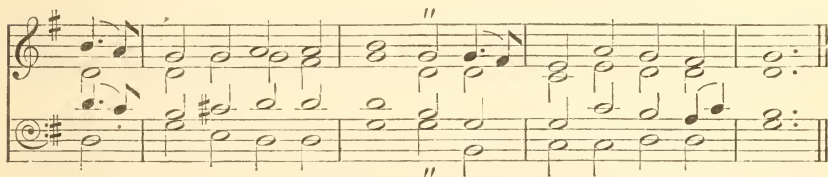
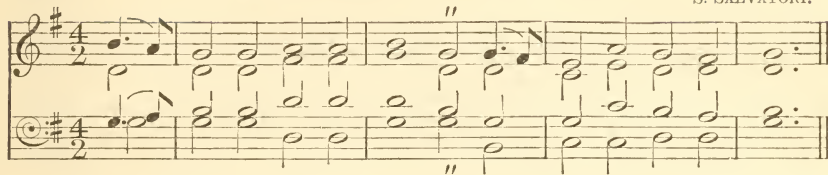
*ff* 4 Great King! gird on Thy sword;  
 Ascend Thy conquering car;  
 While justice, power and love  
 Maintain the glorious war:  
 This day let sinners own Thy sway,  
 And rebels cast their arms away.

T. COTTERILL.

763

## Endsleigh.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

S. SALVATORI.



*f* 1 O DAY of rest and gladness,  
 O day of joy and light,  
 O balm of care and sadness,  
 Most beautiful, most bright;  
 On thee, the high and lowly,  
 Through ages joined in tune,  
*p* Sing, 'holy, holy, holy,'  
 To the great God Triune!

*f* 2 On Thee, at the Creation,  
 The light first had its birth;  
 On Thee, for our salvation,  
 Christ rose from depths of earth;  
 On Thee our Lord victorious  
 The Spirit sent from heaven;  
 And thus on Thee most glorious  
 A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected  
 From storms that round us rise;  
 A garden intersected  
 With streams of Paradise:

Thou art a cooling fountain  
 In life's dry dreary sand;  
 From Thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
 We view our Promised Land.

*p* 4 To-day on weary nations  
 The heavenly manna falls;  
*f* To holy convocations  
 The silver trumpet calls,  
 Where Gospel-light is glowing  
 With pure and radiant beams;  
 And living water flowing  
 With soul-refreshing streams.

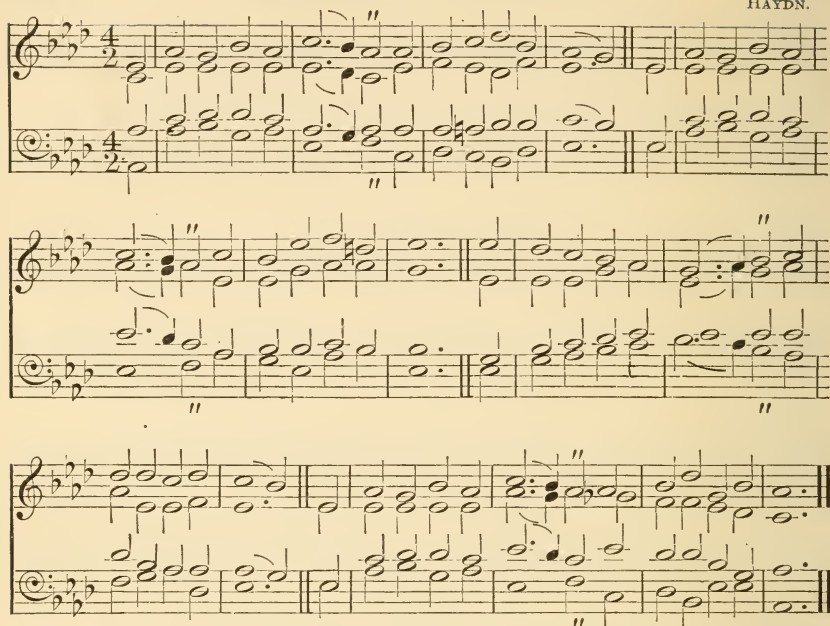
5 May we, new graces gaining  
 From this our day of rest,  
 Attain the rest remaining  
 To spirits of the blest,  
*f* And there our voice upraising,  
 To Father and to Son  
 And Holy Ghost, be praising  
 Ever the Three in One.

C. WORDSWORTH.

764

Bradford.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

HAYDN.



1 ANOTHER Sabbath ended,  
 Its peaceful hours all flown,  
 We come to close its worship,  
 O Lord, before Thy throne!  
 We bless Thee for this earnest  
 Of better rest above;  
 This token of Thy kindness,  
 This pledge of boundless love.

2 We would prolong its moments,  
 And linger yet awhile  
 Amid its closing shadows,  
 Illumined by Thy smile.  
 Our souls shall know no darkness  
 While we may look to Thee;  
 Our eyes shall ne'er grow weary  
 While we Thy face can see.

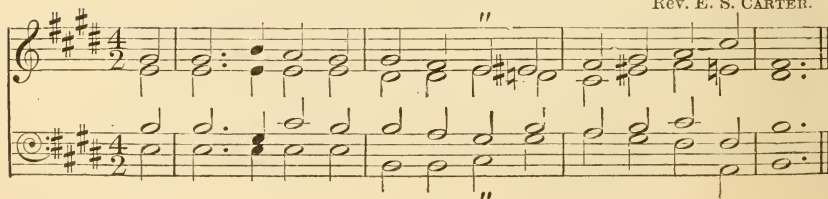
*f* 3 O Lord! again we bless Thee  
 For such a day as this:  
 So rich in ancient glories,  
 So bright with hopes of bliss.  
 O may we reach Thy perfect,  
 Thine endless day of rest;  
*p* Then lay our earth-worn spirits  
 Upon our Father's breast!

T. V. TYMMS.

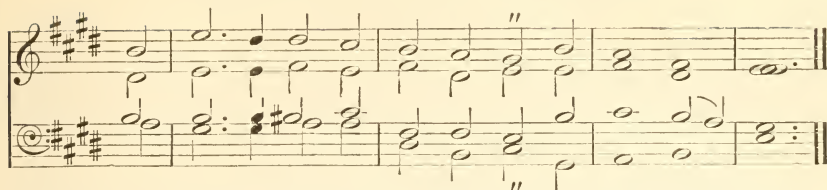
765

Wreford.—8 6.8 4.

REV. E. S. CARTER.







*f* 1 **H**AIL! sacred day of earthly rest,  
From toil and trouble free;  
Hail! quiet spirit, bringing peace  
And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm  
On all the world around,  
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,  
Where rest is found!

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,  
As weekly labours cease;  
No voice, but those that sweetly sing  
*p* Sweet songs of peace.

4 On all I think, or say, or do,  
A ray of light Divine  
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,  
For it is Thine!

*f* 5 From choir to battlement and tower  
The solemn anthem rolls,  
Ascending with the hidden fire  
Of ransomed souls.

*p* 6 All earthly things appear to fade,  
As, rising high and higher,  
The yearning voices strive to join  
The heavenly choir.

*f* 7 For those who sing with saints below  
Glad songs of heavenly love  
Shall sing, when songs on earth have  
With saints above. [ceased.]

*f* 8 Accept, O Lord, my hymn of praise,  
That Thou this day hast given,  
Sweet foretaste of that endless day  
Of rest in heaven! G. THRING.

766

Fides.—888.6.

H. DAWSON.



1 **T**HE Sabbath-day has reached its  
close;  
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,  
*p* Grant me the peace Thy love bestows:  
Smile on my evening hour.

2 O heavenly Comforter, sweet Guest,  
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;  
*p* Weary I come to Thee for rest;  
Smile on my evening hour.

3 Let not the Gospel seed remain  
Unfruitful, or be lost again!  
Let heavenly dews descend like rain:  
Smile on my evening hour.

4 O ever present, ever nigh,  
Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye,  
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh;  
Smile on my evening hour.

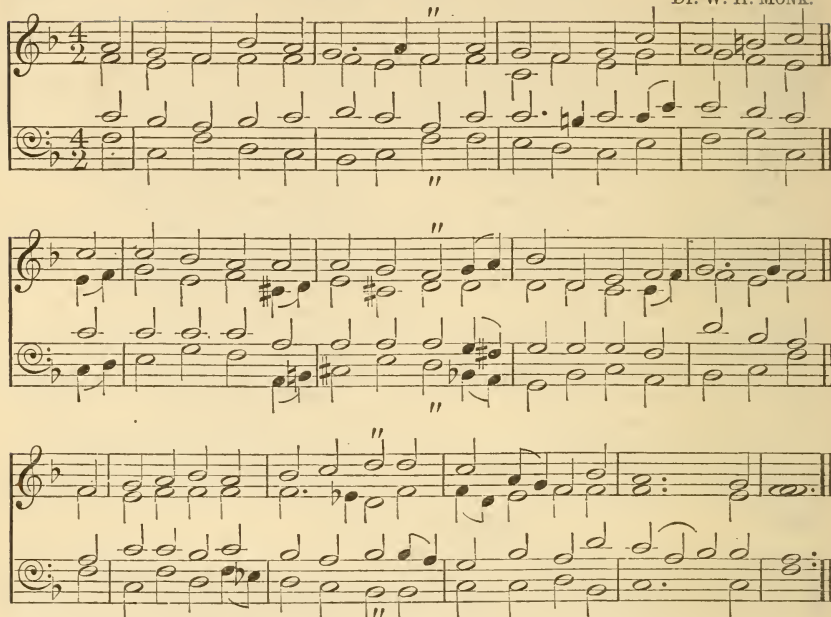
5 My only Intercessor Thou,  
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now  
With every prayer and every vow:  
Smile on my evening hour.  
*p* 6 And O! when life's short course shall  
end,  
And death's dark shades around impend,  
My God, my everlasting Friend,  
Smile on my evening hour!

C. ELLIOTT.

## 767

## St. Matthias.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

Dr. W. H. MONK.



1 SWEET Saviour ! bless us ere we go ;  
 Thy Word into our minds instil :  
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow ;  
 With lowly love and fervent will :  
*f* Through life's long day and death's  
 dark night,  
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

*p* 2 The day is done, its hours have run,  
 And Thou hast taken count of all—  
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
 The broken vow, the frequent fall :  
*f* Through life's long day and death's  
 dark night  
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
 True absolution and release ;  
 And bless us, more than in past days,  
 With purity and inward peace :  
*f* Through life's long day and death's  
 dark night,  
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

4 Do more than pardon, give us joy,  
*f* Sweet fear, and sober liberty,  
 And simple hearts without alloy  
 That only long to be like Thee :  
*f* Through life's long day and death's  
 dark night,  
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,  
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;  
*p* Let not our works with self be soiled,  
 Nor in unsimple ways ensnared :  
 Through life's long day and death's  
 dark night,  
 O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

*p* 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
 The sinful—unto Thee we call ;  
 O let Thy mercy make them glad :  
 Thou art our Jesus, and our all :  
*f* Through life's long day and death's  
 dark night,  
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

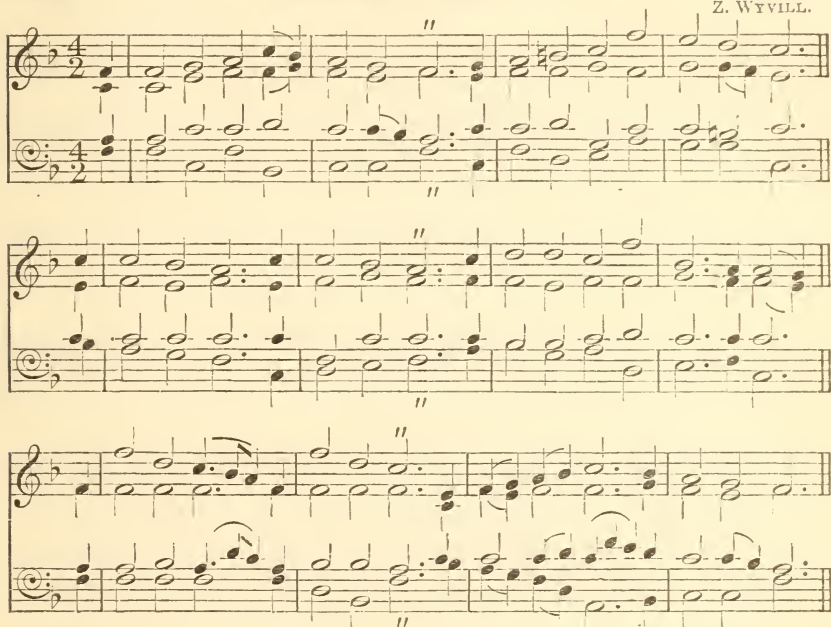
*p* 7 Sweet Saviour ! bless us ; night is come :  
 Thy holy Presence with us be :  
 Good angels watch about our home,  
 And we are one day nearer Thee ;  
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
 O gentle Jesus ! be our Light.

F. W. FABER.

768

Eaton.—8888.88.

Z. WYVILL.



1 GREAT God, this sacred day of Thine  
 Demands our souls' collected powers.  
 We would employ in works Divine  
 These solemn, these devoted hours:  
 Our willing hearts adoring own  
 The grace which calls us to Thy throne!

2 We bid life's cares and trifles fly,  
 And where Thou art appear no more;  
 Omniscient Lord, Thy piercing eye  
 Doth every secret thought explore:  
 O may Thy grace our hearts refine,  
 And fix our thoughts on things Divine!

3 The Word of Life, dispensed to-day,  
 Invites us to a heavenly feast;  
 May every ear the call obey,  
 Be every heart a humble guest:  
*f* O bid the wretched sons of need  
 On soul-reviving dainties feed!

4 Thy Spirit's gracious aid impart,  
 And let Thy Word, with power Divine,  
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart,  
 And make the day entirely Thine!  
*f* Thus may our souls adoring own  
 The grace which calls us to Thy throne!

A. STEELE.

## 769

## Pax Dei.—10 10.10 10.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



- f* 1 SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise  
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise:  
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,  
*p* Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
 That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,  
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife  
*v* Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflicts cease,  
*pp* Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace!

J. ELLERTON.



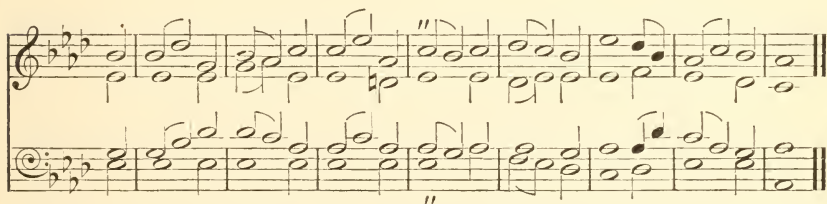
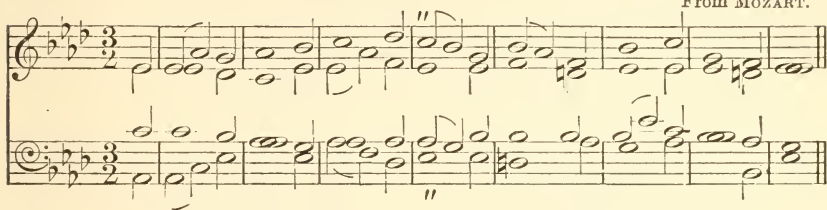
# CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS—PUBLIC WORSHIP.

601

770—771

Bavaria.—L.M.

From MOZART.



1 **O** THOU! Whom all Thy saints adore,  
We now with all Thy saints agree,  
p And bow our inmost souls before  
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

p 4 Tremble our hearts to find Thee nigh,  
To Thee our trembling hearts aspire;  
And, lo! we see descend from high  
The pillar and the flame of fire!

2 Thee, King of nations, we proclaim:  
Who would not our great Sovereign  
fear?  
We long to know Thy hidden Name,  
And now we come to meet Thee here.

5 Still let it on the assembly stay,  
And all the house with glory fill,  
To Canaan's bounds point out our way,  
And lead us to Thy Holy Hill.

3 We come, great God, to seek Thy face,  
And for Thy loving kindness wait;  
And O how dreadful is this place! [gate.  
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's

6 There let us all with Jesus stand,  
And join the general Church above,  
f And take our seats at Thy right hand,  
And sing Thine everlasting love.

C. WESLEY.

771

Bavaria.—L.M.

f 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings  
are!  
With strong desire my spirit faints,  
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

4 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of Thy grace;  
There they behold Thy gentler rays,  
And seek Thy face and learn Thy ways.

2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God;  
My God, my King, why should I be  
So far from all my joys and Thee.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the ways to Zion's gate;  
God is their Strength, and through the  
road  
They lean upon their Helper, God.

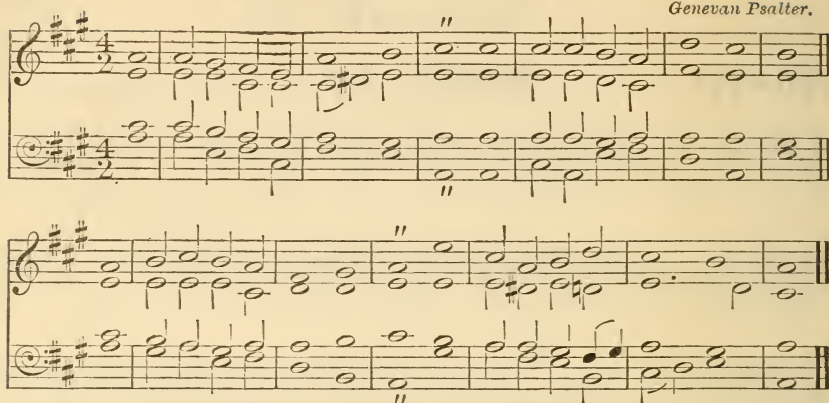
3 Blest are the saints who dwell on high  
Around Thy throne of Majesty;  
Who ever shine like stars above,  
f And all their work is praise and love.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;  
Till all before Thy face appear,  
f And join in nobler worship there.

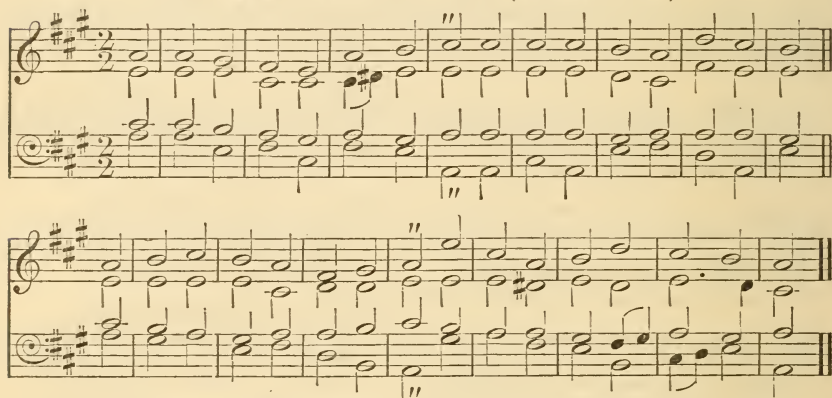
I. WATTS.

## 772 Old Hundredth.—L.M. (Original Form).

Genevan Psalter.



## Old Hundredth.—L.M. (Modern Form).



*f* 1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make;  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

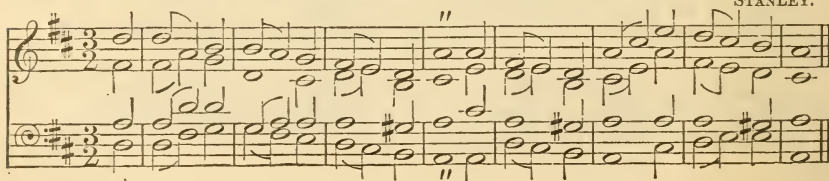
*ff* 3 O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

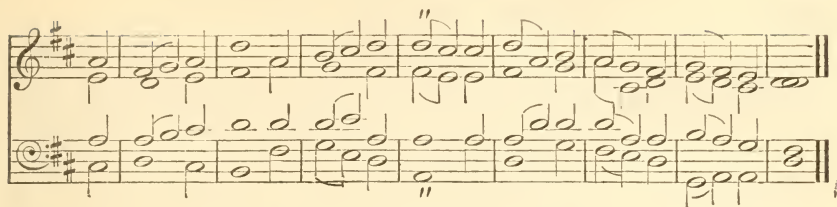
*f* 4 For why? the Lord our God is good;  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

W. KETHE.

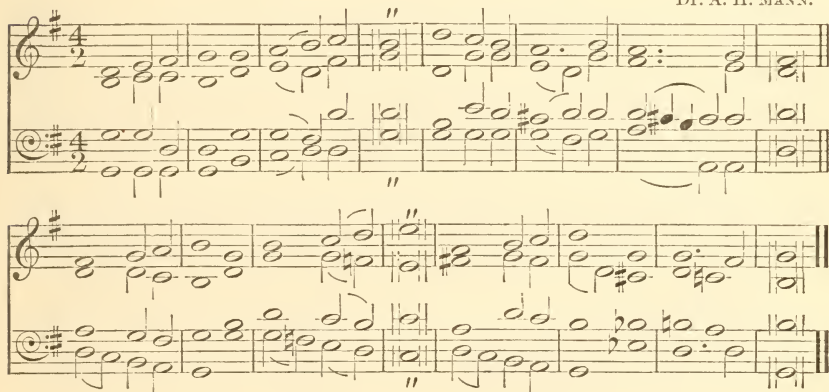
## 773—774 Montgomery (1st Tune).—L.M.

STANLEY.



**Lasus** (2nd Tune).—L.M.

Dr. A. H. MANN.



1 JESUS! where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat :  
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind ;  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And, going, take Thee to their home

3 Kind Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew :

Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;  
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make all hearts, O Lord, Thine own !

W. COWPER.

774

**Montgomery or Lasus.**—L.M.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the mercy-seat !  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer  
But wishes to be often there ?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud with-  
draw ;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight :  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour  
bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread  
wide  
Success was found on Israel's side ;  
But when through weariness they  
failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have we no words ? ah ! think again !  
Words flow apace when we complain,  
And fill our fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all our care.

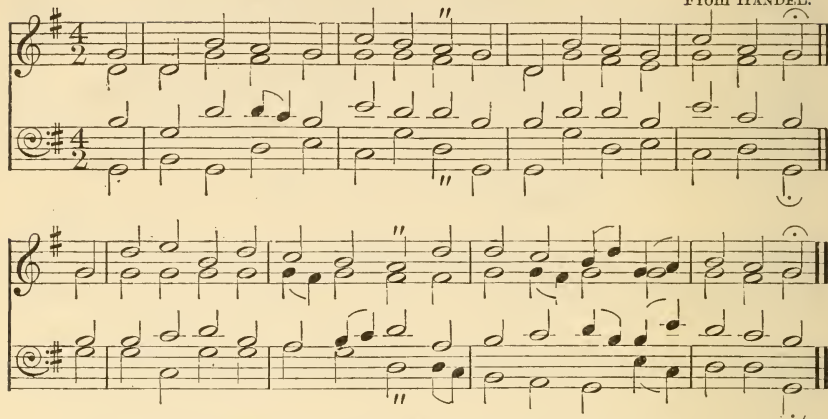
6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
' Hear what the Lord hath done for me

W. COWPER

## 775

## Fertile Plains.—L.M.

From HANDEL.



*f*1 O THOU, to Whom in ancient time  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung  
Whom kings adored in song sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing  
tongue!

*f*2 Not now on Zion's height alone  
The favoured worshipper may dwell;  
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

*f*3 From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To Thee shall age with snowy hair,  
And strength, and beauty, bend the  
knee,  
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

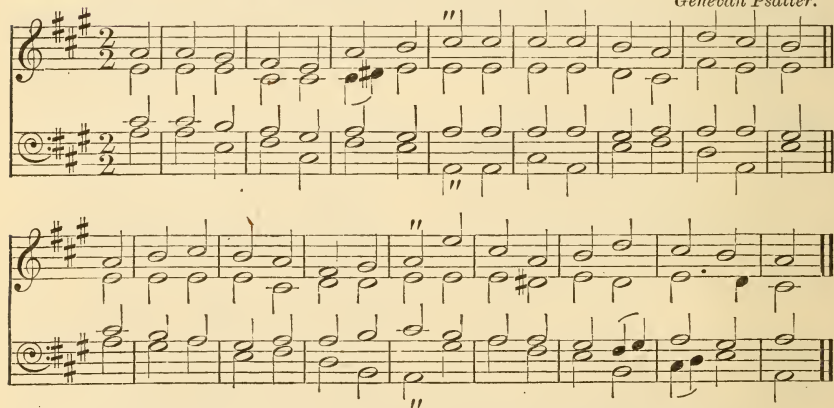
*f*5 O Thou to whom in ancient time  
The lyre of prophet bards was strung!  
To Thee at last in every clime  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

J. PIERPOINT.

## 776

## Old Hundredth.—L.M.

Genevan Psalter.



*f*1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

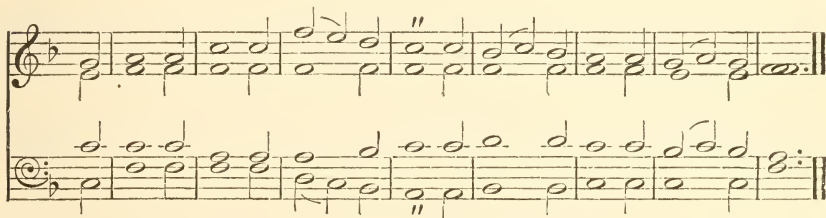
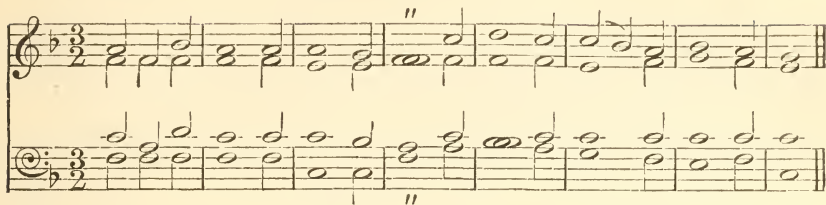
*f*2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends Thy Word; [shore,  
*ff* Thy praise shall sound from shore to  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

I. WATTS.



777—778

Blockley.—L.M.



1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a safe retreat :  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness o'er our heads ;  
p A place, than all beside more sweet :  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
And friend holds fellowship with friend ;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah ! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed ;  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

5 There, there on eagle-wings we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more ;  
f And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

H. STOWELL.

778

Blockley.—L.M.

1 COMMAND Thy blessing from above,  
O God ! on all assembled here ;  
Behold us with a Father's love,  
p While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord !  
May we Thy true disciples be ;  
Speak to each heart the mighty word,  
Say to the weakest—' Follow Me.'

3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,  
Spirit of truth ! and fill this place  
With wounding and with healing power,  
With quickening and renewing grace.

4 O Thou our Maker, Saviour, Guide !  
One true eternal God confessed,  
Whom Thou hast joined, may none  
divide :  
None dare to curse whom Thou hast  
blest.

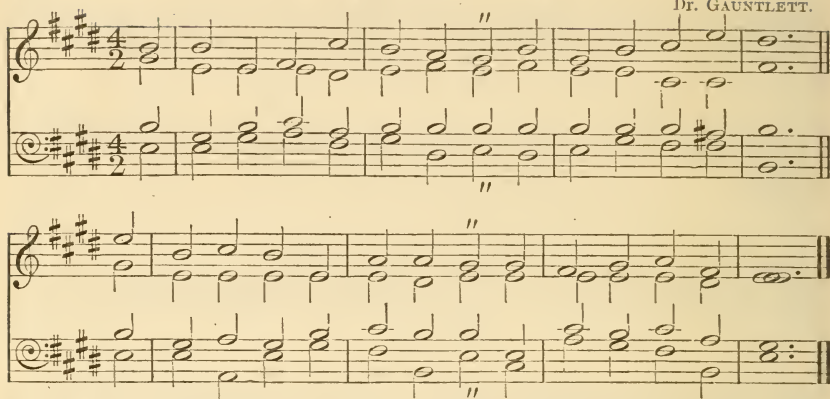
5 With Thee and Thine for ever found,  
May all the souls who here unite,  
f With harps and songs Thy throne sur-  
round,  
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 779

## St. Fulbert.—C.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



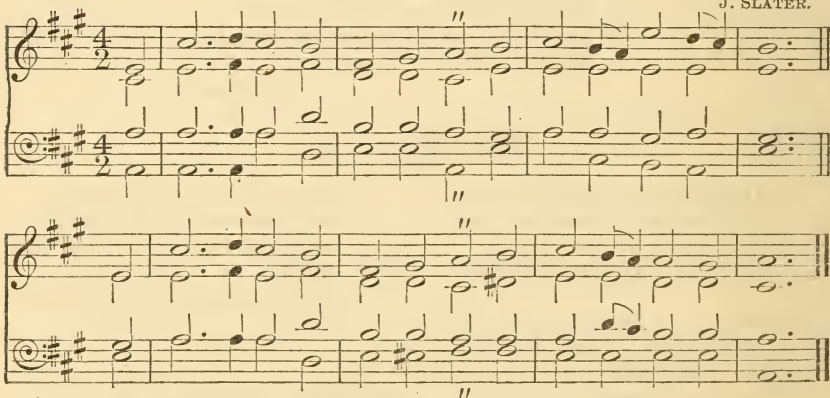
- f* 1 SING we the song of those who stand  
 Around the eternal throne,  
 Of every kindred, clime, and land,  
 A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;  
 To-day the young, the old,  
 Our Saviour and His flock appear,  
 One Shepherd and one fold.
- p* 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await  
 On earth the pilgrim-throng,  
 Yet learn we in our low estate  
 The Church-triumphant's song.
- f* 4 'Worthy the Lamb,' for sinners slain!  
 Cry the redeemed above,  
 'Blessing and honour to obtain,  
 And everlasting love.'
- f* 5 'Worthy the Lamb!' on earth we sing,  
 'Who died our souls to save,  
 Henceforth, O death! where is Thy  
 Thy victory, O grave?' [sting?]
- f* 6 Then hallelujah! power and praise  
 To God in Christ be given;  
 May all who now this anthem raise  
 Renew the strain in heaven!

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 780

## Eastwood.—C.M.

J. SLATER.



[For a Week-day Service.]

- 1 BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space  
 From daily tasks set free,  
 And met within Thy holy place,  
 To rest awhile with Thee.
- 2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide  
 Of business, toil, and care,  
 And scarcely can we turn aside  
 For one brief hour of prayer.

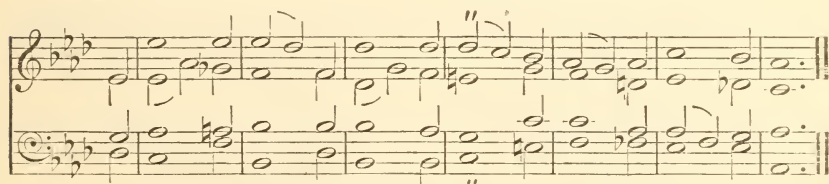
- 3 Yet these are not the only walls  
Wherein Thou may'st be sought ;  
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,  
In truth and patience wrought.
- f* 4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,  
The wealth of land and sea ;  
The worlds of science and of art,  
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

- 5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth,  
In all we do and know ;  
And claim the kingdom of the earth  
For Thee, and not Thy foe.
- 6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought  
As Thou wouldst have it done ;  
And prayer, by Thee inspired and  
Itself with work be one. [taught,  
J. ELLERTON.

781—782

Lewis.—C.M.

H. T. LEWIS, Mus. Bac.



- p* 1 **ORD**, when we bend before Thy  
And our confessions pour, [throne,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

- 3 When our responsive tongues essay  
Their grateful hymns to raise,  
Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
And mount to Thee in praise.

- 2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see,  
And penitence impart ;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign,  
And not a thought our bosoms share,  
That is not wholly Thine.

- p* 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies ;  
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still  
That grants it, or denies.

J. D. CARLYLE.

782

Lewis.—C.M.

- 1 **WHILE** Thee I seek, protecting  
Be my vain wishes stilled ! [Power,  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.

- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
*f* My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

- 2 Thy love the powers of thought be-  
stowed,  
To Thee my thoughts would soar ;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,  
*p* That mercy I adore.

- 5 When gladness wings my favoured  
hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
*p* Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower  
My soul shall meet Thy will.

- 3 In each event of life how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see ;  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by Thea.

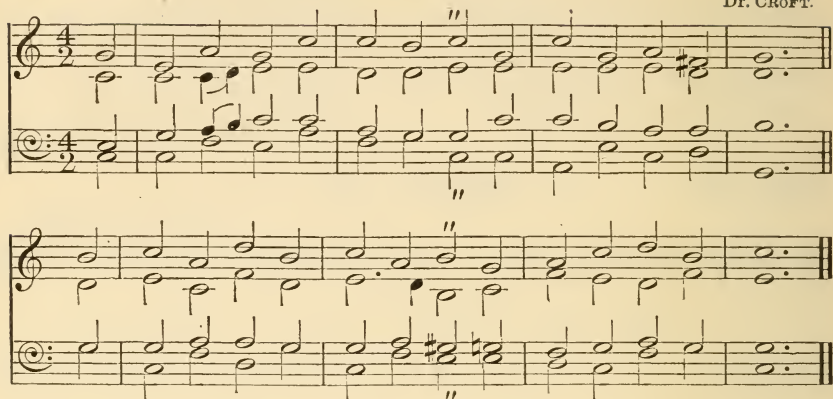
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The lowering storm shall see ;  
*f* My steadfast heart shall know no fear—  
That heart at rest in Thee.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

## 783

## St. Ann.—C.M.

Dr. Croft.



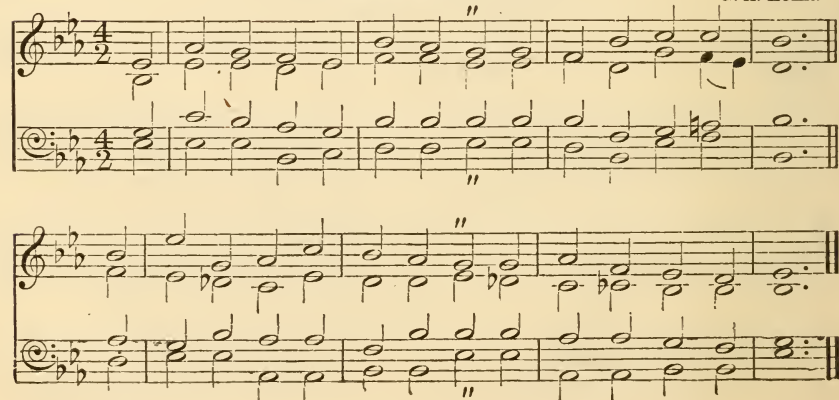
- 1 **T**HOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes  
Our inmost thoughts perceive,  
Accept the evening sacrifice  
Which now to Thee we give.
- p* 2 We bow before Thy gracious throne,  
And think ourselves sincere;  
But show us, Lord, is every one  
Thy real worshipper?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows Thee not,  
Nor feels his want of Thee?  
A stranger to the blood which bought  
His pardon on the tree?
- A** 4 Convince him now of unbelief,  
His desperate state explain;  
And fill his heart with sacred grief,  
And penitential pain.
- A** 5 Speak with that voice which wakes the  
And bid the sleeper rise! [dead,  
*p* And bid his guilty conscience dread  
The death that never dies.
- A** 6 Extort the cry, 'What must be done  
To save a wretch like me?  
How shall a trembling sinner shun  
That endless misery?
- f* 7 'I must this instant now begin  
Out of my sleep to awake;  
And turn to God, and every sin  
Continually forsake:
- f* 8 'I must for faith incessant cry,  
And wrestle, Lord, with Thee:  
I must be born again, or die  
To all eternity.'

C. WESLEY.

## 784

## St. Frances.—C.M.

G. A. LÖHR.





*f* 1 NOT unto us, but Thee, O Lord,  
Be praise and glory given,  
For every gracious thought and word  
Which brings us nearer heaven!

2 Thy saints are in Thy faithful hand,  
Secure beneath Thine eye;  
And safe, at last, they all shall stand  
Before Thy throne on high.

3 Redeemed from sin, and saved by grace  
Thy glory they shall see;  
And eye to eye, and face to face,  
For ever dwell with Thee

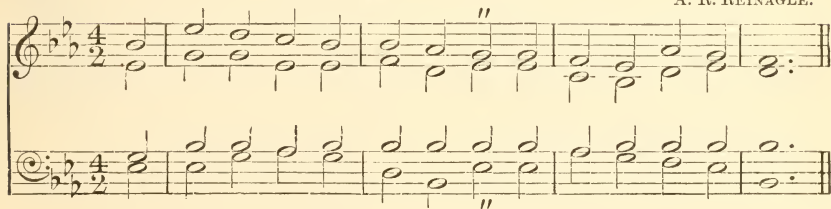
*f* 4 O hasten, Lord, the glorious day:  
Call all Thy children home;  
Teach us, with humble hope, to say,  
'Lord Jesus, quickly come!'

T. COTTERILL.

785

St. Peter.—C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



1 A THOUSAND oracles divine  
Their common beams unite,  
That sinners may with angels join  
To worship God aright.

*f* 2 To praise a Trinity adored  
By all the hosts above,  
And one thrice-holy God and Lord,  
Through endless ages love.

*f* 3 Triumphant host! they never cease  
To laud and magnify  
The Triune God of holiness  
Whose glory fills the sky.

*f* 4 Whose glory to this earth extends,  
When God Himself imparts,  
And the whole Trinity descends  
Into our faithful hearts.

5 By faith the upper choir we meet,  
And challenge them to sing  
Jehovah on His shining seat,  
Our Maker and our King.

6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,  
And asks our nobler strain;  
The Father of celestial powers,  
The Friend of earth-born man!

7 Ye seraphs nearest to the throne,  
With rapturous amaze  
On us, poor ransomed worms, look down  
For heaven's superior praise.

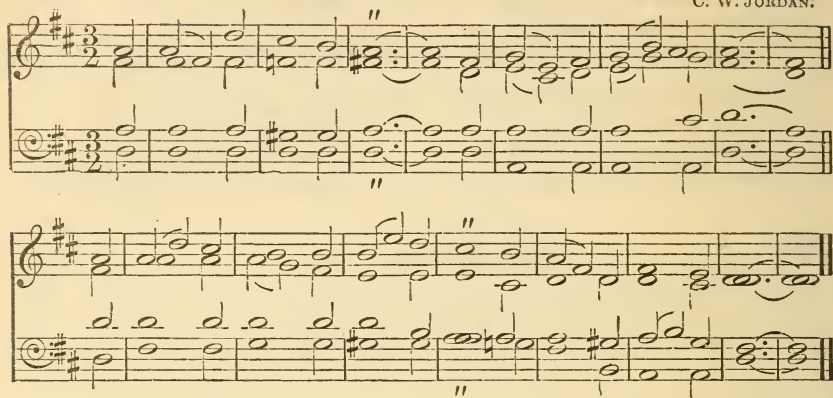
*f* 8 The King, whose glorious face ye see,  
For us His crown resigned;  
That fulness of the Deity,  
He died for all mankind!

C. WESLEY.

## 786—787

## Rhodes.—S.M.

C. W. JORDAN.



*f* 1 GLAD was my heart to hear  
My old companions say—  
'Come, in the house of God appear,  
For 'tis a holy day.'

2 Our willing feet shall stand  
Within the temple door;  
While young and old, in many a band,  
Shall throng the sacred floor.

3 Thither the tribes repair,  
Where all are wont to meet,  
And joyful in the house of prayer  
Bend at the mercy-seat.

4 Pray for Jerusalem,  
The city of our God;  
The Lord from heaven be kind to them  
That love the dear abode.

*p* 5 Within these walls may peace  
And harmony be found;  
Zion in all Thy palaces,  
Prosperity abound!

6 For friends and brethren dear,  
Our prayer shall never cease;  
Oft as they meet for worship here,  
God send His people peace!

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 787

## Rhodes.—S.M.

*f* 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice?  
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
*p* Who would not fear His holy name,  
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 There, with benign regard,  
Our hymns He deigns to hear:  
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,  
Our spirits feel Him near.

*f* 5 God is our strength and song,  
And His salvation ours;  
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.

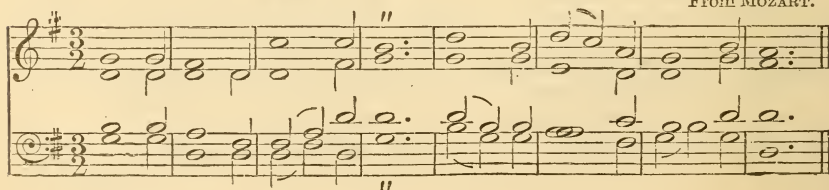
*ff* 6 Stand up and bless the Lord,  
The Lord your God adore;  
Stand up and bless His glorious name,  
Henceforth for evermore.

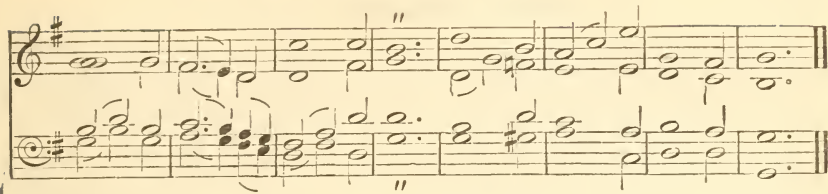
J. MONTGOMERY.

## 788

## Nottingham.—7 7 7 7.

FROM MOZART.





*f* 1 TO Thy temple I repair;  
 Lord, I love to worship there,  
 When within the veil I meet  
 Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 Thou, through Him, art reconciled;  
 I through Him become Thy child;  
 Abba, Father! give me grace,  
 In Thy courts to seek Thy face.

*f* 3 While Thy glorious praise is sung,  
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,  
 That my joyful soul my bless  
 Thee, the Lord my righteousness.

4 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
 God of love, to mine attend;  
 Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads,  
*p* Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

5 While I hearken to Thy law,  
 Fill my soul with humble awe,  
 Till Thy gospel bring to me  
 Life and immortality.

6 While Thy ministers proclaim  
 Peace and pardon in Thy name,  
 Through their voice, by faith may I  
 Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

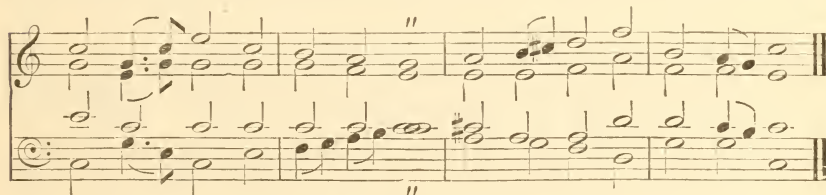
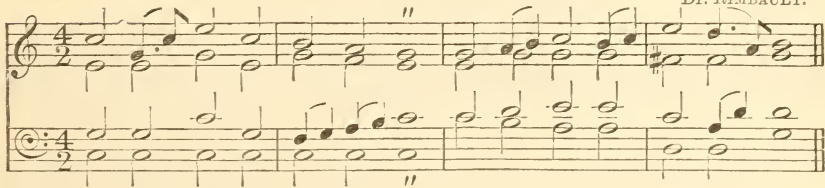
7 From Thy house when I return,  
 May my heart within me burn,  
 And at evening let me say,  
*p* I have walked with God to-day.

J. MONTGOMERY.

785

Clarion.—77.77.

DR. RIMEAULT.



*f* 1 PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,  
 Saints within His courts below,  
 Angels round His throne above,  
 All that see and share His love.

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,  
 Tell His wonders, sing His worth;  
 Age to age, and shore to shore,  
*ff* Praise Him, praise Him evermore!

*f* 3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;  
 Praise His providence and grace,  
 All that He for man hath done,  
 All He sends us through His Son:

*f* 4 Lift your voices, raise your hearts,  
 In the concert bear your parts;  
 All that breathe, your Lord adore,  
*ff* Praise Him, praise Him evermore!

H. F. LYLA.

## 790

## Quam Dilecta.—6 6 6 6.

Bishop JENNER.



1 WE love the place, O God,  
Wherein Thine honour dwells!  
*f* The joy of Thine abode  
All earthly joy excels.

2 We love the house of prayer,  
Wherein Thy servants meet;  
And Thou, O Lord, art there,  
Thy chosen ones to greet.

*p* 3 We love the Word of Life,  
The word that tells of peace,

Of comfort in the strife,  
And joys that never cease.

4 We love to sing below  
For mercies freely given;  
But O! we long to know  
The triumph-song of heaven.

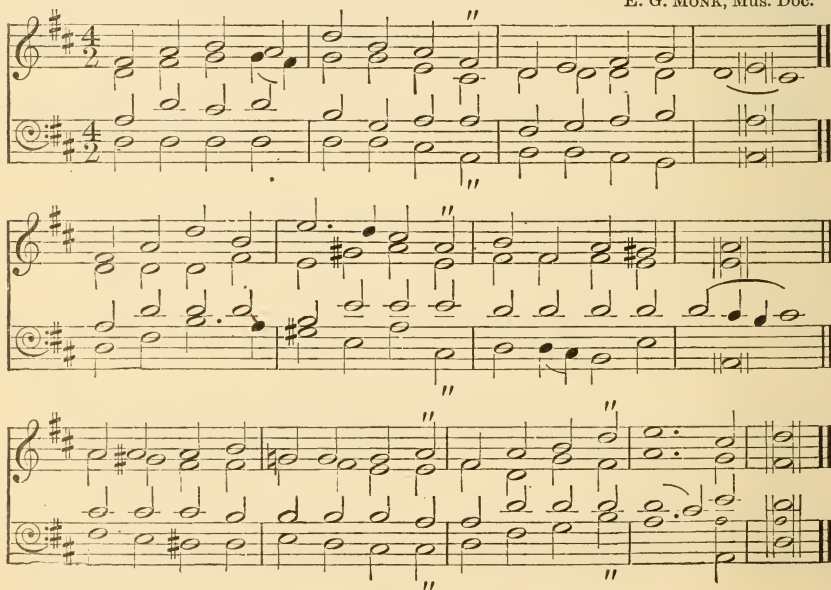
5 Lord Jesus, give us grace  
On earth to love Thee more,  
*f* In heaven to see Thy face,  
And with Thy saints adore.

W. BULLOCK.

## 791

## \* Angel Voices.—8 5.8 5.8 4 3.

E. G. MONK, Mus. Doc.



\* See also Tune No. 1094 in the Appendix.



*f* 1 ANGEL-voices ever singing  
 Round Thy throne of light,  
 Angel-harps for ever ringing,  
 Rest not day nor night;  
 Thousands only live to bless Thee,  
 And confess Thee  
 Lord of might!

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest  
 Mortal eye can scan,  
 Can it be that Thou regardest  
 Songs of sinful man?  
 Can we know that Thou art near us,  
 And wilt hear us?  
 Yea! we can.

3 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest  
 O'er each work of Thine;  
 Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices  
 For Thy praise combine:  
 Craftsman's art and music's measure  
 For Thy pleasure  
 Didst design.

4 In Thy house, great God, we offer  
 Of Thine own to Thee,  
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,  
 All unworthily,  
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,  
 In our choicest  
 Melody.

*f* 5 Honour, glory, might, and merit,  
 Thine shall ever be,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
 Blessed Trinity!  
 Of the best that Thou hast given,  
 Earth and heaven  
 Render Thee!

F. POTT.

792

Drayton.—8 8 6.8 8 6.

Moravian.



*f* 1 THE festal morn, my God, is come,  
 That calls me to Thy honoured  
 Thy presence to adore; [home,  
 My feet the summons shall attend,  
 With willing steps Thy courts ascend,  
 And tread the hallowed floor.

*f* 2 Hither from Judah's utmost end,  
 The heaven-protected tribes ascend,  
 Their offerings hither bring;  
 Here, eager to attest their joy, [ploy,  
 In hymns of praise their tongues em-  
 And serve the immortal King.

3 Be peace by each implored on thee.  
 O Zion, while, with bended knee,  
 To Jacob's God we pray;  
 How blest, who calls himself Thy friend!  
 Success his labour shall attend,  
 And safety guard his way.

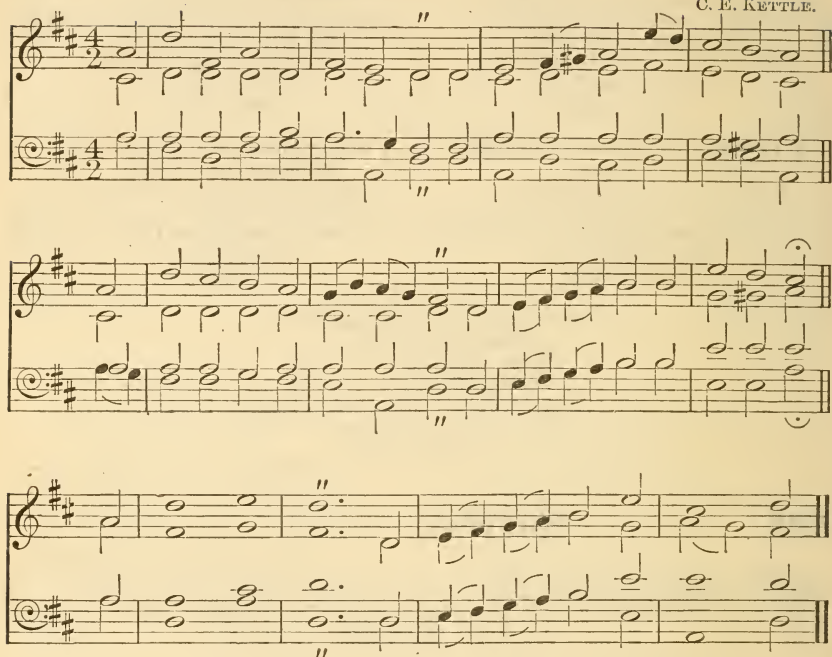
4 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!  
 How can my tongue, O Zion, fail  
 To bless Thy loved abode!  
*f* How cease the zeal that in me glows,  
 Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose  
 The mansions of my God!

J. MERRICK.

793

Hosanna.—8 8.8 8.4 7.

C. E. KETTLE.



1 **H**OSANNA to the living Lord !  
 Hosanna to the Incarnate Word !  
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
 Let earth, let heaven, 'Hosanna' sing.  
*f* Hosanna, Lord !  
 Hosanna in the highest !

2 'Hosanna, Lord !' Thine angels cry,  
 'Hosanna, Lord !' Thy saints reply ;  
 Above, beneath us, all around,  
 The dead and living swell the sound.  
*f* Hosanna, Lord !  
 Hosanna in the highest !

3 O Saviour ! with protecting care,  
 Return to this Thy house of prayer :  
 Assembled in Thy sacred Name,  
 Here we Thy parting promise claim.  
*f* Hosanna, Lord !  
 Hosanna in the highest !

p 4 But chief in every cleansèd breast,  
 Eternal ! bid Thy Spirit rest ;  
 And make our secret soul to be  
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee.  
*f* Hosanna, Lord !  
 Hosanna in the highest !

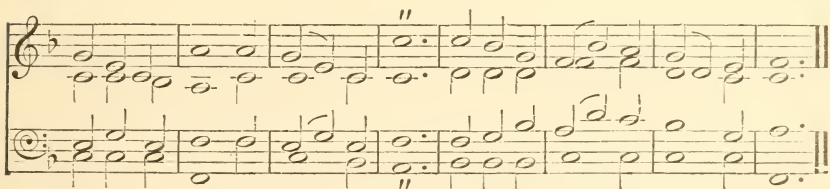
5 So, in the last and dreadful day,  
 When earth and heaven shall pass away,  
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.  
*ff* Hosanna, Lord !  
 Hosanna in the highest !

R. HEBER.

794

## Pater Omñium.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

H. J. E. HOLMES.



*p* <sup>1</sup> **L**O! God is here; let us adore,  
 And own how dreadful is this place!  
 Let all within us feel His power,  
 And silent bow before His face;  
 Who know His power, His grace who prove?  
*p* Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

*f* <sup>2</sup> **L**o! God is here; Him day and night  
 The united choirs of angels sing;  
 To Him, enthroned above all height,  
 Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;  
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
 Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

*f* <sup>3</sup> Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
 Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone;  
 To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;  
 O take, O seal them for Thine own!  
 Thou art the God, Thou art the Lord;  
 Be Thou by all Thy works adored!

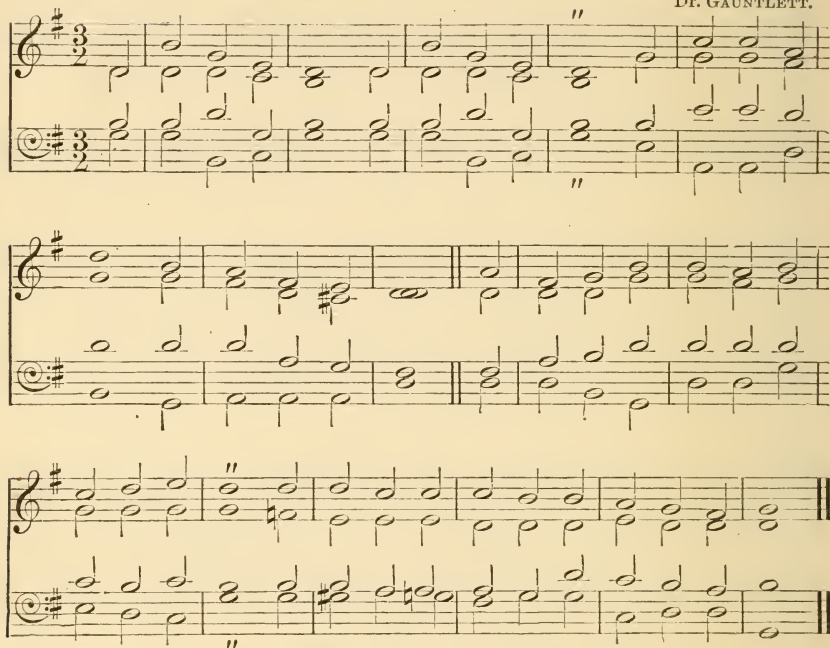
*f* <sup>4</sup> Being of beings! may our praise  
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;  
 Still may we stand before Thy face,  
 Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;  
 To Thee may all our thoughts arise,  
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

G. TERSTEEGEN, *trs.* by J. WESLEY.

## 795

## Thoughton.—10 10.11 11.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



*f* 1 YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
 And publish abroad His wonderful Name,  
 The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;  
 His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

*f* 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;  
 And still He is nigh, His presence we have:  
 The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 'Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,'  
 Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son!  
 Our Jesus's praises the angels proclaim,  
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

*f* 4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,  
 All glory and power, and wisdom, and might,  
 All honour and blessing, with angels above  
 And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.

*f* 5 O Jesus! lead on Thy militant care,  
 And give us the crown of righteousness there;  
 Where dazzled with glory the seraphim gaze,  
*p* Or prostrate adore Thee in silence of praise.

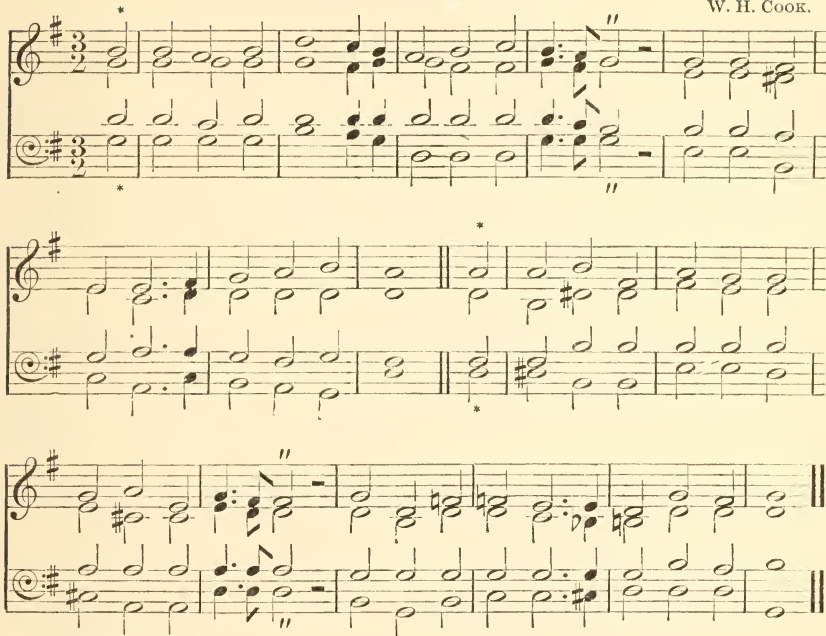
C. WESLEY.



796

## Sanctissimus.—12 10.12 10.

W. H. COOK.



*f* 1 O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness !  
 Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;  
 With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,  
 Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name !

*p* 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,  
 High on His heart He will bear it for thee,  
 Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,  
 Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness  
 Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine :  
 Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness—  
 These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

*p* 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,  
 He will accept for the Name that is dear ;  
 Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,  
 Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

*f* 5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness !  
 Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;  
 With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,  
 Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name !

J. S. B. MONSELL.

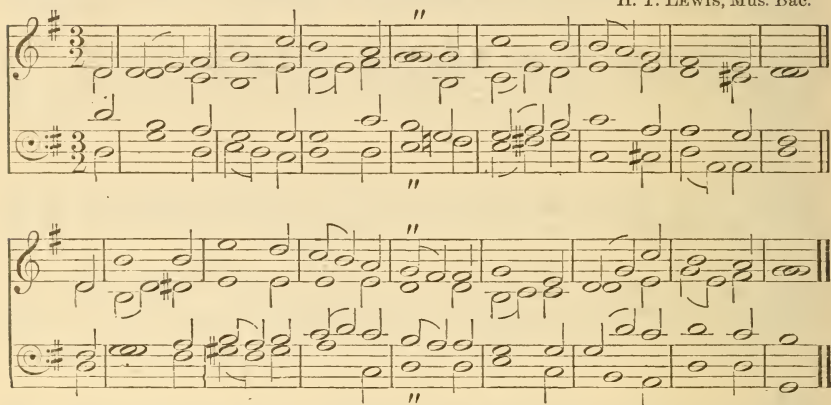
\* This chord is for the first and last verses only

# CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS—FAMILY AND PRIVATE DEVOTION.

797

St. Fillans.—L.M.

H. T. LEWIS, Mus. Bac.



1 SAVIOUR of them that trust in Thee,  
Once more, with supplicating cries,  
*p* We lift the heart and bend the knee,  
And bid devotion's incense rise.

2 For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,  
The fruits of earth, the hopes of  
heaven;  
Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,  
And answered prayers, and sins for-  
given.

*p* 3 Where'er we tread on danger's height,  
Or walk temptation's slippery way,  
Be still, to steer our steps aright,  
Thy word our guide, Thine arm our  
stay.

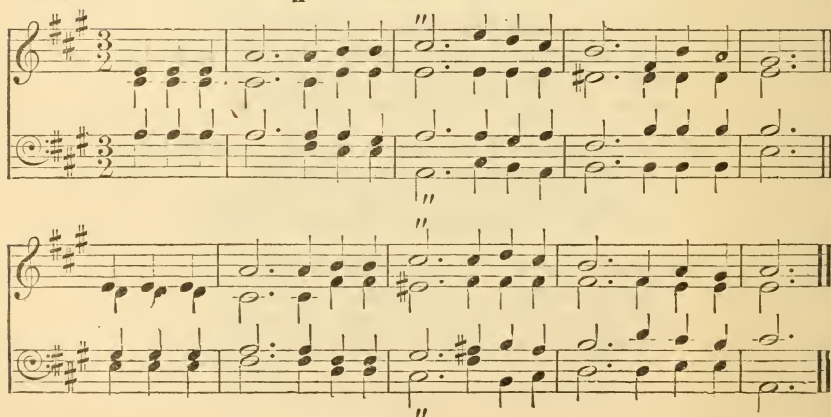
4 Be ours Thy fear and favour still,  
United hearts, unchanging love;  
No scheme that contradicts Thy will,  
No wish that centres not above.

*p* 5 And since we must be parted here,  
Support us when the hour shall come;  
Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,  
Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

H. ALFORD.

798

Portobello.—L.M.



1 IN this glad hour, when children meet,  
And home with them their children bring,  
f Our hearts with one affection beat,  
One song of praise our voices sing.

2 For all the faithful, loved and dear,  
Whom Thou so kindly, Lord, hast given,  
For those who still are with us here,  
And those who wait for us in heaven—

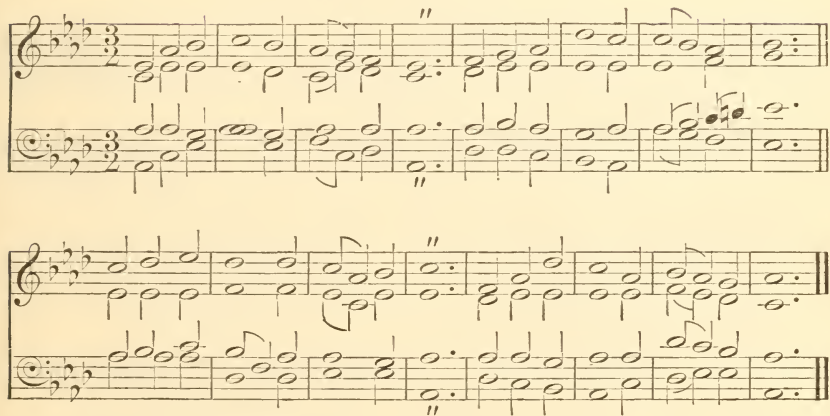
3 For every past and present joy,  
For honour, competence, and health,  
For hopes which time may not destroy,  
Our soul's imperishable wealth—

4 For all, accept our humble praise;  
Still bless us, Father, by Thy love;  
And when are closed our mortal days,  
f Unite us in one home above.

II. WARE.

799

Winder.—L.M.



1 FATHER of all, Thy care we bless,  
Which crowns our family with peace;  
From Thee we come; O by Thy hand  
Make us a holy, happy band.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,  
Be our domestic altar raised;  
Who, Lord of heaven, yet deigns to come,  
And sanctify our humble home.

3 To Thee may our united house  
Morning and night present its vows;  
Our servants and our rising race,  
Be taught Thy precepts and Thy grace.

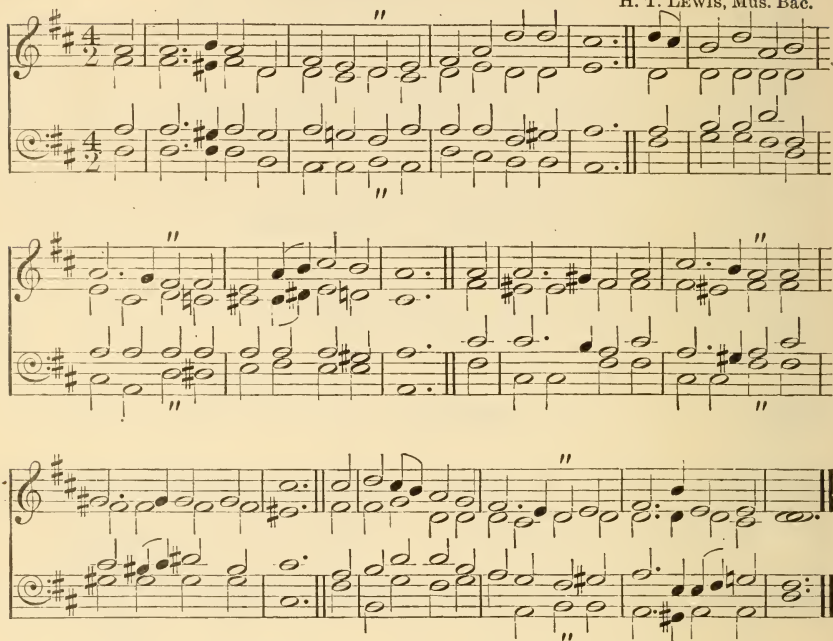
4 So may each future age proclaim  
The honours of Thy glorious name;  
f And each succeeding race remove  
To join the family above.

P. DODDRIDGE.

## 800

## Glasgow.—C.M.D.

H. T. LEWIS, Mus. Bac.



1 THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts ! this  
 Around Thine altar meet : [day  
 And tens of thousands throng to pay  
 Their homage at Thy feet.  
 They see Thy power and glory there,  
 As I have seen them too ;  
 They read, they hear, they join in  
 As I was wont to do. [prayer,

2 They sing Thy deeds, as I have sung,  
 In sweet and solemn lays ;  
 Were I among them, my glad tongue  
 Might learn new themes of praise :  
 For Thou art in their midst to teach,  
 When on Thy name they call ;  
 And Thou hast blessings, Lord, for  
 Hast blessings, Lord, for all. [each,

p 3 I, of such fellowship bereft,  
 In spirit turn to Thee ;  
 O hast Thou not a blessing left,  
 A blessing, Lord, for me ?

The dew lies thick upon the ground ;  
 Shall my poor fleece be dry ?  
 The manna rains from heaven around ;  
 p Shall I of hunger die ?

4 Behold Thy prisoner—loose my bands,  
 If 'tis Thy gracious will ;  
 p If not, contented in Thy hands,  
 Behold Thy prisoner still !  
 I may not to Thy courts repair,  
 Yet here Thou surely art ;  
 V Lord, consecrate a house of prayer  
 In my surrendered heart.

5 To faith reveal the things unseen ;  
 To hope the joys untold :  
 Let love, without a veil between,  
 Thy glory now behold.  
 O make Thy face on me to shine,  
 That doubt and fear may cease ;  
 V Lift up Thy countenance benign  
 On me—and give me peace !

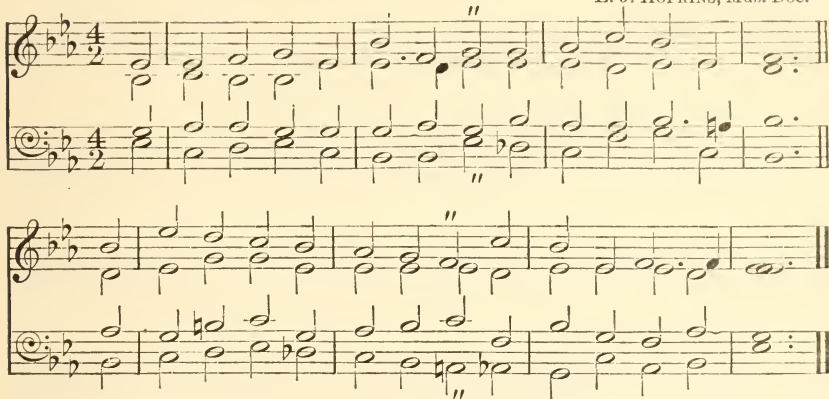
J. MONTGOMERY.



801

## St. Hugh (1st Tune).—C.M.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



## Andover (2nd Tune).—C.M.

W. G. W. GOODWORTH.



*p* 1 WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward and attend  
The whispers of His love ;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above ;

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down ;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace Divine  
My sins on Jesus laid ;  
*p* Sweet to remember that His blood  
My debt of sufferings paid.

5 Sweet in His righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death ;  
Sweet to experience day by day  
His Spirit's quickening breath :

6 Sweet in the confidence of faith  
To trust His firm decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in His hand,  
And know no will but His :

7 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope  
That, when my change shall come,  
Angels will hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.

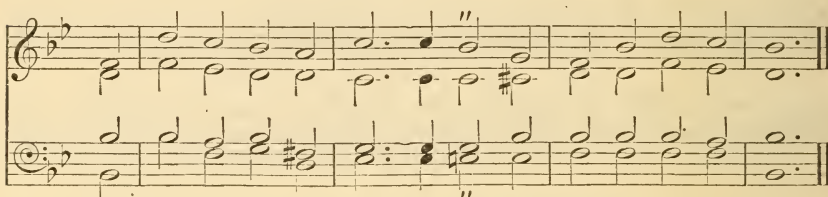
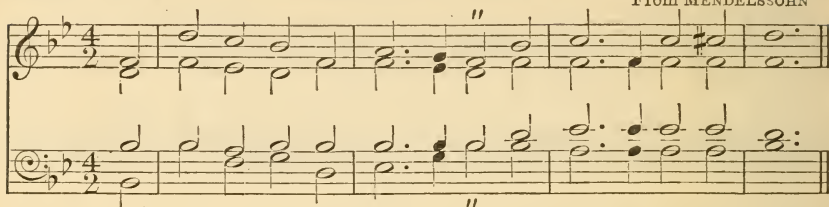
8 If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from Thee ?

A. M. TOPLADY.

## 802—803

Thorner.—C.M.

FROM MENDELSSOHN



1 **O** LORD, another day is flown ;  
And we, a lonely band,  
Are met once more before Thy throne,  
To bless Thy fostering hand.

*p* 2 And wilt Thou bend a listening ear,  
To praises low as ours ?  
Thou wilt ! for Thou dost love to hear  
The song which meekness pours.

3 And Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign,  
As we before Thee pray ;  
For Thou didst bless the infant train,  
And are we less than they ?

4 O let Thy grace perform its part,  
And let contention cease ;  
And shed abroad in every heart  
*p* Thine everlasting peace !

*p* 5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine  
A flock by Jesus led,  
The Sun of holiness shall shine  
In glory on our head.

6 And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,  
And Thou wilt bless our way,  
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet  
The dawn of lasting day !

H. K. WHITE.

## 803

Thorner.—C.M.

1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee ;  
From strife and tumult far !  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.

*p* 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree ;  
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow Thee.

3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God.

4 Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet Source of light divine !  
And—all harmonious names in one—  
My Saviour, Thou art mine !

*f* 5 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love !  
A boundless, endless store  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
When time shall be no more.

W. COWPER.

## 804—805

## Doncaster.—S.M.

S. WESLEY.



1 STILL with Thee, O my God,  
I would desire to be;  
By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee, when day comes in,  
And calls me back to care;  
Each day returning, to begin  
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee, amid the crowd  
That throngs the busy mart;  
To hear Thy voice 'mid clamour loud,  
*p* Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee, when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind;  
The setting, as the rising sun,  
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee, when darkness brings  
The signal of repose!  
*p* Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,  
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith  
Abiding I would be;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with Thee.

J. D. BURNS.

## 805

## Doncaster.—S.M.

1 IN all my ways, O God,  
I would acknowledge Thee,  
And seek to keep my heart and house  
From all pollution free.

2 Where'er I have a tent,  
An altar I would raise!  
And thither my oblations bring,  
Of humble prayer and praise.

3 Could I my wish obtain,  
My household, Lord, should be  
Devoted to Thyself alone,  
A dwelling-place for Thee,

L. BEDDOME.

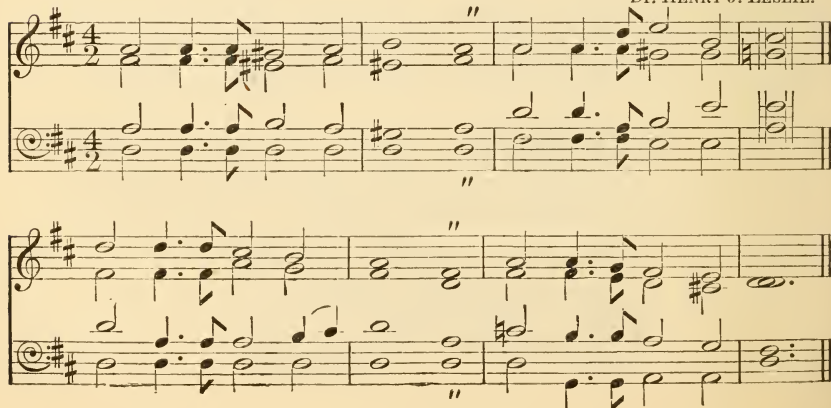
## 806 Supplication (1st Tune).—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

From HAYDN.

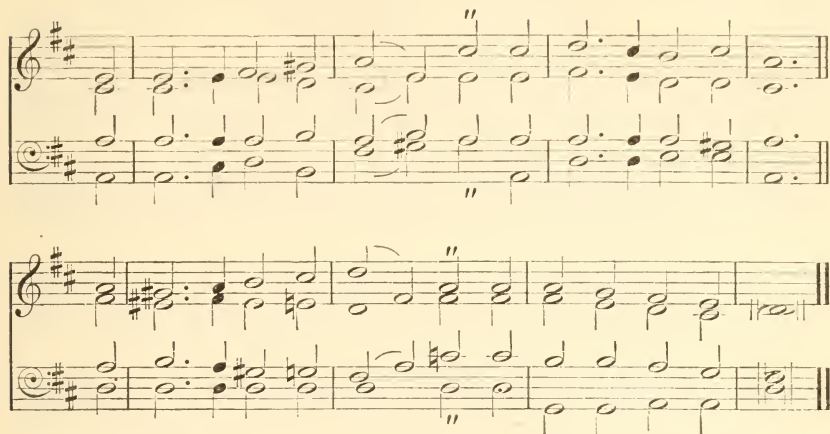


## Alpha (2nd Tune).—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

Dr. HENRY J. LESLIE.







1 **G**O when the morning shineth,  
Go when the noon is bright ;

*p* Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night ;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thoughts away,  
And, in Thy chamber kneeling  
Do Thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee ;  
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be ;  
Then for thyself, in meekness  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,  
When friends are round thy way ;  
*p* E'en then thy silent breathing  
Of spirit raised above  
May reach His throne of glory,  
Of mercy, truth, and love.

*p* 4 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before His footstool fall ;  
Remember, in thy gladness,  
His grace Who gave thee all :  
*f* O not a joy or blessing  
With this can we compare,  
The power that He has given  
To pour our souls in prayer.

J. C. SIMPSON.

## 807

## Cheviot.—87.87.87.87.

J. WEARS.



*p* 1 **P**EACE be to this habitation !  
 Peace to every soul herein !  
 Peace, the foretaste of salvation ;  
 Peace, the seal of cancelled sin ;  
 Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver ;  
 Peace to earthly minds unknown ;  
 Peace Divine, that lasts for ever—  
 Here erects its glorious throne.

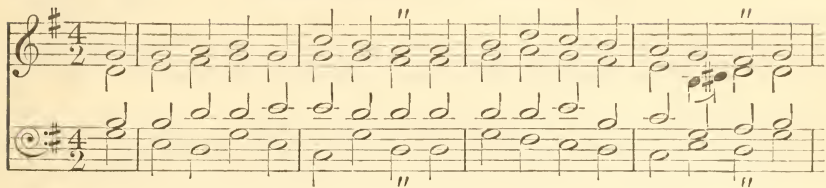
2 Now, Thy love-infusing Spirit  
 Shed in every heart abroad ;  
 And, Redeemer, through Thy merit,  
 Make each child a child of God !  
 Claim for Thine each faithful servant  
 By the reconciling word ;  
 Pure in heart, in spirit fervent,  
 Let them serve their heavenly Lord.

3 Prince of Peace, if Thou art near us,  
 Fix in all our hearts Thy home,  
 By Thy last appearing cheer us,  
 Quickly let Thy kingdom come ;  
*f* Answer all our expectation,  
 Give our raptured souls to prove,  
 Glorious, uttermost salvation,  
 Heavenly, everlasting love !

C. WESLEY.

## 808—809

## Lonsdale.—8 8 6.8 8 6.



**1** I AND my house shall serve the Lord :  
 But first, obedient to His word  
 I must myself appear ;  
 By actions, words, and tempers, show  
 That I my heavenly Master know,  
 And serve with heart sincere.

**2** I must the fair example set ;  
 From those that on my pleasure wait  
 The stumbling-block remove ;  
 Their duty by my life explain,  
 And still in all my works maintain  
 The dignity of love.

**3** Easy to be entreated, mild,  
 Quickly appeased and reconciled,  
 A follower of my God ;  
 A saint indeed I long to be,  
 And lead my faithful family  
 In the celestial road.

C. WESLEY.

## 809

## Lonsdale.—8 8 6.8 8 6.

**1** O RIGHTEOUS Father, Lord of All,  
 When parents for their children call  
 Bow down Thy gracious ear ;  
 Regard, O Lord, our infant charge,  
 And all their tender hearts enlarge,  
 And fill them with Thy fear.

**2** May we as in Thy presence walk,  
 And with our children daily talk,  
 And tell them of Thy name,  
 That they in righteousness may grow,  
 And perfect holiness below,  
 And all Thy truth proclaim.

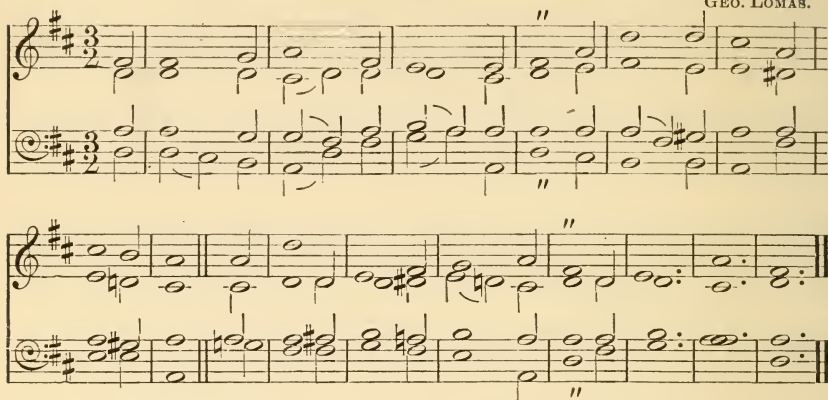
**3** Fill all their hearts with living faith,  
 And guide them in the perfect path,  
 That leads to realms on high ;  
 May virtue crown their rising years,  
 While passing through this vale of tears  
 To joys that never die.

H. BOURNE.

## 810

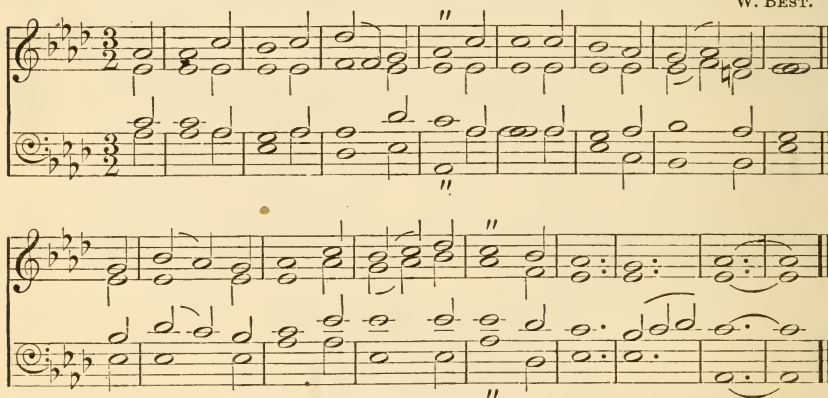
## Southport (1st Tune).—8 8 8.4.

GEO. LOMAS.



## Humility (2nd Tune).—8 8 8.4.

W. BEST.



1 MY God, is any hour so sweet, [star,  
From blush of morn to evening  
As that which calls me to Thy feet—  
p The hour of prayer?

2 Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,  
And blest that hour of solemn eve,  
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,  
v The world I leave.

3 For then a day-spring shines on me,  
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;  
And richer dews descend from Thee  
v Than earth can know.

4 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;  
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;  
f Then dost Thou cheer my solitude  
With hopes of heaven.

5 No words can tell what blest relief,  
There for my every want I find;  
p What strength for warfare, balm for  
What peace of mind. [grief;

6 Hushed is each doubt; gone every fear,  
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;  
p And e'en the penitential tear  
Is wiped away.

f 7 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be,  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to Thee.

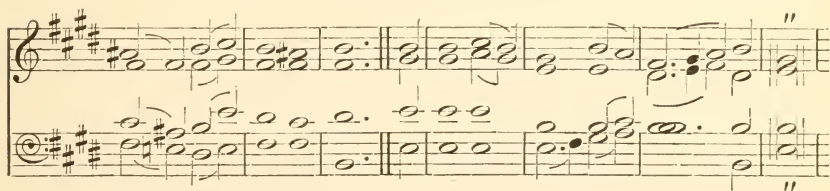
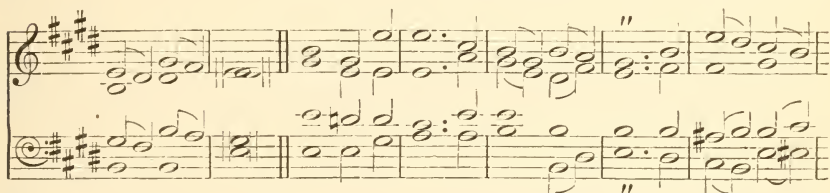
C. ELLIOTT.



811

## Euphony.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

H. DENNIS.



1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,  
 Thy book be my companion still;  
 My joy Thy sayings to repeat,  
 Talk o'er the records of Thy will,  
 And search the oracles divine,  
 Till every heartfelt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine  
 Subject of all my converse be!  
 So will the Lord His follower join,  
 And walk and talk Himself with me;  
 So shall my heart His presence prove,  
 And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,  
 O may the reconciling word  
 Sweetly compose my weary breast!  
 While, on the bosom of my Lord,  
 I sink in blissful dreams away,  
 And visions of eternal day.

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,  
 Thee may I publish all day long,  
 And let Thy precious word of grace  
 Flow from my heart and fill my  
 Fill all my life with purest love, [tongue;  
 And join me to the church above.

C. WESLEY.

812

Winchester.—L.M.

CRASSELLIUS.

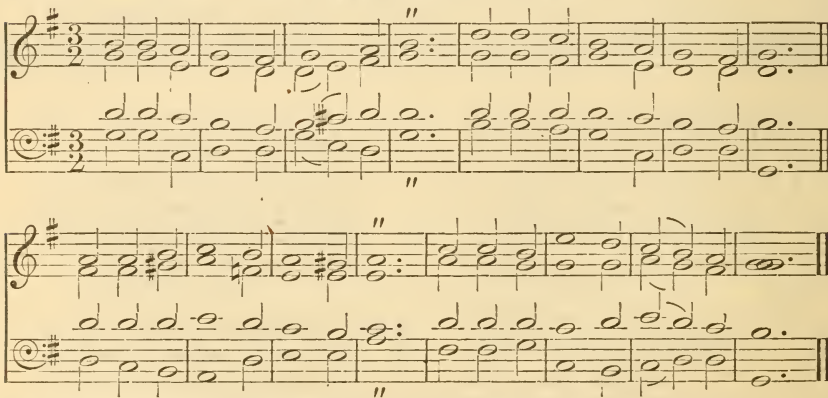


- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1. <b>A</b>ND will the great eternal God<br/>On earth establish His abode?<br/>And will He, from His radiant throne,<br/>Dwell in these temples as His own?</p> <p>2 We bring the tribute of our praise,<br/>And sing Thy condescending grace;<br/><i>p</i> Lord, let Thy mercy lend an ear,<br/>And call us sinful mortals near.</p> <p><i>f</i> 3 These walls we to Thine honour raise;<br/>Long may they echo with Thy praise;</p> | <p>And Thou, descending, fill the place<br/>With choicest tokens of Thy grace.</p> <p>4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,<br/>With all the graces of His train:<br/>While power divine His word attends,<br/>To quell His foes and cheer His friends;</p> <p>5 And in the great decisive day,<br/>When God the nations shall survey,<br/><i>f</i> May it before the world appear<br/>That crowds were born for glory here.</p> |
|--|---|

P. DODDRIDGE.

813

St. Polycarp.—L.M.

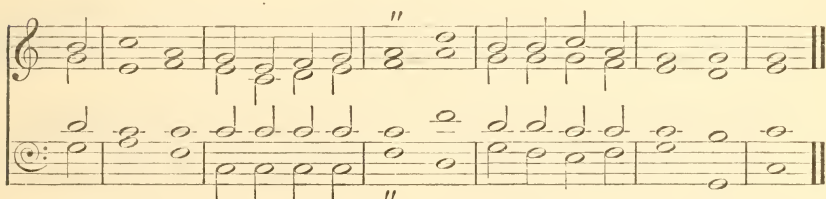
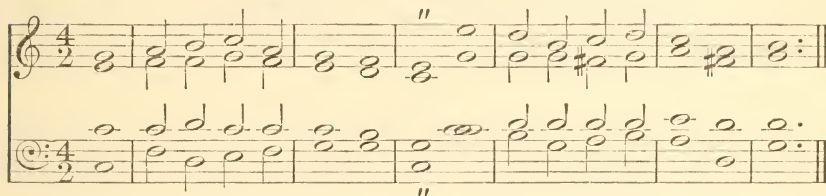


- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 <b>N</b>OT here, as to the prophet's eye,<br/>The Lord upon His throne appears;<br/>No seraph tongues responsive cry,<br/>'Holy, thrice holy!' in our ears.</p> | <p>2 Yet God is present in this place,<br/>Veiled in serener majesty!<br/>Radiant with glory, truth, and grace;<br/>But faith alone such light can see.</p> |
|--|---|

- 3 Nor as He in the temple taught,  
Is Christ within these walls revealed,  
When blind and deaf and dumb were  
brought,  
Lepers and lame; and all were healed.
- 4 Yet here, when two or three shall meet,  
Or thronging multitudes are found,  
*f* All may sit down at Jesus' feet,  
And hear from Him the joyful sound.  
J. MONTGOMERY.

## 814—815

## Luther's Chant.—L.M.



- 1 O LORD of hosts, Whose glory fills  
The bounds of the eternal hills,  
And yet vouchsafes in Christian lands  
To dwell in temples made with hands.
- 2 Grant that all we who here to-day,  
Rejoicing, this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed Thine own,  
Built on the precious Corner-stone.
- p* 3 Endue Thy servants with Thy grace,  
Who shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;  
The beauty of the oak and pine,  
The gold and silver, make them Thine.
- 4 To Thee they all pertain! to Thee  
The treasures of the earth and sea:  
And when we bring them to Thy throne  
We but present Thee with Thine own.
- 5 The heads that guide endue with skill;  
The hands that work preserve from ill;  
That we, who these foundations lay,  
May raise the top-stone in its day.
- 6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect  
The temple of Thine own elect;  
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,  
O ever-blessed Trinity.

J. M. NEALE.

## 815

## Luther's Chant.—L.M.

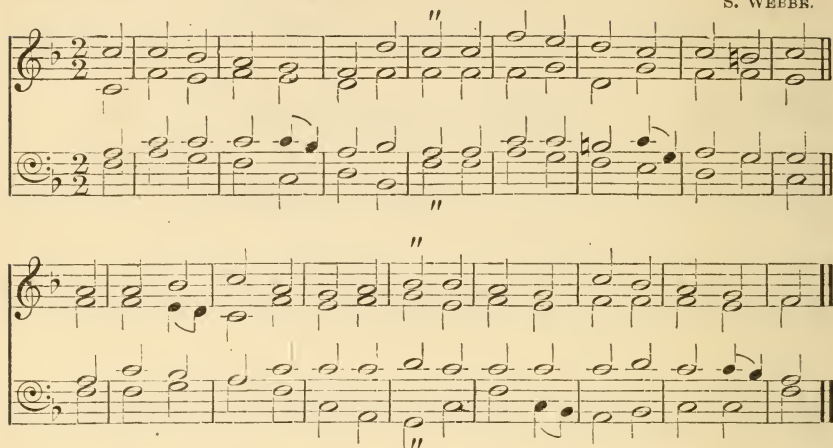
- 1 NOT heaven's wide range of hallowed  
space  
Jehovah's presence can confine;  
Nor angels' claims restrain His grace,  
Whose glories through creation shine.
- 2 It beamed on Eden's guilty days,  
And traced redemption's wondrous  
From Calvary, in brightest rays, [plan;  
It glowed to guide benighted man.
- 3 Its sacred shrine it fixes where  
But two or three are met to raise  
Their holy hands in humble prayer,  
Or tune their hearts to grateful praise.
- 4 Be this, O Lord, that honoured place—  
The house of God the gate of  
heaven—  
And may the fulness of Thy grace  
To all who here shall meet be given.
- 5 And hence, in spirit, may we soar  
To courts where seraphim all bend;  
With awe like theirs, on earth adore,  
Till with their anthems ours shall blend.

C. WESLEY.

## 816—817

## Melcombe.—L.M.

S. WEBER.



- 1 **T**HIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,  
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;  
Thine eye be open night and day,  
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- p* 2 Here when Thy people seek Thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live, [place  
Hear, Thou, in heaven Thy dwelling-  
And when Thou hearest, O forgive!
- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,  
Still by the power of His great Name,  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- f* 4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,  
When children's voices raise that song;  
Hosanna! let the angels sing, [long.  
And heaven with earth the strain pro-
- 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign  
Here to abide, no transient Guest;  
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?  
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- f* 6 That glory never hence depart!  
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;  
*ff* Thy kingdom come to every heart,  
In every bosom fix Thy throne.
- J. MONTGOMERY.

## 817

## Melcombe.—L.M.

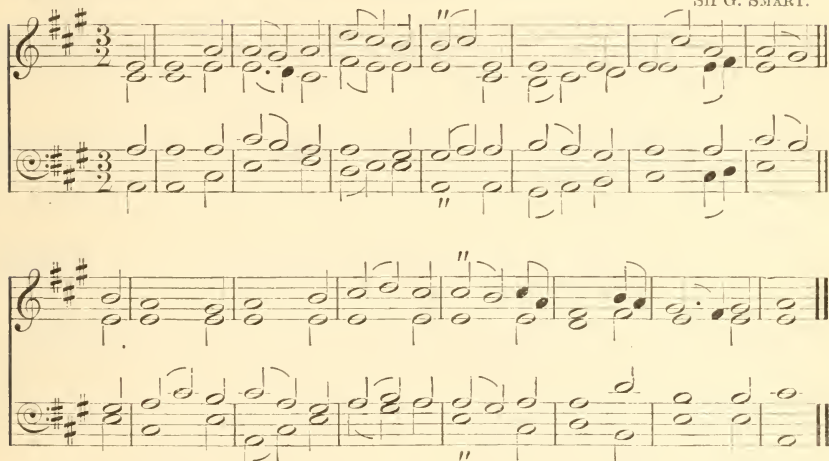
- 1 **B**EHOLD Thy temple, God of grace,  
The house that we have reared for  
Thee,  
Regard it as Thy resting-place,  
And fill it with Thy majesty.
- p* 2 With outstretched hands on Thee we call  
Prostrate before Thy throne we bow;  
O let the cloud of glory fall  
On all Thy waiting servants now.
- 3 Now by Thy presence sanctify  
This earthly sanctuary, Lord,  
And to its courts be ever nigh,  
And here Thy hallowed name record.
- 4 When from its altar shall arise  
Joint supplication to Thy name,  
Deign to accept the sacrifice,  
Thyself our answering God proclaim.
- 5 And when from hence the voice of praise  
Shall lift its triumphs to Thy throne,  
*f* Show Thy acceptance of our lays  
By making all Thy glory known.
- 6 When here Thy ministers shall stand,  
To speak what Thou shalt bid them  
say, [hand,  
Maintain Thy cause with Thine own  
And give Thy truth a winning way.
- 7 Now, therefore, O our God, arise  
In this Thy resting-place appear,  
And let Thy people's longing eyes  
Behold Thee fix Thy dwelling here!
- R. PALMER



## 818—819

## Wiltshire.—C.M.

Sir G. SMART.



1 DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, here,  
Thy presence now display ;  
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
Lord, give us hearts to pray.

2 Show us some token of Thy love,  
Our joyful hopes to raise ;  
*f* And pour Thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise.

*p* 3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

*p* 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humbled mind bestow :  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow !

5 May we in faith receive Thy word,  
In faith present our prayers ;  
And in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.

*f* 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

J. NEWTON.

## 819

## Wiltshire.—C.M.

1 GOD, though countless worlds of  
light  
Thy power and glory show—  
Though round Thy throne, above all  
Celestial spirits glow— [height,

2 Yet whensoe'er Thy saints apart  
Are met for praise and prayer,  
*p* Wherever sighs a contrite heart,  
Thou, gracious God, art there.

3 With grateful joy Thy children rear  
This temple, Lord, to Thee ;  
*f* Long may they sing Thy praises here,  
And here Thy beauty see.

4 Here, Saviour, deign Thy saints to  
meet,  
*p* With peace their hearts to fill ;  
And here, like Sharon's odours sweet,  
May grace Divine distil.

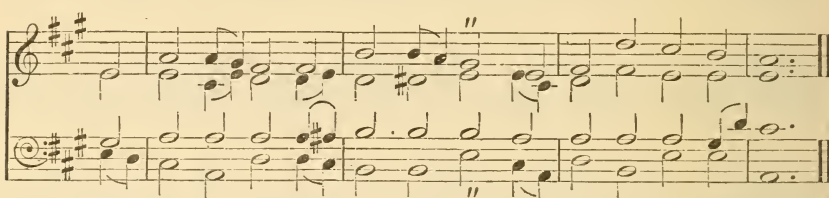
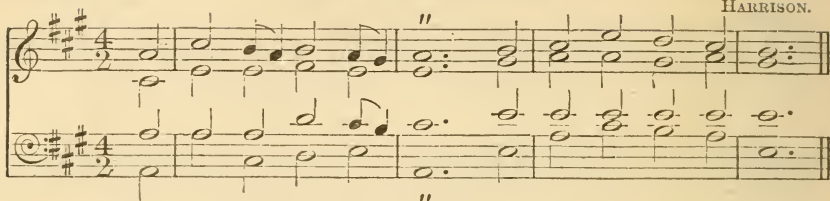
5 Here may Thy truth fresh triumphs win,  
Eternal Spirit, here,  
*f* In many a heart now dead in sin,  
A living temple rear.

J. D. KNOWLES.

820

## Cambridge.—S.M.

HARRISON.



*f* 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,  
And let His praise be great ;  
He makes His churches His abode,  
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,  
How beautiful they stand !  
The honours of our native place,  
The bulwarks of our land.

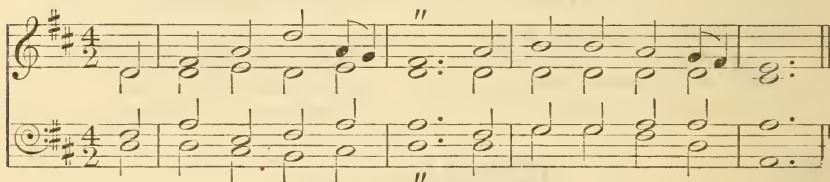
3 In Zion God is known,  
A refuge in distress ;  
How bright has His salvation shone  
Through all her palaces !

4 In every new distress  
We'll to His house repair ;  
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,  
And seek deliverance there.

I. WATTS.

821

## Beverley.—6 6.6 6.8 8.



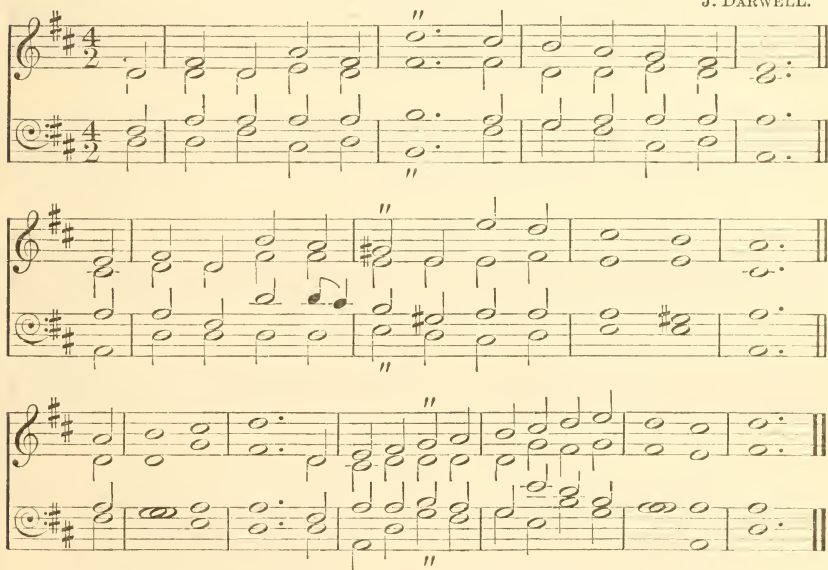
1 GREAT King of Glory come,  
And with Thy favour crown  
This temple as Thy home,  
This people as Thine own :  
Beneath this roof, O deign to show  
How God can dwell with men below !  
p 2 Here may Thine ear attend  
Our interceding cries,  
And grateful praise ascend,  
All fragrant, to the skies :  
f Here may Thy soul-converting Word  
With faith be preached, in faith be heard.

3 Here may the attentive throng  
Receive Thy truth in love ;  
And converts join the song  
Of the redeemed above ;  
And willing crowds surround Thy board  
With sacred joy and sweet accord.  
4 Here may our unborn sons  
And daughters sound Thy praise,  
And shine, like polished stones,  
Through long succeeding days ;  
f Here, Lord, display Thy saving power,  
While temples stand, and men adore !  
B. FRANCIS.

822

## Darwell's 148th.—G G. 6. 6. 8. 8.

J. DARWELL.



1 LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of Thy love  
Thine earthly temples are !  
To Thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires, to see my God.  
f 2 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear !  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there !  
They praise Thee still ; and happy they  
That love the way to Zion's hill.  
3 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears :  
f O glorious seat, when God our King  
Shall thither bring our willing feet.

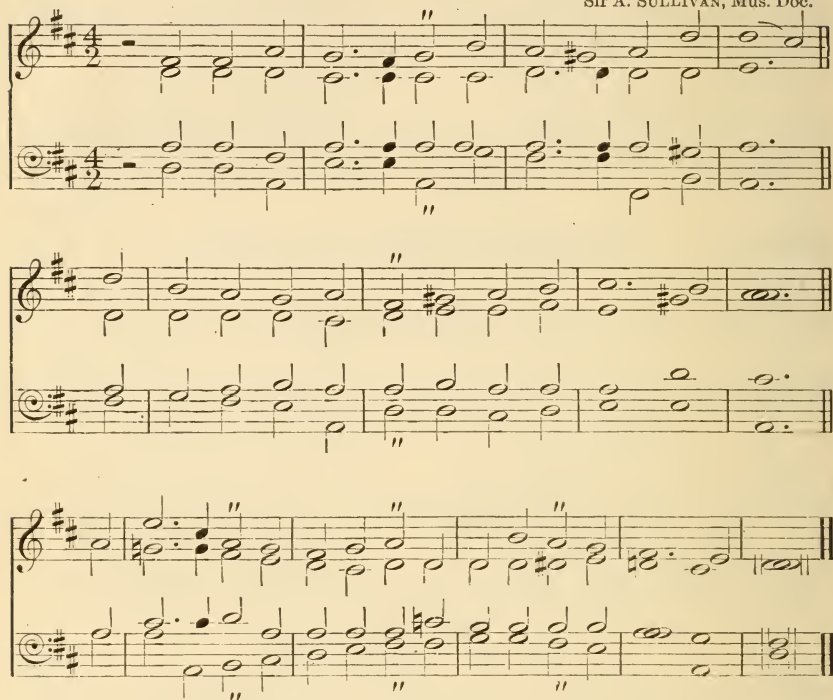
4 To spend one sacred day,  
Where God and saints abide,  
Affords diviner joy  
Than thousand days beside :  
Where God resorts, I love it more  
To keep the door, than shine in courts.  
5 God is our Sun and Shield,  
Our Light and our Defence ;  
With gifts His hands are filled ;  
We draw our blessings thence ;  
He shall bestow on Jacob's race  
Peculiar grace and glory too.  
f 6 The Lord His people loves :  
His hand no good withhold  
From those His heart approves,  
From pure and pious souls ;  
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee.

I. WATTS.

## 823

## Samuel.—6 6.6 6.4 4.4 4.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



1 CHRIST is our corner-stone  
 On Him alone we build;  
 With His true saints alone  
 The courts of heaven are filled;  
 On His great love  
 Our hopes we place  
 Of present grace  
 And joys above.

*f* 2 O then with hymns of praise  
 These hallowed courts shall ring;  
 Our voices we will raise  
 The Three in One to sing;  
 And thus proclaim  
 In joyful song,  
 Both loud and long,  
 That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou  
 For evermore draw nigh;  
 Accept each faithful vow,  
 And mark each suppliant sigh;  
 In copious shower  
 On all who pray  
 Each holy day  
 Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven  
 The grace which we implore:  
*f* And may that grace, once given,  
 Be with us ever more;  
 Until that day,  
 When all the blest  
 To endless rest  
 Are called away.

*From the Latin, trs. by J. CHANDLER.*



824

Ibaldstead.—7 6.7 6.7 8.7 6.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



1 THOU, Who hast in Zion laid  
The true foundation-stone,  
And with those a covenant made,  
Who build on that alone :  
Hear us, Architect Divine,  
Great Builder of Thy church below !  
Now upon Thy servants shine,  
Who seek Thy praise to show.

2 Earth is Thine ; her thousand hills  
Thy mighty hand sustains ;  
Heaven Thy awful presence fills ;  
O'er all Thy glory reigns ;  
Yet the place of old prepared  
By royal David's favoured son  
Thy peculiar blessing shared,  
And stood Thy chosen throne.

3 We like Jesse's son, would raise  
A temple to the Lord ;  
f Sound throughout its courts His  
His saving name record ; [praise,  
Dedicate a house to Him,  
p Who once in mortal weakness shrined,  
Sorrowed, suffered, to redeem—  
To rescue all mankind.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, send  
The consecrating flame ;  
Now in majesty descend,  
Inscribe the living name ;  
That great Name by which we live  
f Now write on this accepted stone ;  
Us into Thy hands receive,  
Our temple make Thy throne.

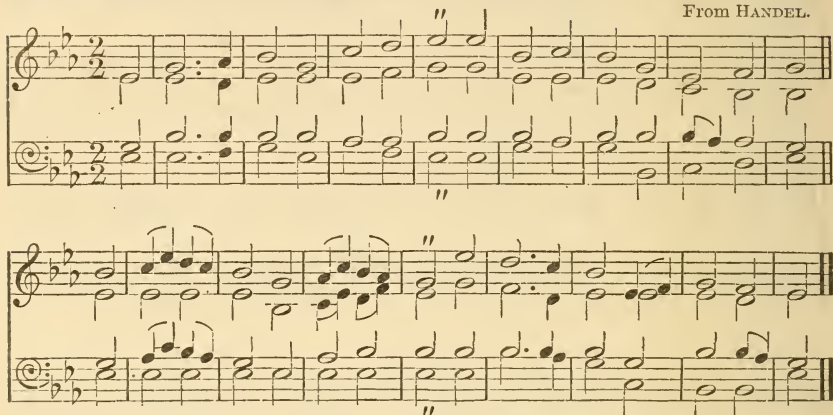
A. BULMER.

# VARIOUS OCCASIONS AND SEASONS— MISSIONS.

825—826

Samson.—L.M.

From HANDEL.



1 MY soul, with sacred joy survey  
The glories of the latter day;  
Its dawn already seems begun,  
Sure earnest of the rising sun.

2 The friends of truth assembled stand—  
A chosen, consecrated band—  
The standard of the cross display,  
*f* And cry aloud, 'Behold the way!'

3 Behold the way to Zion's hill,  
Where Israel's God delights to dwell:  
He fixes there His lofty throne,  
And calls the sacred place His own.

*f* 7 Auspicious dawn, thy rising ray  
With joy I view, and hail the day:  
Thou sun arise, supremely bright,  
And fill the world with purest light.

Unknown.

*f* 4 'Behold the way,' ye heralds, cry:  
Spare not, but lift your voices high;  
Convey the sound from shore to shore,  
And bid the captives sigh no more.

5 Swift on the wings of heavenly zeal  
They fly, nor seem the toil to feel;  
But, faithful to their Master's will,  
The sacred embassy fulfil.

6 The North gives up; the South no more  
Keeps back its consecrated store;  
From East to West the message runs;  
The heathen lands give up their sons.

826

Samson.—L.M.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds  
obey,  
*f* Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,  
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

2 The sceptre well becomes His hands;  
All heaven submits to His commands;  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power He vindicates the just,  
And treads the oppressor in the dust:  
His worship and His fear shall last  
Till the full course of time be past.

*p* 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall He send His influence  
down;  
His grace on fainting souls distils,  
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
The shades of overspreading death,  
Revive at His first dawning light;  
And deserts blossom at the sight.

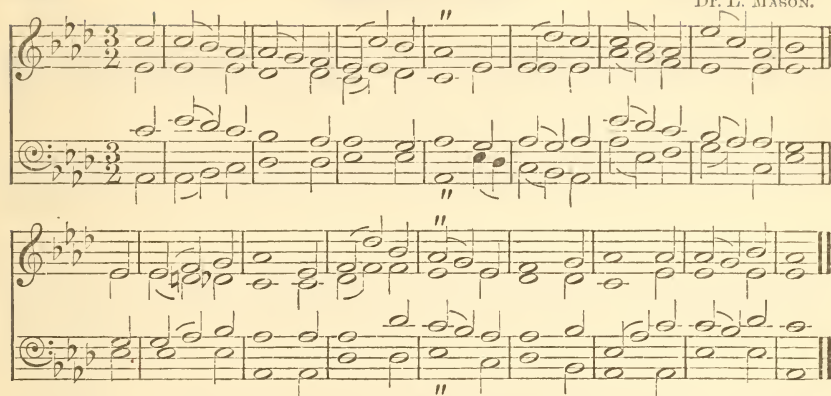
*f* 6 The saints shall flourish in His days,  
Decked in the robes of joy and praise;  
Peace, like a river, from His throne  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

L. WATTS.

827

## Eden.—L.M.

Dr. L. MASON.



*f* 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run :  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

*f* 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song :  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.

*f* 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest ;  
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where He displays His healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more ;  
In Him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.

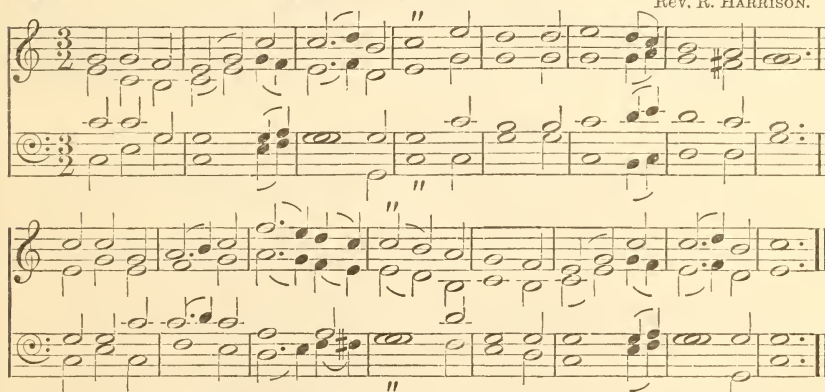
*f* 6 Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
*ff* And earth repeat the loud Amen.

I. WATTS.

828

## Warrington.—L.M.

Rev. R. HARRISON.



*f* 1 LET God arise, and let His foes  
Be scattered wheresoe'er He goes ;  
As wax dissolves before the sun,  
Let all His foes His presence own.

2 Let all the powers of darkness fly,  
Before the God Who reigns on high ;  
And when His ark appears, let all  
The idols of the nations fall.

*f* 3 Let God arise and win the day,  
The mighty God, His sceptre sway—  
The golden sceptre of His grace—  
In every land, in every place—

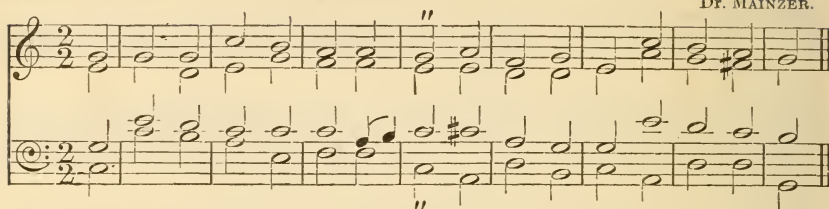
*f* 4 And let His name, Who shed His blood  
To bring the guilty nigh to God,  
Be great in all the earth, and sung  
In every land, by every tongue.

Unknown.

## 829—830

## Mainzer.—L.M.

Dr. MAINZER.



- f* 1 **A** RM of the Lord, awake! awake!  
Thine own immortal strength put on!  
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom  
And cast Thy foes with fury down!
- 2 As in the ancient days appear!  
The sacred annals speak Thy fame:  
*f* Be now omnipotently near,  
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 Thine arm, Lord, is not shortened now,  
It wants not now the power to save;  
Still present with Thy people, Thou  
Bear'st them through life's parted wave.
- 4 By death and hell pursued in vain,  
To Thee the ransomed seed shall come,  
*f* Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,  
And pass through death triumphant home.
- 5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,  
The anguish and distracting care,  
There sighing grief shall weep no more,  
And sin shall never enter there.
- 6 Where pure, essential joy is found, [raise,  
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall  
With everlasting gladness crowned,  
And filled with love and lost in praise,  
C. WESLEY.

## 830

## Mainzer.—L.M.

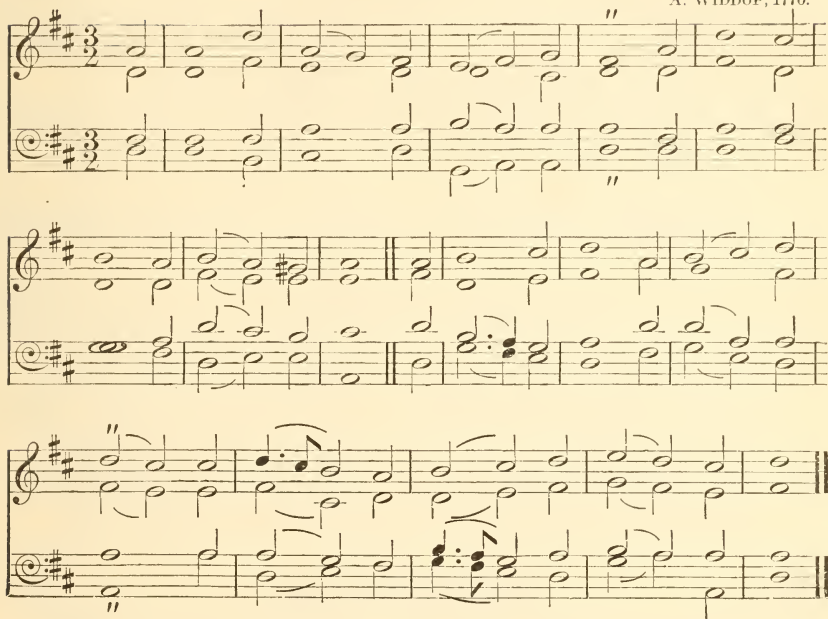
- 1 **G**O, messenger of peace and love, [night;  
To nations plunged in shades of  
Like angels sent from realms above,  
Be thine to shed celestial light.
- 2 Go, to the hungry food impart.  
To paths of peace the wanderer guide;  
And lead the thirsty, panting heart  
Where streams of living waters glide.
- 3 On barren rock and desert isle,  
Go, bid the Rose of Sharon bloom,  
Till arid wastes around Thee smile,  
Rich as the dews from morning's womb.
- f* 4 Go, bid the bright and morning Star  
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent  
shine,
- And, piercing through the gloom afar,  
Shed heavenly light and love divine.
- 5 From North to South, from East to West,  
Messiah yet shall reign supreme;  
His name by every tongue confessed,  
His love, the universal theme.
- 6 Then faint not in the day of toil,  
When harvest waits the reaper's hand:  
*f* Go, gather in the glorious spoil,  
And joyous in His presence stand.
- 7 Thy zeal a rich reward shall find  
From Him who sits enthroned on high:  
For they who turn the erring mind  
Shall shine like stars above the sky.  
BALFOUR.



## 831

## Widdop.—L.M

A. WIDDOP, 1770.



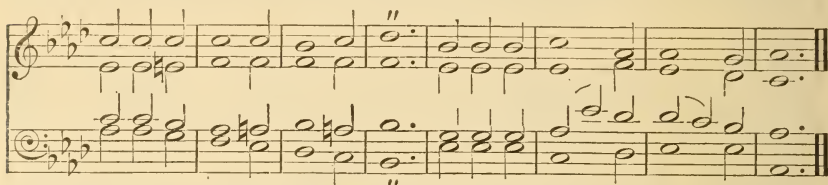
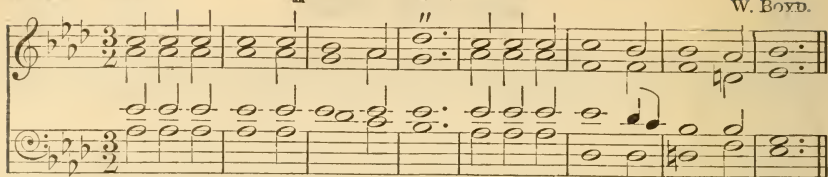
- f* 1 **O** HEAVENLY Zion, rise and shine,  
 For thou art blest with light divine !  
 The glorious light of truth and grace,  
 Now beaming in the Saviour's face.
- p* 2 Thick darkness shall the earth o'erspread,  
 While light and truth shine round thy head :  
 On thee the glorious King of kings  
 Shall rise, with healing in His wings.
- p* 3 The Gentiles, wrapt in shades of night,  
 Shall, wondering, come to see Thy light ;  
 And kings from distant lands, shall meet  
 To worship at the Saviour's feet.
- f* 4 Then shalt thou praise thy heavenly King,  
 And unto Him thy tribute bring ;  
 The isles shall for His coming wait,  
 While thousands crowd around thy gate.
- 5 All nations shall thy goodness know,  
 And unto thee like rivers flow ;  
 Then God shall bid thy fears depart,  
 Enlarge thy borders and thy heart.
- 6 The trump of war no more shall sound,  
 But peace shall spread creation round ;  
*f* Christ's reign shall o'er the earth extend,  
 And never, never have an end.

H. BOURNE AND W. SANDERS.

## 832—833

## Pentecost.—L.M.

W. BOYD.



1 O WHY should Israel's sons, once blest,  
Still roam the scorning world around,  
p Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed,  
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground?

2 O God of Israel! view their race;  
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring;  
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,  
To hail in Christ their promised King,

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,  
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious  
The severed olive-branch again [light;  
Back to its parent stock unite.

p 4 While Judah views his birthright gone,  
With contrite shame his bosom move,  
The Saviour he denied, to own,  
The Lord he crucified, to love!

J. JOYCE.

## 833

## Pentecost.—L.M.

p 1 LOOK from Thy sphere of endless day,  
O God of mercy and of might;  
In pity look on those who stray  
Benighted, in this land of light.

2 In crowded vale, in lonely glen.  
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,  
How many of the sons of men [Thee!  
Hear not the message sent from

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call  
The thoughtless young, the hardened  
old,

A scattered homeless flock, till all  
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak  
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt de-  
part,

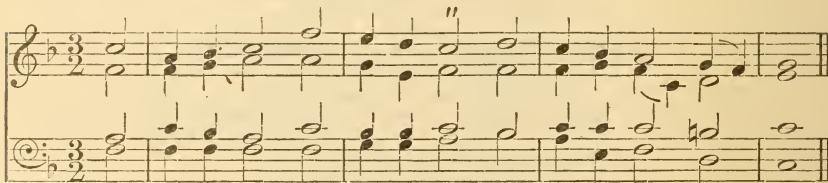
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,  
And bind and heal the broken heart.

f 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,  
That make us sadden as we gaze,  
Shall grow, with living waters, green,  
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. BRYANT.

## 834—835

## Barrow.—C.M.



- f* **1** **B**EHOOLD! the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
On mountain tops above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.
- f* **2** To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow :  
'Up to the hill of God,' they'll say,  
'And to His house we'll go.'
- f* **3** The beam that shines from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land ;  
The King who reigns on Salem's throne  
Shall all the world command.
- 4** Among the nations He shall judge ;  
His judgments truth shall guide ;

- His sceptre shall protect the just,  
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5** No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds  
Disturb those peaceful years ; [swords  
To ploughshares men shall beat their  
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6** No longer hosts, encountering hosts,  
Their crowds of skinn deplore :  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.
- 7** Come, then, O house of Jacob! come  
To worship at His shrine :  
*f* And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.

M. BRUCE.

## 835

## Barrow.—C.M.

- f* **1** **T**HE Lord will come, and not be slow ;  
His footsteps cannot err ;  
Before Him righteousness shall go,  
His royal harbinger.
- 2** Truth from the earth, like to a flower,  
Shall bud and blossom then ;  
And, justice, from her heavenly bower,  
Look down on mortal men.
- p* **3** Rise, Lord! judge Thou the earth in  
This longing earth redress : [might,

- For Thou art He Who shall by right  
The nations all possess.
- 4** The nations all whom Thou hast made  
Shall come, and all shall frame  
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,  
And glorify Thy name.
- f* **5** For great Thou art, and wonders great  
By Thy strong hand are done :  
Thou in Thine everlasting seat  
Remainest God alone.

J. MILTON.

## 836

## St. Fulbert.—C.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



- 1** **I**GH T of the lonely pilgrims heart,  
Star of the coming day!  
Arise, and, with Thy morning beams,  
Chase all our griefs away.

- 2** Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore  
And answering island sing  
The praises of Thy royal name,  
And own Thee as their King.

- 3** Bid the whole earth, responsive now  
To the bright world above,  
*f* Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,  
In memory of Thy love.

- p* **4** Lord! Lord! Thy fair creation groans,  
The air, the earth, the sea,  
In unison with all our hearts,  
*f* And calls aloud for Thee.

- 5** Come, then, with all Thy quickening  
And Thy awakening smile, [power,  
Bid the old serpent's trail no more  
Thy beauteous realms defile.

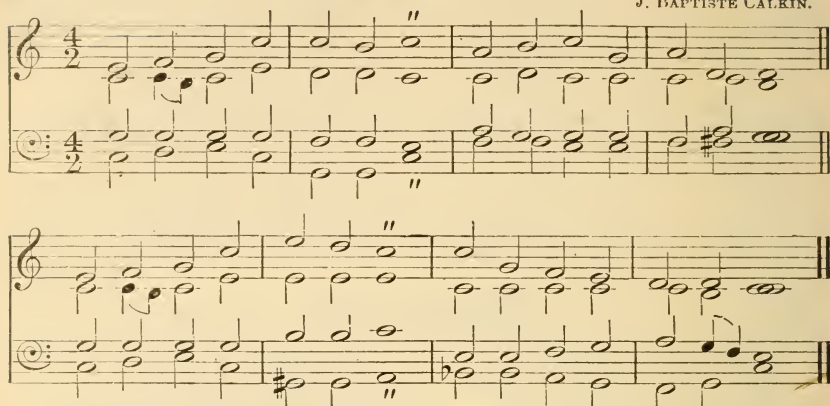
- 6** Thine was the cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine :  
*f* Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory Thine.

E. DENNY.

## 837

## Supplication.—77.77.

J. BAPTISTE CALVIN.



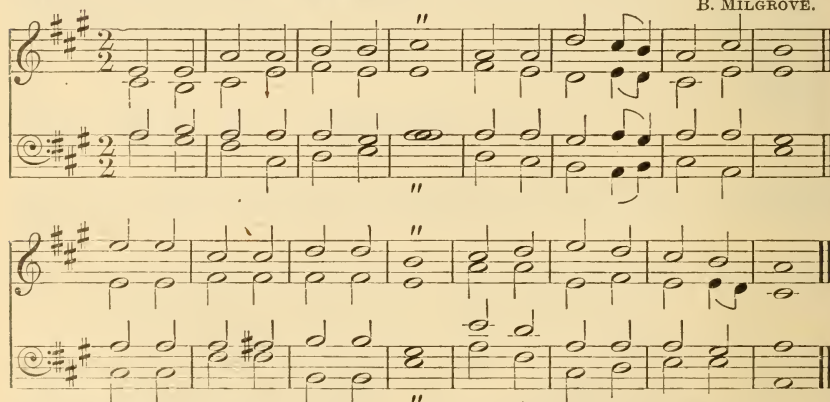
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 FATHER, let Thy kingdom come—<br/>           Let it come with living power ;<br/>         Speak at length the final word,<br/>         Usher in the triumph hour.</p> <p>2 As it came in days of old,<br/>         In the deepest hearts of men,<br/>         When Thy martyrs died for Thee,<br/>         Let it come, O God, again.</p> <p>f 3 Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,<br/>           Let them from their place be hurled :<br/>         Enter on Thy better reign—<br/>           Wear the crown of Thine own<br/>           world.</p> | <p>p 4 O what long, sad years have gone,<br/>           Since Thy church was taught this<br/>           prayer !<br/>         O what eyes have watched and wept<br/>           For the dawning everywhere !</p> <p>f 5 Break, triumphant day of God !<br/>           Break at last, our hearts to cheer ;<br/>         Throbbing souls and holy songs<br/>           Wait to hail Thy dawning here.</p> <p>f 6 Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones—<br/>           May they all for God be won !<br/>         And, in every human heart,<br/>           Father, let Thy kingdom come.</p> |
|--|---|

J. P. HOPPS.

## 838

## Bart's.—77.77.

B. MILGROVE.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 SEE how great a flame aspires,<br/>           Kindled by a spark of grace !<br/>         f Jesus' love the nations fires,<br/>           Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.</p> | <p>2 To bring fire on earth He came,<br/>           Kindled in some hearts it is,<br/>         O that all might catch the flame,<br/>           All partake the glorious bliss !</p> |
|---|--|



*p* 3 When He first the work begun,  
Small and feeble was His day ;  
    Now the Word doth swiftly run,  
    Now it wins its widening way.

4 More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail,  
*f* Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

*f* 5 Sons of God, your Saviour praise !  
He the door hath opened wide ;  
He hath given the word of grace,  
Jesus' Word is glorified ;

6 Jesus, mighty to redeem,  
He alone the work hath wrought ;  
Worthy is the work of Him,  
Him who spake a world from nought.

*p* 7 Saw ye not the cloud arise,  
Little as a human hand ?  
Now it spreads along the skies,  
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

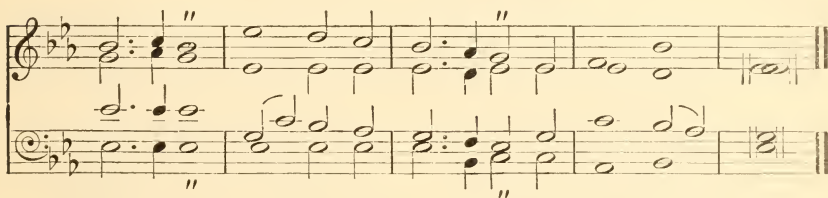
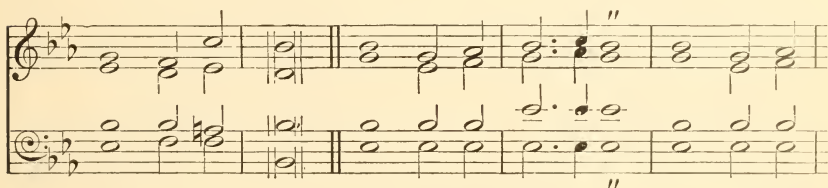
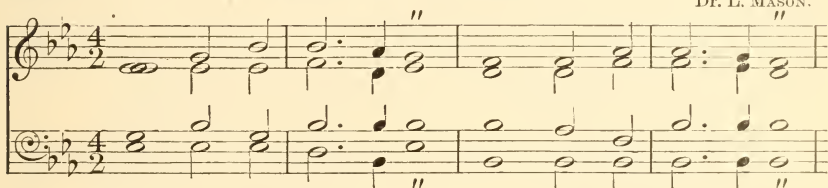
*f* 8 Lo ! the promise of a shower  
Drops already from above ;  
But the Lord will shortly pour  
All the spirit of His love !

C. WESLEY.

839

Ibarlan.—6 6 4.6 6 6 4.

DR. L. MASON.



1 LORD of all power and might,  
Father of love and light,  
Speed on Thy Word :

    O let the gospel sound  
All the wide world around,  
Wherever man is found ;  
*f* God speed His Word.

*f* 2 Hail, blessed Jubilee :  
Thine, Lord, the glory be ;  
Hallelujah !  
Thine was the mighty plan,  
From Thee the work began,  
Away with praise to men,  
Glory to God !

3 Lo ! what embattled foes,  
Stern in their hate, oppose  
God's Holy Word !

    One for His truth we stand,  
Strong in His own right hand,  
Firm as a martyr-band :  
God shield His Word.

4 Onward shall be our course,  
Despite of fraud or force ;  
God is before :

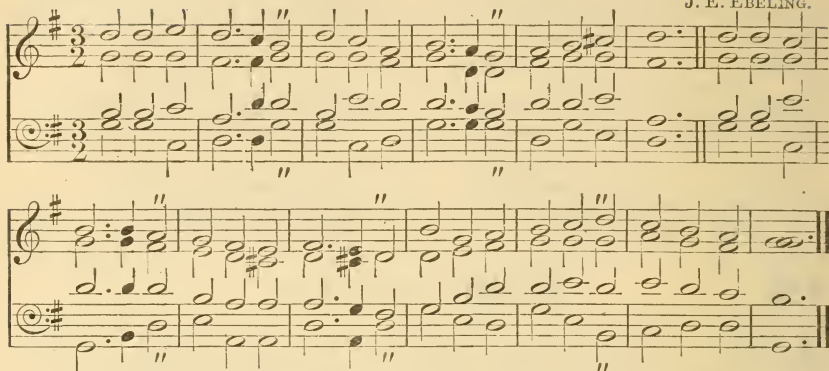
*f* His Word ere long shall run  
Free as the noon-day sun :  
His purpose must be done—  
God bless His Word.

H. STOWELL.

## 840

## Philippi.—6 6 4.6 6 6 4.

J. E. EBELING.



*f* 1 **T**HOU Whose Almighty Word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
*p* Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the Gospel-day  
Sheds not its glorious ray  
*f* Let there be light!

2 Thou Who didst come to bring,  
On Thy redeeming wing,  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
*f* O now to all mankind  
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight;  
Move on the waters' face,  
Shedding the beams of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
*f* Let there be light!

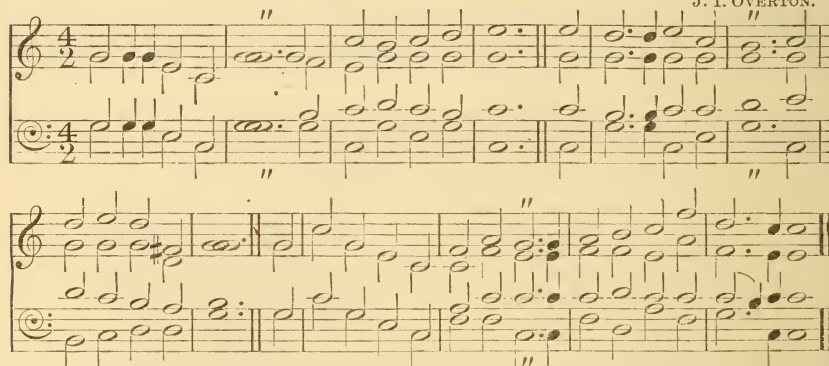
4 Blessed and holy Three,  
All glorious Trinity,  
Grace, love, and might,  
*f* Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world far and wide  
*f* Let there be light!

J. MARRIOTT.

## 841

## Rehoboth.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

J. I. OVERTON.



*f* 1 **H**ILLS of the North, rejoice,  
River and mountain spring,  
Hark to the advent voice,  
Valley and lowland, sing:  
Though absent long, your Lord is  
high;  
He judgment brings and victory.

2 Isles of the Southern seas,  
Deep in your coral caves,  
*p* Pent be each warring breeze,  
Lulled be your restless waves:  
He comes to reign with boundless sway,  
And make your wastes His great high-  
way.

3 Lands of the East, awake,  
Soon shall your sons be free ;  
The sleep of ages break,  
And rise to liberty ;  
On your far hills, long cold and grey,  
Has dawned the everlasting day.

4 Shores of the utmost West,  
p Ye that have waited long,  
Unvisited, unblest,

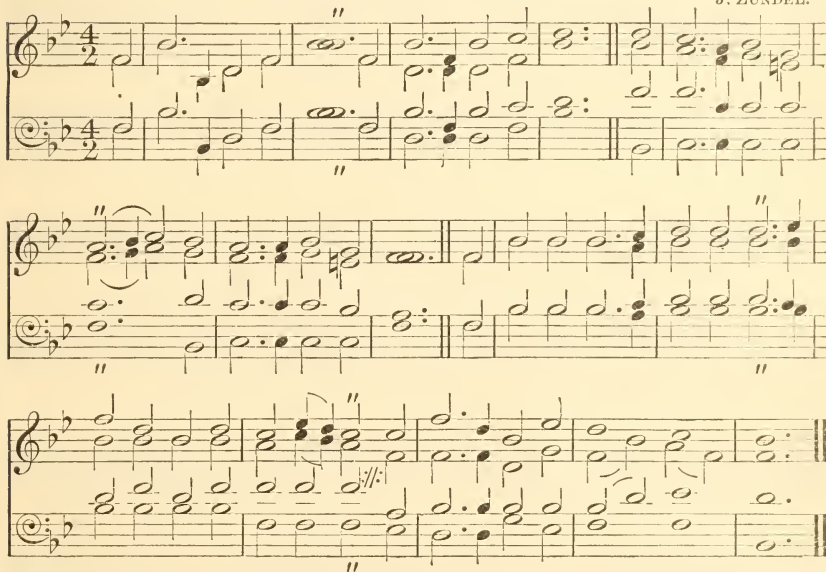
*f* Break forth to swelling song :  
High raise the note, that Jesus died,  
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified !

*f* 5 Shout while ye journey home,  
Songs be in every mouth ;  
Lo ! from the North we come,  
From East, and West, and South :  
City of God, the bond are free ;  
We come to live and reign in thee !  
C. E. OAKLEY.

842

Brooklyn.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

J. ZUNDEL.



*f* 1 BLOW ye the trumpet blow  
The gladly solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of Jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,  
Hath full atonement made :

*f* Ye weary spirits, rest,  
Ye mournful souls be glad !  
The year of Jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb,  
Redemption in His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim ;

*f* The year of Jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell.  
And blest in Jesus live ;  
*f* The year of Jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought  
Your heritage above,  
Receive it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love :  
The year of Jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

*f* 6 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace,  
And, saved from earth, appear,  
Before your Saviour's face ;  
*f* The year of Jubilee is come !  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. WESLEY.

## 843

Eden Grove.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

S. SMITH.

S. SMITH.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. The title "The Rose Tree" is written in a decorative, cursive font at the bottom of the page.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the left hand, and the voice part is in the right hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score consists of two systems. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment, while the voice part has a melody with lyrics. The lyrics are "The Rose Tree" and "The Rose Tree".

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The score consists of 8 measures. The melody starts on G4, goes up to A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, then down to E5, D5, C5, B4, A4, G4. The accompaniment starts on G3, goes up to A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4, then down to E4, D4, C4, B3, A3, G3. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1 WHEN shall that sound of gladness,  
Our hills and vales along,  
The Jew recall from sadness,  
The Moslem wake to song?  
When shall each heathen nation,  
Renouncing idol fanes,  
In prostrate adoration  
Acknowledge Jesus reigns?

2 When shall the desert, blooming  
In beauty like the rose,  
And flowers, the waste perfuming,  
A hallowed charm disclose ?  
When shall the isles of ocean  
Their sacred tributaries bring,  
And press, with rapt devotion,  
The footstool of our King ?

f3 O let the trumpet sounding  
Proclaim the jubilee,  
When, light through earth abounding,  
The nations shall be free ;  
When every zephyr shaking,  
Shall bear upon its wings,  
That idol-gods are quaking  
Before the King of kings !

f 4 Then from the hills and mountains  
Shall sacred anthems rise ;  
^ From rocks, from vales, from fountains,  
Shall praise ascend the skies ;  
ff Then grove, and plain, and dwelling,  
One chorus shall resound,  
Messiah's glory swelling  
In one eternal round.

Prof. SAUNDERSON.



844

Hatchard.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

CHAS. ISEARD.

*f* 1 THE universe is shaking,  
 Big with stupendous song—  
 Skies into voice are breaking  
 With chorus loud and long :  
 The morning stars are singing  
 With a sublime accord,  
 And all heaven's courts are ringing,  
 'Thy kingdom come, O Lord !'

2 With a profound emotion  
 Earth hears the lofty strain,  
 And bursts into devotion—  
 Mountain, and rock, and plain ;  
*f* Ocean glad homage paying,  
 With all its waves is heard ;  
 O forests, ye are praying,  
 'Thy kingdom come, O Lord !'

3 And now, of rapt creation,  
 Time's kindreds catch the sound,  
 And each successive nation  
 Rolls the great anthem round,  
 Till at the throne of glory  
 Blends in one mighty chord  
 The universal story,  
 'Thy kingdom come, O Lord !'

4 In wondering expectation,  
 Lord, shall we ever wait !  
 Great Monarch of salvation,  
 Assume Thy royal state ;  
*f* Angels and saints implore Thee,  
 Gird on Thy conquering sword,  
 And bow all hearts before Thee—  
*f* 'Thy kingdom come, O Lord.'

Unknown.

845

**Patna** (*1st Tune*).—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

Greek Air.

Patna (1st Tune).—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

Greek Air.

**Missionary** (*2nd Tune*).—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

DR. J. L. MASON

Missionary (2nd Tune).—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

DR. J. L. MASON

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle:  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
f Salvation!—O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

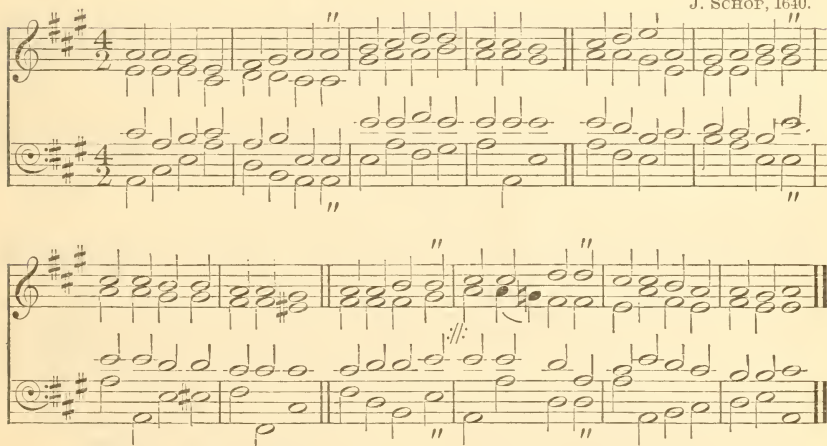
f 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole—  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
J Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

R. HEBER.

846

Zurich.—8 7.8 7.4 7.

J. SCHOP, 1640.



1 ON the mountain's top appearing  
Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
f Welcome news to Zion bearing—  
Zion, long in hostile lands:  
Mourning captive!  
God Himself will loose thy bands.

p 2 Hast thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have Thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By Thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease Thy mourning!  
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
He Himself appears thy Friend:  
All thy foes shall flee before thee:  
Here their boasts and triumphs end;  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

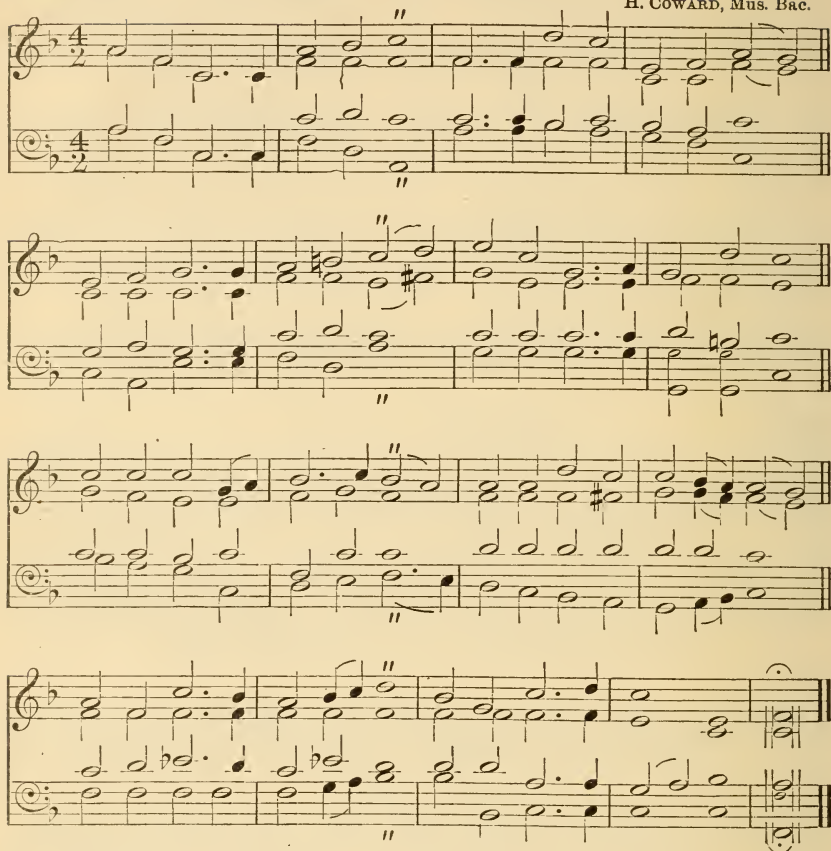
4 Enemies no more shall trouble,  
All thy wrongs shall be redrest;  
For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
In thy Maker's favour blest;  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest.

T. KELLY.

## 847

## Iris.—77.77.77.77.

H. COWARD, Mus. Bac.



*f* 1 **H**ARK! the song of jubilee,  
 Loud as mighty thunder's roar;  
 Or the fulness of the sea,  
 When it breaks upon the shore.  
 Hallelujah! for the Lord  
 God Omnipotent shall reign!  
 Hallelujah! let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main

*f* 2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,  
 From the centre to the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All creation's harmonies.  
 See Jehovah's banner furled: [done!  
 Sheathed His sword; He speaks—'tis  
*f* And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

*f* 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,  
 With illimitable sway:  
 He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
 Yonder heavens have passed away,  
 Then the end—beneath His rod  
 Man's last enemy shall fall;  
*f* Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
*ff* God in Christ is All in all.

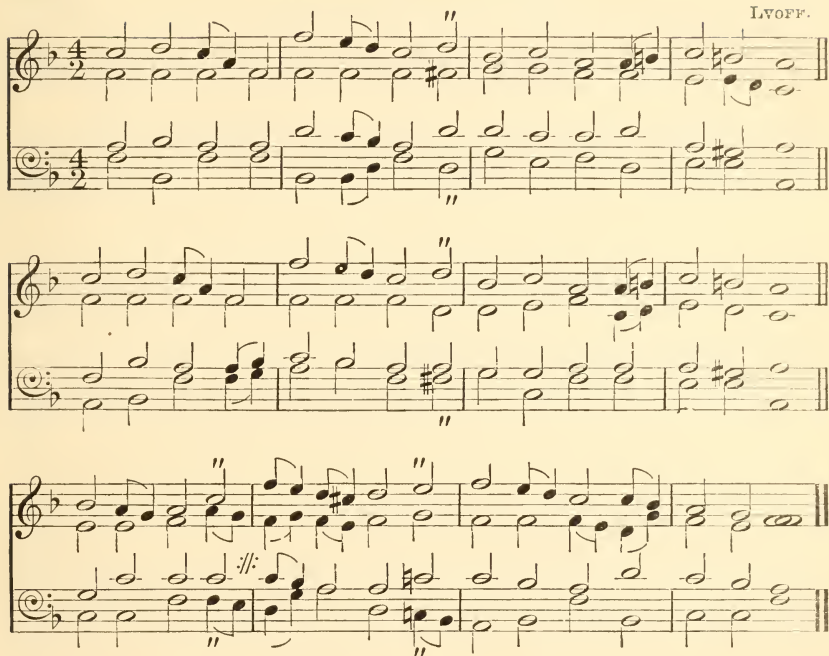
J. MONTGOMERY.



848

## Russia.—8 7 8 7 4 7.

LVOFF.



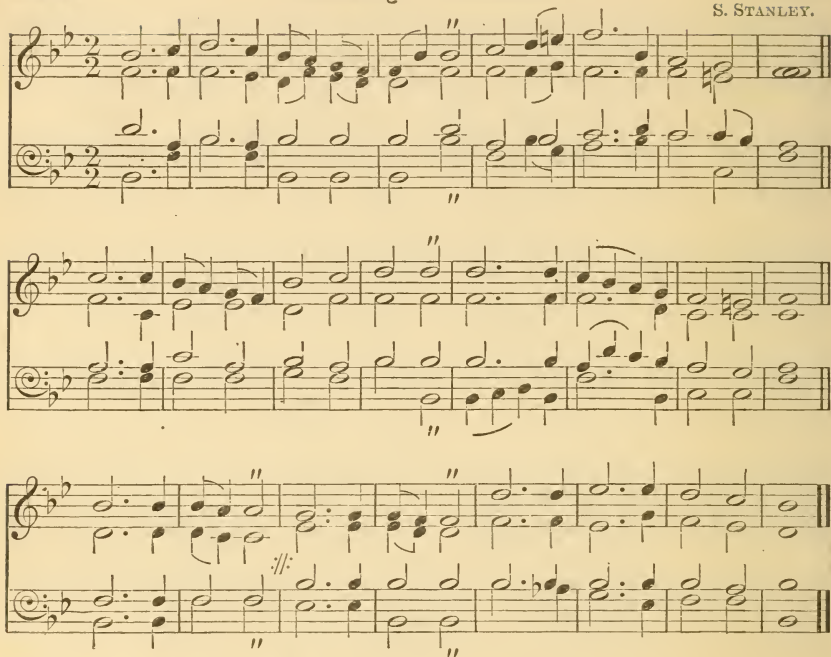
- 1 **S**PEED Thy servants, Saviour, speed them !  
 Thou art Lord of winds and waves ;  
 They were bound, but Thou hast freed  
 Now they go to free the slaves ! [them,  
 Be Thou with them !  
 ¶ 'Tis Thine arm alone that saves.
- p 2 Friends, and home, and all forsaking,  
 Lord, they go at Thy command,  
 As their stay Thy promise taking,  
 While they traverse sea and land :  
 O be with them !  
 ¶ Lead them safely by the hand.
- 3 Speed them through the mighty ocean,  
 In the dark and stormy day ;  
 When the waves in wild commotion  
 Fill all others with dismay,  
 Be Thou with them,  
 ¶ Drive their terrors far away.
- 4 When they reach the land of strangers,  
 And the prospect dark appears,  
 Nothing seen but toils and dangers,  
 Nothing felt but doubts and fears,  
 Be Thou with them, [tears.  
 ¶ Hear their sighs, and count their
- p 5 When they think of home, now dearer  
 Than it ever seemed before,  
 Bring the promised glory nearer,  
 Let them see that peaceful shore  
 Where Thy people  
 ¶ Rest from toil and weep no more.
- p 6 When no fruit appears to cheer them,  
 And they seem to toil in vain,  
 ¶ Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,  
 Then their sinking hopes sustain ;  
 Thus supported,  
 f Let their zeal revive again.
- 7 In the midst of opposition,  
 Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee !  
 When success attends their mission,  
 Let Thy servants humble be ;  
 Never leave them,  
 Till Thy face in heaven they see :
- f 8 There to reap in joy for ever  
 Fruit of precious seed here sown,  
 There to be with Him who never  
 Ceases to preserve His own,  
 And with gladness  
 ff Give the praise to Him alone.

T. KELLY.

## 849

## Calvary.—8 7.8 7.4 7.

S. STANLEY.



1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,  
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;  
 All the promises now travail  
 With a glorious day of grace :  
*f* Blessed jubilee !  
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,  
 Let the rude barbarian see  
 That divine and glorious conquest  
 Once obtained on Calvary :  
*f* Let the Gospel  
 Loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
 Grant them, Lord, Thy glorious light,  
 And from eastern coast to western  
 Let the morning chase the night ;  
 And redemption,  
 Freely purchased, win the day.

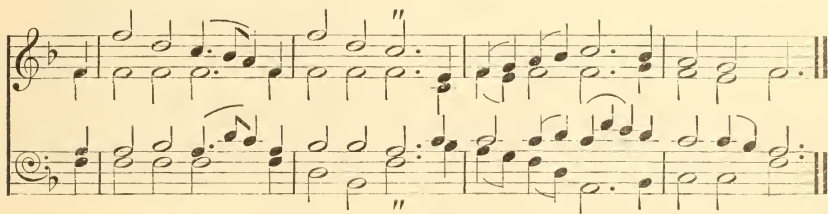
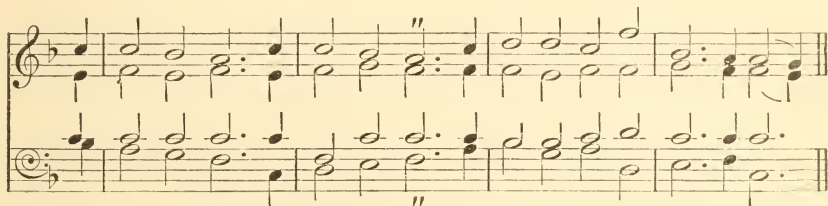
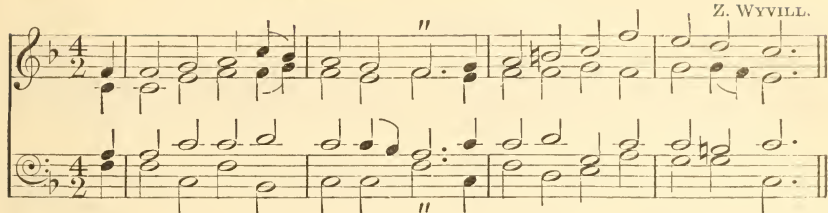
4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel !  
 Win and conquer, never cease ;  
 May thy lasting, wide dominion  
 Multiply and still increase ;  
*f* Sway Thy sceptre,  
 Saviour, all the world around.

W. WILLIAMS.

850

Eaton.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

Z. WYVILL.



1 HOME, kindred, friends, and country  
—these

Are things with which we never part;  
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,  
We bear them with us in our heart;

*p* And yet 'tis hard to feel resigned  
When these, all these, are left behind.

2 *f* But when the pilgrim's staff we take,  
And follow Christ from shore to shore,  
*f* Gladly for Him we all forsake,

Press on, and only look before; [loss,  
Though humbled nature mourns her  
The spirit glories in the cross.

3 It is no sin, like man, to weep—

E'en Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead;  
Or yearn for home beyond the deep—  
He had not where to lay His head;

*p* The patriot's tears will He condemn,  
Who wept o'er lost Jerusalem?

4 Take up your cross, and say 'Farewell!'  
Go forth without the camp to Him  
Who left heaven's throne with men to  
dwell,

Who died His murderers to redeem:

*f* O tell His name in every ear! [hear—  
Doubt not, the dead themselves will

5 Hear, and come forth to life anew;

*f* Then, while the Gentiles' courts they fill,  
Shall not your Saviour's words stand true?

Home, kindred, friends, and country, still  
In earth's far deserts you shall find,  
Yet lose not those you left behind.

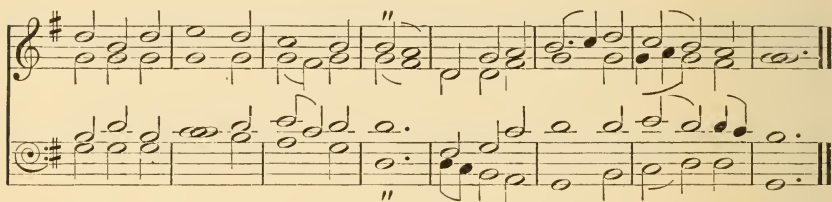
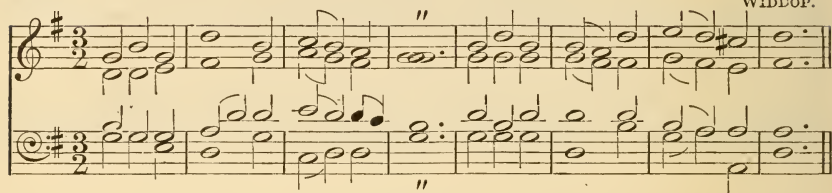
J. MONTGOMERY.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS AND SEASONS—  
SABBATH SCHOOLS.

851

Wirstal.—L.M.

WIDDOP.



**1** **T**HERE was a time when children  
sang

*f* The Saviour's praise with sacred glee  
And all the hills of Judah rang  
With their exulting jubilee.

**2** O to have joined their rapturous songs,  
And swelled their sweet hosannas  
high

And blessed him with our feeble tongues  
As He—the Man of grief—went by!

*f* **3** But Christ is now a glorious King,  
And angels in His presence bow;  
The humble songs that we can sing  
*p* O will He—can He hear them now?

**4** He can—He will—He loves to hear  
The notes which babes and sucklings  
raise:

*p* Jesus, we come with trembling fear,  
O teach our hearts and tongues to  
praise!

*f* **5** We join the hosts around Thy throne,

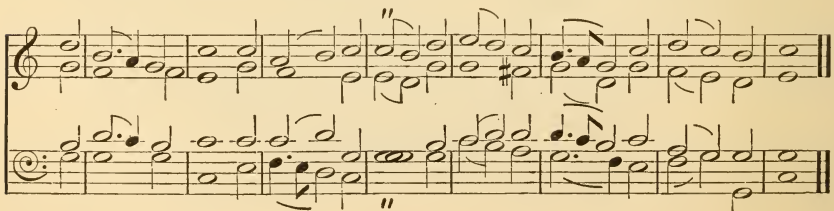
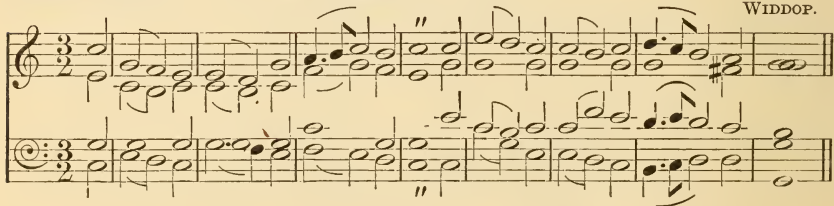
Who once, like us, the desert trod:  
And thus we make their song our own—  
'Hosanna to the Son of God!'

T. R. TAYLOR.

852—853

Ossett.—L.M.

WIDDOP.





**1** **W**HAT are those soul-reviving strains  
Which echo thus from Salem's  
plains?

**V** What anthems loud, and louder still,  
Sweetly resound from Zion's hill?

**f 2** Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,  
Hosanna to the King of kings!  
The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim  
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.

**3** Nor these alone their voice shall raise,  
For we will join this song of praise;  
Still Israel's children forward press,  
To hail the Lord their righteousness.

**f 4** Proclaim hosannas loud and clear;  
See David's Son and Lord appear!  
Glory and praise on earth be given!  
Hosanna in the highest heaven!

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 853

## Ossett.—L.M.

**f 1** **W**ITH heart and soul, with mind and  
might,  
In many a glad and grateful throng,  
The aged and the young unite  
To sing their yearly festal song.

**2** This day brings sweet remembrances  
Of hallowed seasons gone before,  
And pledges greater things than these,  
To schools and teachers, still in store.

**3** Thus every year bequeaths one day  
Of special blessing to record,  
With dear companions by the way,  
While following on to know the Lord.

**4** A gathering here on pilgrimage  
Refreshes thousands in their course;  
A field day here gives those who wage  
War with the world redoubled force.

**5** Among the annals of the past  
This happiest day let us enrol;  
And year by year, while life shall last,  
Inscribe a happier on the scroll.

**f 6** Can such a consummation be?  
This day is given, a precious one;  
To spend it for eternity  
Will be the good work well begun.

J. MONTGOMERY.

## 854

## St. Saviour.—C.M.

F. G. BAKER.



**f 1** **H**OSANNA! raise the pealing hymn  
To David's Son and Lord:  
With Cherubim and Seraphim  
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

**2** Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue  
No lofty strains can raise:  
But Thou wilt not despise the young,  
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

**3** Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,  
How vast Thy gifts, how free!  
Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our  
Thy name, our only plea. [feast;

**4** Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring  
Our offerings to Thy throne;  
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,  
But hearts to be Thine own.

**5** Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear  
Approved a lisping throng;  
*p* Be gracious still, and deign to hear  
Our poor but grateful song.

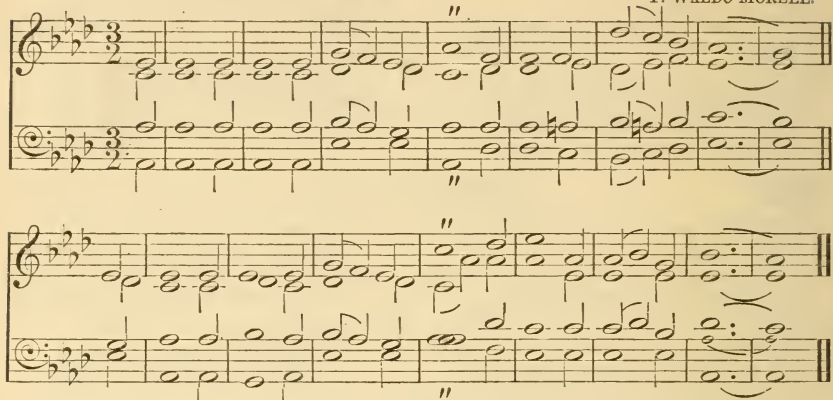
**6** O Saviour, if redeemed by Thee,  
Thy temple we behold,  
*f* Hosannas through eternity  
We'll sing to harps of gold.

W. H. HAVERGAL.

## 855

## Brixton.—C.M.

T. WALDO MORELL.



1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows!  
p How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart with influence sweet  
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
p The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,  
Must shortly fade away.

4 O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within Thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue  
Were all alike divine: [crowned,

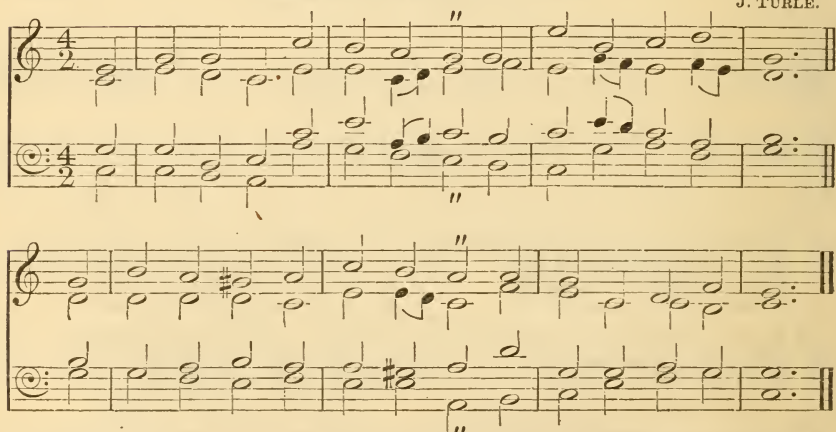
5 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
A In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still Thine own.

R. HEBER.

## 856

## Westminster.—C.M.

J. TURLE.



1 BLEST is the man whose heart expands  
At melting pity's call,  
And the rich blessings of whose hands  
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Blest work! the youthful mind to win,  
And turn the rising race  
p From the deceitful paths of sin,  
A To seek redeeming grace.

3 Children our kind protection claim ;  
 And God will well approve,  
 When infants learn to praise His name,  
 And their Redeemer love.

4 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way  
 To guide untutored youth,  
 To show the mind, so apt to stray,  
 The Way, the Life, the Truth.

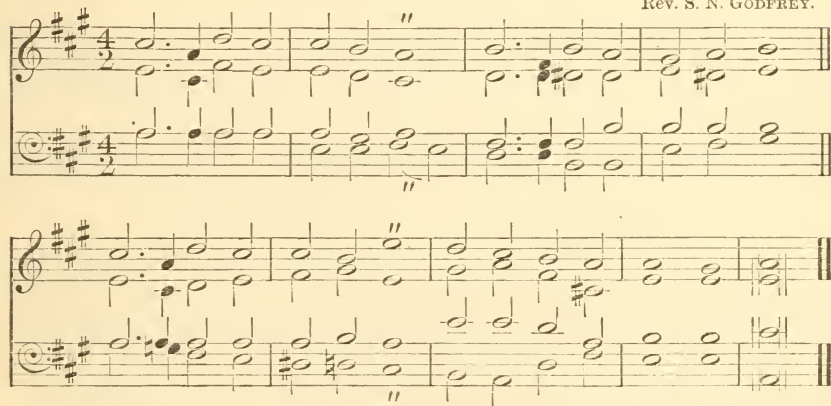
*f* 5 Thy Spirit, Father, on us shed,  
 And bless this good design ;  
 The honours of Thy Name be spread,  
 And all the glory Thine.

J. STRAPHAN.

857—858

Ellingham.—7 7.7 7.

Rev. S. N. GODFREY.



1 HAST Thou bidden, gracious Lord,  
 That Thy lambs shall nurtured be ?  
 Lo ! Thy servants, at Thy word,  
 Bring the little ones to Thee.

2 Oft we bring them in our prayer,  
 And to-day, in ordered throng,  
 Saviour, to Thy love and care  
 We commend them in our song.

3 Through their hours of tender youth  
 We would lead them in Thy way,  
 Teach them, from Thy word of truth,  
 To believe and to obey.

4 As to us the sacred task  
 Of instruction is assigned ;  
 On our gifts Thy grace we ask  
 Pleasure in our work to find.

*f* 5 Thine the silver and the gold,  
 Thine the patience, time, and skill ;  
 Every talent let us hold  
 From Thee, Lord, and for Thee still.

6 Only pour Thy Spirit down :  
 Root and ground us in Thy love :  
 Aid us, and our labours crown :  
 Bring us to Thy rest above.

H. DOWNTON.

858

Ellingham.—7 7.7 7.

*p* 1 GOD of mercy, throned on high,  
 Listen from Thy lofty seat ;  
 Hear, O hear our feeble cry ;  
 Guide, O guide our wandering feet !

2 Young and erring travellers, we  
 All our dangers do not know ;  
 Scarcely fear the stormy sea,  
 Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus, Lover of the young,  
 Cleanse us with Thy blood Divine,  
 Ere the tide of sin grow strong,  
 Save us, keep us, make us Thine !

*p* 4 When perplexed in danger's snare,  
 Thou alone our Guide canst be ;  
 When oppressed with woe and care,  
 Whom have we to trust but Thee ?

5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,  
 Ask Thy counsel every day :  
*f* Saints and angels will rejoice,  
 If we walk in wisdom's way.

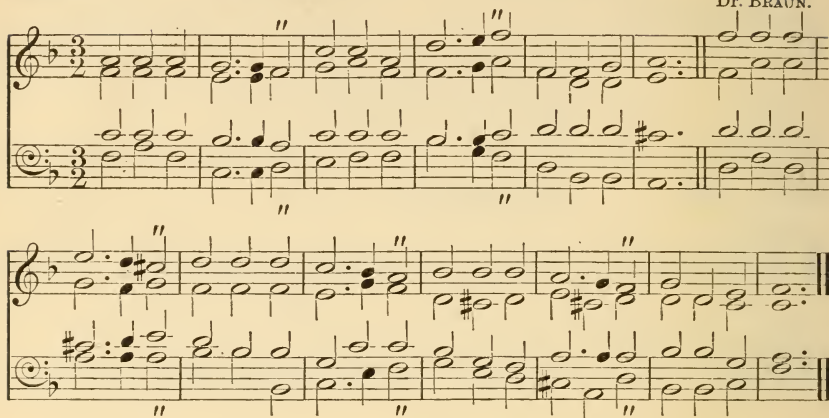
6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour  
 Hope and love on every soul—  
*f* Hope, till time shall be no more ;  
 Love, while endless ages roll !

H. NEELE.

## 859

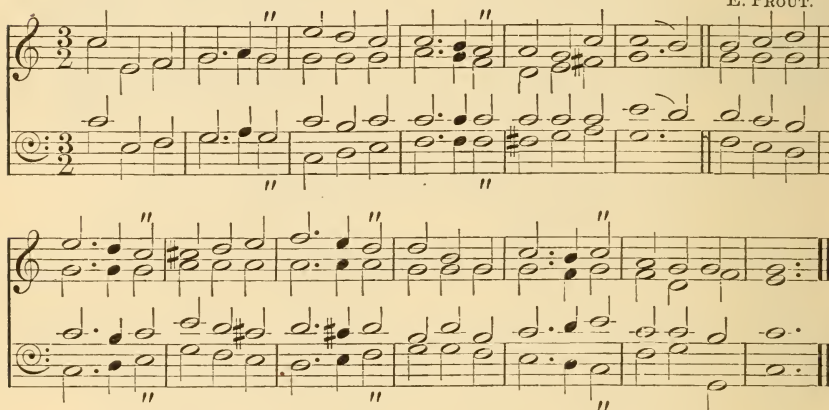
## Moreb (1st Tune).—6 6 4.6 6 6 4.

Dr. BRAUN.



## Greenwood (2nd Tune).—6 6 4.6 6 6 4.

E. PROUT.



1 SHEPHERD of tender youth,  
 Guiding, in love and truth,  
 Through devious ways;  
*f* Christ, our triumphant King,  
 We come Thy Name to sing,  
 And here our children bring,  
*ff* To shout Thy praise.

2 Thou art our Holy Lord,  
 The all-subduing Word,  
 Healer of strife:  
*p* Thou didst Thyself abase,  
 That from sin's deep disgrace  
 Thou mightest save our race  
*f* And give us life.

3 O wisdom's great High Priest,  
 Thou hast prepared the feast  
 Of holy love;  
*p* And in our mortal pain,  
 None calls on Thee in vain;  
 Help Thou dost not refrain—  
*f* Help from above.

4 Be ever near our side,  
 Our Shepherd and our Guide,  
 Our staff and song:  
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,  
 By Thy perennial word,  
 Lead us where Thou hast trod;  
*f* Make our faith strong.



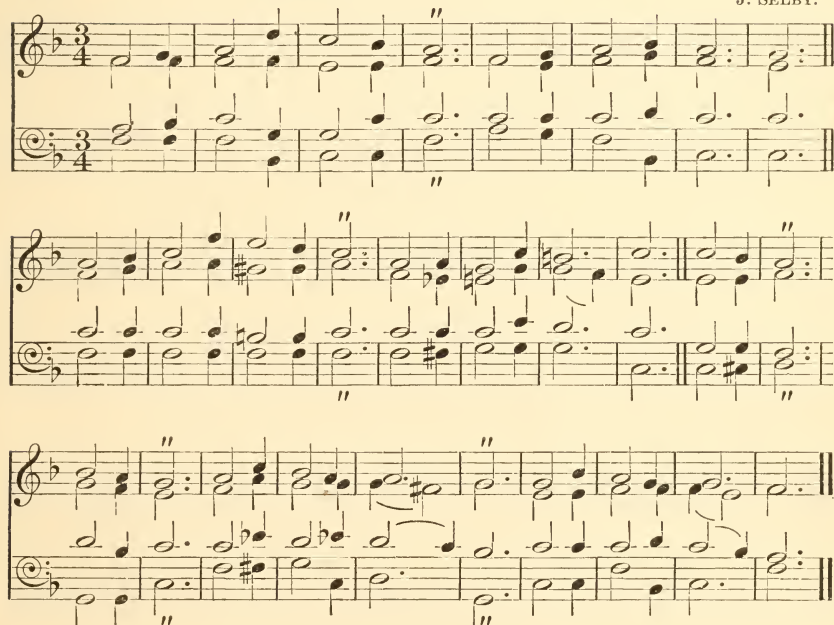
5 So now, and till we die,  
 Sound we Thy praises high,  
 And joyful sing.  
 Infants, and the glad throng  
 Who to Thy Church belong,  
 Unite, and swell the song  
*f* To Christ our King.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, *trs.* by H. M. DEXTER.

860

Parkes.—7 6.7 6.3 3.6 6.

J. SELBY.



1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Bless the young before Thee:  
 Thou their wants and dangers know'st;  
 Watch them, we implore Thee:  
 Here they stand,  
 Hopeful band,  
*p* Want and sin confessing,  
 Waiting for Thy blessing.

2 Gentle Saviour, make them Thine,  
 Thou wilt never lose them;  
*p* May Thy life and love divine  
 Melt their tender bosom;  
 Lord, we pray  
 That they may  
 All like Thee be holy,  
 Loving, meek, and lowly.

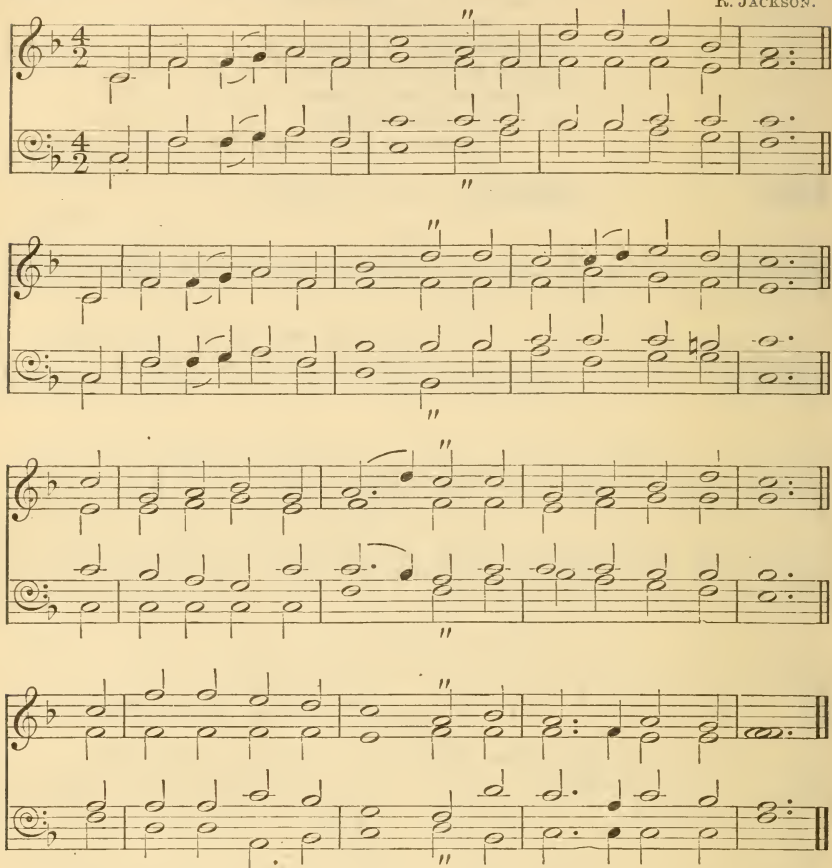
3 Giver Thou of gifts to all,  
 No good thing deny them;  
 Hear, O hear our earnest call,  
 Life and light supply them:  
 Make them new,  
 Keep them true,  
*f* All that stand before Thee;  
 Bless them, we implore Thee.

*From the German, trs. by J. S. STALLYBRASS.*

861

## Lymington.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

R. JACKSON.



*f* 1 **H**OSANNA ! loud hosanna !  
 The little children sang :  
 Through pillared court and temple,  
 The lovely anthem rang ;  
 To Jesus who had blessed them,  
 Close folded to His breast,  
 The children sang their praises,  
 The simplest and the best.

2 From Olivet they followed,  
 'Midst an exultant crowd,  
 Waving the victor palm branch,  
 And shouting clear and loud ;  
 Bright angels joined the chorus,  
 Beyond the cloudless sky—

*f* 'Hosanna in the highest,  
 Glory to God on high !'

3 Fair leaves of silvery olive  
 They strewed upon the ground,  
 Whilst Salem's circling mountains  
 Echoed the joyful sound ;  
 The Lord of men and angels  
 Rode on in lowly state,  
 Nor scorned that little children  
 Should or His bidding wait.

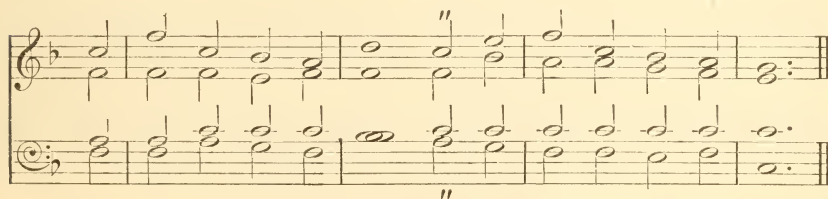
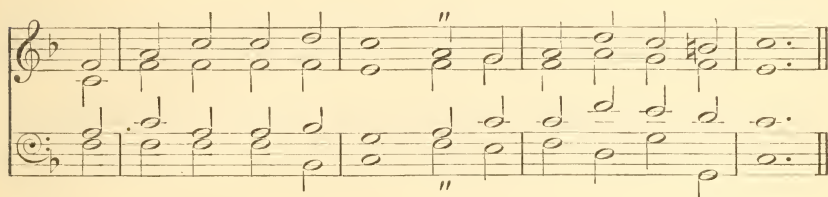
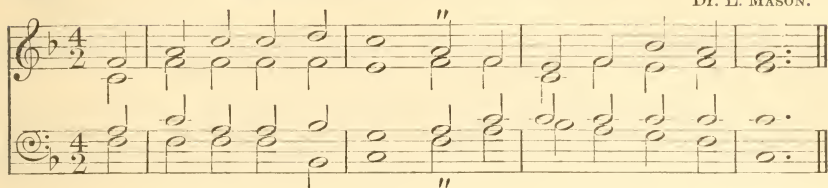
*f* 4 'Hosanna in the highest !'  
 That ancient song we sing ;  
 For Christ is our Redeemer,  
 The Lord of heaven our King :  
 O may we ever praise Him,  
 With heart and life and voice,  
 And in His blissful presence  
 Eternally rejoice !

J. THRELFALL

862

## Missionary.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

Dr. L. MASON.



1. WHEN, His salvation bringing,  
 To Zion Jesus came,  
 f The children all stood singing  
 Hosanna to His name :  
 Nor did their zeal offend Him,  
 But, as He rode along,  
 He bade them still attend Him,  
 And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth  
 His love for children still,  
 Though now as King He reigneth  
 On Zion's heavenly hill,  
 We'll flock around His banner  
 Who sits upon the throne,  
 f And sing aloud, Hosanna  
 To David's royal Son !

3 For should we fail proclaiming  
 Our great Redeemer's praise,  
 The stones, our silence shaming,  
 Might their hosannas raise.  
 f But shall we only render  
 The tribute of our words ?  
 No, while our hearts are tender,  
 They too shall be the Lord's.

J. KING.

## 863 "Come Praise the Lord."—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

E. H. LEMARE, F.C.O.



[Girls only.]

*f* 1 COME, praise your Lord and Saviour  
 In strains of holy mirth;  
 Give thanks to Him, O children,  
 Who lived a child on earth:  
 He loved the little children,  
 And called them to His side,  
 His loving arms embraced them,  
*p* And for their sake He died.

[Boys only.]

*f* 2 O Jesus! we would praise Thee,  
 With songs of holy joy,  
 For Thou on earth didst sojourn  
 A pure and spotless Boy:  
 Make us, like Thee, obedient,  
 Like Thee, from sin-stains free,  
 Like Thee, in God's own temple,  
 In lowly home, like Thee.

3 O Jesus! we too praise Thee,  
 The lowly maiden's Son:  
 In Thee all gentlest graces  
 Are gathered into one:  
 O! give that best adornment  
 That Christian maid can wear,  
 The meek and quiet spirit  
 Which shone in Thee so fair.

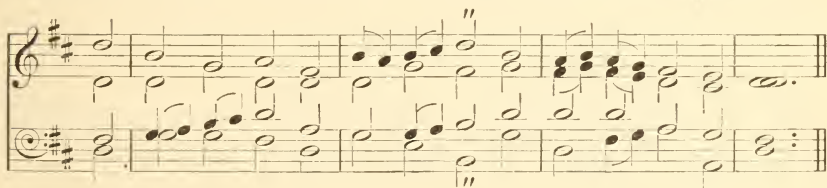
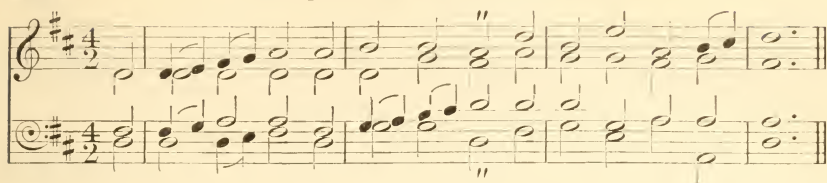
[All.]

*f* 4 O Lord! with voices blended,  
 We sing our songs of praise:  
 Be Thou the light and pattern  
 Of all our childhood's days;  
 And lead us ever onward,  
 That, while we stay below,  
 We may, like Thee, O Jesus!  
 In grace and wisdom grow.

W. W. How.



864

Glory.—C.M. (*With Refrain*).

## REFRAIN.



1 **A** ROUND the throne of God in heaven  
Thousands of children stand;  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band,  
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white  
See every one arrayed:  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade,  
*f* Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

3 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,  
How came those children there,  
*f* Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

*p* 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood  
To take away their sin,  
Washed in that precious purple flood,  
Behold them white and clean,  
*f* Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace  
On earth they loved His name;  
So now they see His blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb:  
*f* Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

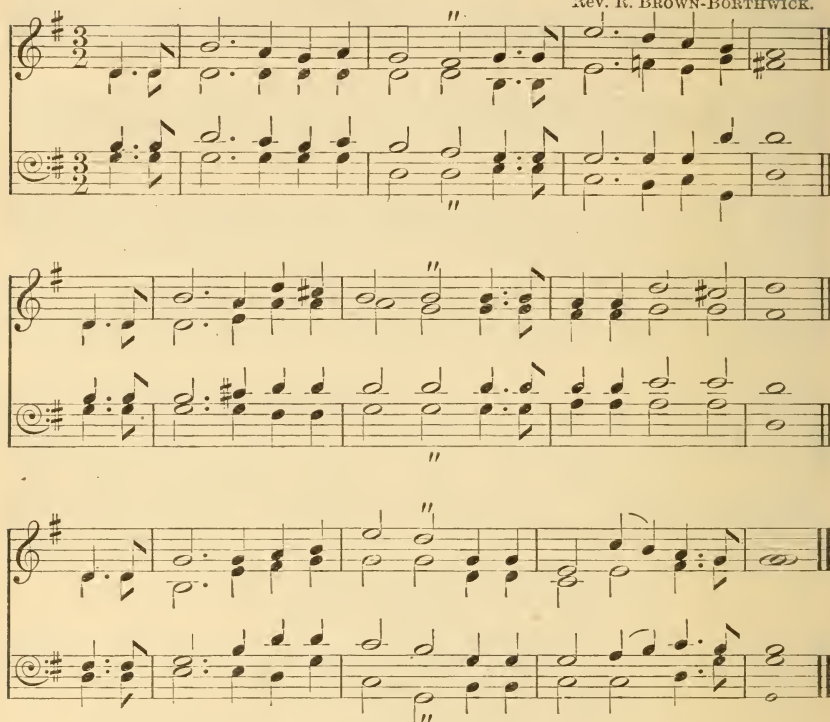
6 And is that fountain flowing yet?  
Blest Saviour, lead us there;  
That we those happy ones may meet,  
And in their praises share,  
*f* Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

A. SHEPHERD.

865

Grange.—8 7.8 7.8 7.

REV. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



<sup>1</sup> GRACIOUS Saviour, Gentle Shepherd  
 Little ones are dear to Thee;  
 Gathered with Thine arms, and carried  
 In Thy bosom may they be:  
 Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,  
 From all want and danger free.

*p* 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them  
 From Thy fold to go astray;  
 By Thy warning love directed  
 May they walk the narrow way:  
 Thus direct them, thus defend them,  
 Lest they fall an easy prey.

3 Cleanse their hearts from sinful folly  
 In the stream Thy love supplied,  
 Mingled stream of blood and water,

Flowing from Thy wounded side;  
 And to heavenly pastures lead them,  
 Where Thine own still waters glide.

4 Let Thy Holy Word instruct them,  
 Fill their minds with heavenly light;  
 Let Thy love and grace constrain them  
 To approve of what is right;  
 Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,  
 Let them prove Thy burden light.

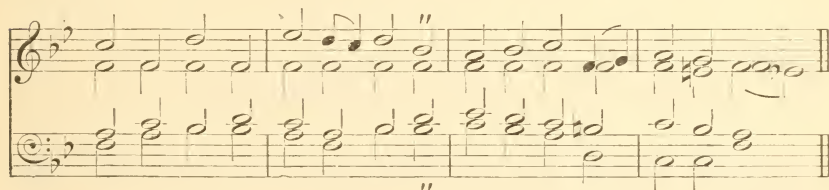
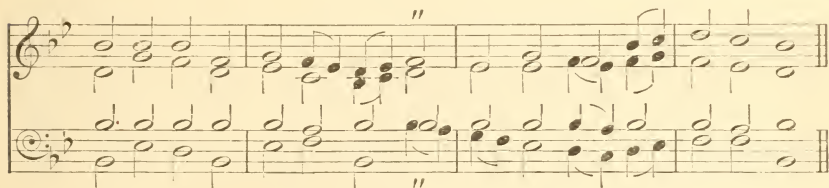
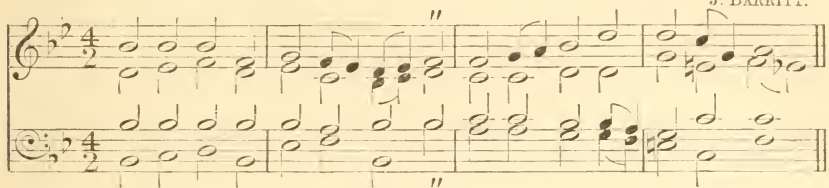
5 Taught to love the holy praises  
 Which on earth Thy children sing,  
 With both lips and hearts unfeigned,  
*f* Glad thank-offerings may they bring;  
 Then, with all Thy saints in glory,  
 Join to praise their Lord and King.

J. E. LEESON AND J. KEBLE.

866

## Day of Gladness.—87.87.87.87.

J. BARRITT.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 <b>H</b> EAVENLY Father, send Thy blessing<br/>         On Thy children gathered here ; [ing<br/>         May they all, Thy name confessing,<br/>         Be to Thee for ever dear ;<br/>         May they be, like Joseph, loving,<br/>         Dutiful, and chaste, and pure,<br/>         And their faith, like David, proving,<br/>         Steadfast unto death endure.</p> | <p>p 2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness<br/>         Didst vouchsafe a child to be, [ness ;<br/>         Guide their steps, and help their weak-<br/>         Bless, and make them like to Thee ;<br/>         Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,<br/>         In Thine arms, and at Thy breast :<br/>         Through life's desert, dry and dreary,<br/>         Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.</p> |
|---|--|

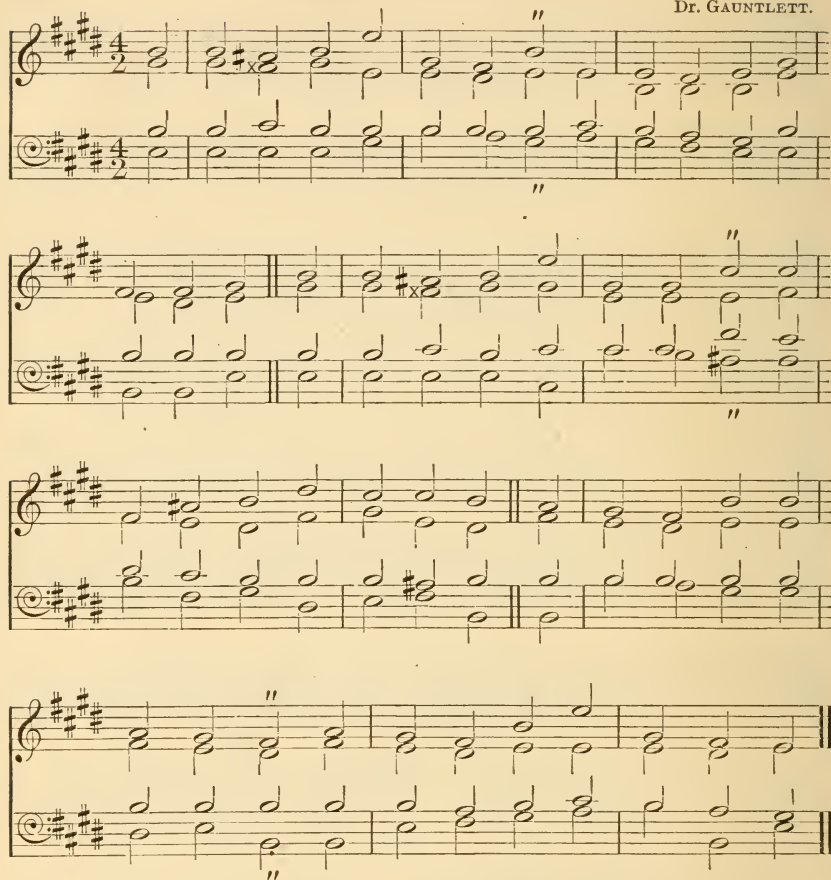
- 3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,  
 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove ;  
 Guide them, lead them, go before them,  
 Give them peace, and joy, and love ;  
 Temples of the Holy Spirit,  
 May they with Thy glory shine,  
 And immortal bliss inherit,  
 And for evermore be Thine !

C. WORDSWORTH.

867

Dura.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 To whom we for our children cry;  
 The good desired and wanted most  
 Out of Thy richest<sup>x</sup> grace supply;  
 The sacred discipline be given,  
 To train and bring them up for heaven.

p 2 Error and ignorance remove, [mind;  
 Their blindness both of heart and  
 V Give them the wisdom from above,  
 Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;  
 A In knowledge pure their minds renew,  
 And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Unite the pair so long disjoined—  
 Knowledge and vital piety;  
 Learning and holiness combined,  
 And truth and love, let all men see  
 In those whom up to Thee we give,  
 Thine, wholly Thine, to die and live.

4 Father, accept them through Thy Son,  
 And ever by Thy Spirit guide!  
 A Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,  
 Thy name confessed and glorified;  
 f Thy power and love diffused abroad,  
 Till all the earth is filled with God.

C. WESLEY.

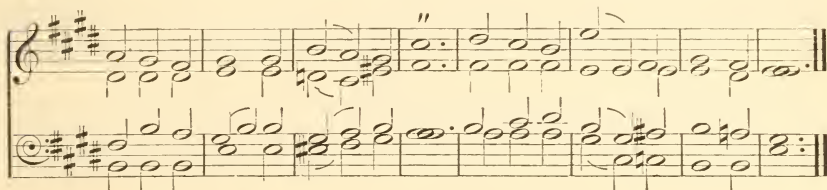
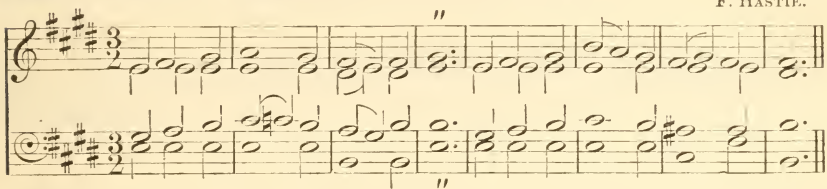


VARIOUS OCCASIONS AND SEASONS— 669  
COMMENCEMENT AND CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

868

Requies (1st Tune).—L.M.

F. HASTIE.



Thampstead (2nd Tune).—L.M.

W. SMALLWOOD.

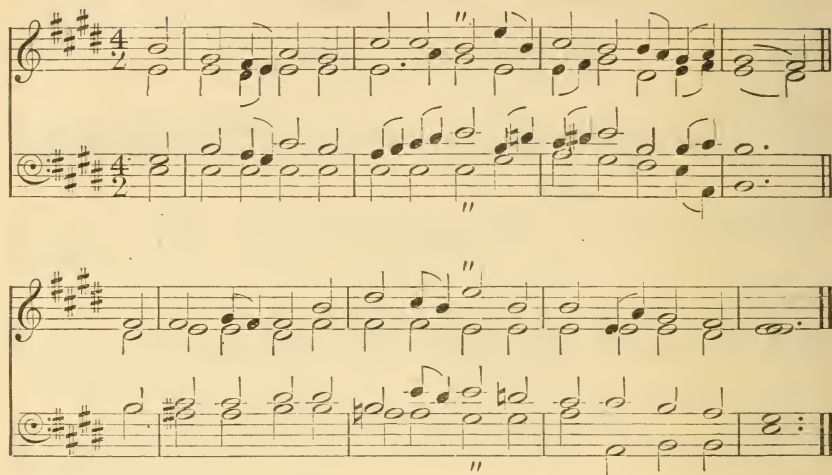


- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 <b>F</b>ATHER of mercies ! God of love !<br/>         Whose kind compassion still we prove,<br/>         Our praise accept, and bless us here,<br/>         As brought to this—another year.</p> <p>f 2 We sing Thy goodness all divine,<br/>         Whose radiant beams around us shine,<br/>         'Tis through Thy goodness we appear<br/>         Preserved to this—another year.</p> <p>5 Still, Lord, through life Thy love display,<br/>         And then in death's approaching day,<br/>         We'll joyful part with all that's here,<br/>         Nor wish on earth—another year.</p> | <p>p 3 Our souls, our all we here resign ;<br/>         Make us, and keep us ever Thine ;<br/>         And grant that in Thy love and fear<br/>         We may begin—another year.</p> <p>4 Be this our sweet experience still,<br/>         To know and do Thy holy will ;<br/>         Then shall our souls, with joy sincere,<br/>         Bless Thee for this—another year.</p> |
|--|---|

S. MEDLEY.

869

## Rome.—C.M.



**1** BREAK, new-born Year, on glad eyes break,  
 Melodious voices move!  
 On, rolling Time! thou canst not make  
 The Father cease to love.

*p* **2** The parted year had wingèd feet;  
 The Saviour still doth stay;  
 The New Year comes! but, Spirit sweet,  
 Thou goest not away.

*p* **3** Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er:  
 But, Lord, Thy smile still beams;  
 Our sins are swelling evermore;  
 But pardoning grace still streams.

**4** Lord! from this year more service win.  
 More glory, more delight!  
 O, make its hours less sad with sin,  
 Its days with Thee more bright!

**5** Then we may bless its precious things  
 If earthly cheer should come,  
 Or gladsome mount on angel wings  
 If Thou shouldst take us home.

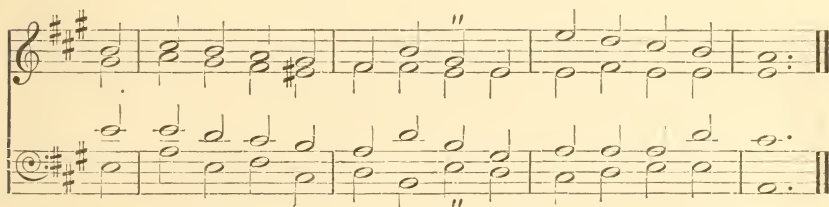
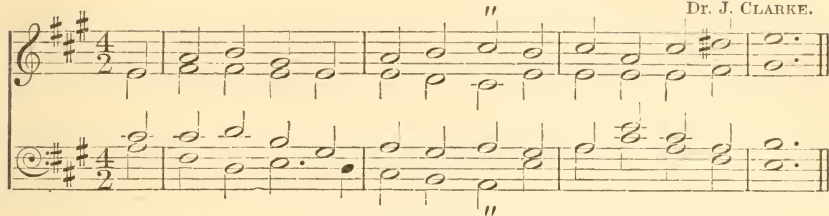
*f* **6** O! golden then the hours must be;  
 The year must needs be sweet;  
 Yes, Lord, with happy melody  
 Thine opening grace we greet.

T. H. GILL.

## 870—871

## St. Magnus.—C.M.

DR. J. CLARKE.



*f* 1 COME, let us join our friends above  
Who have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joys celestial rise.

*f* 2 Let saints on earth unite to sing  
With those to glory gone ;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family we dwell in Him,  
One church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death ;

4 One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow :  
Part of His host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

*p* 5 What numbers to their endless home  
This solemn moment fly !  
And we are to the margin come,  
And we expect to die ;

6 His militant embodied host,  
With wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast,  
And reach that heavenly land.

7 Our old companions in distress  
We haste again to see,  
And eager long for our release,  
And full felicity.

8 E'en now by faith we join our hands  
With those that went before ;  
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands  
On the eternal shore.

C. WESLEY.

## 871

## St. Magnus.—C.M.

1 GOD of our life ! Thy various praise  
Let mortal voices sound ;  
Thy hand removes our fleeting days,  
And brings the seasons round.

2 To Thee shall annual incense rise,  
Our Father and our Friend ;  
While annual mercies from the skies  
In genial streams descend.

3 In every scene of life, Thy care,  
In every age, we see ;  
And constant as Thy favours are,  
So let our praises be.

4 Still may Thy love in every scene,  
In every age, appear ;  
*p* And let the same compassion deign  
To bless the opening year.

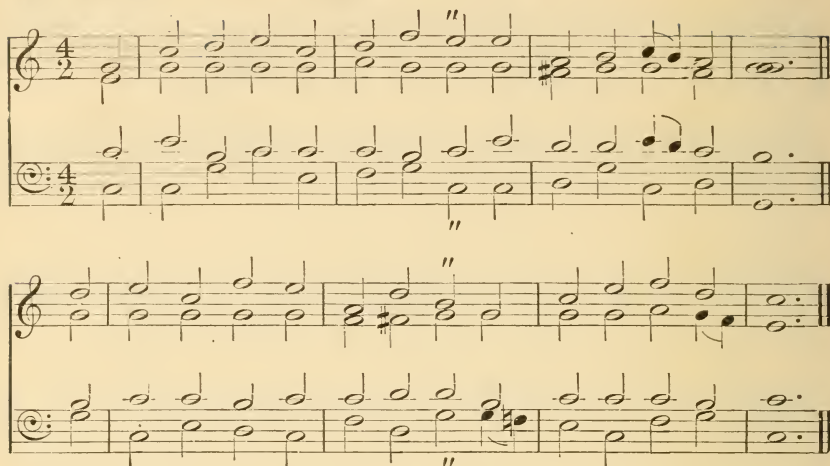
5 O keep this foolish heart of mine  
From anxious passions free ;  
Each comfort teach me to resign,  
And trust my all to Thee.

6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring  
My wandering soul to God ;  
And in affliction I will sing,  
If Thou wilt bless the rod.

O. HEGINBOTHAM.

## 872—873

## St. James.—C.M.



- f* 1 SING to the Great Jehovah's praise !  
 All praise to Him belongs :  
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,  
 Demands our choicest songs.
- 2 His providence hath brought us through  
 Another various year :  
 We all, with vows and anthems new,  
 Before our God appear.
- 3 Father, Thy mercies past we own,  
 Thy still continued care ;  
 To Thee presenting, through Thy Son,  
 What'e'r we have or are.
- f* 4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show  
 The wonders of Thy love,  
 While on, in Jesus' steps, we go  
 To see Thy face above.
- 5 Our residue of days or hours  
 Thine, wholly Thine, shall be,  
 And—all our consecrated powers—  
 A sacrifice to Thee :
- 6 Till Jesus, in the clouds, appear  
 To saints on earth forgiven,  
*f* And bring the grand Sabbath year,  
 The Jubilee of Heaven.

C. WESLEY.

## 873

## St. James.—C.M.

[ Watch Night. ]

- f* 1 JOIN, all ye ransomed sons of grace,  
 The holy joy prolong,  
 And shout to the Redeemer's praise  
 A solemn midnight song.
- f* 2 Blessing, and thanks, and love, and might,  
 Be to our Jesus given,  
 Who turns our darkness into light,  
 Who turns our hell to heaven.
- 3 Thither our faithful souls He leads,  
 Thither He bids us rise,  
*f* With crowns of joy upon our heads,  
 To meet Him in the skies.

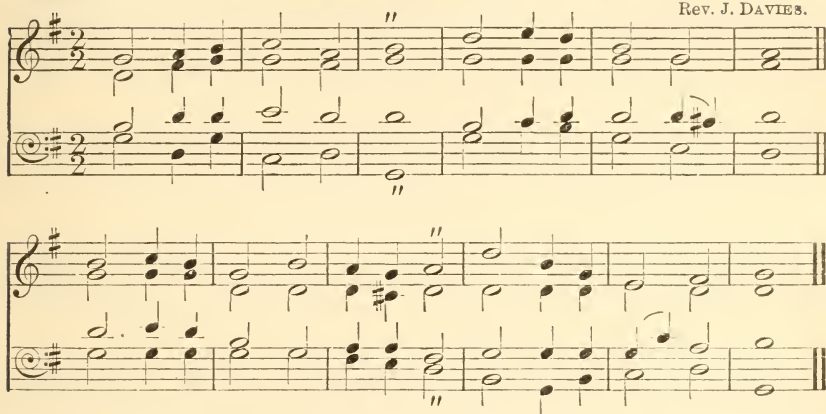
C. WESLEY.



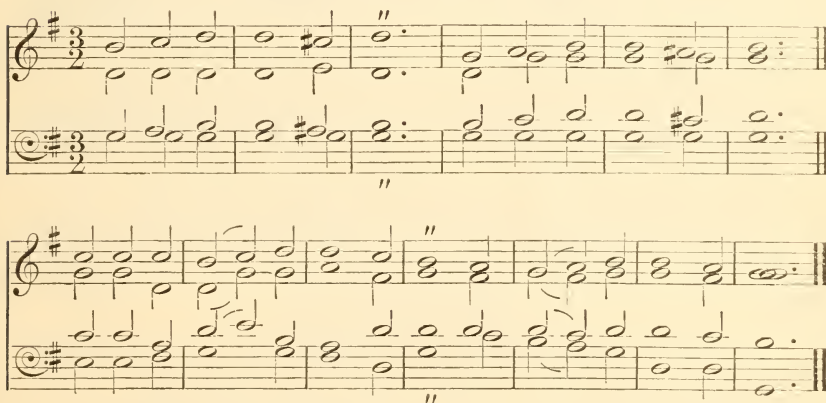
874

## Southport (1st Tune).—S.M.

Rev. J. DAVIES.



## Sator (2nd Tune).—S.M.



1 ARE there no years in heaven ?  
No change of day and night !  
No rolling seasons' varied hues  
To mark Time's onward flight ?

2 No ; Time itself must fade,  
And New Years' Days shall cease  
When all God's children meet on high,  
To hail the Prince of Peace.

3 His realm is endless rest,  
And perfect holiness !  
No cares shall cloud, no sorrow dim  
That home of loveliness.

*f* 4 In His great name we raise  
Our New Year's song to heaven ;  
To praise our Father's boundless love,  
And ask to be forgiven.

5 Saviour, be Thou our trust,  
Our daily, hourly Friend ;  
Unite our hearts in love to Thee—  
The love which knows no end.

*f* 6 So may our lives on earth,  
Made happy by Thy grace,  
Be foretastes of a fairer home—  
A heavenly dwelling-place.

SATOR.



## 875—876

## St. I'helen.—7 7 7 7.

WHITAKER.



1 **F**OR Thy mercy and Thy grace  
Constant through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness,  
Jesus our Redeemer, hear.

2 Dark the future; let Thy light  
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star;  
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;  
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

3 In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way.

p 4 Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread?  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying bed!

5 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own:  
Help, O help us to endure;  
Fit us for the promised crown!

f 6 So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee, the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

H. DOWNTON.

## 876

## St. I'helen.—7 7 7 7.

[Renewing the Covenant.]

1 **G**OD of truth and power and grace,  
Drawn by Thee to seek Thy face,  
Lo! I in Thy courts appear,  
Humbly come to meet Thee here;

p 2 Trembling at Thine altar stand,  
Lift to heaven my heart and hand,  
Of Thy promised strength secure,  
All my sins I now abjure.

3 All my promises renew,  
All my wickedness eschew,  
Chiefly that I called my own,  
Now I hate, renounce, disown.

4 Never more will I commit,  
Follow, or be led by it;  
Only grant the grace I claim,  
Arm my soul in Jesus' name.

5 Sure I am it is Thy will  
I should never yield to ill,  
Never lose Thy gracious power,  
Never sin or grieve Thee more.

6 What doth then my hopes prevent?  
Lord, Thou stay'st for my consent;  
My consent through grace I give,  
Promise in Thy fear to live.

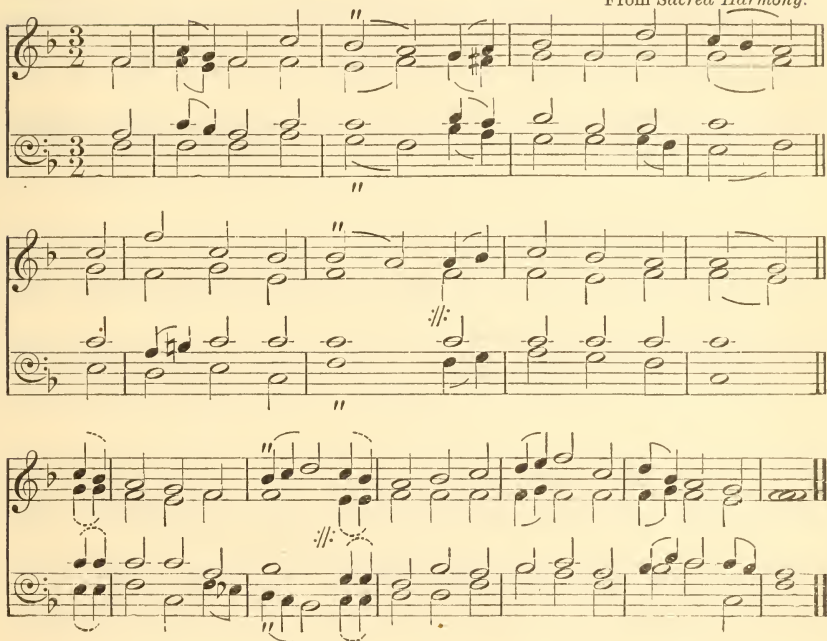
7 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Present with Thy angel host,  
p While I at Thine altar bow,  
Witness to the solemn vow.

f 8 Now admit my bold appeal,  
Now affix Thy Spirit's seal,  
Now the power from high be given,  
Register the vow in heaven.

C. WESLEY.

877

## Derbe.—5 5.5 11.

From *Sacred Harmony*.

1 COME, let us anew  
Our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year,  
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will  
Let us gladly fulfil,  
And our talents improve,  
By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

*p* 3 Our life is a dream;  
Our time as a stream  
Glides swiftly away,  
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

*p* 4 The arrow is flown,  
The moment is gone;  
The millennial year  
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day  
Of His coming may say,  
'I have fought my way through,  
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do!'

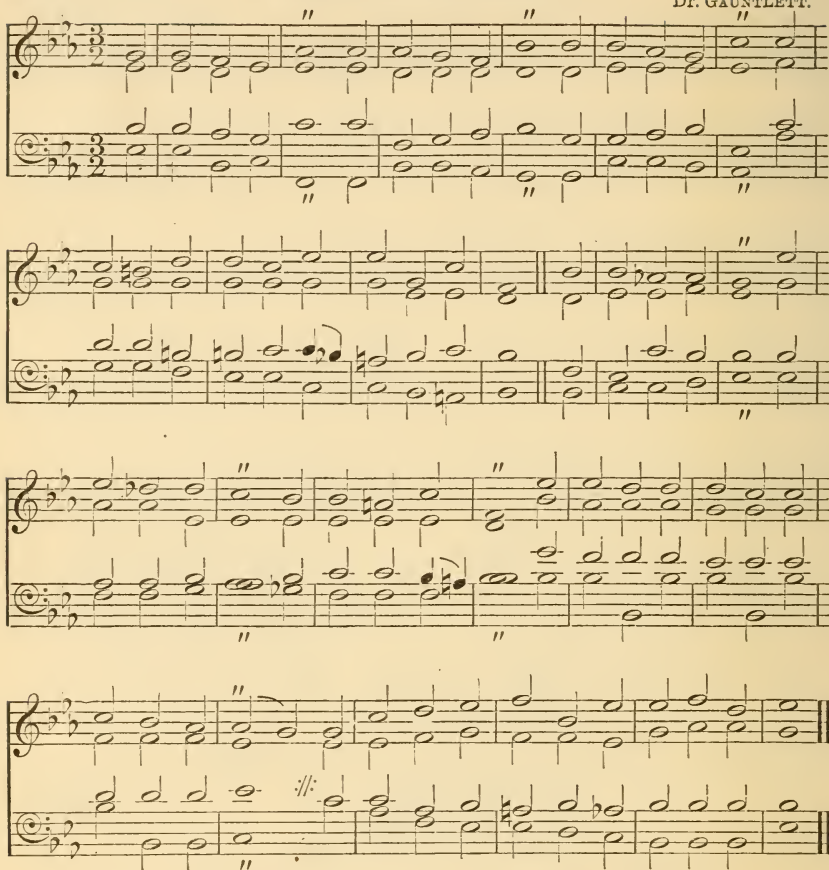
6 O that each from his Lord  
May receive the glad word,  
'Well and faithfully done;  
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne!'

C. WESLEY.

## 878

## Victory.—5 5 5 11.5 5 5 11.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



1 COME, let us anew  
 Our journey pursue,  
 With vigour arise, [skies.  
 And press to our permanent place in the  
 Of heavenly birth, \  
 Though wandering on earth,  
 This is not our place; [confess.  
 But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we

2 At Jesus's call  
 We gave up our all;  
 And still we forego  
 For Jesu's sake our enjoyments below.  
 No longing we find  
 For the country behind;  
 But onward we move,  
 And still we are seeking the country above:

3 A country of joy,  
 Without any alloy,  
 We thither repair: [there.  
 Our hearts and our treasure already are  
 We march hand in hand  
 To Immanuel's land:  
 No matter what cheer  
 We meet with on earth; for eternity's near.

4 The rougher our way,  
 The shorter our stay;  
 The tempests that rise  
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.  
 f The fiercer the blast,  
 The sooner 'tis past;  
 The troubles that come,  
 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.  
 C. WESLEY.



879

Omagh.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

W. A. JEFFERSON.



1 YE virgin souls, arise,  
With all the dead, awake  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take !  
Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
'Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh !'

2 He comes, He comes, to call  
The nations to His bar,  
And raise to glory all  
Who fit for glory are ;  
f Made ready for your full reward,  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go, meet Him in the sky,  
Your everlasting Friend ;  
f Your Head to glorify,  
With all His saints ascend ;  
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace  
To see, without a veil, His face !

4 Ye that have here received  
The unction from above,  
And in His Spirit lived,  
Obedient to His love,  
f Jesus shall claim you for His bride :  
Rejoice with all the sanctified !

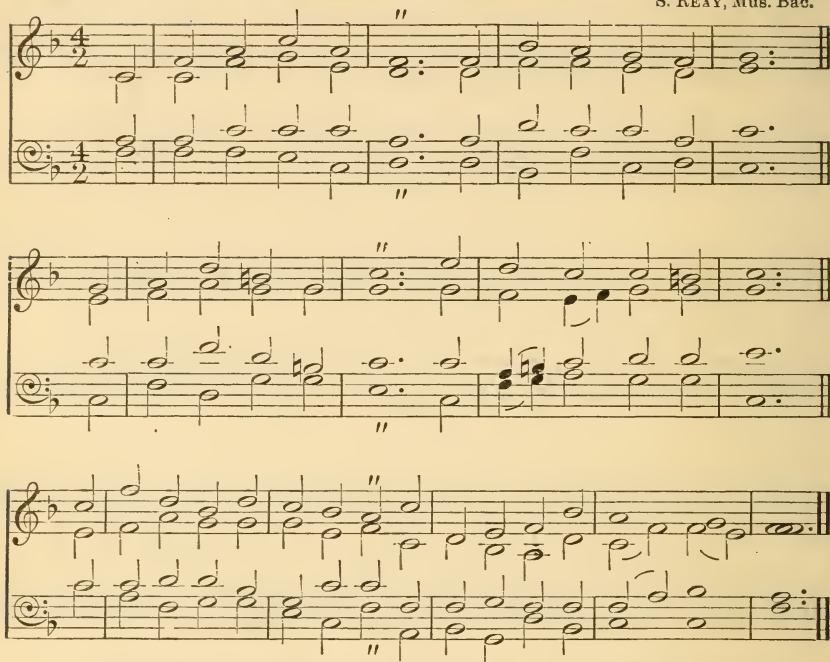
f 5 The everlasting doors  
Shall soon the saints receive,  
Above yon angel powers  
In glorious joy to live :  
Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With God eternally shut in.

C. WESLEY.

880

## Bickleigh.—6 6.6 6.8 8.

S. REAY, Mus. Bac.



1 THE Lord of earth and sky,  
 The God of ages, praise ;  
 Who reigns enthroned on high,  
 Ancient of endless days ;  
 Who lengthens out our trial here,  
 And spares us yet another year.

p 2 Barren and withered trees,  
 We cumbered long the ground ;  
 No fruits of holiness  
 On our dead souls were found :  
 Yet doth He us in mercy spare  
 Another and another year.

p 3 When Justice bared the sword,  
 To cut the fig-tree down,  
 The pity of our Lord  
 Cried, 'Let it still alone !'  
 Our gracious God inclined His ear,  
 And spared us yet another year.

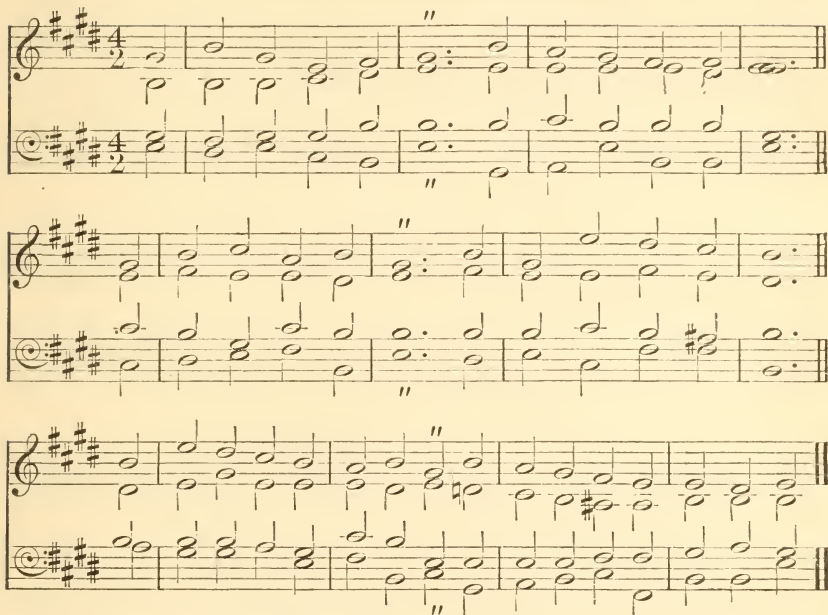
4 Jesus, Thy speaking blood  
 From God obtained the grace,  
 Who therefore hath bestowed  
 On us a longer space :  
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
 And, lo, we see another year !

5 Then dig about our root,  
 Break up the fallow ground,  
 And let our gracious fruit  
 To Thy great praise abound :  
 f O let us all Thy praise declare,  
 And fruit unto perfection bear !

C. WESLEY.

881

## Carinthia.—6 6.6 6.8 8.



1 SWIFT as an eagle's flight,  
 When hastening to his prey,  
 So, Father, in Thy sight,  
 Our moments pass away;  
 Yet not too swift their course shall be,  
 If they but bear us, Lord, to Thee.

2 As morning mists, that fly  
 The footsteps of the light;  
*p* As evening clouds, that die  
 Beneath the touch of night;  
 So fly our years—Lord, let them be  
 As friends, to lead us home to Thee!

3 Thy mercies past we sing,  
 The praise is Thine alone;  
 What future days shall bring,  
 To none but Thee is known:  
 Yet, whatsoe'er our portion be,  
 Conduct us safe to heaven and Thee!

4 On life's fast-rushing tide  
 What dangers hover near?  
 Yet, if our Saviour guide,  
 We shall no shipwreck fear;  
*f* But joyful breast the stormy sea,  
 And land at last in heaven with Thee.

W. H. GROSER.

## 882

## Dedicatio Anni.—7 5.7 5.7 5.7 5.

R. F. COULES, F.C.O.



1 **F**ATHER, let me dedicate  
 All this year to Thee,  
 In whatever worldly state  
 Thou wilt have me be :  
 Not from sorrow, pain, or care,  
 Freedom dare I claim :  
 This alone shall be my prayer,  
*f* 'Glorify Thy Name.'

2 Can a child presume to choose  
 Where or how to live ?  
 Can a Father's love refuse  
 All the best to give ?  
 More Thou givest every day  
 Than the best can claim,  
 Nor withholdest aught that may  
*f* Glorify Thy Name.

*p* 3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare  
 Joys that yet are mine ;  
 If on life, serene and fair,  
 Brighter rays may shine ;  
 Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
 Thee in all proclaim,  
 And, whate'er the future brings,  
*f* Glorify Thy Name.

*p* 4 If Thou callest to the Cross,  
 And its shadow come,  
 Turning all my gain to loss,  
 Shrouding heart and home ;  
 Let me think how Thy dear Son  
 To His glory came,  
 And in deepest woe pray on,  
*f* 'Glorify Thy Name.'

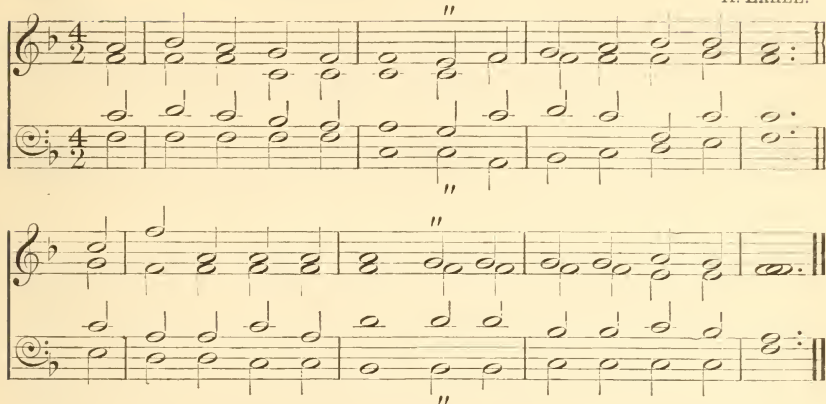
L. TUTTLETT.



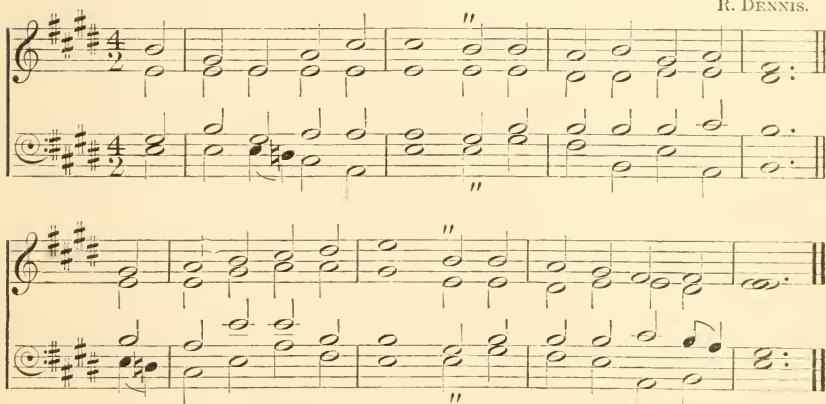
883

**Sacrifice** (1st Tune).—7 6.7 6.

H. LAHEE.

**Crewe** (2nd Tune).—7 6.7 6.

R. DENNIS.



1 **A**NOTHER year is dawning :  
 Dear Master, let it be,  
 In working or in waiting,  
 Another year for Thee ;

2 Another year of leaning  
 Upon Thy loving breast,  
 Of ever-deepening trustfulness,  
 Of quiet, happy rest ;

3 Another year of mercies,  
 Of faithfulness and grace ;  
 Another year of gladness  
 In the shining of Thy face ;

*f* 4 Another year of progress,  
 Another year of praise,  
 Another year of proving  
 Thy presence ' all the days : '

5 Another year of service,  
 Of witness for Thy love ;  
 Another year of training  
 For holier work above.

6 Another year is dawning :  
 Dear Master, let it be,  
 On earth, or else, in heaven,  
 Another year for Thee !

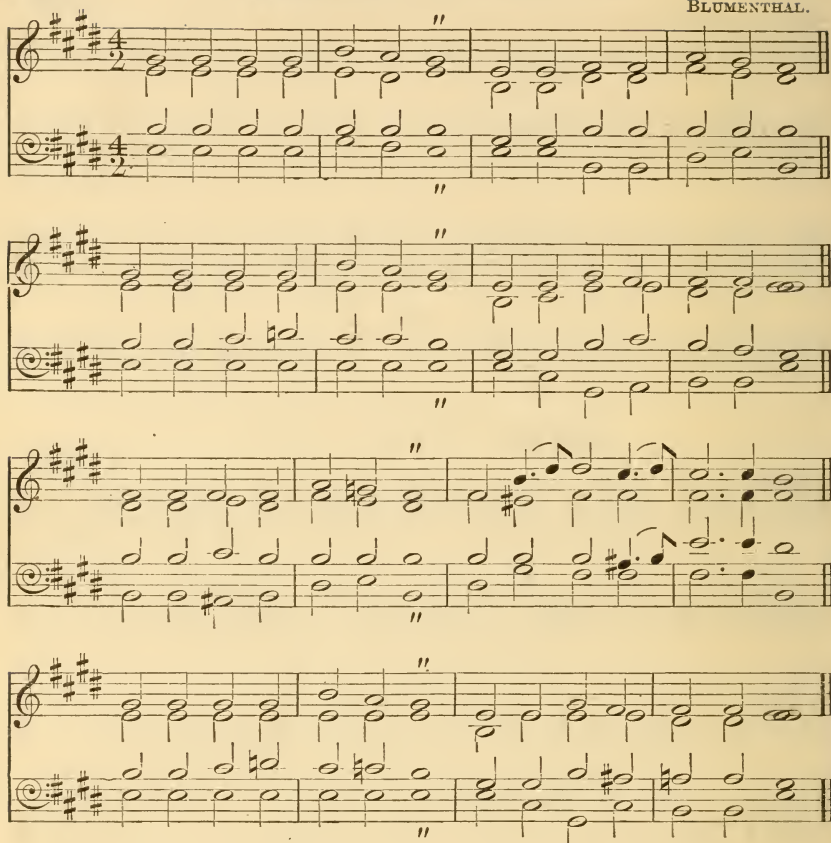
F. R. HAVERGAL.

Y\*

## 884

## Requies.—7.7.7.7.7.7.

BLUMENTHAL.



- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
 Hastened through the former year,  
 Many souls their race have run,  
 Never more to meet us here:  
 Fixed in an eternal state,  
 They have done with all below;  
 ♪ We a little longer wait,  
 But how little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,  
 Speedily the mark to find—  
 As the lightning from the skies  
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind—  
 ♪ Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
 ♪ Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise:  
 ♪ All below is but a dream.

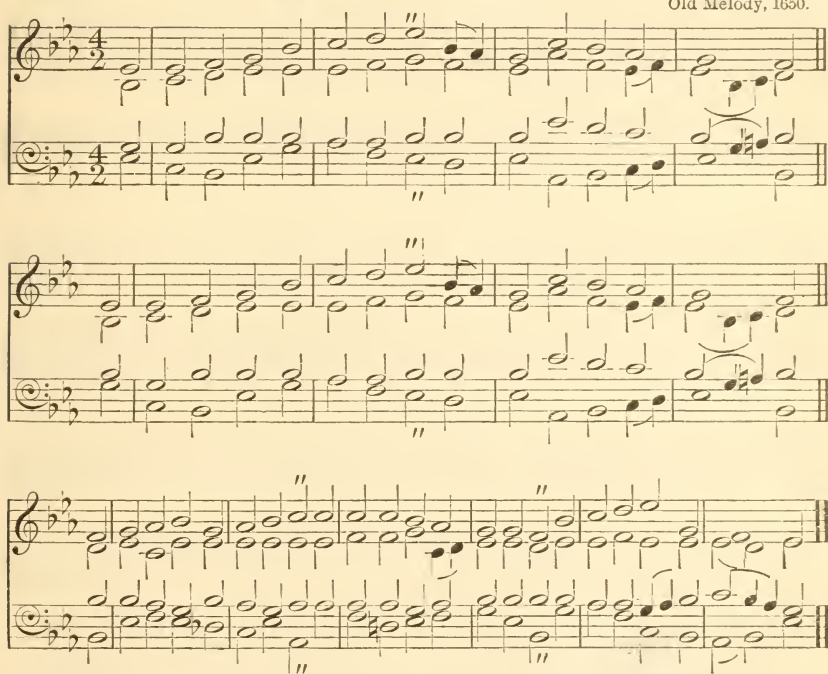
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,  
 Pardon of our sins renew;  
 ♪ Teach us henceforth how to live  
 With eternity in view:  
 Bless Thy word to young and old,  
 Fill us with the Saviour's love;  
 And when life's short tale is told,  
*f* May we dwell with Thee above.

J. NEWTON.

885

**Faith.**—87.87.887.

Old Melody, 1650.



1 **A** CROSS the sky the shades of night  
 'This winter's eve are fleeting ;  
 We come to Thee, the Life and Light,  
 In solemn worship meeting ;  
 And as the year's last hours go by  
 We lift to Thee our earnest cry,  
 Once more Thy love entreating.

p2 Before Thee, Lord, subdued we bow,  
 To Thee our prayers addressing ;  
 Recounting all Thy mercies now,  
 And all our sins confessing ;  
 Beseeching Thee, this coming year,  
 To hold us in Thy faith and fear,  
 And crown us with Thy blessing.

p3 And while we kneel, we lift our eyes  
 To dear ones gone before us,  
 Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,  
 Their spirits hovering o'er us :  
 And beg of Thee, when life is past,  
 To re-unite us all at last,  
 And to our lost restore us.

4 We gather up, in this brief hour,  
 The memory of Thy mercies ;  
 Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power  
 Thy grateful song rehearses : [stay  
 For Thou hast been our strength and  
 In many a dark and dreary day  
 Of sorrow and reverses.

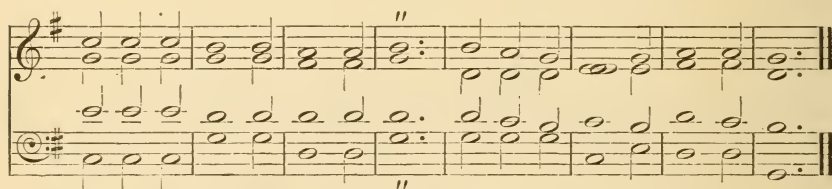
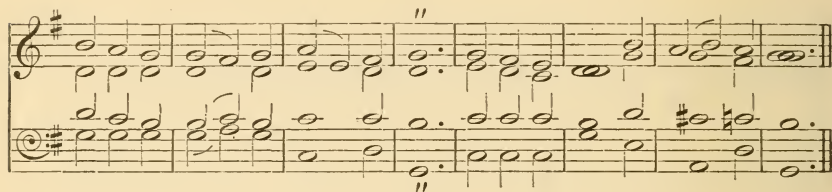
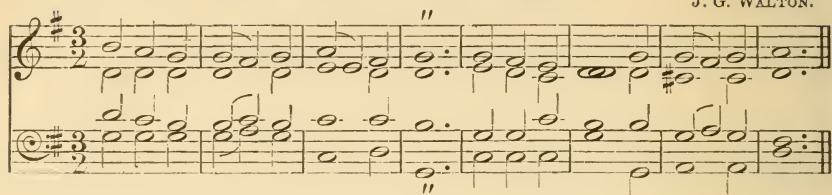
5 In many an hour, when fear and dread  
 Like evil spells have bound us,  
 And clouds were gathering overhead,  
 Thy providence hath found us :  
 In many a night, when waves ran high,  
 Thy gracious presence drawing nigh  
 Hath made all calm around us.

6 Then, O great God ! in years to come,  
 Whatever fate betide us, [home  
 Right onward through our journey  
 Be Thou at hand to guide us :  
 Nor leave us till, at close of life,  
 Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,  
 Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

J. HAMILTON.

## 886—887 St. Catherine.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

J. G. WALTON.



1 HOW many pass this solemn night  
 In revellings and frantic mirth?  
 The creature is their sole delight,  
 Their happiness the things of earth:  
 For us suffice the season past;  
 We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,  
 We will not let our eyelids sleep,  
 But humbly lift them to the skies,  
 And all a solemn vigil keep:  
 So many years on sin bestowed,  
 Can we not watch one night for God?

3 O may we all triumphant rise,  
 With joy upon our heads return,  
 And far above these nether skies,  
 By Thee on eagles' wings upborne,  
 Through all yon radiant circles move,  
 And gain the highest heaven of love!

C. WESLEY.

3 We can, O Jesus! for Thy sake,  
 Devote our every hour to Thee:  
 Speak but the word, our souls shall wake  
 And sing with cheerful melody; [p]loy,  
 Thy praise shall our glad tongues em-  
 And every heart shall dance with joy.

4 Shout, in the midst of us, O King  
 Of saints, and make our joys abound;  
 Let us exalt, give thanks, and sing,  
 And triumph in redemption found:  
 We ask for every waiting soul,  
 O let our glorious joy be full!

## 887 St. Catherine.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

[Renewing the Covenant.]

1 O GOD! how often hath Thine ear  
 To me in willing mercy bowed!  
 While worshipping Thine altar near,  
 Lowly I wept, and strongly vowed:  
 But ah! the feebleness of man!  
 Have I not vowed and wept in vain?

2 Return, O Lord of hosts, return!  
 Behold Thy servant in distress;  
 My faithlessness again I mourn;  
 Again forgive my faithlessness;  
 And to Thine arms my spirit take,  
 And bless me for the Saviour's sake.



3 In pity of the soul Thou lov'st,  
Now bid the sin Thou hat'st expire :  
Let me desire what Thou approv'st,  
Thou dost approve what I desire ;  
And Thou wilt deign to call me Thine,  
And I will dare to call Thee mine.

4 This day the covenant I sign,  
The bond of sure and promised peace ;  
Nor can I doubt its power divine,  
Since sealed with Jesus' blood it is :  
That blood I trust, that blood alone,  
And make the covenant peace mine own.

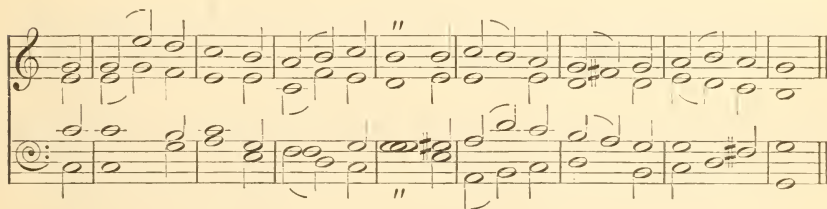
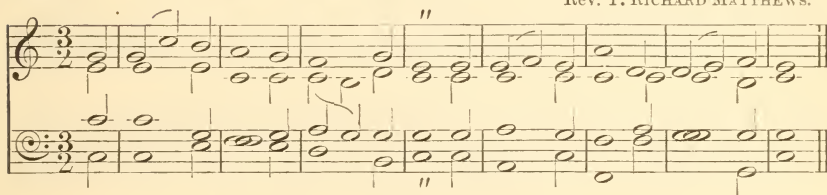
5 But, that my faith no more may know  
Or change, or interval, or end,  
Help me in all Thy paths to go,  
And now, as e'er, my voice attend,  
And gladden me with answers mild,  
And commune, Father, with Thy child !

W. M. BUNTING.

888

New Radnor.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

REV. T. RICHARD MATTHEWS.



*f* 1 WISDOM ascribe, and might and  
praise  
To God, who lengthens out our days,  
Who spares us yet another year  
And makes us see His goodness here :  
O may we all the time redeem,  
And henceforth live and die to Him.

2 How often, when His arm was bared,  
Hath He our sinful Israel spared !  
'Let me alone,' His mercy cried,  
And turned the vengeful stroke  
aside ;  
Indulged another kind reprieve,  
And strangely suffered us to live.

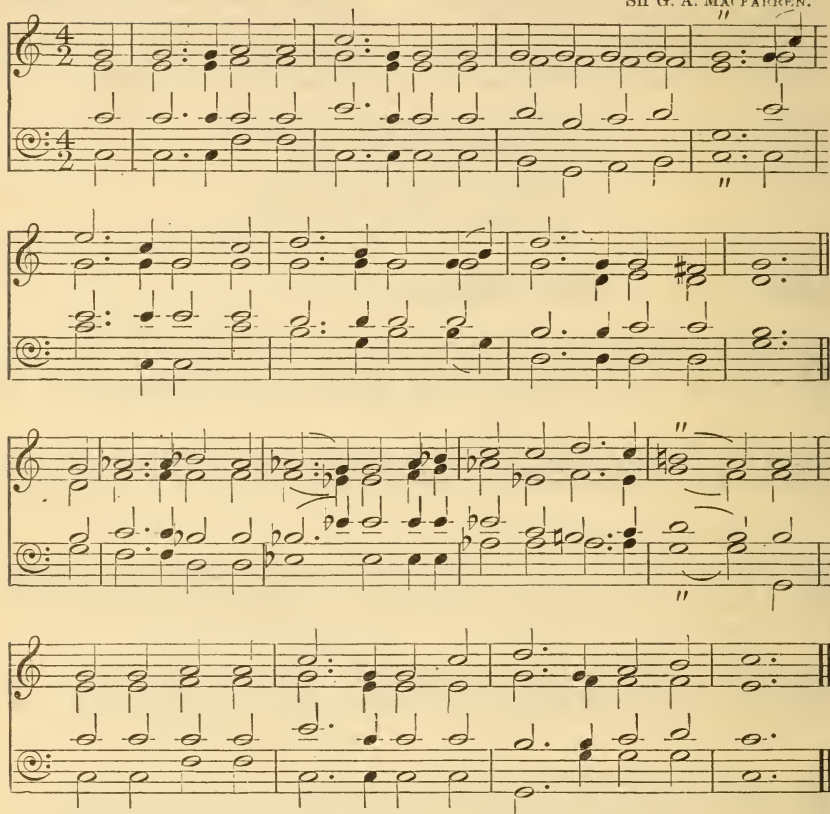
*f* 3 Merciful God, how shall we raise,  
Our hearts to yield Thee all Thy praise ?  
Our hearts shall beat for Thee alone :  
Our lives shall make Thy goodness known ;  
Our souls and bodies shall be Thine,  
A living sacrifice divine.

C. WESLEY.

## 889

## Bridegroom.—14 14.14 14.

Sir G. A. MACFARREN.



- p* <sup>1</sup> **B**EHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,  
 And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright ;  
*p* But woe to that dull servant whom his Master shall surprise,  
 With lamp untrimmed, unburning, with slumber in his eyes.
- 2 Do thou, my soul, beware, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,  
 Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown ;  
 But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus  
 Cry—' Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy upon us !'
- p* <sup>3</sup> That day, the day of fear, shall come ; my soul, slack not thy toil,  
 But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil ;  
 Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,  
*f* ' Behold, the Bridegroom comes ! Arise ! go forth to meet the Bride.
- 4 Beware, my soul ; take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,  
 And, like the foolish, stand without, and knock, and vainly cry ;  
 But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on  
*f* His own bright wedding robe of light—the glory of the Son.

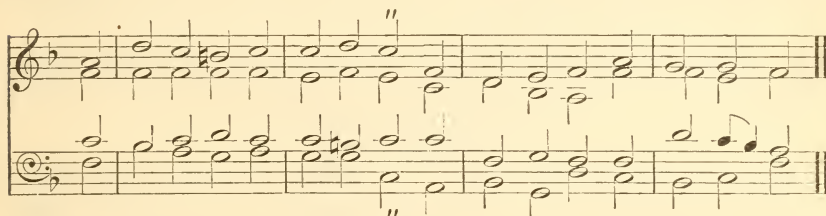
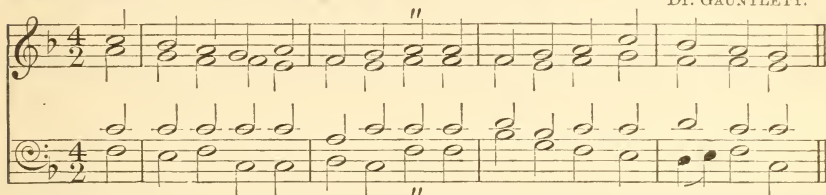
*From the Greek, trs. by G. MOULTRIE.*

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

890—891

Lux Mundi.—L.M.

Dr. GAUNTLETT.



1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,  
And changes mark the rolling  
year,

Thy favour still has crowned our days,  
And we would celebrate Thy praise.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,  
O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord:  
Forbid it, Source of light and love,  
That hearts and lives should barren  
prove.

2 The harvest song would we repeat:  
Thou givest us the finest wheat;  
The joys of harvest we have known:  
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.

4 Another harvest comes apace:  
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,  
That we may calmly meet the blow  
The sickle gives to lay us low.

5 That so, when angel-reapers come  
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,  
Our spirits may be borne on high  
To Thy safe garner in the sky.

E. BUTCHER.

891

Lux Mundi.—L.M.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!  
Well may Thy praise our lips em-  
While in Thy temple we appear, [ploy,  
Whose goodness crowns the circling  
year.

2 While as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports the steady pole;  
By Thee the sun is taught to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,  
Embalms the air, and paints the land;  
The summer rays with vigour shine,  
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
O'er all our coasts abundant stores;  
And winters, softened by Thy care,  
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons and months, and weeks, and  
days,  
Demand successive songs of praise:  
Still be the cheerful homage paid,  
With opening light and evening shade.

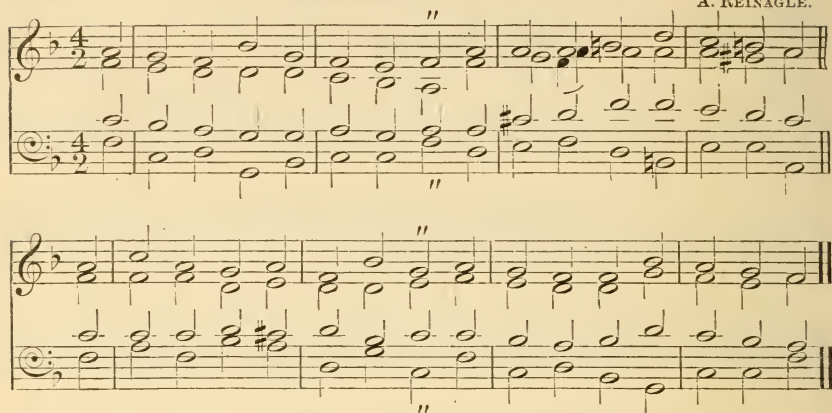
6 O may our more harmonious tongues  
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more!

P. DODDRIDGE.

892

## Ellesmere.—L.M.

A. REINAGLE.



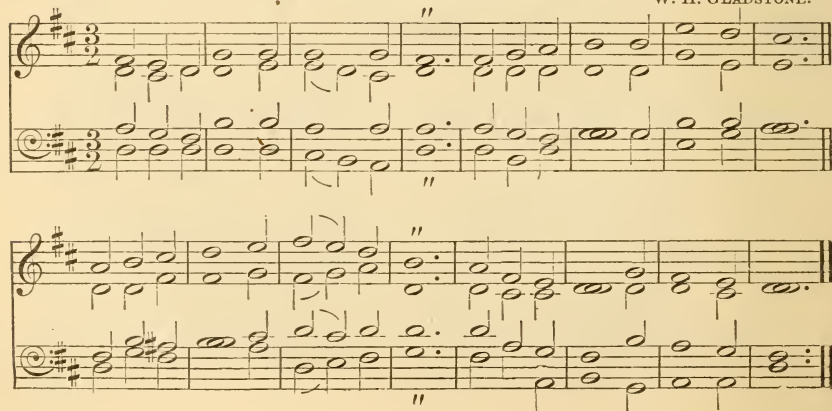
[A Wet Harvest.]

- 1 WE lift our eyes, our hands, to Thee,  
Our knees, our souls, to Thee we  
Father of all earth's family, [bend;  
The appointed weeks of harvest send.
- 2 The ground, Thy table, is full spread  
With food to nourish man and beast;  
Hast Thou prepared the children's bread,  
And wilt Thou now forbid the feast?
- 3 Summer and winter, day and night,  
Seed-time and harvest, Thou hast willed;  
And dew and rain, and warmth and light,  
Have each their gracious work fulfilled.
- p 4 Shall whelming floods the hopes destroy  
Of those who in Thy promise trust?  
Shall storms prevent the reaper's joy,  
And lay his confidence in dust?
- 5 O bid the winds and waters cease,  
The lowering firmament unshroud;  
Think on Thy covenant of peace,  
Look on Thy bow—'tis in the cloud.
- p 6 We fall adoring at Thy feet;  
Our prayer is heard, the veil is riven,  
With pure heart-offerings let us eat  
The bread that cometh down from  
heaven. J. MONTGOMERY.

893

## Ombersley.—L.M.

W. H. GLADSTONE.





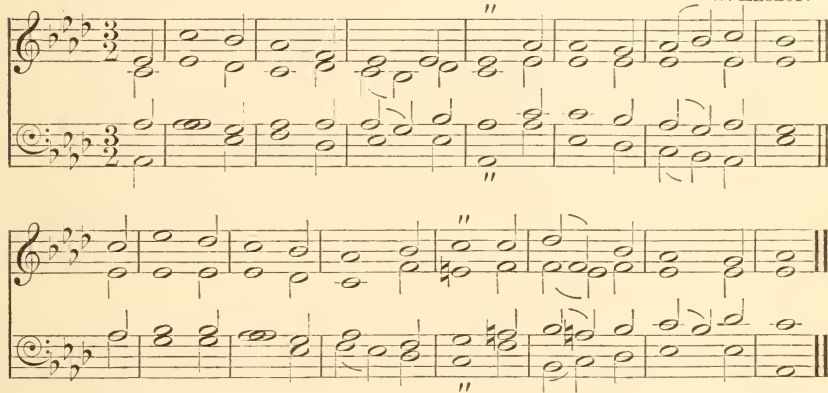
- f* 1 OUR hearts and voices let us raise  
In songs of thankfulness and praise,  
Our heavenly Father's love to bless,  
Which crown the year with fruitfulness.
- 2 Cheered by sun and fostering rain,  
The valleys wave with golden grain;  
The corn-fields teem with ripened  
shocks [flocks].  
The stalls with herds, the folds with
- 3 For what Thy bounteous hand imparts,  
Give us the grace of thankful hearts;  
*f* Teach us our thankfulness to prove,  
By hymns of praise and gifts of love.
- 4 To Thee we pray, the harvest's Lord,  
Send forth the sowers of Thy word,  
And may we speed them on the wings  
Of prayers and cheerful offerings.
- f* 5 May distant climes Thy word receive,  
Land after land, till all believe,  
And bear the fruit that never dies,  
Till earth shall bloom like Paradise.
- 6 Shine on us with Thy glorious face,  
Refresh us with Thy gifts of grace:  
The gifts which by Thy Holy Ghost  
Were shed from heaven at Pentecost.
- 7 O may we like a fruitful field,  
To Thee a rich abundance yield;  
And, as the fields with harvest wave,  
Rise from the furrows of the grave.
- p* 8 So when the angel reapers come,  
And Thou shalt keep Thy Harvest  
Home,  
We in Thy barn shall garnered be,  
Thy heavenly barn, eternally.
- f* 9 Praise to our God and Father give,  
The source of love, in whom we live;  
Praise to the Son and Spirit be,  
One only God, and Persons three.

C. WORDSWORTH.

894

Shildon.—C.M.

W. HESLOP.



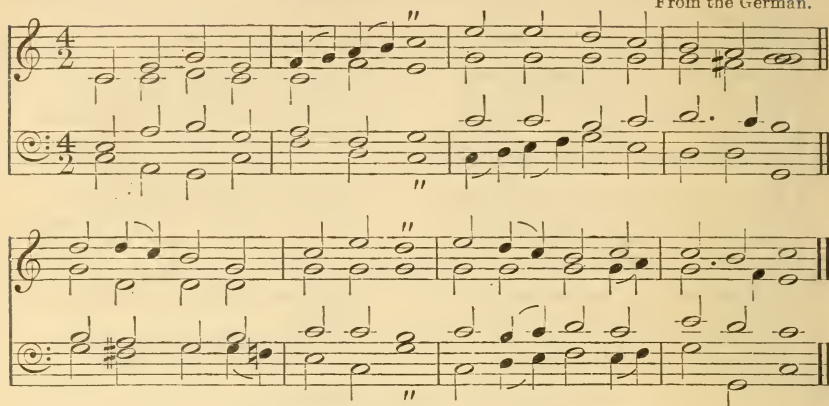
- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich Thy bounties are!  
The rolling seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim Thy constant care.
- p* 2 When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine;  
The plants in beauty grew;  
Thou gav'st effulgent suns to shine,  
And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain;  
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone  
Thou dost on man bestow;  
Let him not then forget to own  
From whom his blessings flow.
- f* 6 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine;  
To Thee our songs we'll raise,  
And all created nature join  
In sweet harmonious praise.

A. FLOWERDEW.

## 895

## Monkland.—7 7.7 7.

From the German.



*f* 1 PRAISE, O praise, our God and King,  
Hymns of adoration sing;  
For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure;

*f* 2 Praise Him that He made the sun  
Day by day his course to run:  
For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure;

*p* 3 And the silver moon by night,  
Shining with her gentle light;  
For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*f* 4 Praise Him that He gave the rain  
To mature the swelling grain;  
For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure;

5 And hath bid the fruitful field  
Crops of precious increase yield;  
*f* For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*ff* 6 Praise Him for our harvest-store,  
He hath filled the garner-floor;  
For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure;

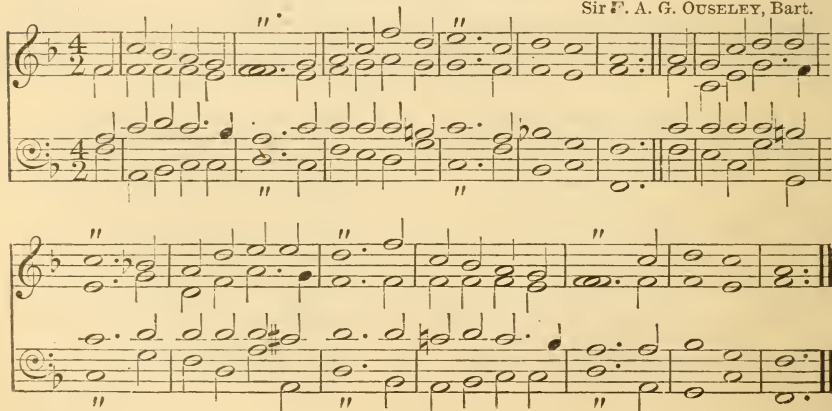
*f* 7 And for richer food than this,  
Pledge of everlasting bliss;  
For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*ff* 8 Glory to our Bounteous King;  
Glory let creation sing;  
Glory to the Father, Son,  
And blest Spirit, Three in One.  
H. W. BAKER.

## 896

## St. Austin.—6 6 4.6 6 6 4.

Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart.



*f* 1 THE God of harvest praise,  
In loud thanksgiving raise  
Hand, heart, and voice:  
The valleys smile and sing,  
Forests and mountains ring,  
The plains their tribute bring,  
The streams rejoice.

*f* 2 The God of harvest praise;  
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,  
With sweet accord;  
From field to garner throng,  
Bearing your sheaves along,  
And in your harvest song  
Bless ye the Lord.

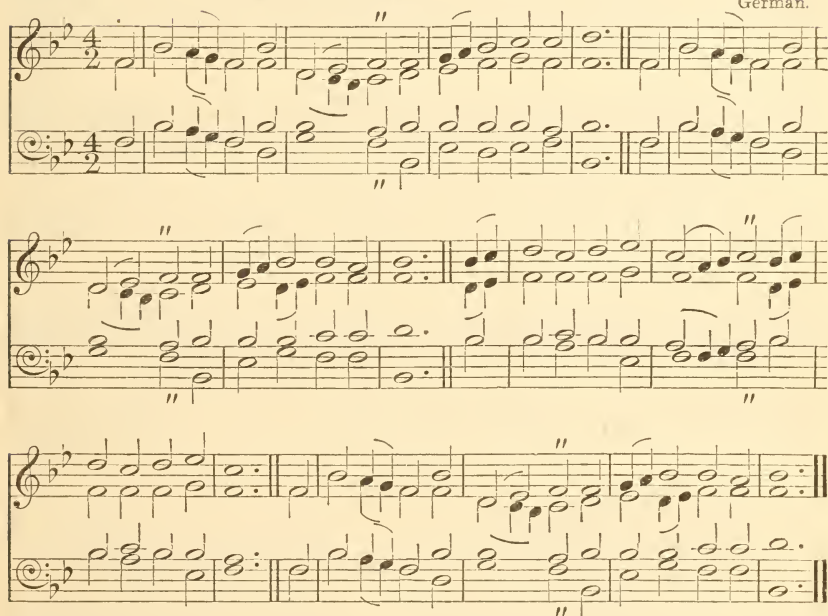
*f* 3 Yea, bless His holy name,  
And purest thanks proclaim  
Through all the earth;  
To glory in your lot  
Is duty—but be not  
God's benefits forgot,  
Amid your mirth.

J. MONTGOMERY.

897

Ellacombe.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

German.



*f* 1 SING to the Lord of harvest,  
Sing songs of love and praise;  
With joyful hearts and voices  
Your hallelujahs raise:  
By Him the rolling seasons  
In fruitful order move,  
Sing to the Lord of harvest  
A song of happy love.

2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,  
The deserts bloom and spring,  
The hills leap up in gladness,  
The valleys laugh and sing:

He filleth with His fulness,  
All things with large increase,  
He crowns the year with goodness,  
With plenty and with peace.

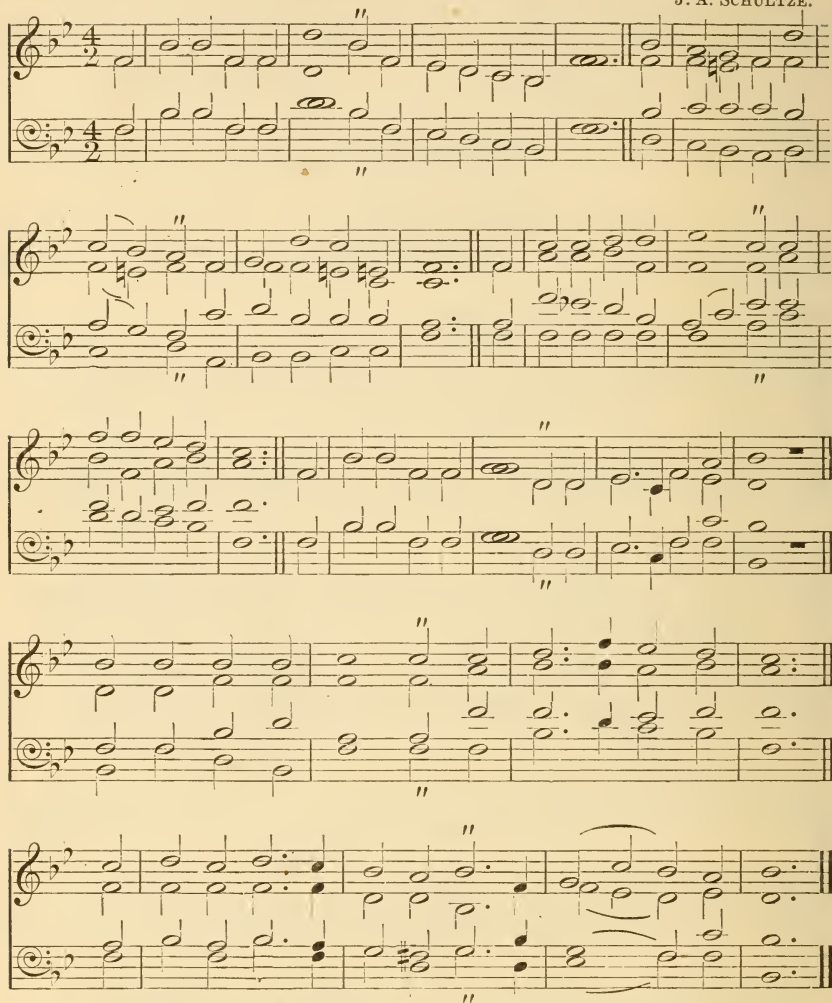
3 Heap on His sacred altar  
The gifts His goodness gave,  
The golden sheaves of harvest,  
The souls He died to save:  
Your hearts lay down before Him  
When at His feet ye fall,  
And with your lives adore Him  
Who gave His life for all.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

898

Wir pflügen.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.6 6.8 4.

J. A. SCHULTZE.



1 WE plough the fields, and scatter  
 The good seed on the land,  
 But it is fed and watered  
 By God's almighty hand ;  
 He sends the snow in winter,  
 The warmth to swell the grain,  
 The breezes, and the sunshine,  
 And soft refreshing rain ;  
*f* All good gifts around us  
 Are sent from heaven above,  
*ff* Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,  
 For all His love !

2 He only is the Maker  
 Of all things near and far ;  
 He paints the wayside flower,  
 He lights the evening star :  
 The winds and waves obey Him,  
 By Him the birds are fed ;  
 Much more to us, His children,  
 He gives our daily bread ;  
*f* All good gifts around us  
 Are sent from heaven above,  
*ff* Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,  
 For all His love !



*f* 3 We thank Thee then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food ;  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all Thy love imparts,

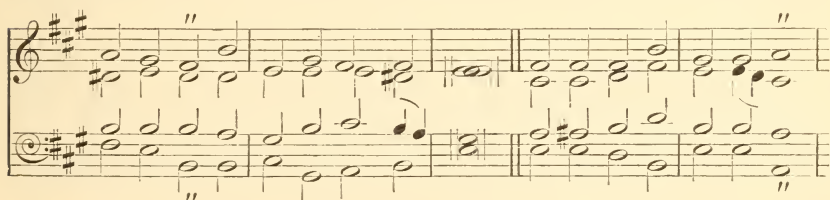
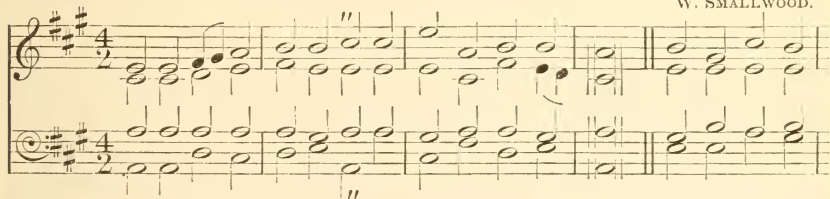
And, what Thou most desirest,  
Our humble thankful hearts :  
*f* All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
*ff* Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,  
For all His love !

H. CLAUDIUS, *trs.* by J. M. CAMPBELL.

899

Brentwood.—7 6.7 6.7 7.7 6.

W. SMALLWOOD.



<sup>1</sup> FULL of providential love,  
Thou dost Thy sons sustain,  
Send Thy blessings from above  
In earth-enriching rain ;  
From Thy river in the skies  
Streams through airy channels flow,  
Bid the springing corn arise,  
And cheer the world below.

*p* 2 Kindly do the showers distil,  
Taught by the art of God,  
All the settled furrows fill,  
And soften every clod ;  
Thou the acceptable year  
Dost with smiling plenty crown ;  
Clouds the treasured fatness bear,  
And drop in blessings down.

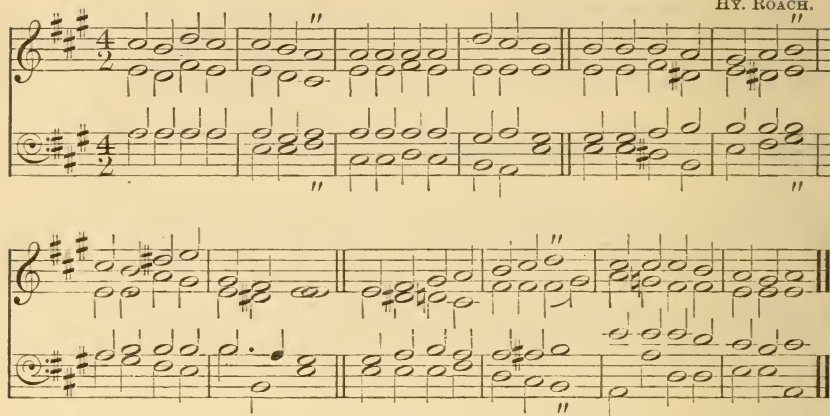
3 Springs the watered wilderness  
Into a fruitful field ;  
Earth her hundred-fold increase  
Doth at Thy bidding yield ;  
*f* Hills and vales with praises ring,  
Joy ascends to heaven above ;  
Laugh the harvesters, and sing  
The bounteous God of love.

C. WESLEY.

900

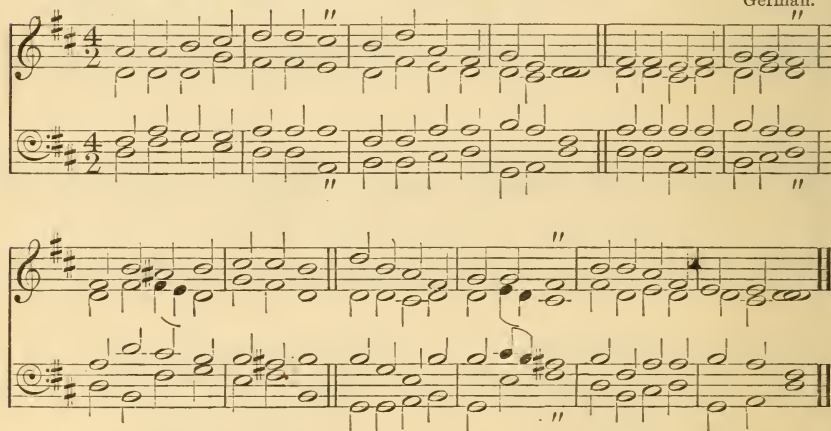
## Northminster (1st Tune).—77.77.77.

HY. ROACH.



## Ratisbon (2nd Tune).—77.77.77.

German.



*f* 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise  
 For the love that crowns our days;  
 Bounteous Source of every joy,  
 Let Thy praise our tongues employ:  
 All to Thee, our God, we owe,  
 Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,  
 All the stores the garden yields,  
 Flocks that whiten all the plam,  
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain.

*f* Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
 Suns that genial warmth diffuse,  
 All the plenty summer pours,  
 Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:  
*f* Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

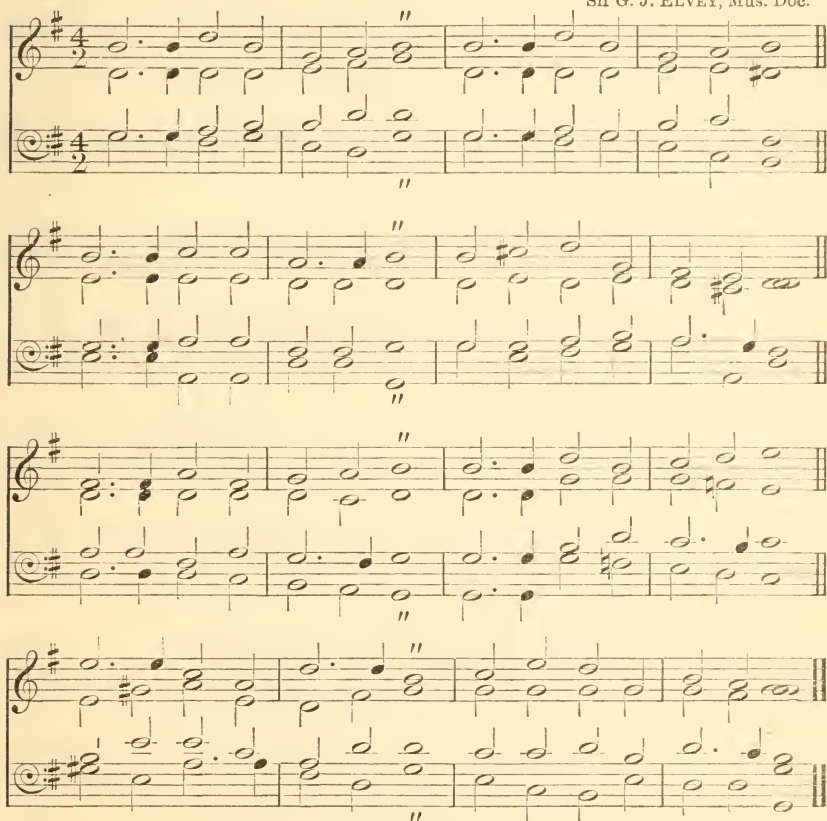
4 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
 Private bliss and public wealth,  
 Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,  
 Pure religion's holier beams:  
*f* Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

A. L. BARBAULD.

## 901

## St. George.—77.77.77.77.

Sir G. J. ELVEY, Mus. Doc.



*f* 1 COME, ye thankful people, come,  
 Raise the song of harvest-home:  
 All is safely gathered in,  
 Ere the winter storms begin;  
 God, our Maker, doth provide  
 For our wants to be supplied:—  
*f* Come to God's own temple, come,  
 Raise the song of harvest home!

2 All the world is God's own field,  
 Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
 Wheat and tares together sown,  
 Unto joy or sorrow grown:  
 First the blade, and then the ear,  
 Then the full corn shall appear:  
*p* Lord of harvest, grant that we  
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

*p* 3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
 And shall take His harvest home;  
 From His field shall in that day  
 All offences purge away;  
*p* Give His angels charge at last,  
 In the fire the tares to cast;  
*f* But the fruitful ears to store  
 In His garner evermore.

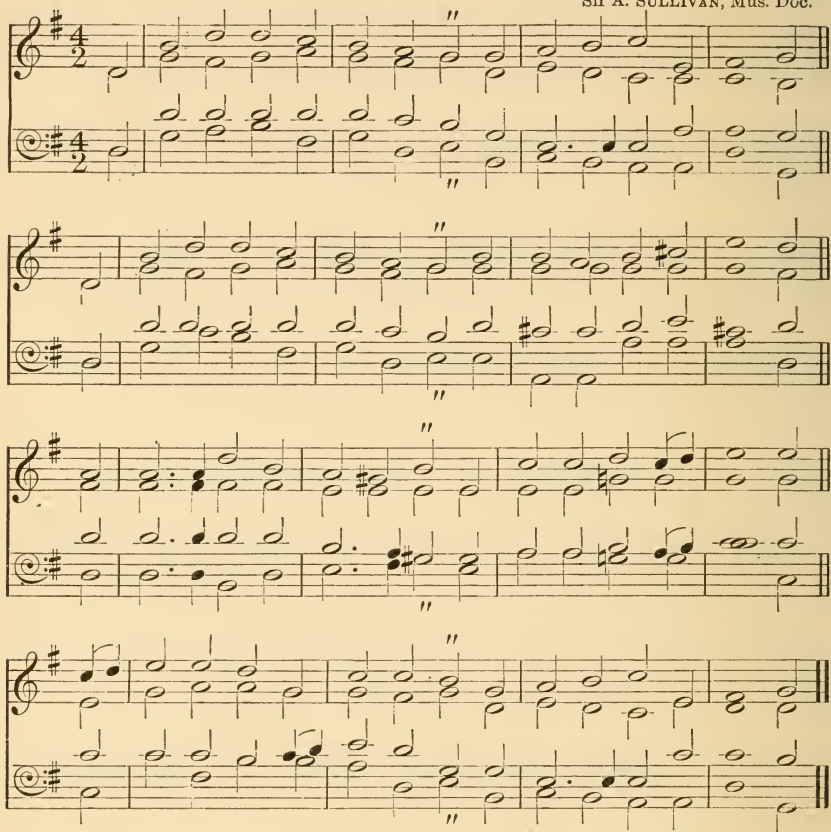
4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,  
 To Thy final harvest-home!  
 Gather Thou Thy people in,  
 Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
 There, for ever purified,  
 In Thy presence to abide;  
*f* Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
 Raise the glorious harvest-home!

H. ALFORD.

## 902

## Golden Sheaves.—87.87.87.87.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



*f* 1 **T**o Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise  
 In hymns of adoration,  
 To Thee bring sacrifice of praise,  
 With shouts of exultation;  
 Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,  
 The hills with joy are ringing,  
 The valleys covered thick with corn  
 Break forth in joyful singing.

*f* 2 And now, on this our festal day,  
 Thy bounteous Hand confessing,  
 Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay  
 The first-fruits of Thy blessing;  
 By Thee the souls of men are fed  
 With gifts of grace supernal,  
 Thou, who dost give us earthly bread,  
 Gives us the Bread Eternal.

*p* 3 We bear the burden of the day,  
 And often toil seems dreary;  
 But labour ends with sunset ray,  
 And rest comes for the weary;  
*f* May we, the angel-reaping o'er,  
 Stand at the last accepted,  
 Christ's golden sheaves for evermore  
 To garners bright elected.

4 O blessèd is that land of God,  
 Where saints abide for ever; [broad,  
 Where golden fields spread far and  
 Where flows the crystal river:  
 The strains of all its holy throng  
 With ours to day are blending;  
*f* Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song  
 Which never hath an ending.

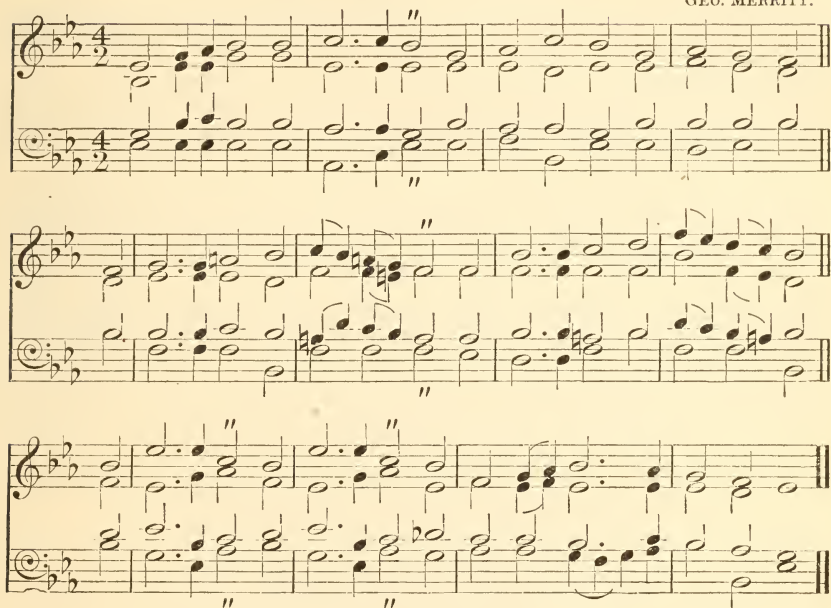
W. C. DIX.



## 903

## Clive Vale.—8 8.8 8.4 4 8.

GEO. MERRITT.



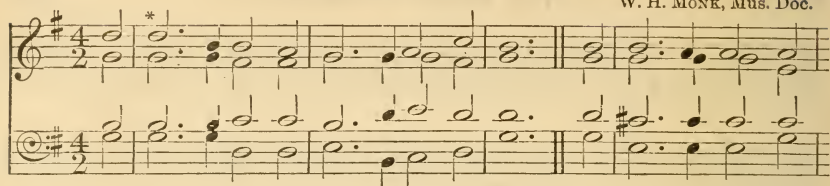
- f* 1 **L**ORD of the harvest, Thee we hail ;  
 Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;  
 The varying seasons haste their round,  
 With goodness all our years are crowned ;  
 Our thanks we pay,  
 This holy day ;  
 O let our hearts in tune be found !
- 2 If spring doth wake the song of mirth ;  
 If summer warms the fruitful earth ;  
 When winter sweeps the naked plain,  
 Or autumn yields its ripened grain,  
*f* Still do we sing  
 To Thee, our King ;  
 Through all their changes Thou dost reign.
- 3 But chiefly, when Thy liberal hand  
 Scatters new plenty o'er the land,  
 When sounds of music fill the air,  
 As homeward all their treasures bear ;  
*f* We too will raise  
 Our hymn of praise,  
 For we Thy common bounties share.
- 4 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine ;  
 The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
 The seed once hidden in the ground,  
 The skill that makes our fruits abound :  
*f* New every year  
 Thy gifts appear ;  
 New praises from our lips shall sound.

J. H. GURNEY.

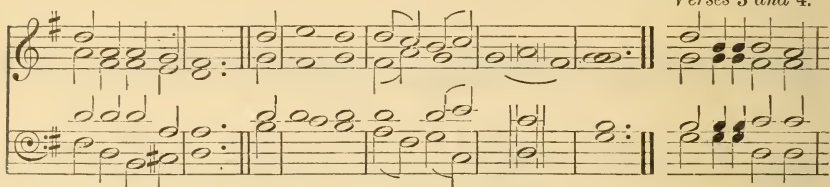
## 904

## Autumnus.—10.10.7.

W. H. MONK, Mus. Doc.



\* Verses 3 and 4.



- 1 GREAT Giver of all good, to Thee again  
*f* We humbly now present, in joyous strain  
*f* Our harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 2 To Thee, in whom we live and move, we come  
*f* To praise Thee for the sheaves brought safely home  
 With harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 3 Thou dost prepare our corn—and year by year  
 Before Thine altar, Lord, will we appear  
*f* With harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 4 Thine was the former and the latter rain,  
 Enriching earth, and calling forth again  
*f* Our harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 5 Thou openest wide, great God, Thy bounteous hand,  
 And far and wide ascends from all the land  
*f* Glad harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 6 Thou fillest all that live with plenteousness;  
*f* They, in return, Thy sacred Name should bless  
*f* In harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 7 Thy clouds drop fatness on the teeming earth,  
*f* Accept these festal songs of 'reverent mirth,'  
 This harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 8 The year is crowned with goodness, Lord, by Thee;  
*f* Then meet it is that aye should offered be  
*f* The harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 9 On every side the little hills rejoice,  
 On every side sounds forth the grateful voice  
 Of harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 10 The valleys, thick with corn, do laugh and sing,  
 Let all who sow and reap, together bring  
 Their harvest-tide thanksgiving.
- 11 To Thee, O Trinity in Unity,  
 All glory, laud, and endless homage be  
 In harvest-tide thanksgiving!

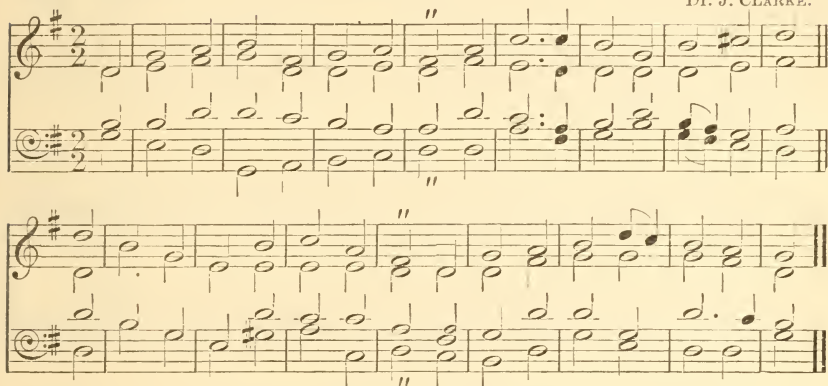
S. CHILDS-CLARKE.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS AND SEASONS— 699  
NATIONAL HYMNS.

905—906

Bristol.—L.M.

Dr. J. CLARKE.



1 TO realms beyond the sounding sea,  
Thy hand has led our sons afar;  
Lord, give them grace to live for Thee;  
Be still their Shield and Guiding Star.

2 Bless with success their daily toils;  
Strength for each hour's demands impart:  
With fruitful seasons, genial soils,  
O give a grateful, trusting heart!

3 Though exiled from the fatherland,  
Its temple-homes of praise and prayer,  
May they, on yonder distant strand,  
A house for God with gladness rear.

4 There make the places of Thy feet  
Most glorious—there Thy grace display;  
That myriads thence Thy smile may greet,  
When heaven and earth have passed away.

H. M. GUNN.

906

Bristol.—L.M.

1 LORD Jesus, let Thy watchful care,  
Thy faithful love, our brethren tend;  
Their hearts sustain, their way prepare,  
And safely guide them to the end.

2 Be with them on the stormy deep;  
p Be with them in the silent hour;  
By sea or land, awake, asleep,  
Be Thou their Helper, Strength, and Tower.

3 Maintain them through their earthly strife,  
So running as to win the race;  
Each holding forth the Word of Life,  
A light to lighten future days.

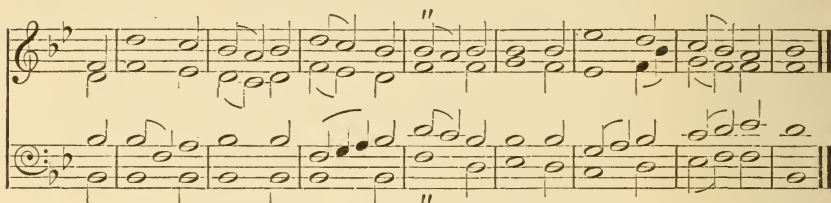
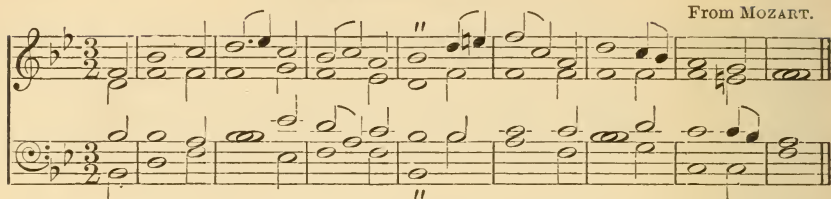
f 4 Go, brethren, go! with cheerful voice  
We bid you go—a blessed haven—  
Go, win the country of your choice  
For truth, and liberty, and heaven.

E. SWAINE.

## 907

## Home.—L.M.

From MOZART.



[In time of War.]

1 O GOD of love, O King of peace,  
Make wars throughout the world  
to cease;

The wrath of sinful man restrain :

*p* Give peace, O God, give peace again.

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,

The wonders that our fathers told ;

Remember not our sin's dark stain :

*p* Give peace, O God, give peace again !

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?

Where rest but on Thy faithful word ?

None ever called on Thee in vain :

*p* Give peace, O God, give peace again !

*f* 4 Where saints and angels dwell above,

All hearts are knit in holy love ;

O bind us in that heavenly chain !

Give peace, O God, give peace again !

H. W. BAKER.

## 908

## Aristides.—C.M.

Dr. A. H. MANN.



1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,  
Of every clime and coast,  
O hear us for our native land—  
The land we love the most.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,  
And here our kindred dwell :  
Our children too—how should we love  
Another land so well ?



3 O guard our shores from every foe,  
With peace our borders bless :  
With prosperous times our cities crown,  
Our fields with plenteousness.

*f* 4 Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee :  
And let our hills and valleys shout,  
The songs of liberty.

5 Here may religion, pure and mild,  
Upon our Sabbaths smile ;  
And piety and virtue reign,  
And bless our native isle.

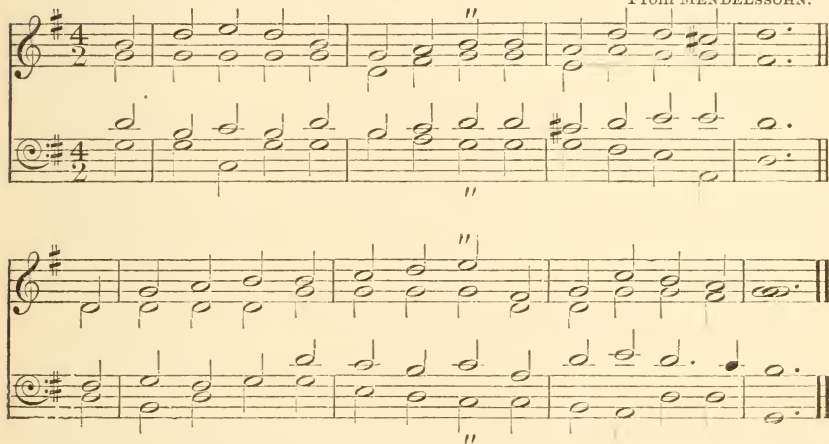
6 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee  
Our country we commend :  
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,  
Her everlasting Friend.

J. R. WRETFORD.

909

Stukely.—C.M.

From MENDELSSOHN.



1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told,  
In our attentive ears,  
Thy wonders in their days performed,  
And in more ancient years.

2 Twas not their courage, or their sword,  
To them salvation gave ;  
'Twas not their number or their strength  
That did their country save ;—

3 But Thy right hand, Thy powerful arm,  
Whose succour they implored—  
Thy providence protected them,  
Who Thy great Name adored.

4 As Thee their God our fathers owned  
So Thou art still our King ;

O therefore as Thou didst to them,  
To us deliverance bring.

*f* 5 To Thee the glory we ascribe,  
From Whom salvation came ;  
In God, our Shield, we will rejoice,  
And ever bless Thy name.

N. TATE AND N. BRADY.

## 910

## National Anthem.—6 6 4.6 6 6 4.

Arranged by Dr. H. LESLIE.

God save our gra-cious King, Long live our no-ble King,

God save the King: Send him vic-to-ri-ous, Hap-py and

glo-ri-ous, Long to reign o-ver us, God save the King.

Org. *f*

2. O Lord our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his en - e - mies,

And make them fall : Confound their pol - i - tics ; Frustrate their

knav-ish tricks ; On Thee our hopes we fix ; God save us all.

The musical score is written for a hymn. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "2. O Lord our God, a - rise, Scat - ter his en - e - mies, And make them fall : Confound their pol - i - tics ; Frustrate their knav-ish tricks ; On Thee our hopes we fix ; God save us all." The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands.

3. Thy choic - est gifts in store, On him be pleased to pour ;

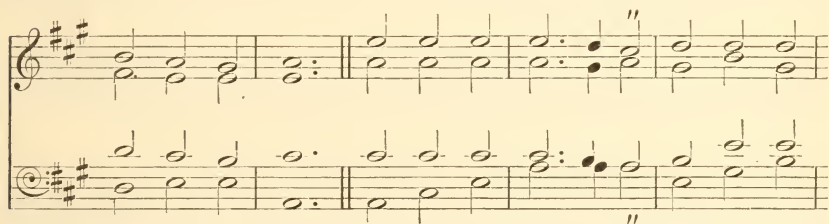
Long may he reign : May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er

give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.



911

## National Anthem.—6 6 4.6 6 6 4.



1 GOD bless our native land,  
 Firm may she ever stand,  
 Through storm and night;  
 When the wild tempests rave,  
 Ruler of winds and wave,  
 Do Thou our country save  
 By Thy great might.

*p* 2 For her our prayer shall rise,  
 To God above the skies,  
 On Him we wait:  
 Thou who art ever nigh,  
 Guarding with watchful eye,  
 To Thee alone we cry—  
 God save the State!

T. DWIGHT.

Z

## 912

## Moorgate.—C.M.D.

F. JAMES, Mus. Bac.



*p* 1 GREAT King of nations, hear our  
 While at Thy feet we fall, [prayer,  
 And humbly, with united cry,  
 To Thee for mercy call.  
 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,  
 O turn us not away,  
 But hear us from Thy lofty throne,  
 And help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,  
 And ours no less, we own ;  
 Yet wondrously from age to age  
 Thy goodness hath been shown ;  
*p* When dangers, like a stormy sea,  
 Beset our country round,  
 To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,  
 And help in Thee was found.

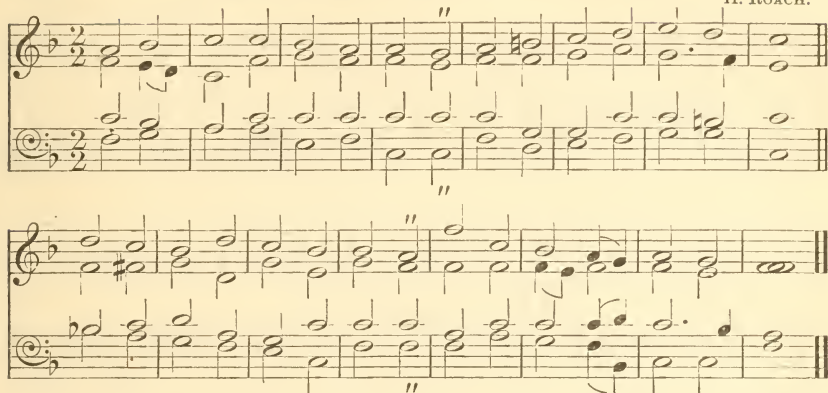
*p* 3 With one consent we meekly bow  
 Beneath Thy chastening hand,  
 And pouring forth confession meet,  
 Mourn with our mourning land ;  
 With pitying eye behold our need,  
 As thus we lift our prayer,  
*p* Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,  
 But let Thy mercy spare.

J. H. GURNEY.

913

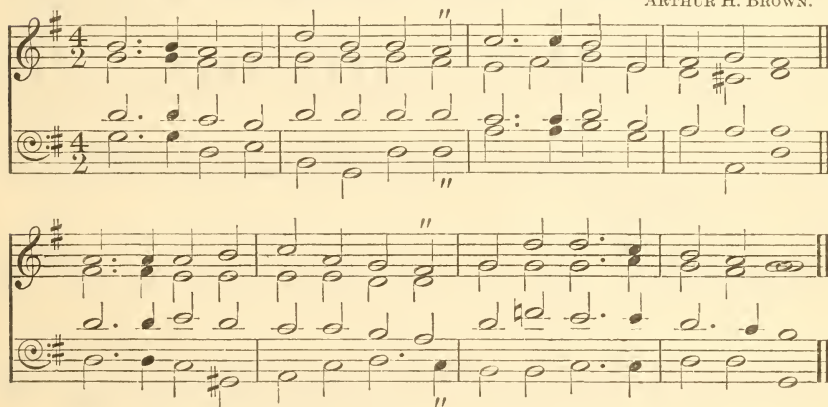
## Penzance (1st Tune).—87.87.

H. ROACH.



## St. Maby'n (2nd Tune).—87.87.

ARTHUR H. BROWN.



*p* 1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!  
 From Thy temple in the skies,  
 Hear Thy people's supplications,  
 Now for their deliverance rise.

*p* 2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,  
 Humbly at Thy feet we bend;  
 Fasting, praying, grieving, mourning,  
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

*p* 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,  
 Long and loud for vengeance call,  
 Thou hast mercy more abounding,  
 Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

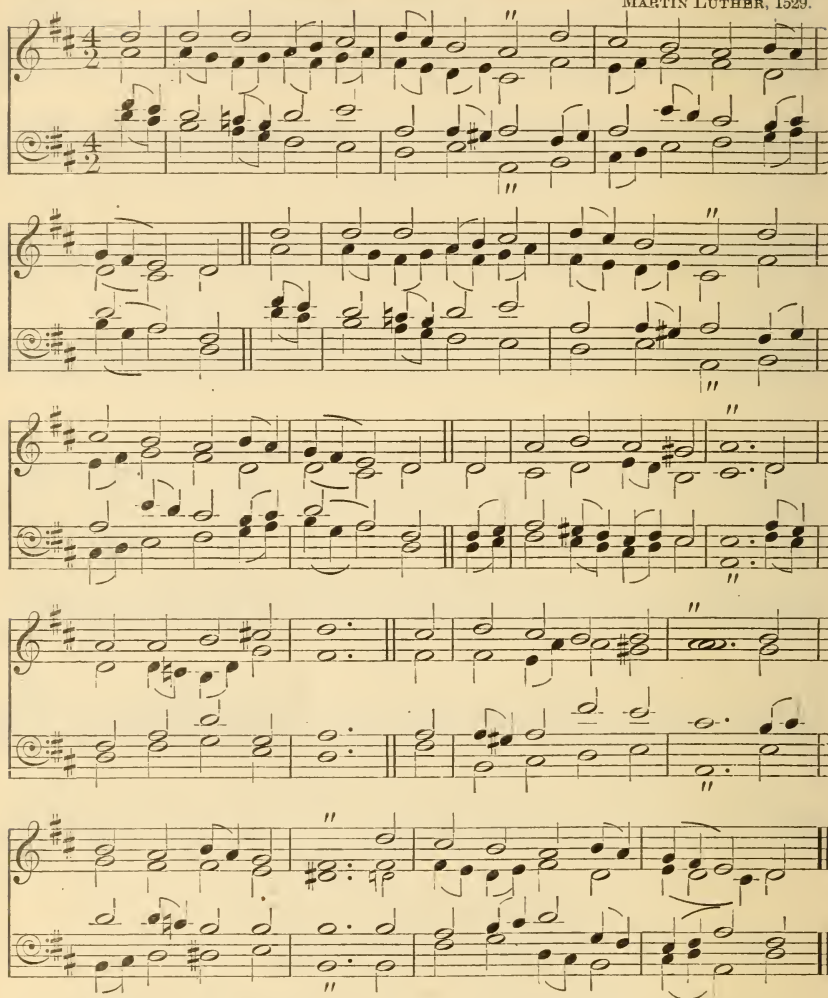
*f* 4 Let that mercy veil transgression,  
 Let that blood our guilt efface;  
 Save Thy people from oppression,  
 Save from spoil Thy holy place.

Unknown.

914

## Ein feste Burg.—87.87.6.6.6.7.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.



*f* 1 REJOICE to-day with one accord,  
 Sing out with exultation;  
 Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
 Whose arm hath brought salvation;  
 His works of love proclaim  
 The greatness of His Name!  
 For He is God alone,  
 Who hath His mercy shown;  
 Let all His saints adore Him.

*p* 2 When in distress to Him we cried,  
 He heard our sad complaining;  
 O trust in Him, whate'er betide,  
 His love is all-sustaining;  
 Triumphant songs of praise

To Him our hearts shall raise;  
 Now every voice shall say,  
 O praise our God away;  
 Let all His saints adore Him.

*f* 3 Rejoice to-day with one accord,  
 Sing out with exultation;  
 Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
 Whose arm hath brought salvation;  
 His works of love proclaim,  
 The greatness of His Name;  
 For He is God alone,  
 Who hath His mercy shown;  
 Let all His saints adore Him.

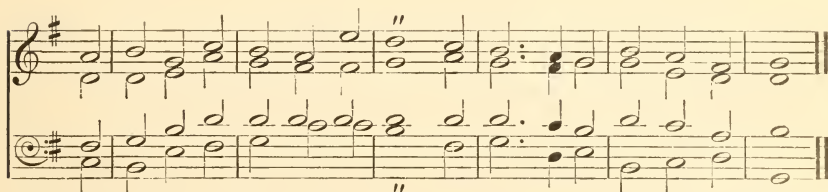
H. W. BAKER.



915

## Communion.—88.88.88.88.

J. W. PHILLIPS



*f* 1 **H**AIL! blessèd communion of love—  
 Communion of saints with their  
 United by grace from above, [Head,  
 And here by His providence led;  
 Our God, by whose hand we are brought  
 From homies in our loved fatherland,  
 Our God, by whose grace we are taught,  
 Thyself be our home in this land.

*p* 2 Some, wearied and worn in the way,  
 Scarce hoping a place of relief;  
 And some who had long gone astray,  
 Here find we a respite from grief;  
 A time to recover our strength,  
 To serve Thee a little below,  
 Till, ended our labours, at length,  
 Thy service in heaven we know.

*f* 3 Till then, we will echo the strain,  
 O'er mountain and valley and shore—  
 All glory to Him that was slain,  
 And liveth and loves evermore!  
 His banner we set up alone,  
 His truth and His laws to defend,  
 His foes to account as our own,  
 His people and cause to befriend.

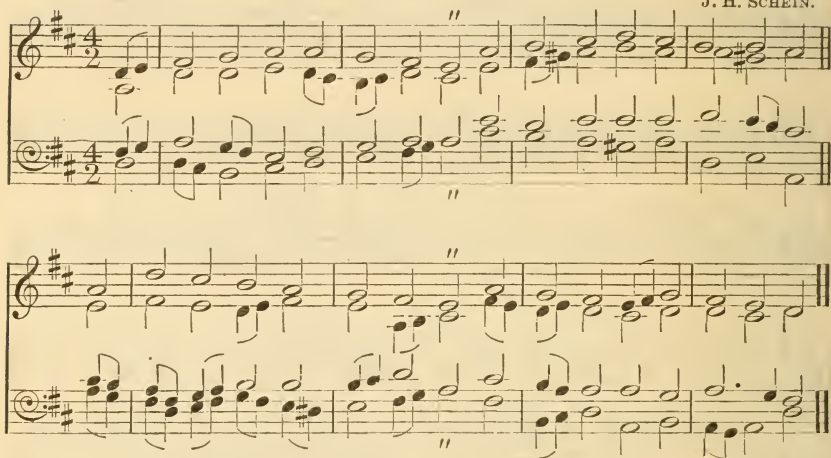
E. SWAINE

710 VARIOUS OCCASIONS AND SEASONS—  
MARINERS AND TRAVELLERS.

916—917

Eisenach.—L.M.

J. H. SCHEIN.



**1** LORD of the wide extended main,  
Whose power the wind, the seas  
controls, [sustain,  
Whose hand doth earth and heaven  
Whose Spirit leads believing souls :

**2** For Thee we leave our native shore,  
(We whom Thy love delights to keep,)  
In other climes Thy works explore,  
And see Thy wonders in the deep.

**3** 'Tis here Thine unknown paths we trace  
Which dark to human eyes appear :

While through the mighty waves we pass  
We know and feel that Thou art near.

**4** Throughout the deep Thy footsteps  
shine

We own Thy way is in the sea ;  
*p* O'erawed by majesty divine,  
And lost in Thy immensity.

**5** Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,  
Thine everlasting truth we prove ;  
Amazing heights of boundless power,  
Unfathomable depths of love.

C. WESLEY.

917

Eisenach.—L.M.

**1** LORD of the sea ! afar from land  
Westill within Thy presence stand :  
Now grant us grace to worship Thee  
And keep our Sabbath on the sea.

**2** Be banished care, be vanquished fear ;  
Our hearts be calm, our conscience clear,  
So may we rest although we roam,  
And on the deep be still at home.

*p* **3** Be calm without and calm within,  
And all our worship free from sin ;

And as of Thee Thy servants hear,  
O let us feel that Thou art near !

**4** Thy blessing, gracious Lord, we crave ;  
Protect us as we cleave the wave ;  
Be with us now that, joyful, we  
May keep our Sabbath on the sea.

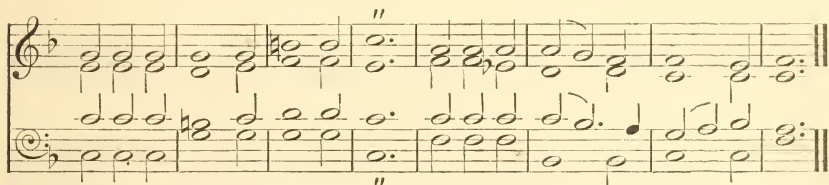
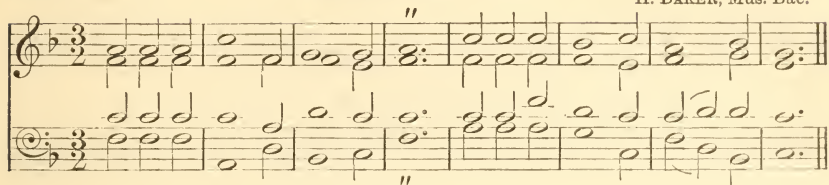
*f* **5** Thine is the sea, as Thine the land ;  
We still within Thy presence stand :  
In Thy blest Spirit's light may we  
Find mercy's gate upon the sea !

G. T. COSTER.

## 918

## Ihesperus.—L.M.

H. BAKER, Mus. Bac.



*f* 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast the wintry sky;  
Out of the depths to Thee we call;  
Our fears are great, our strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard us through the storm,  
Defend us from each threatening ill,  
Control the waves; say, 'Peace be still!'

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea  
Our souls still hang their hope on Thee;  
*f* Thy constant love and faithful care  
Support, and save us from despair.

W. COWPER.

## 919

## Pastor.—C.M.

Dr. G. BOOTH.



1 WHILE lone upon the furious waves  
Where danger fiercely rides,  
There is a hand, unseen, that saves,  
And through the ocean guides.

2 Almighty Lord of land and sea,  
Beneath Thine eye we sail;  
And if our hope be fixed on Thee,  
Our hearts can never quail.

*f* 3 Though tempests shake the angry deep  
And thunder's voice appal;  
*p* Serene we wake, and calmly sleep,  
Our Father governs all.

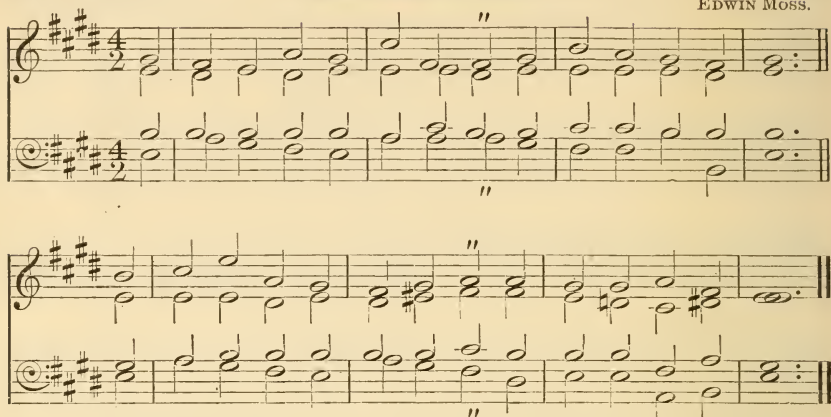
4 Still prove Thyself through all the way  
Our Guardian and our Friend;  
*f* Cheer with Thy presence every day,  
And every night defend.

E. E. JENKINS.

920—921

Ulandaff.—C.M.

EDWIN MOSS.



1 HOW are Thy servants blest, O Lord !  
     How sure is their defence !  
 Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,  
 Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
     Supported by Thy care, [hurt,  
 Through burning climes they pass un-  
     And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne  
     High on the broken wave,  
 They know Thou art not slow to hear,  
     Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
     Obedient to Thy will :  
 The sea that roars at Thy command,  
     At Thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
     Thy goodness we'll adore :  
 f We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, if Thou preserve that life,  
     Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
 p And death, when death shall be our lot,  
 Shall join our souls to Thee.

J. ADDISON.

921

Ulandaff.—C.M.

1 THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out ;  
     O bless my coming in !  
 Compass my weakness round about,  
 And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in Thy secret place,  
     Thy tabernacle spread ;  
 Shelter me with preserving grace,  
 And screen my naked head.

3 To Thee for refuge may I run  
     From sin's alluring snare :  
 Ready its first approach to shun,  
 And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more  
     Might from Thy ways depart ?  
 Here let me give my wanderings o'er,  
 By giving Thee my heart.

5 Fix my new heart on things above,  
     And then from earth release ;  
 I ask not life, but let me love,  
 p And lay me down in peace.

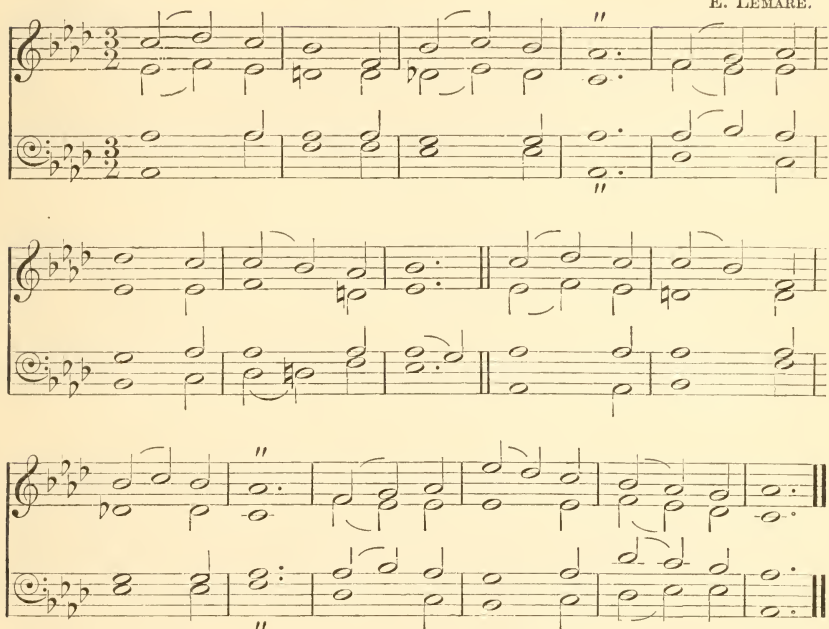
C. WESLEY.



922—923

Haven.—7 7.7 7.

E. LEMARE.



*p* 1 ON the waters dark and drear,  
Jesus, Saviour, Thou art near,  
With our ship where'er it roam,  
As with loving friends at home.

2 Thou hast walked the heaving wave ;  
Thou art mighty still to save ;  
With one gentle word of peace  
Thou canst bid the tempest cease.

3 Safely from the boisterous main  
Bring us back to port again  
In our haven we shall be,  
Jesus, if we have but Thee.

4 Only by Thy power and love  
Fit us for the port above ;  
*p* Still the deadly storm within,  
Gusts of passion, waves of sin.

5 So, when breaks the glorious dawn  
Of the resurrection morn,  
When the night of toil is o'er,  
We shall see Thee on the shore.

6 Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
*f* Praise unending unto Thee,  
Now and evermore shall be.

W. C. DIX.

923

Haven.—7 7.7 7.

1 LORD, whom winds and seas obey,  
Guide us through the watery way ;  
In the hollow of Thy hand  
Hide, and bring us safe to land.

2 Jesus, let our faithful mind  
Rest, on Thee alone reclined ;  
*p* Every anxious thought repress,  
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

3 Keep the souls whom now we leave,  
Bid them to each other cleave ;  
Bid them walk on life's rough sea ;  
Bid them come by faith to Thee.

4 Save, till all these tempests end,  
All who on Thy love depend ;  
*f* Waft our happy spirits o'er ;  
Land us on the heavenly shore.

C. WESTLEY.  
Z\*

924

## Woodside.—87.87.87.87.

J. T. GRIMLEY.



1 TOSSED upon life's raging billow,  
 Sweet it is, O Lord, to know  
*p* Thou hast pressed a sailor's pillow,  
 And canst feel a sailor's woe:  
 Never slumbering, never sleeping,  
 Though the night be dark and drear,  
 Thou Thy faithful watch art keeping,  
 'All is well!' Thy constant cheer.

2 And though loud the wind is howling,  
 Fierce though flash the lightnings red,  
 Though the storm-clouds dark are scowl-  
 O'er the sailor's anxious head, [ing  
*p* Thou canst calm the raging ocean,  
 All its noise and tumult still;  
 Hush the billow's wild commotion  
 At the bidding of Thy will.

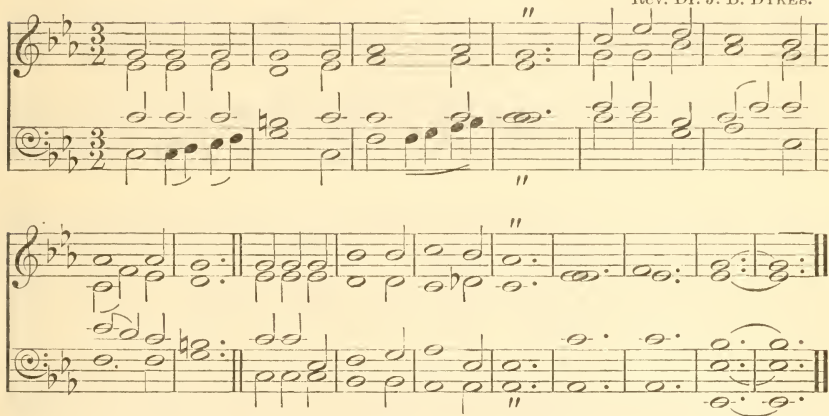
3 Thus our hearts the hope will cherish,  
 While to heaven we lift our eyes,  
 Thou wilt save us ere we perish,  
 Thou wilt hear our faintest cries:  
 And, though mast and sail be riven,  
 Life's short voyage soon is o'er;  
*f* Safely moored in heaven's wide haven  
 Storms and tempests vex no more.

G. W. BETHUNE.

925

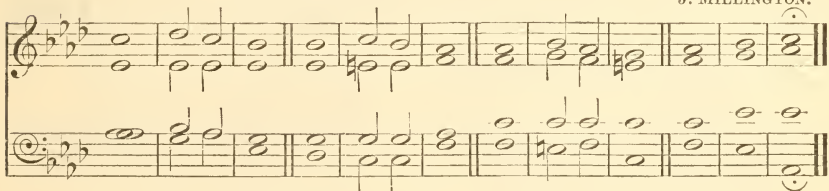
## St. Ælred.—8 8 8.3.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



## Tranquillity (METRICAL CHANT).

J. MILLINGTON.



1 **P**IERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,  
 Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,  
*p* But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,  
*pp* Calm and still.

2 'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,  
 'O save us in our agony!'  
*f* Thy word above the storm rose high,  
*pp* 'Peace, be still.'

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep  
 Sank, like a little child, to sleep;  
 The sullen billows ceased to leap,  
*f* At Thy will.

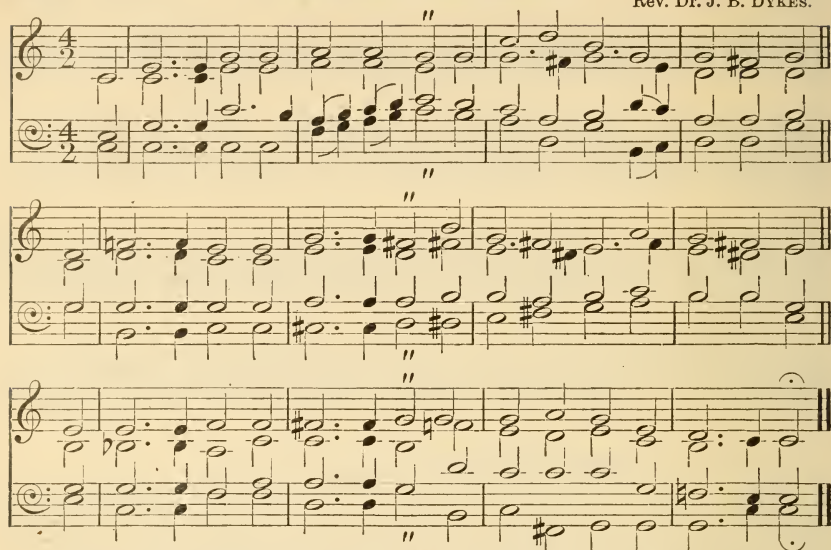
4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,  
 And storm-winds drift us from the shore,  
 Say, lest we sink to rise no more,  
*pp* 'Peace, be still.'

G. THRING.

## 926—927

## Melita.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



1 **E**TERNAL Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm doth bind the restless  
wave,  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep;  
*p* O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour, Whose almighty word  
The winds and waves submissive heard,  
*f* Who walkdest on the foaming deep,  
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;  
*p* O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit, Who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,  
And gavest light, and life, and peace;  
*p* O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

*f* 4 O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;  
*ff* And ever let there rise to Thee [sea!  
Glad hymns of praise from land and  
W. WHITING.

## 927

## Melita.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

1 **G**REAT Ruler of the land and sea,  
Almighty God, we come to Thee,  
Able to succour and to save  
From perils of the wind and wave:  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

2 Smooth the rough ocean's troubled face,  
*p* And bid the hurricane give place  
To the soft breeze that wafts the barque  
Safely alike through light and dark:  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

3 In storm or battle, with Thine arm  
*f* Shield Thou the mariner from harm,  
From foes without, from ills within,  
From deeds and words and thoughts of  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep [sin!  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

*p* 4 O Son of God, in days of ill,  
Say to each sorrow, 'Peace, be still;'  
In hours of weakness be Thou nigh,  
Heal Thou the sickness, hear the cry:  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

5 When hidden is each guiding star,  
Flash out the beacon's light afar;  
From mist and rock and shoal and spray  
Protect the sailor on his way:  
Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

6 Good Pilot of the awful main,  
Let us not plead Thy love in vain;  
Jesus, draw near with kindly aid,  
Say, 'It is I, be not afraid.'  
*f* Keep by Thy mighty hand, O keep  
The dwellers on the homeless deep!

Unknown.



928

## Tribute.—10 6.11 11.6 12.

H COWARD, Mus. Bac.

1. All praise to the Lord who rules with a word The in -

- tract - a - ble sea, And li - mits its rage by His stead - fast de - cree.

Whose pro - vi - dence binds or re - leas - es the winds, And compels them again, And com -

- pels them a - gain, At His beck to put on the in - vi - si - ble chain.

2 E'en now He hath heard our cry, and appeared

On the face of the deep,

And commanded the tempest its distance to keep ;

His piloting hand hath brought us to land,

And no longer distressed,

*f* We are joyful again in the haven to rest.

*f* 3 O that all men would raise a tribute of praise,

His goodness declare,

And thankfully sing of His fatherly care ;

*ff* With rapture approve His dealings of love,

And the wonders proclaim

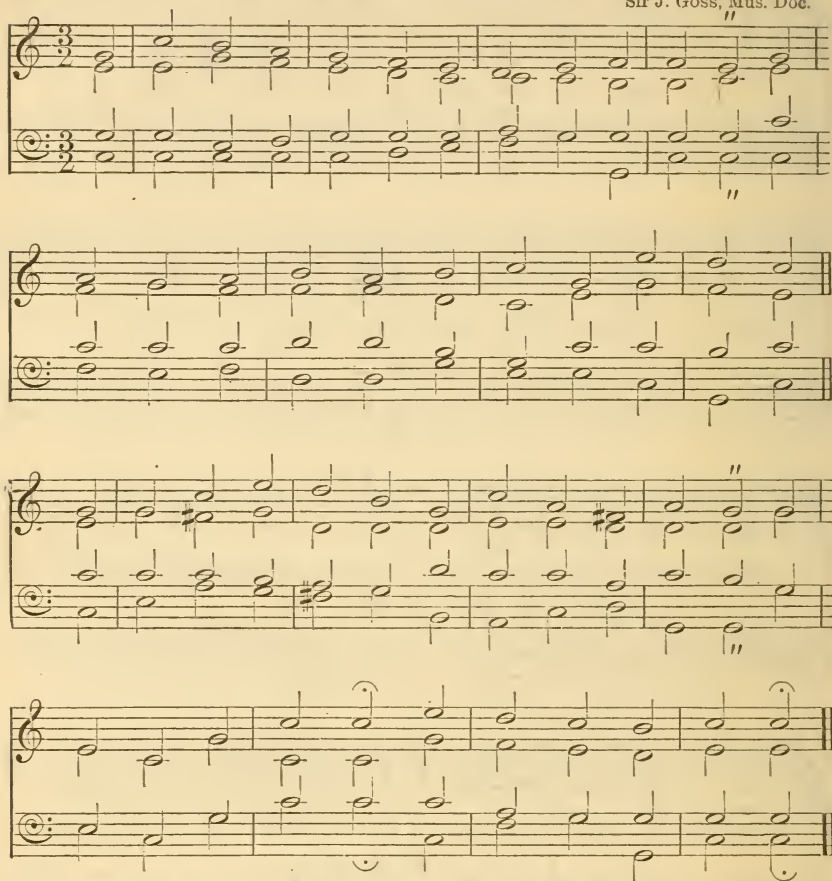
Performed by the virtue of Jesus's Name.

C. WESLEY.

929

## Euroclydon.—12 12.12 12.

Sir J. Goss, Mus. Doc.



*f* 1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,  
 V When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,  
 Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,  
*p* We cry to our Saviour, 'Save, Lord, or we perish!'

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,  
 Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,  
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
*p* Who cries in his anguish, 'Save, Lord, or we perish!'

3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
 When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,  
*f* Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to cherish;  
 V Rebuke the destroyer, 'Save, Lord, or we perish!'

R. HEBER.

## MARRIAGE AND HOME.

930

Ernan.—L.M.

Dr. L. MASON.



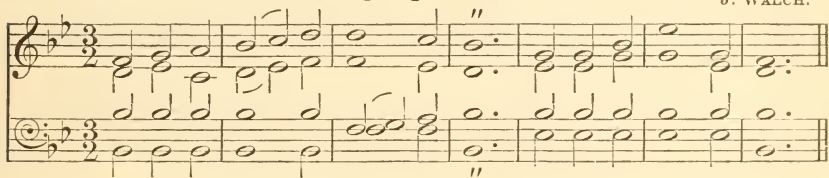
- 1 THOU sovereign Lord of earth and  
skies,  
Supremely good, supremely wise!  
Fix Thou the place of our abode;  
But may we still live near to God.
- 2 Where'er our dwelling shall be found,  
We will Thy throne of grace surround:  
An altar to Thy name will raise,  
With sacrifice of prayer and praise.
- 3 With faith and with devotion, Lord,  
Teach us this day to hear Thy word;  
Grant us Thy light to learn Thy will,  
And strength our duties to fulfil.
- 4 Our circle with Thy presence bless:  
Keep out each root of bitterness,  
And may, to each, the last remove  
Be to the mansions of Thy love.

Unknown.

931

Eagley.—C.M.

J. WALCH.



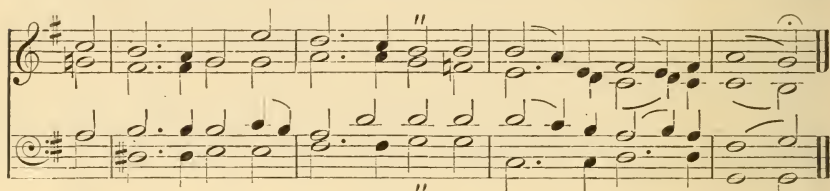
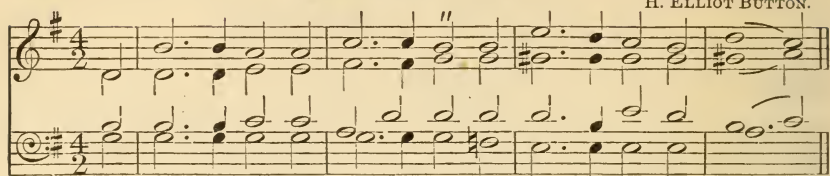
- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear  
To grace a marriage feast,  
O Lord, we ask Thy presence here;  
Be Thou our glorious Guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,  
Who now have plighted hands;  
Their union with Thy favour crown,  
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 In purest love their souls unite,  
That they with Christian care,  
May make domestic burdens light,  
By taking mutual share.
- 4 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,  
Of all rich dowries best;  
Their substance bless; Thy peace be-  
To sweeten all the rest.

G. BERRIDGE.

## 932

## Priodas.—C.M.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.



1 WE join to crave, with wishes kind,  
A blessing, Lord, from Thee,  
On those who now the bands have twined,  
Which ne'er may broken be.

2 We know that scenes, not always bright,  
May unto them be given;  
But let there shine o'er all the light  
Of love, and truth, and heaven.

3 Still hand in hand, their journey through,  
Meek pilgrims may they go,

Mingling their joys as helpmeets true,  
And sharing every woe.

4 The Saviour, Whom they trust, the  
The same their home above; [same;  
May each in each still feed the flame  
Of pure and holy love.

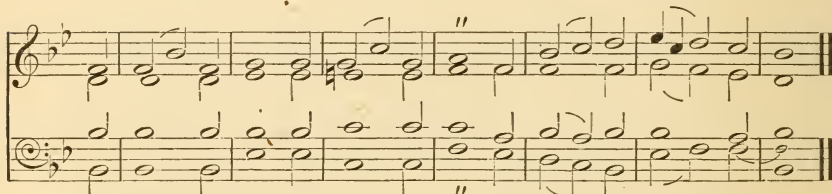
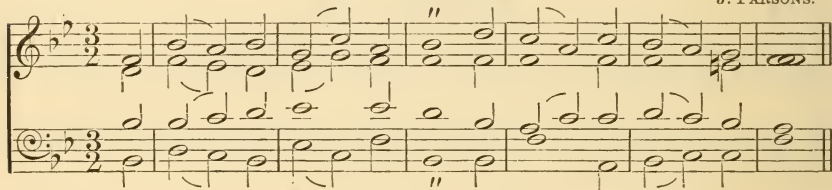
*p* 5 And when the solemn hour shall come  
Which severs earthly ties, [gloom,  
*f* May hope rise brightening through the  
And point to fairer skies!

W. GASKELL.

## 933

## Mablon.—S.M.

J. PARSONS.



1 HOW welcome was the call,  
And sweet the festal lay,  
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall  
To bless the marriage day!

*f* 2 And happy was the bride,  
And glad the bridegroom's heart,  
For He who tarried at their side  
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 His gracious power Divine,  
The water vessels knew;  
And plenteous was the mystic wine  
The wondering servants drew.

*p* 4 O Lord of life and love,  
Come Thou again to-day;  
And bring a blessing from above  
That ne'er shall pass away!



*p* 5 O bless, as erst of old,  
The bridegroom and the bride ;  
Bless with the holier stream that flowed  
Forth from Thy piercèd side !

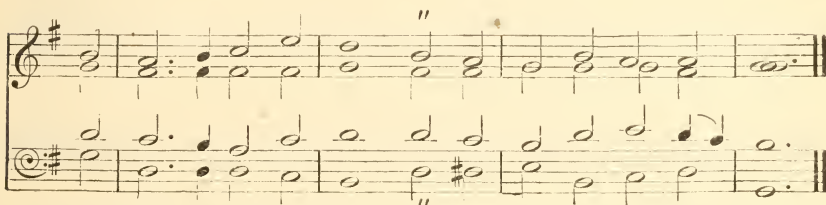
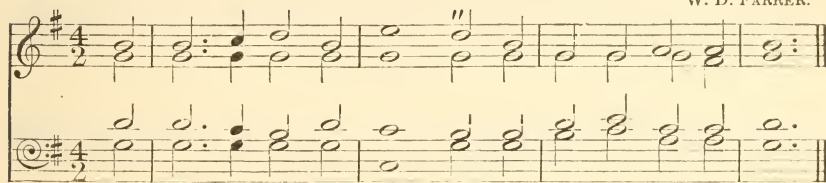
*f* 6 Before Thine altar-throne  
This mercy we implore ;  
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,  
So bless them evermore.

H. W. BAKER.

934—935

White Robes.—7 6.7 6.

W. D. FARRER.



1 WHEN on her Maker's bosom,  
The new-born earth was laid,  
And nature's opening blossom  
Its fairest bloom displayed ;

2 When all with fruit and flowers  
The laughing soil was dressed,  
And Eden's fragrant bowers  
Received their human guest :

3 No sin his face defiling,  
The heir of nature stood,  
And God, benignly smiling,  
Beheld that all was good.

4 Yet in that hour of blessing,  
A single want was known—  
A wish the heart distressing—  
For Adam was alone.

5 O God of pure affection,  
By men and saints adored,  
Who gavest Thy protection  
To Cana's nuptial board,

*f* 6 May such Thy bounties ever  
To wedded love be shown,  
And no rude hand dis sever,  
Whom Thou hast linked in one.

R. HEBER.

935

White Robes.—7 6.7 6.

1 THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,  
That earliest wedding day,  
The primal marriage blessing,  
It hath not passed away.

2 Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid,  
The holy Three are with us,  
The threefold grace is said :

3 For dower of blessèd children,  
For love and faith's sweet sake,  
For high mysterious union  
Which nought on earth may break,

*p* 4 Be present, awful Father,  
To give away this bride,  
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam  
Out of his own piercèd side.

5 Be present, gracious Saviour,  
To join their loving hands,  
As Thou didst bind two natures  
In Thine eternal bands.

*p* 6 Be present, Holy Spirit,  
To bless them as they kneel :  
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,  
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

7 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,  
Let no ill power find place,  
When onward to Thine altar  
The hallowed path they trace,

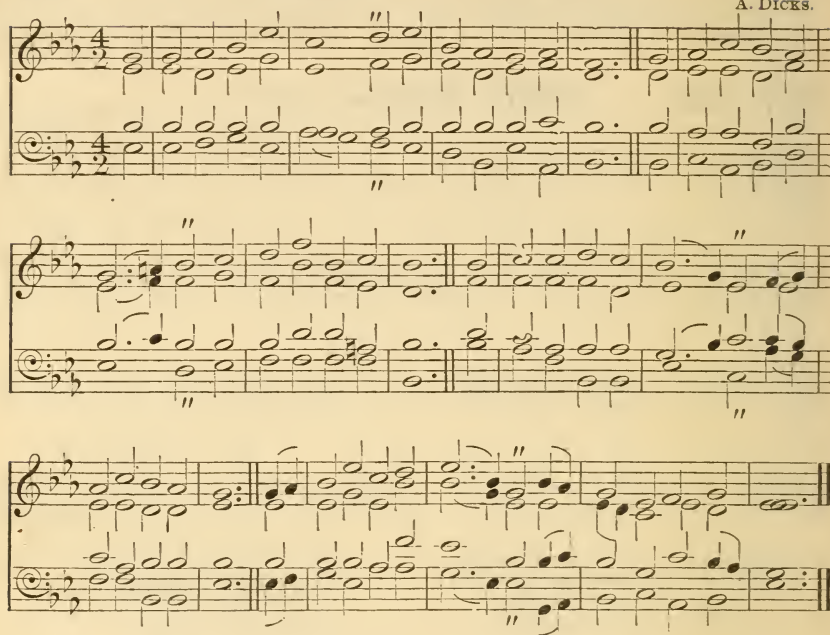
8 To cast their crowns before Thee  
In perfect sacrifice,  
*f* Till to the home of gladness  
With Christ's own bride they rise.

J. KEBLE.

## 936

## Carleton.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

A. DICKS.



*p* 1 O LOVE Divine and golden!  
 Mysterious depth and height!  
 To Thee the world beholden,  
 Looks up for life and light:  
 O Love Divine and gentle!  
 The blesser and the blest!  
 Beneath whose care parental  
 The world lies down to rest.

*f* 2 The fields of earth adore Thee,  
 The forests sing Thy praise,  
 All living things before Thee  
 Their holiest anthems raise.  
 Thou art the joy of gladness,  
 The life of life Thou art:  
 The dew of gentle sadness,  
*p* That droppeth on the heart.

3 O Love Divine and tender!  
 That through our homes dost move,  
 Veiled in the softened splendour  
 Of holy household love:  
 A throne without Thy blessing  
 Were labour without rest,  
 And cottages possessing  
 Thy blessedness, are blest.

*f* 4 The happy homes of England,  
 In thee, O Love, rejoice;  
 Their peace is in Thy presence,  
 Their gladness in Thy voice:  
 Good is God's holy pleasure,  
 When, through His bounty, comes  
 In overflowing measure,  
 Thy gladness to our homes.

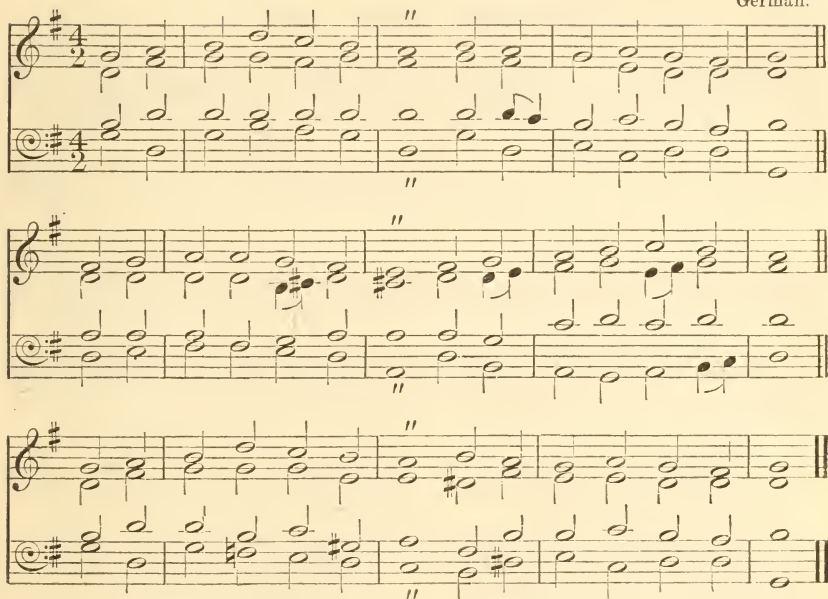
5 God bless these hands united!  
 God bless these hearts made one!  
 Unsevered and unblighted  
 May they through life go on:  
 Here in earth's home preparing  
 For the bright home above;  
*f* And there for ever sharing  
 Its joy, where 'God is Love.'

J. S. B. MONSELL.

937

## Cassel.—7 7.7 7.7 7.

German.



1 SAVIOUR, let Thy sanction rest  
 On the union witnessed now ;  
 Be it with Thy presence blest ;  
 Ratify the nuptial vow ;  
 Hallowed let this union be  
 With each other, and with Thee.

2 Thou in Cana didst appear,  
 At a marriage feast like this ;  
 Deign to meet us, Saviour, here,  
 Fountain of unmingled bliss !  
*f* Crown with joy this festive board—  
 Joy that earth cannot afford.

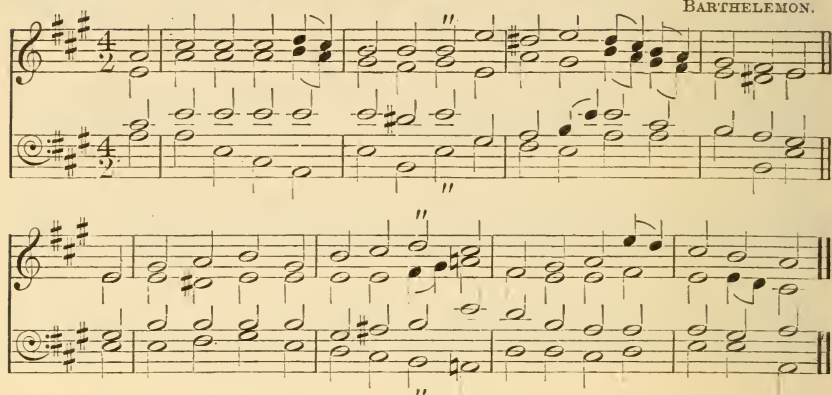
3 We no miracle require—  
 Turning water into wine—  
 All our panting hearts desire  
 Is to taste Thy love divine :  
 Holy influence from above  
 Consecrating earthly love.

4 Let the path our friends pursue,  
 From this hour together trod,  
 Many though its days, or few,  
 Be a pilgrimage to God ;  
 To the land where rest is given,  
 To our Father's house in heaven.

T. RAFFLES.

938 Morning Hymn.—L.M.

BARTHELEMON.

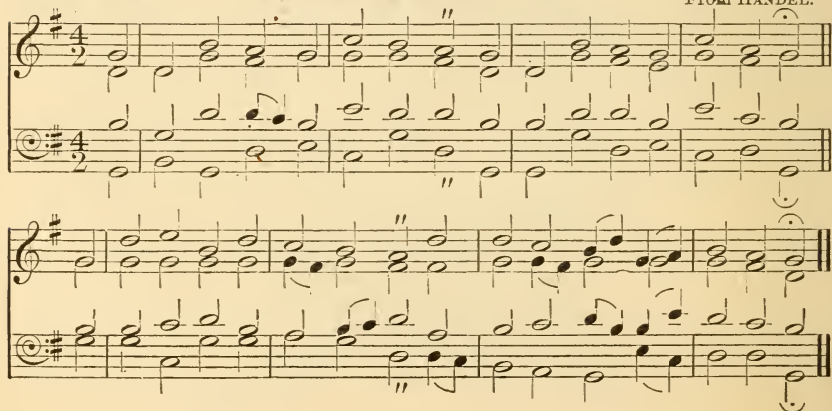


- f* 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run,  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time, mis-spent, redeem,  
Each present day thy last esteem,  
Improve thy talent with due care,  
For the Great Day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere,  
Keep conscience, as the noon-tide, clear;  
Think how all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.
- f* 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long, unwearied, sing  
High praise to the eternal King.
- 5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,  
May your devotion me inspire,  
That I, like you, my age may spend,  
Like you, may on my God attend.
- p* 6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,  
Disperse my sins as morning dew,  
Guard my first springs of thought and  
And with Thyself my spirit fill. [will,
- 7 Direct, control, suggest this day  
All I design to do or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- f* 8 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

T. KEN.

939—940 Fertile Plains.—L.M.

FROM HANDEL.





1 **N**OW that the daylight fills the sky,  
We lift our hearts to God on high,  
That He, in all we do or say,  
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

2 May He restrain our tongues from  
strife,  
And shield from anger's din our life,  
And guard with watchful care our eyes  
From earth's absorbing vanities.

3 O may our inmost hearts be pure,  
From thoughts of folly kept secure;  
And pride of sinful flesh subdued  
Through sparing use of daily food.

4 So we, when this day's work is o'er,  
And shades of night return once more,  
Our path of trial safely trod,  
Shall give the glory to our God.

AMBROSE, *trs.* by J. M. NEALE.

## 940

## Fertile Plains.—L.M.

1 **F**ORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labour to pursue;  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned  
O let me cheerfully fulfil;

In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand, [see;  
Whose eyes my inmost substance

And labour on at Thy command,  
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray!  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

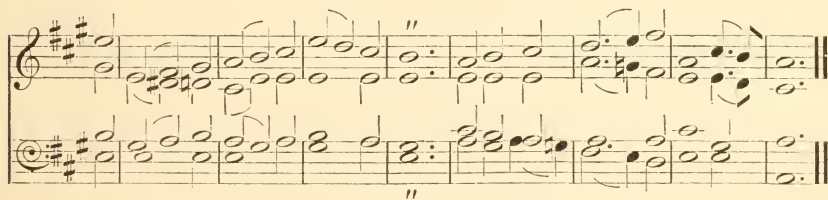
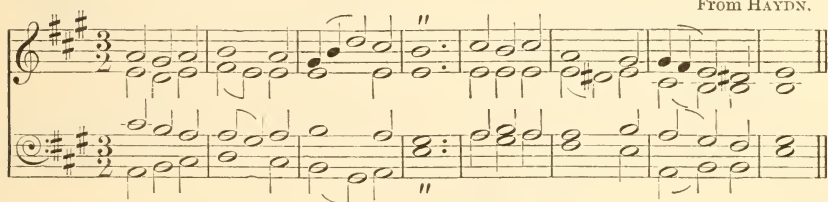
5 For Thee delightfully employ [given:  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

C. WESLEY.

## 941

## Haydn.—L.M.

From HAYDN.



1 **O** TIMELY happy, timely wise.  
Hearts that with rising morn arise!  
Eyes that the beam celestial view,  
Which evermore makes all things new!

2 New every morning is the love  
Our waking and uprising prove;  
Through sleep and darkness safely  
brought,  
Restored to life, and power and thought.

3 New mercies each returning day  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of  
heaven.

4 If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,

New treasures still of countless price  
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier  
be,

As more of heaven in each we see:  
Some softening gleam of love and  
prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

6 The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we ought to ask:  
Room to deny ourselves; a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

7 Only, O Lord, in Thy great love  
Fit us for perfect rest above;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

J. KEBLE

## 942

## Runcorn.—C.M.

E. MINSHALL.



- 1 LORD! in the morning Thou shalt  
 My voice ascending high ; [hear  
 To Thee will I direct my prayer,  
 To Thee lift up mine eye :—
- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,  
 To plead for all His saints,  
 Presenting at His Father's throne  
 Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight  
 The wicked shall not stand ;  
 Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,  
 Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

- 4 But to Thy house will I resort,  
 To taste Thy mercies there ;  
 I will frequent Thy holy court,  
 And worship in Thy fear.

- 5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet  
 In ways of righteousness !  
 Make every path of duty straight  
 And plain before my face.

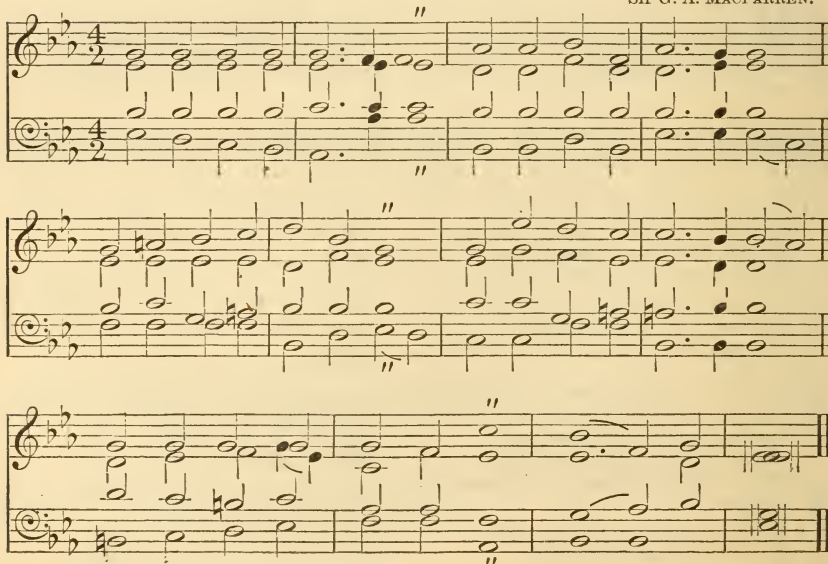
- 6 The men that love and fear Thy name  
 Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;  
 f The mighty God shall compass them  
 With favour as a shield.

I. WATTS.

## 943

## Lux Prima.—7.7.7.7.3.

Sir G. A. MACFARREN.



*f* 1 JESUS, Sun of righteousness,  
Brightest Beam of love Divine,  
With the early morning rays,  
Do Thou on our darkness shine,  
And dispel with purest light  
All our night.

2 As on drooping herb and flower  
Falls the soft refreshing dew,  
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power  
All our weary souls renew ;  
Showers of blessing over all  
*p* Softly fall.

3 Like the sun's reviving ray,  
May Thy love with tender glow  
All our coldness melt away,

Warm and cheer us forth to go,  
Gladly serve Thee and obey  
All the day.

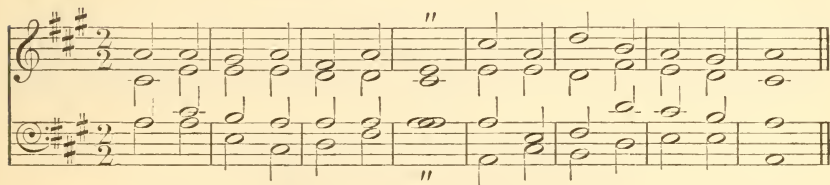
4 O our only Hope and Guide,  
Never leave us nor forsake ;  
Keep us ever at Thy side  
Till the eternal morning break,  
Moving on to Zion's hill,  
Homeward still.

5 Lead us all our days and years  
In Thy strait and narrow way ;  
Lead us through the vale of tears  
To the land of perfect day,  
Where Thy people fully blest,  
*p* Safely rest.

C. K. v. ROSENMOTH, *trs.* by J. BORTHWICK.

## 944

## Spanish Chant.—7 7.7 7.7 7.



*f* 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ the true, the only light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;  
Day-spring from on high, be near,  
Day-star, in my heart appear !

*p* 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by Thee :  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;  
Till Thou inward light impart,  
Glad mine eyes, and warm my heart

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;  
Fill me, Radiance Divine ;  
Scatter all my unbelief :  
More and more Thyself display,  
*f* Shining to the perfect day.

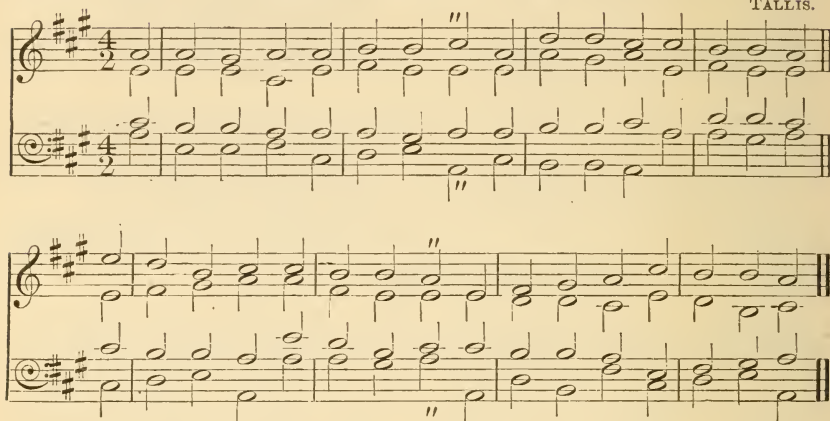
C. WESLEY.

# VARIOUS OCCASIONS AND SEASONS— EVENING.

945

## Tallis' Canon.—L.M.

TALLIS.



*f* 1 **A**LL praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light :  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
 Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

*p* 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
 The ill that I this day have done ;  
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed :  
 To die, that this vile body may  
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

*p* 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,  
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make,  
 To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,  
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
 No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I, in endless day,  
 For ever chase dark sleep away !  
 And hymns, with the supernal choir,  
 Incessant sing and never tire !

*f* 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

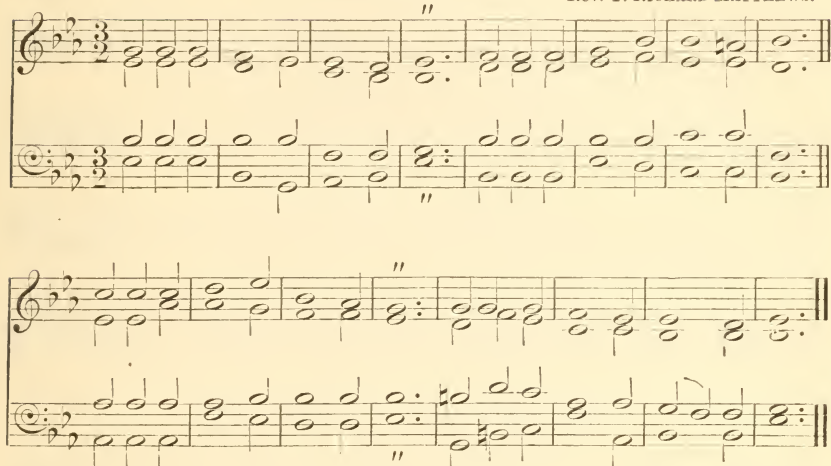
T. KEN



946

## Sarby.—L.M.

Rev. T. RICHARD MATTHEWS.



1 WE came at early morn to sing  
 To Thee, O Lord, our grateful hymn,  
 And knelt around the mercy-seat,  
 With humble prayer Thy face to seek.

*f* 2 Again at eventide we come,  
 And raise to Thee our evensong ;  
 O Thou, the Way, the Truth, the Light,  
 Be with us through the coming night.

3 O may the teaching of this day  
 Assist us on our heavenward way,  
 Inspire us with a brighter hope,  
 And holier thoughts to raise us up.

*p* 4 O listen to the contrite sigh,  
 And let the tempted feel Thee nigh,  
 The mourner cheer, the sinner bless  
 With pardon, peace, and holiness.

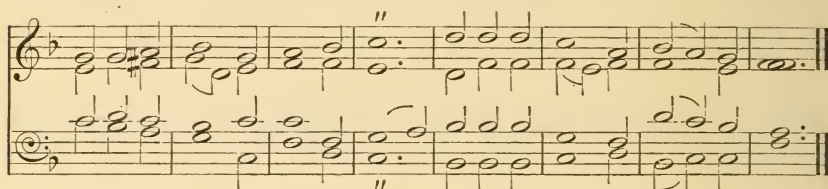
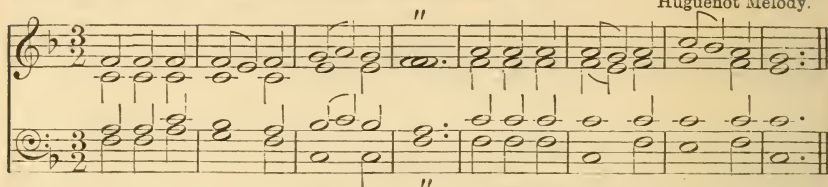
5 Now let our lifted hands arise,  
 Like ancient evening sacrifice ;  
 And in Thy golden censer bear,  
 O Priest Divine, our evening prayer !

H. PUTMAN.

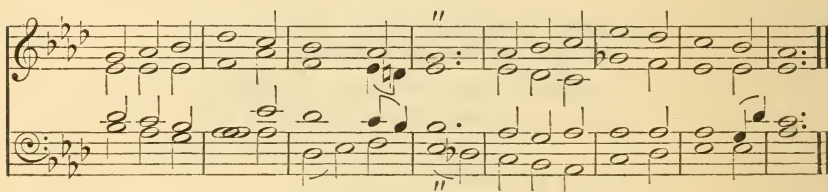
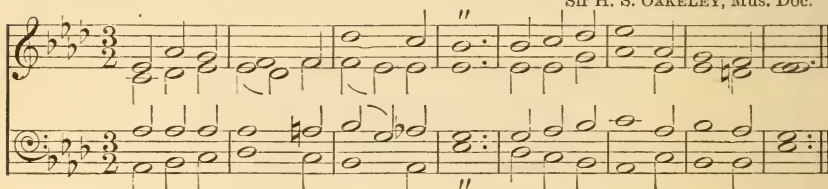
947—948

**Thursley** (1st Tune).—L.M.

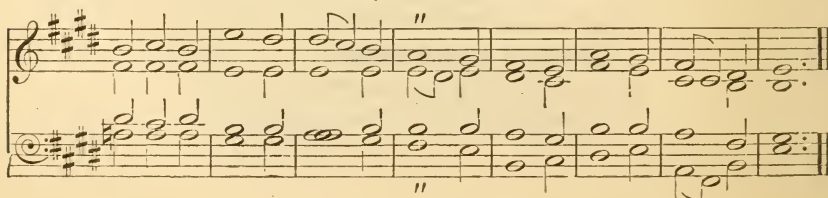
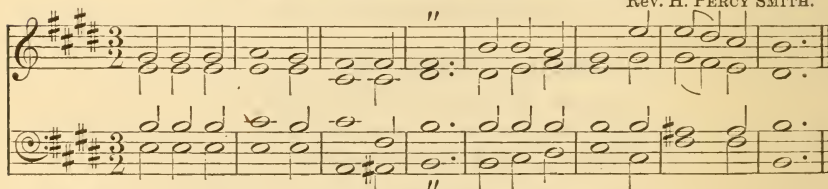
Huguenot Melody.

**Abends** (2nd Tune).—L.M.

Sir H. S. OAKELEY, Mus. Doc.

**Sun of my Soul** (3rd Tune).—L.M.

Rev. H. PERCY SMITH.



- 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if Thou be near;  
 O may no earthborn cloud arise,  
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
 For ever on my Saviour's breast!
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without Thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
 Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,  
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
 Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor  
 With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
 Ere through the world our way we take,  
 Till in the ocean of Thy love  
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.
- J. KEBLE.

## 948 Thursley, Abends, or Sun of my Soul.—L.M.

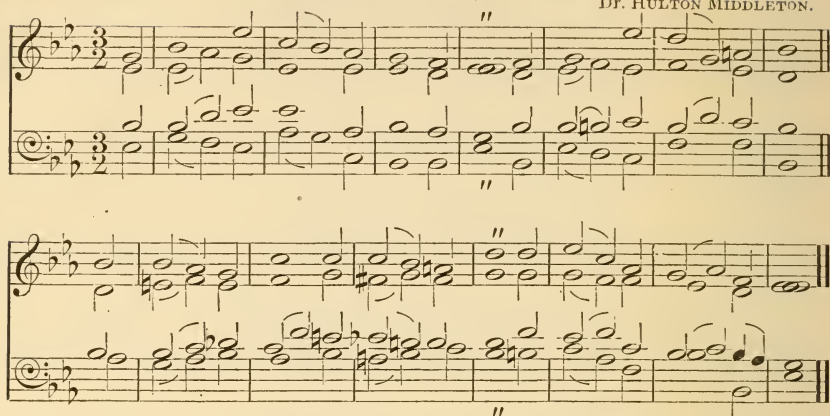
- 1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,  
 Thus far His power prolongs my days  
 And every evening shall make known  
 Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
 And I perhaps am near my home;  
 But He forgives my follies past,  
 He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
 Peace is the pillow for my head;  
 While well-appointed angels keep  
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell  
 Tell me a thousand frightful things;  
 My God in safety makes me dwell  
 Beneath the shadow of His wings.
- 5 Faith in His name forbids my fear;  
 O may Thy presence ne'er depart;  
 And in the morning make me hear  
 The love and kindness of Thy heart.
- 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
 And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

I. WATTS.

## 949

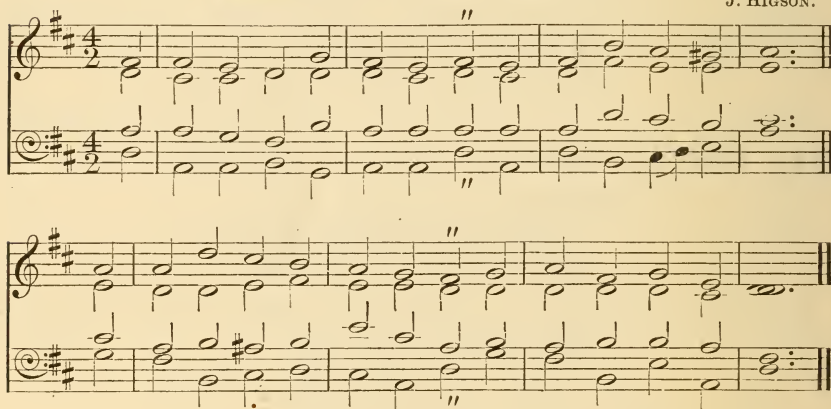
## Ibelena (1st Tune).—C.M.

Dr. HULTON MIDDLETON.



## Redemption (2nd Tune).—C.M.

J. HIGSON.



1 THE twilight falls, the night is near ;  
 We put our work away,  
 p And kneel to Him who bends to hear  
 The story of the day.

2 The old, old story ; yet we kneel  
 To tell it at Thy call,  
 And cares grow lighter when we feel  
 Our Father knows them all.

3 Yes, all ! the morning and the night,  
 The joy, the grief, the loss,  
 The mountain track, the valley bright,  
 The daily thorn and cross.

4 He knoweth all : we lean our head,  
 Our wearied eyelids close ;  
 Content and glad awhile to tread  
 The way our Father knows.

5 And He has loved us ! all our heart  
 With answering love is stirred ;  
 And poverty and toil and smart,  
 Find healing in that word.

p 6 So here we lay us down to rest,  
 As nightly shadows fall ;  
 And lean, confiding on His breast,  
 Who knows and pities all.

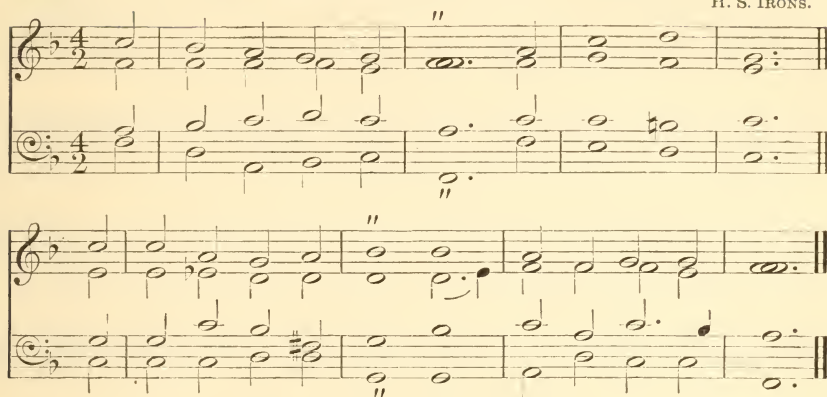
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950

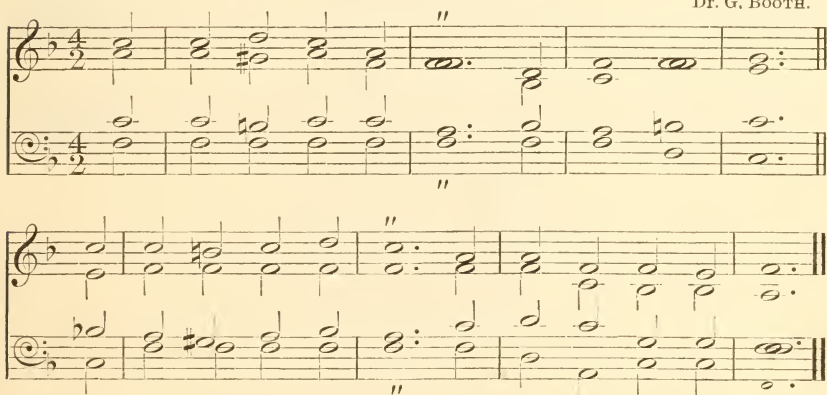
## St. Columba (1st Tune).—6 4.6 6.

H. S. IRONS.



## Nocturn (2nd Tune).—6 4.6 6.

DR. G. BOOTH.



*p* 1 THE sun is sinking fast.  
The daylight dies ;  
Let love awake, and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.

*pp* 2 As Christ upon the Cross  
In death reclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned ;

3 So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In whom all spirits live :

4 So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast—

5 Save that His will be done,  
Whate'er betide ;  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.

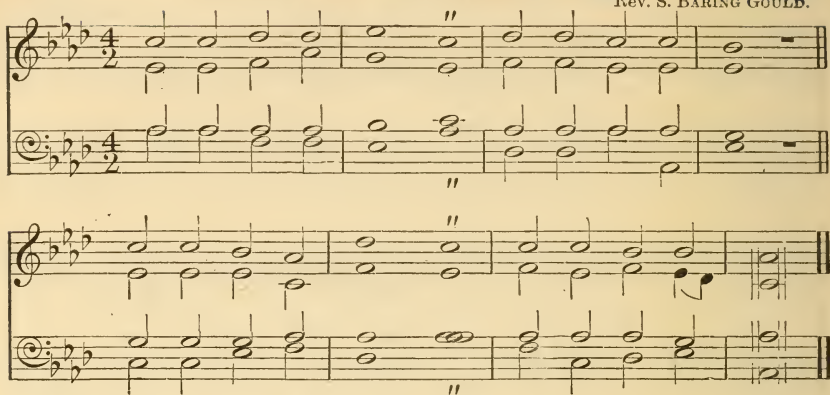
6 Thus would I live ; yet now  
Not I, but He,  
In all His power and love,  
Henceforth alive in me.

*f* 7 One sacred Trinity,  
One Lord Divine,  
Thine may I ever be,  
And Thou for ever mine.  
*From the Latin, trs. by E. CASWALL.*

## 951

## Eudoria.—6 5.6 5.

Rev. S. BARING GOULD.



*p* 1 NOW the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh,  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars their watches keep,  
Birds, and beasts, and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose ;  
*p* With Thy tenderest blessing  
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee ;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the stormy sea.

*p* 5 Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain ;  
Those who plan some evil  
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night watches  
May Thine angels spread  
Their bright wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
*f* Pure and fresh, and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes.

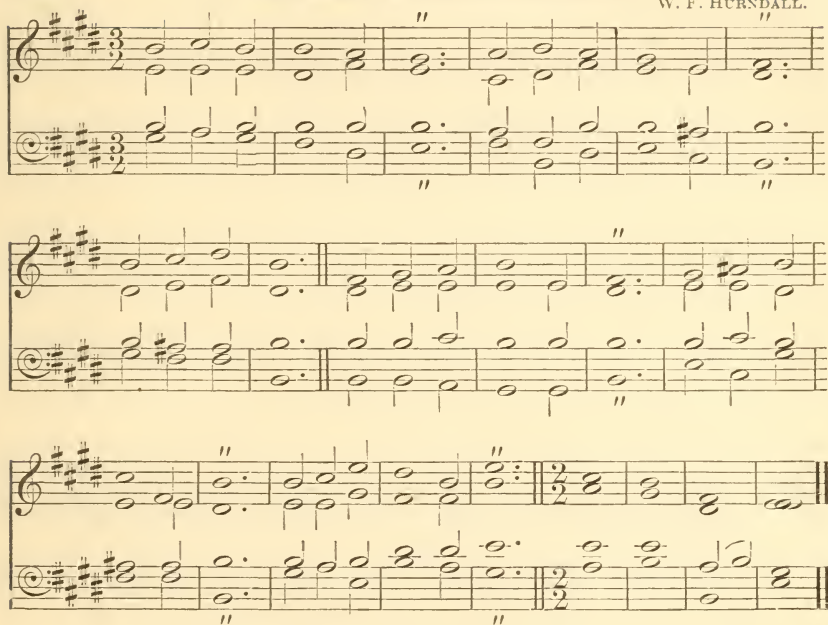
*f* 8 Glory to the Father,  
Glory to the Son,  
And to Thee, blest Spirit,  
Whilst all ages run.

S. BARING-GOULD.

952

## Benison.—6 6 4 6 6 6 4.

W. F. HURNDALL.



1 FATHER of love and power,  
 Guard Thou our evening hour,  
 Shield with Thy might;  
 For all Thy care this day  
 Our grateful thanks we pay,  
 And to our Father pray,  
*p* Bless us to-night!

2 Jesus Immanuel!  
 Come in Thy love to dwell  
 In hearts contrite;  
*p* For many sins we grieve,  
 But we Thy grace receive,  
 And in Thy word believe,  
*p* Bless us to-night!

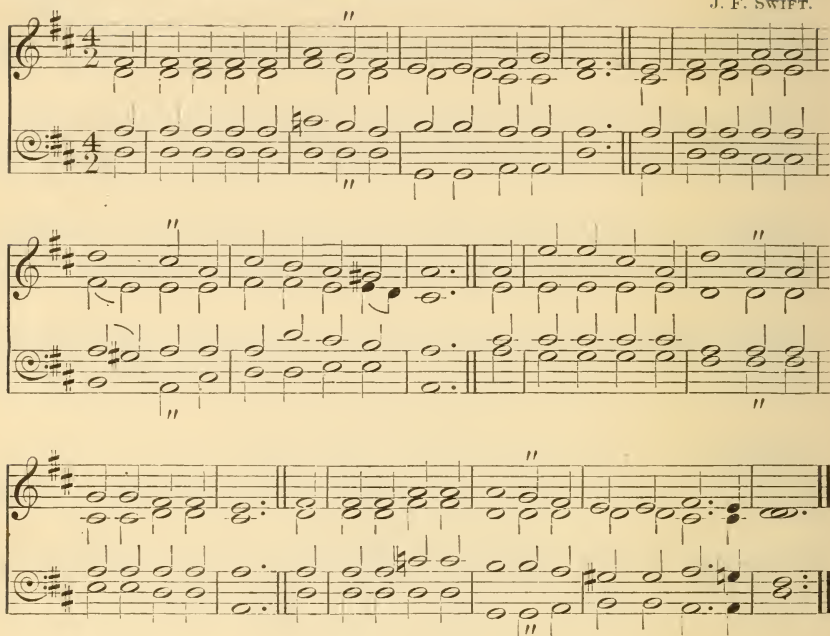
3 Spirit of truth and love,  
 Life-giving Holy Dove,  
 Shed forth Thy light;  
 Heal every sinner's smart,  
 Still every throbbing heart.  
 And Thine own peace impart,  
*p* Bless us to-night!

G. RAWSON.

## 953

## Evening Hymn.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

J. F. SWIFT.



*V* *1* WHEN evening shadows gather,  
And twilight gently fades ;

*p* When all is still and silent  
In midnight's darker shades :  
Then, O my God ! be near me,  
Do Thou protect my bed ;  
From evil and from danger  
Let angels guard my head.

*p 2* We know not, when we slumber,  
That we shall e'er awake,  
To see another day begin,  
Another dawning break :

But Thou art ever watching,  
Thou wilt our vigils keep,  
And, trusting in Thy mercy,  
We sink in peaceful sleep.

*3* But, ere our eyelids closing,  
We humbly seek Thy face,  
And pray for Thy forgiveness,  
And Thy sustaining grace :  
For we are weak and erring  
And need Thy mighty power ;  
O Jesus, ever guard us  
*p* In dark temptation's hour.

*p 4* We pray for those who languish  
In sickness and distress,  
That Thou wilt soothe their anguish,  
And their afflictions bless ;  
We pray for those in peril  
Upon the stormy sea ;  
We pray for friends and loved ones :  
Do Thou their Guardian be.

*f 5* And now to Thee we render  
Our thanks for mercies past  
With grateful hearts imploring  
Thy favour to the last ;  
And at the great awakening  
May we be found above—  
With saints and angels praising  
Thy providence and love.

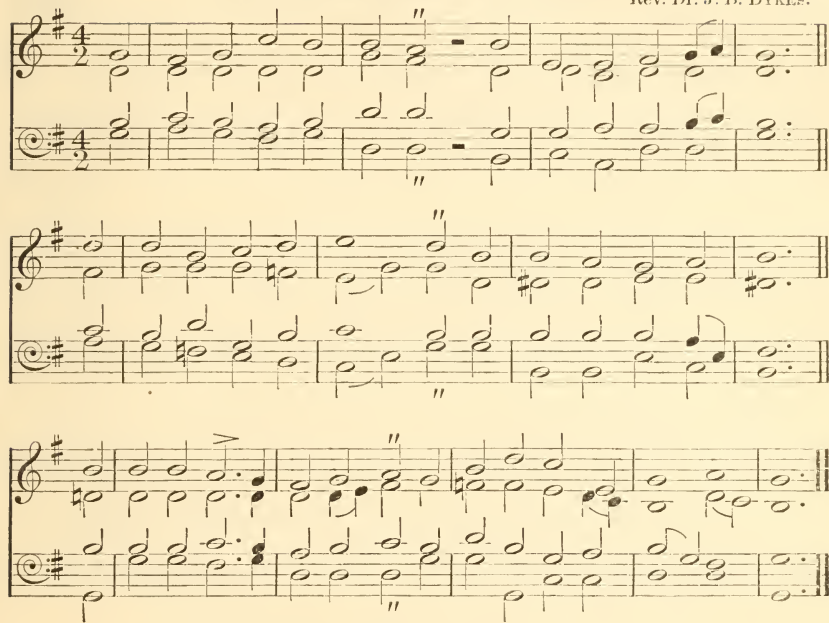
J. F. SWIFT.



## 954

## St. Anatolius.—7 6.7 6.8 8.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



1 THE day is past and over ;  
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !  
 We pray Thee now that sinless  
 The hours of dark may be :  
*pp* O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,  
 And save us through the coming night !

2 The joys of day are over ;  
 We lift our hearts to Thee,  
 And ask Thee that offenceless  
 The hours of gloom may be :  
*pp* O Jesus, make their darkness light,  
 And save us through the coming night !

3 The toils of day are over,  
 We raise our hymn to Thee,  
 And ask that free from peril  
 The hours of fear may be :  
*pp* O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,  
 And guard us through the coming night !

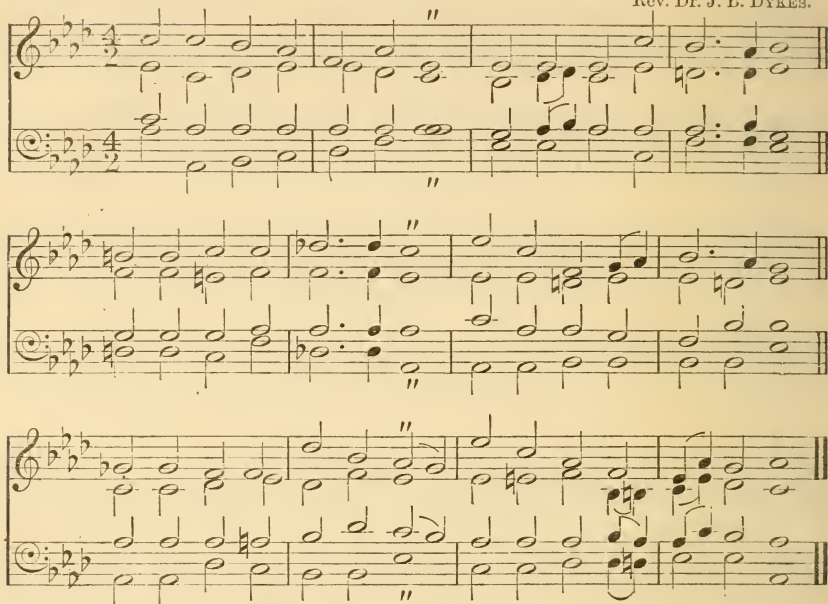
4 Be Thou our souls' preserver,  
 For Thou, O God, dost know  
 How many are the perils  
 Through which we have to go !  
*pp* O loving Jesus, hear our call,  
 And guard and save us from them all !

ANATOLIUS, *trs. by* J. M. NEALE.

## 955

## Glastonbury.—7 7.7 7.7 7.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



[Saturday Evening.]

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 SAFELY through another week<br/>         God hath brought us on our way;<br/>         Let us now a blessing seek<br/>         On the approaching Sabbath-day,<br/>         Day of all the week the best,<br/>         Emblem of eternal rest.</p>              | <p>3 While we pray for pardoning grace,<br/>         In the great Redeemer's name,<br/>         Show Thy reconciled face,<br/>         Shine away our sin and shame:<br/>         From our worldly cares set free,<br/>         May we rest this night with Thee.</p> |
| <p>2 Mercies multiplied each hour [mand;<br/>         Through the week our praise de-<br/>         Guarded by almighty power,<br/>         Fed and guided by His Hand,<br/> <i>p</i> Though ungrateful we have been,<br/>         Often grieved Him by our sin.</p> | <p>4 When the morn shall bid us rise,<br/>         May we feel Thy presence near;<br/>         May Thy glory meet our eyes,<br/>         When we in Thy house appear;<br/> <i>f</i> There afford us, Lord, a taste<br/>         Of our everlasting feast.</p>         |

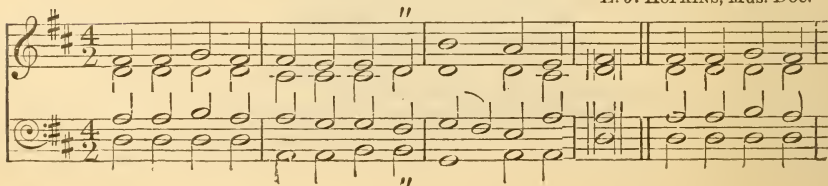
- f* 5 May Thy Gospel's joyful sound  
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
 Make the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief to all complaints—  
 Such may all our Sabbaths prove,  
 Till we join the Church above!

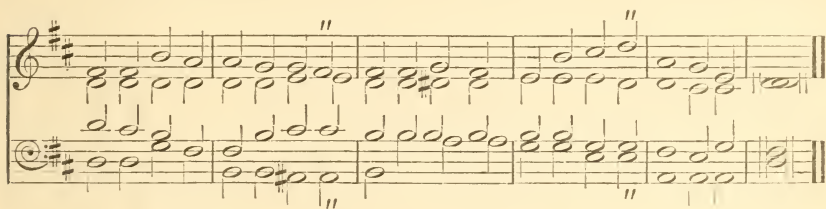
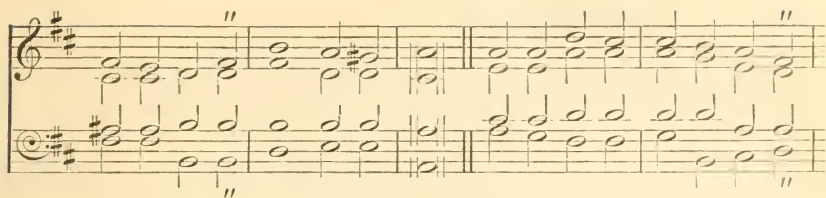
J. NEWTON.

## 956

## Temple.—8 4.8 4.8 8 8 4.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.





1 GOD, that madest earth and heaven,  
 Darkness and light;  
 Who the day for toil hast given,  
 For rest the night:  
*p* May Thine angel-guards defend us,  
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
 This livelong night.

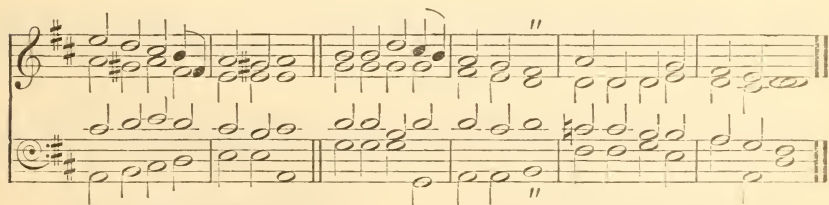
2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;  
 And when we die,  
 May we, in Thy mighty keeping,  
*p* All peaceful lie:  
 When the last dread call shall wake us,  
 Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,  
*f* But to reign in glory take us,  
 With Thee on high.

R. HEBER AND R. WHATELY.

957

Evensong.—8 7.8 7.7 7.

J. SUMMERS.



*p* 1 THROUGH the day Thy love hath  
 spared us;  
 Now we lay us down to rest;  
 Through the silent watches guard us,  
 Let no foe our peace molest;  
 Jesus, Thou our Guardian be,  
 Sweet it is to trust in Thee

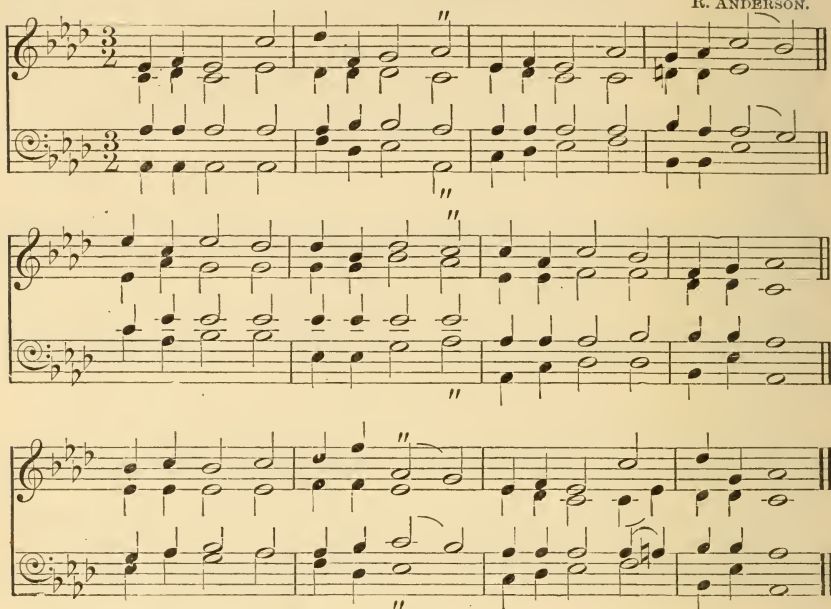
2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,  
 Us and ours preserve from dangers,  
 In Thine arms may we repose;  
*p* And, when life's short day is past,  
 Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

T. KELLY.

## 958

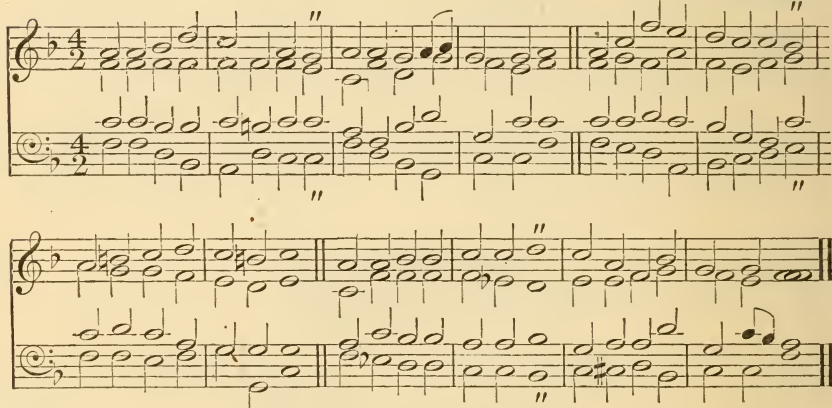
## Communion (1st Tune).—8 7.8 7.7 7.

R. ANDERSON.



## Easter Eve (2nd Tune).—8 7.8 7.7 7.

J. WHITEHEAD SMITH.



1 FATHER, now the day is over,  
 As the sun sinks in the west,  
 Ere the night creep slowly round us,  
 Ere soft slumber be our guest,  
 f Let us bless Thee that to-day  
 Thou, our God, hast been our stay.

2 Lord, we need no earthly temple,  
 For, where we Thy love have found,  
 All Thy humblest creatures teach us

Where we are is holy ground :  
 Lord, we need no holier place  
 Than where we Thy love can trace.

3 For the love of friends we bless Thee,  
 Who to-day our joys have shared,  
 Whose true hearts, spread out before us,  
 Have Thy love to us declared ;  
 For each thought of truth and love  
 They have echoed from above.



4 For the mystic bonds which bind us  
Each to each, and all to Thee,  
And with all the past entwines us,  
In the world's long harmony ;  
For each striving human soul,  
Which is part of Thy great whole.

5 Pour Thy Spirit, Lord, upon us,  
*p* Guard us in unconscious sleep ;  
Be that Spirit ever with us,  
While death-slumbers o'er us creep ;  
And, our life's long journey past,  
*f* We are safe with Thee at last !  
C. F. ALEXANDER.

959

Broomhill.—8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7.

E. H. LEMARE.



*p* 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening bless-  
Ere repose our spirits seal ; [ing,  
Sin and want we come confessing,  
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal :  
Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;  
Thou art He, who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.

2 Though 'destruction' walk around us,  
Though the 'arrows' past us fly,  
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,  
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

*p* Should swift death this night o'ertake  
And our couch become our tomb, [us,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
*f* Clad in light and deathless bloom.

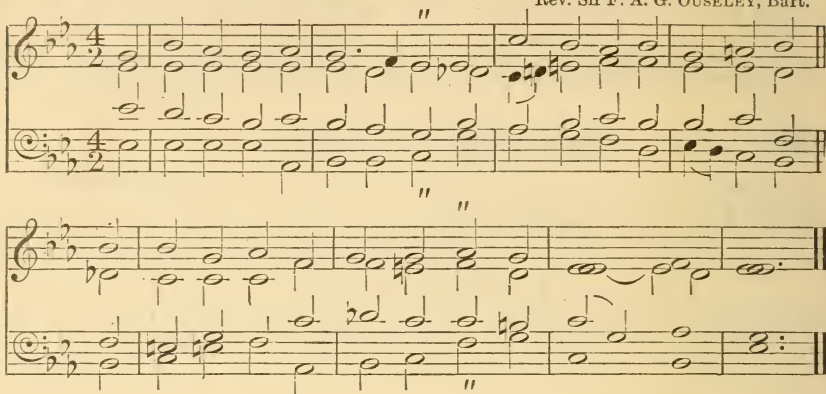
3 Father, to Thy holy keeping  
Humbly we ourselves resign ;  
Saviour, who has slept our sleeping,  
Make our slumbers pure as Thine ;  
Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,  
Chase the darkness of our night,  
Till the perfect day before us  
*f* Breaks in everlasting light.

J. EDMESTON.

960

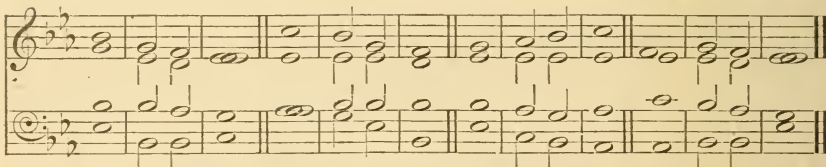
## St. Gabriel (1st Tune).—8884.

Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart.



## Selattyn (2nd Tune).—METRICAL CHANT.

Rev. E. W. BULLINGER.

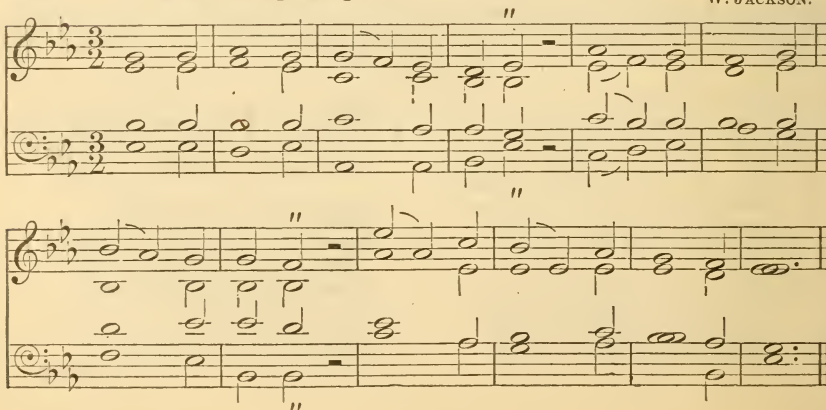


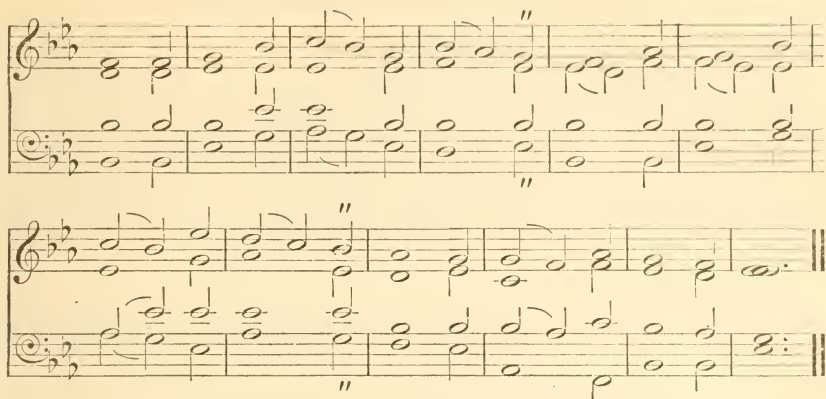
- 1 THE radiant morn hath passed away,  
And spent too soon her golden  
The shadows of departing day [store;  
Creep on once more.
- p 2 Our life is but an autumn day,  
Its glorious noon how quickly past!  
Lead us, O Christ, Thou Living Way,  
Safe home at last!
- 3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace,  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high!
- f 4 Where light, and life, and joy, and  
In undivided empire reign, [peace,  
And thronging angels never cease  
Their deathless strain—
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless  
And evening shadows never fall, [white,  
f Where Thou, Eternal Light of light,  
Art Lord of all! G. THRING.

961

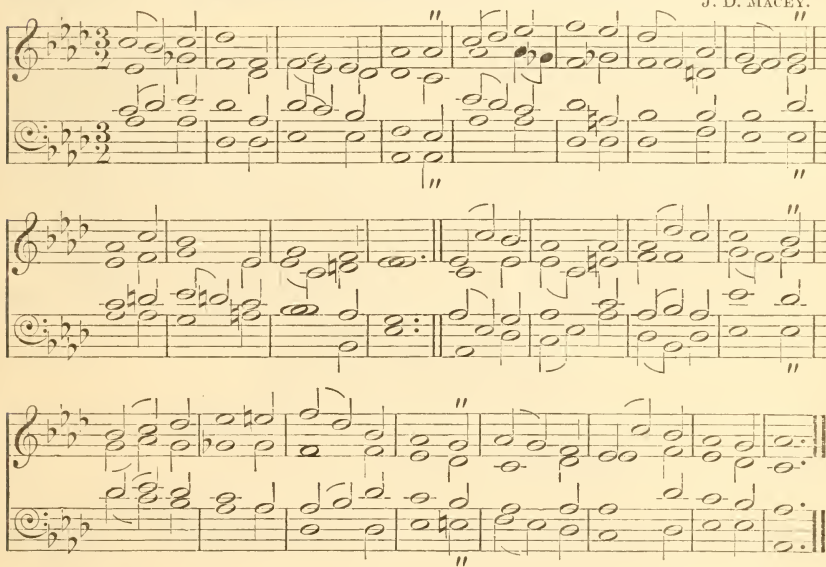
## Evening Hymn (1st Tune).—887.887.

W. JACKSON.



**Finchley (2nd Tune).—887.887.**

J. D. MACEY.



1 **F**ATHER, in high heaven dwelling,  
 May our evening song be telling  
 Of Thy mercy large and free:  
 Through the day Thy love hath fed us,  
 Through the day Thy care hath led us,  
 With divinest charity.

p 2 This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour!—  
 Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,  
 Envy, pride, and vanity:  
 From the world, the flesh, deliver.  
 Save us now, and save us ever,  
 O Thou Lamb of Calvary!

3 From the enticements of the devil  
 From the might of spirits evil  
 Be our shield and panoply;  
 Let Thy power this night defend us,  
 p And a heavenly peace attend us,  
 And angelic company.

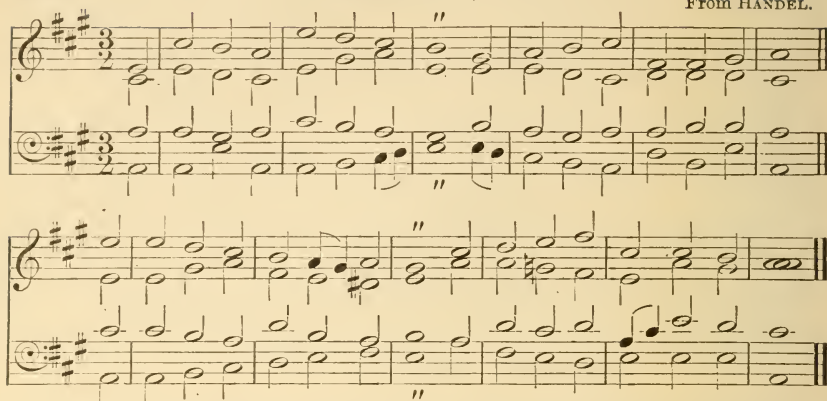
4 Whilst the night-dews are distilling,  
 Holy Ghost! each heart be filling,  
 With Thine own serenity;  
 Softly let our eyes be closing,  
 While on Thee the soul reposing,  
 Ever-blessèd Trinity.

G. RAWSON.

## 962

## David.—88.88.

FROM HANDEL.



1 WHAT though my frail eyelids refuse  
Continual watching to keep,  
And still with the night's falling dews  
Demand the refreshment of sleep;

2 A sovereign Protector I have,  
Unseen, yet for ever at hand,  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.

3 Beneficent Hearer of prayer,  
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine  
My all to Thy covenant care  
I, sleeping and waking, resign.

4 If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,  
The night is no darkness to me,  
And, fast as my moments roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

5 Thy ministering spirits descend  
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;  
By day and by night they attend,  
The heirs of salvation to keep.

6 Thy worship no interval knows,  
Their fervour is still on the wing;  
And while they protect my repose,  
They chant to the praise of my King.

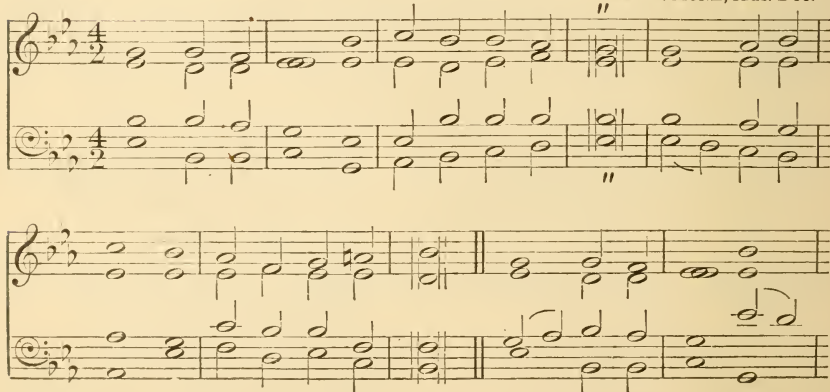
f 7 I too, at the season ordained,  
Their chorus for ever shall join;  
And love, and adore without end,  
Their faithful Creator and mine.

A. TOPLADY.

## 963

## Eventide (1st Tune).—10 10.10 10.

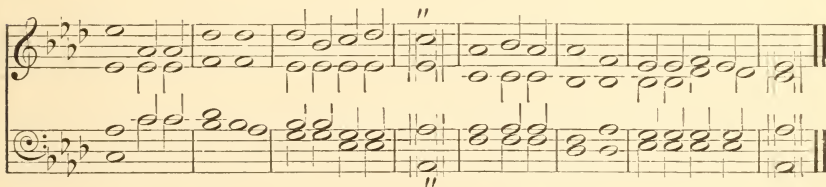
W. H. MONK, MUS. DOC.





**Eilers** (2nd Tune).—10 10.10 10.

E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc.



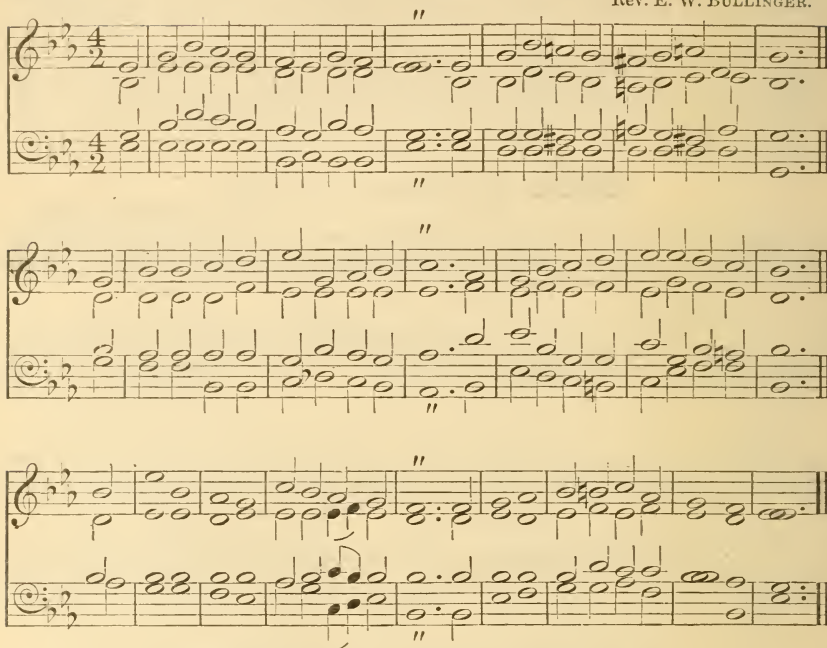
- 1 **A**BIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide ;  
 The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !  
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !
- p* 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;  
 Change and decay in all around I see—  
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me !
- p* 3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings ;  
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;  
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea :  
 Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
- A** 4 I need Thy presence every passing hour—  
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?  
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !
- A** 5 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless :  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;  
 Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory ?  
*f* I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- p* 6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;  
*f* Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

H. F. LYTE.

## 964

## Tenterden.—10 10.10 10.10 10.

Rev. E. W. BULLINGER.



*p* 1 THE day is gently sinking to a close,  
 Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;  
 O brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou  
 Eternal Light of light, be with us now!  
 Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be,  
*f* Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee.

*p* 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,  
 Onward to darkness and to death we tend;  
*f* O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,  
 Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;  
 Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,  
 No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear  
 Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,  
*p* Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,  
 And earthly hopes and human succours fail,  
 When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,  
 And hear Thy voice, 'Fear not, for it is I!'

*p* 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,  
 Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;  
 In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,  
 May we arise, awakened by Thy call,  
 With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide  
*f* In that blest day which has no eventide!

C. WORDSWORTH.

## The day is gently sinking (2nd Tune).—10 10.10 10.10 10.

J. BARNEY.

1. The day is gently sink - ing to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the  
 2. Our changeful lives are ebb - ing to an end, Onward to darkness and to  
 3. Thou, who in darkness, walk - ing didst ap - pear, Upon the waves, and Thy dis -  
 4. The weary world is moul - dering to de - cay, Its glories wane, its pageants

sun - light glows; O brightness of Thy Fa - ther's glo - ry, Thou . . E -  
 death we tend; O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide, . . Be  
 ci - ples cheer, Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms as - sail, . . And  
 fade a - way; In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall, . . May

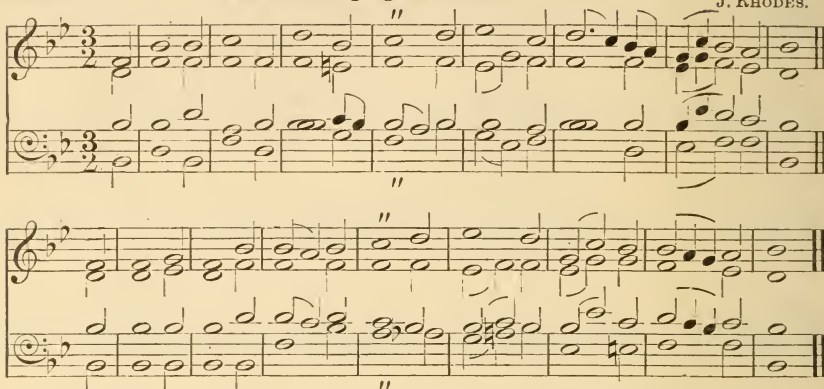
- ter - nal Light of light, be with us now! Where Thou art present,  
 Thou our light in death's dark ev - en - tide; Then in our mortal  
 earth - ly hopes and hu - man suc - cours fail, When all is dark, may  
 we a - rise, a - wak - en'd by Thy call, With Thee, O Lord, for

dark - ness can - not be, Midnight is glo - rious noon, O Lord, with Thee.  
 hour will be no gloom, No sting in death, no ter - ror in the tomb.  
 we be - hold Thee nigh, And hear Thy voice, 'Fear not, for it is I!'  
 ev - er to a - bide In that blest day which has no ev - en - tide!

965

Morning Flowers.—L.M.

J. RHODES.



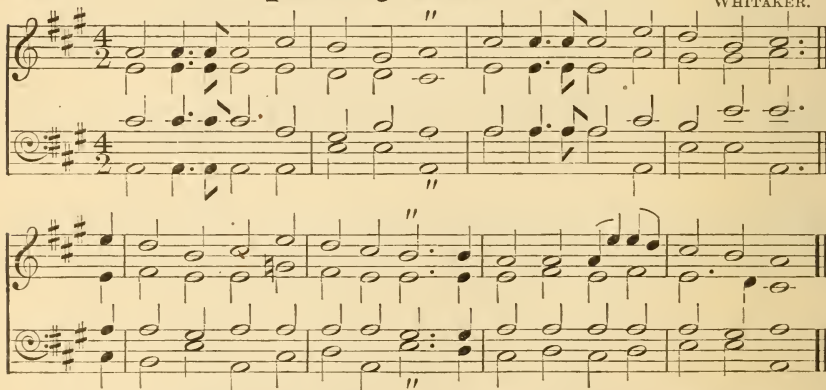
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,<br/>And gay their silken leaves unfold,<br/>As careless of the noontide heats,<br/>As fearless of the evening cold.</p> <p>p 2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,<br/>Parched by the sun's directer ray,<br/>The momentary glories waste,<br/>The short-lived beauties die away.</p> <p>3 So blooms the human face divine,<br/>When youth its pride of beauty shows;<br/>FAIRER than spring the colours shine,<br/>And sweeter than the virgin rose.</p> | <p>4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,<br/>Or broke by sickness in a day,<br/>The fading glory disappears,<br/>The short-lived beauties die away.</p> <p>5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,<br/>With lustre brighter far shall shine;<br/>Revive with ever-during bloom,<br/>Safe from diseases and decline.</p> <p>f 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,<br/>If heaven must recompense our pains:<br/>Perish the grass, and fade the flower,<br/>If firm the Word of God remains.</p> |
|---|---|

S. WESLEY, Jun.

966

Passing Bell.—L.M.

WHITAKER.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,<br/>And all that now in bodies live<br/>Shall quit, like me, this vale of tears,<br/>Their righteous sentence to receive.</p> | <p>2 But all, before they hence remove,<br/>May mansions for themselves prepare<br/>In that eternal house above;<br/>And, O my God, shall I be there?</p> |
|---|---|

C. WESLEY.



967—968

Malta.—L.M.

How blest the righteous when he dies, When sinks a wea-ry soul to rest,

How mildly beam the clo-sing eyes, How gent-ly heaves th'ex-pir-ing breast!

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous when he dies,  
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
- p* How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves th'expiring breast!
- 2 So fades the summer clouds away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are  
So gently shuts the eye of day: [o'er;  
So dies the wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around—  
A calm which life nor death destroys;  
And nought disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell! [pears!  
How bright the unchanging morn ap-  
*p* Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,  
Freed from its load the spirit flies,  
While heaven and earth combine to say—  
How blest the righteous when he dies!
- A. L. BARBAULD.

968

Malta.—L.M.

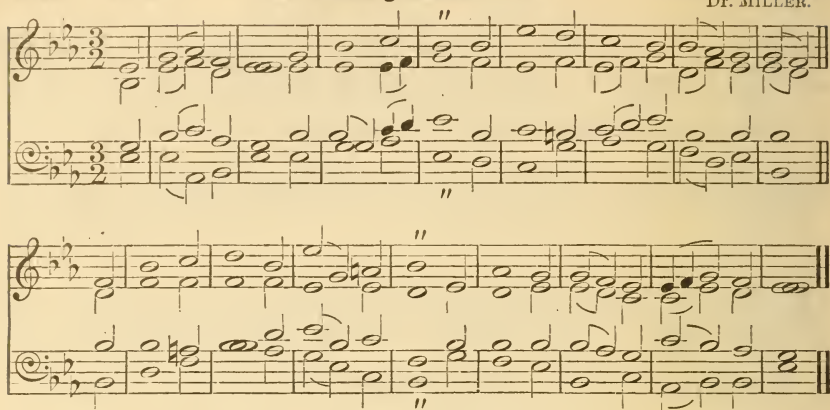
- 1 **S**HRINKING from the cold hand of death,  
I too shall gather up my feet;  
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,  
And die, my fathers' God to meet.
- 2 Numbered among Thy people, I  
Expect with joy Thy face to see:  
Because Thou didst for sinners die,  
Jesus, in death, remember me!
- 3 O that, without a lingering groan,  
I may the welcome word receive;  
My body with my charge lay down,  
And cease at once to work and live.
- p* 4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,  
And certify that Thou art mine;  
My spirit, calm and undismayed,  
I shall into Thy hands resign.
- 5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,  
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers,  
*f* My light, my life, my God is come,  
And glory in His face appears.

C. WESLEY.

969—970

## Rockingham.—L.M.

Dr. MILLER.



1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?  
What timorous worms we mortals  
are!

Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.

p2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison house of clay.

3 O if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in  
haste;

^ Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

p4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on His breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

I. WATTS.

970

## Rockingham.—L.M.

1 O GOD, to whom my life I owe,  
So may I number all my days,  
That I may wisely learn to know  
The power of Jesus' saving grace.

2 My days are shorter than a span;  
A little point my life appears;

p How frail, at best, is dying man,  
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise and show;  
Vain are the cares which rack his mind,  
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,  
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

^ 4 O be a nobler portion mine!  
My God, I bow before Thy throne:  
f Earth's fleeting treasure I resign,  
And fix my hope on Thee alone.

A. STEELE.

971

## Staincliffe—L.M.

R. W. DIXON.



- 1 SAY, why should friendship grieve for those  
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?  
Released from all their hurtful foes,  
They are not lost, but gone before.
- 2 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,  
p And sweet the strain which angels  
O why should we in anguish weep! [pour;  
They are not lost, but gone before.
- 3 Secure from every mortal care,  
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,

Eternal happiness they share,  
Who are not lost, but gone before.

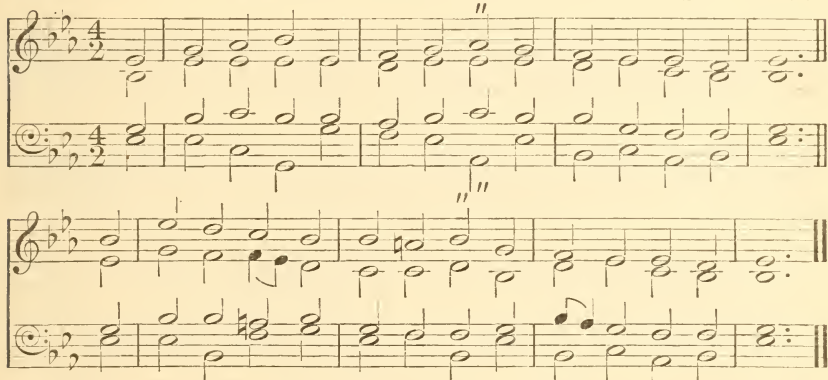
- 4 To Zion's peaceful courts above,  
In faith triumphant, may we soar,  
Embracing in the arms of love  
The friends not lost, but gone before.
- 5 On Jordan's banks whene'er we come,  
And hear the swelling waters roar,  
Jesus, convey us safely home  
To saints not lost, but gone before.

J. F. CLARKE.

972—973

French (Dundee).—C.M.

Scotch Psalter.



- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure:  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;

Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.

- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
p Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
f Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home. I. WATTS.

973

French (Dundee).—C.M.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!  
And humbly own to Thee,  
p How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms are we!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As days and months increase;  
And every beating pulse we tell  
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave;  
V Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the  
To push us to the tomb; [ground,

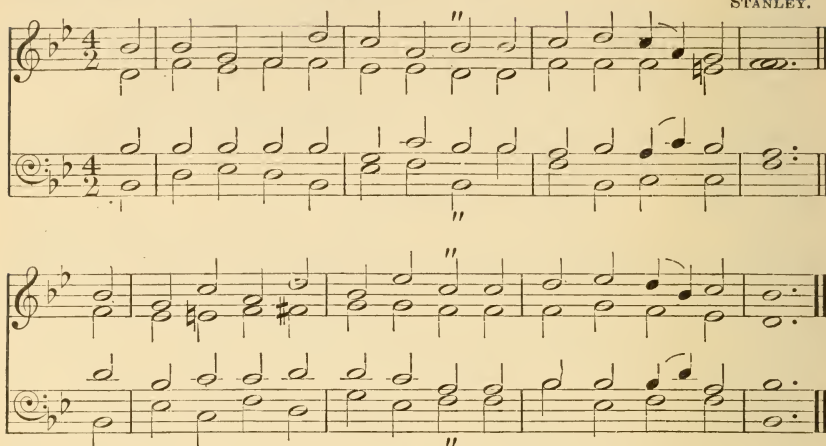
- p And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things;  
The eternal states of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Depends on every breath;  
And yet how unconcerned we go  
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dangerous road!  
f And if our souls be hurried hence,  
May they be found with God!

I. WATTS.

## 974—975

Kent.—C.M.

STANLEY.



1 LORD, it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live ;  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.

*p* 2 If life be long, I will be glad  
That I may long obey ;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day ?

*p* 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before ;  
He that into God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me  
Thy blessèd face to see ; [meet  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be ?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints  
*f* That sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all  
*f* And I shall be with Him.

R. BAXTER.

## 975

Kent.—C.M.

1 THERE is an hour, when I must part  
With all I hold most dear ;  
And life, with its best hopes, will then  
As nothingness appear.

*p* 2 There is an hour, when I must lie  
Low on affliction's bed ;  
And anguish, pain, and tears become  
My bitter daily bread.

*p* 3 There is an hour, when I must sink  
Beneath the stroke of death ;  
And yield to Him, who gave it first,  
My struggling vital breath.

4 There is an hour, when I must stand  
Before the judgment-seat ;  
*pp* And all my sins, and all my foes,  
In awful vision meet.

5 There is an hour, when I must look  
On one eternity ;  
And nameless woe, or blissful life,  
My endless portion be.

6 O Saviour ! then, in all my need  
Be near, be near to me ;  
*f* And let my soul in steadfast faith,  
Find life and heaven in Thee !

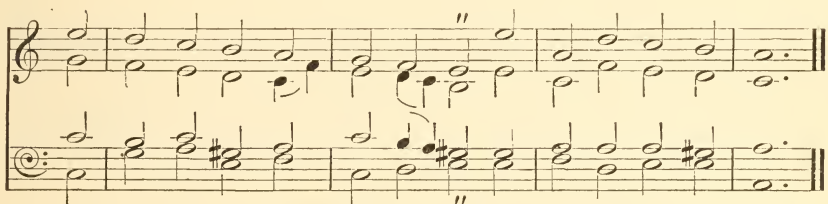
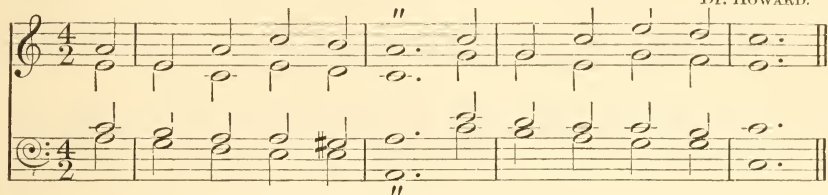
A. REED.



976

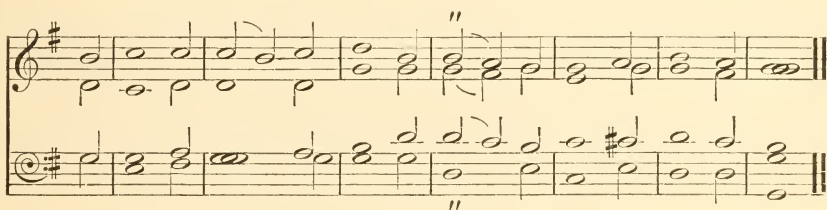
## St. Bride (1st Tune).—S.M.

Dr. HOWARD.



## Ibtham (2nd Tune).—S.M.

J. NICHOLSON.



1 AND must this body die?  
This well-wrought frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms  
Shall but refine this flesh;  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,  
And ever from the skies  
Looks down, and watches o'er my dust,  
Till He shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine;  
And every shape and every face  
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,  
Lord, to Thy dying love:  
We would adore Thy grace below  
And sing Thy power above.

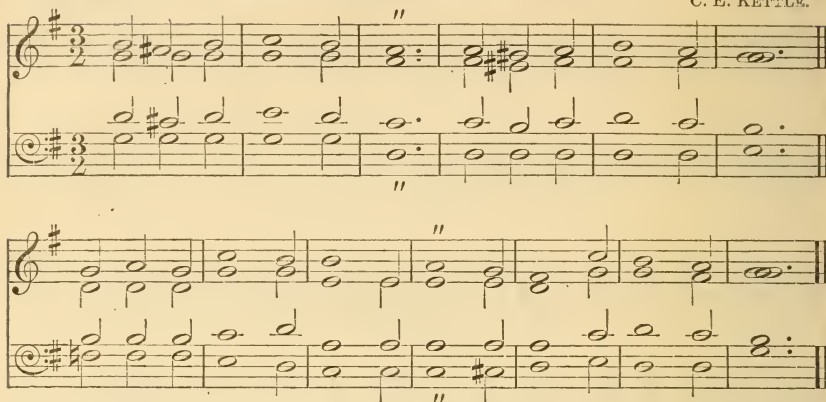
6 Accept, O Lord, the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

I. WATTS.

## 977

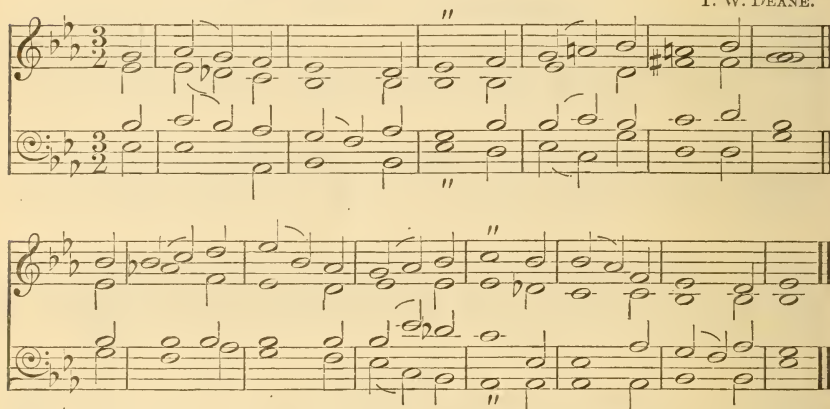
## Woolwich (1st Tune).—S.M.

C. E. KETTEL.



## Whitefriars (2nd Tune).—S.M.

T. W. DEANE.



1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,  
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand ;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies  
And bears our life away :  
O make Thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this wingèd hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken by Thine almighty power  
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care ;  
O be it still pursued,  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.

*f* 5 To Jesus may we fly,  
Swift as the morning light,  
Lest life's bright golden beams should die  
*p* In sudden, endless night.

P. DODDRIDGE.

978

## Shawmut.—S.M.

DR. L. MASON.



- 1 HOW swift the torrent rolls  
On to the boundless sea;  
V The tide that bears our deathless souls  
To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,  
With all they called their own?  
Their joys and griefs have passed away,  
Their wealth and honour gone.
- 3 There, where the fathers sleep,  
Must all their children dwell;

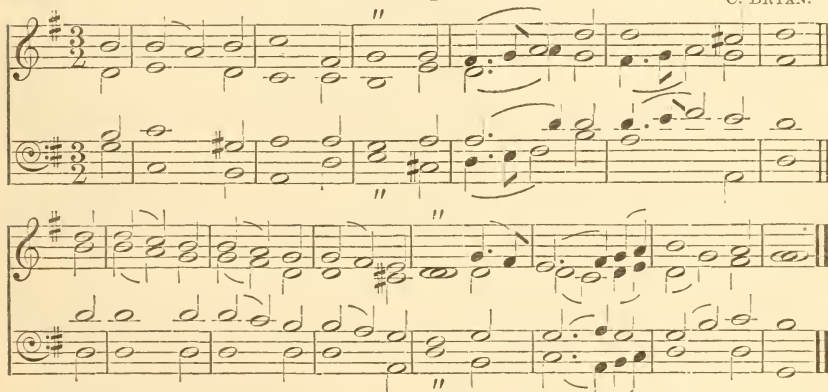
- Nor other heritage can keep  
Than such a narrow cell.
- 4 God of our fathers, be  
Our Everlasting Friend;  
V Lord of the dead and living, we  
Our souls to Thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead,  
May we the footsteps trace,  
f Till summoned by our Glorious Head  
To dwell before Thy face.

P. DODDRIDGE.

979

## Serenity.—S.M.

C. BRYAN.



- 1 IT is not death to die,  
To leave this weary road,  
And 'midst the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God.
- 2 It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear  
The wretch that sets us free,

- From dungeon-chains to breath the  
Of boundless liberty. [air
- 4 It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise on strong, exulting wing,  
To live among the just.
- f 5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life,  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

C. MALAN, *trs.* by W. BETHUNE.

## 980

## Chalvey (1st Tune).—S.M.D.

Rev. L. G. HAYNE, Mus. Doc.

Chalvey (1st Tune) is a hymn tune in 4/2 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score is written for voice and piano accompaniment. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a prominent trill in the first measure of the first system. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and moving lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

## Leominster (2nd Tune).—S.M.D.

G. W. MARTIN.

Har. by Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

Leominster (2nd Tune) is a hymn tune in 4/2 time, featuring a key signature of two sharps (D major). The tempo is marked "Slowly." The score is written for voice and piano accompaniment. The melody is a simple, hymn-like tune with a trill in the first measure of the first system. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a treble line with chords and moving lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.



V<sup>1</sup> A FEW more years shall roll,  
 A few more seasons come,  
 And we shall be with those that rest  
 Asleep within the tomb:  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that great day;  
 p O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set  
 O'er these dark hills of time,  
 p And we shall be where suns are not,  
 A far serener clime:  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that bright day;  
 V O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat  
 On this wild rocky shore,  
 And we shall be where tempests cease,  
 And surges swell no more:  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that calm day;  
 V O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 p And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,  
 p A few more partings o'er,  
 A few more toils, a few more tears,  
 And we shall weep no more;  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that blest day;  
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 p And take my sins away.

5 A few more Sabbaths here  
 Shall cheer us on our way,  
 And we shall reach the endless rest,  
 The eternal Sabbath day.  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that sweet day;  
 O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 p And take my sins away.

p6 'Tis but a little while,  
 And He shall come again,  
 Who died that we might live, who lives  
 That we with Him may reign:  
 Then, O my Lord, prepare  
 My soul for that glad day;  
 V O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
 p And take my sins away.

H. BONAR.

981

Redhead, No. 47.—77777.

R. REDHEAD.



p1 WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,  
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
 V When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
 'Jesus, Son of David,' hear.

p2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;  
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;  
 V Thou hast shed the human tear;  
 'Jesus, Son of David,' hear.

p3 Thou hast bowed the dying head;  
 Thou the blood of life hast shed;  
 Thou hast filled a mortal bier;  
 'Jesus, Son of David,' hear.

p4 When the heart is sad within  
 With the thought of all its sin;  
 V When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
 'Jesus, Son of David,' hear.

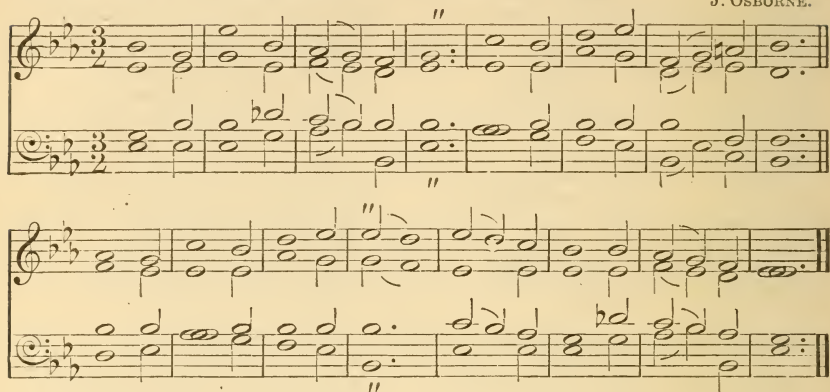
p5 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,  
 Though the sins were not Thine own;  
 V Thou hast dignified their load to bear;  
 'Jesus, Son of David,' hear.

p6 Thou hast passed through death's dark  
 Thou hast full atonement made; [shade:  
 Thou to God's right hand art near;  
 'Jesus, Son of David,' hear.

H. H. MILMAN.

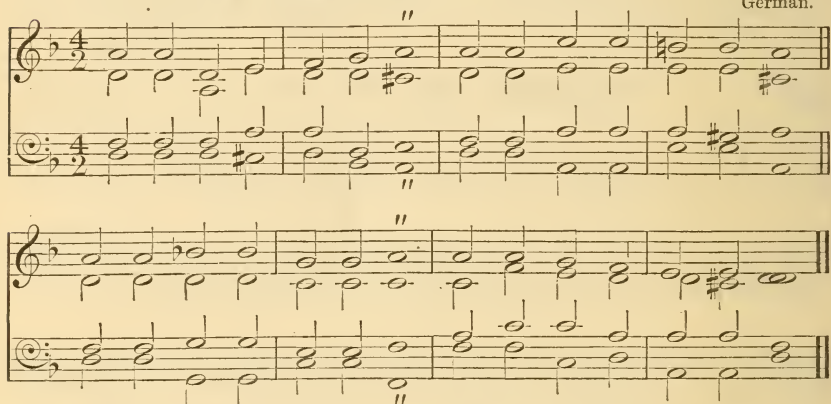
## 982—983 Cuthbert (1st Tune).—77.77.

J. OSBORNE.



## Ibernlein (2nd Tune).—77.77.

German.



1 CHRIST will gather in His own  
To the place where He is gone,  
Where their heart and treasure lie,  
Where our life is hid on high.

2 Day by day the voice saith, 'Come,  
Enter Thine eternal home;  
Asking not if we can spare  
This dear soul it summons there.

3 Had He asked us, well we know  
We should cry, O spare this blow!  
p Yes, with streaming tears should pray,  
'Lord, we love him, let him stay!

4 But the Lord doth nought amiss,  
And since He hath ordered this,  
p We have nought to do but still  
Rest in silence on His will.

5 Many a heart no longer here,  
Ah! was all too inly dear;  
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,  
Thou wilt be our All in All.

N. L. ZINZENDORF, *trs.* by C. WINKWORTH.

## 983 Cuthbert or Ibernlein.—77.77.

1 FATHER, Lord of earth and heaven,  
Spare, or take what Thou hast  
Sole Disposer of Thine own, [given;  
Let Thy sovereign will be done.

2 Life or death depends on Thee,  
Just and good is Thy decree,  
Safe in Thy decree we rest,  
Sure whatever is, is best.

p 3 Yet Thou know'st what pangs of love  
In a father's bosom move,  
What the agony to part,  
Struggling in a mother's heart.

4 So sorely tempted and distressed,  
Can we make the fond request?  
Dare we pray for a reprieve?  
May we ask the child may live?

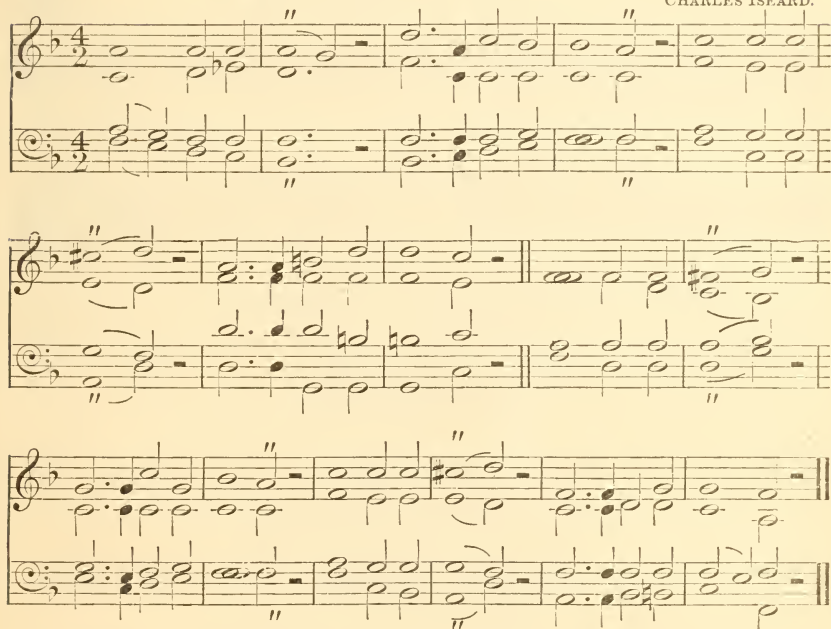
5 God we absolutely trust,  
Wise and merciful and just,  
All Thy works to Thee are known,  
Let Thy blessed will be done.

C. WESLEY.

984

Fairbridge.—4 6.4 6.4 6.4 6.

CHARLES ISFARD.



p 1 SLEEP thy last sleep,  
Free from care and sorrow;  
Rest where none weep  
Till the eternal morrow;  
Though dark waves roll  
O'er the silent river,  
Thy fainting soul  
Jesus can deliver.

p 2 Life's dream is past,  
All its sin and sadness,  
Brightly at last  
Dawns a day of gladness;  
Under the sod,  
Earth, receive our treasure,  
To rest in God,  
Waiting all His pleasure.

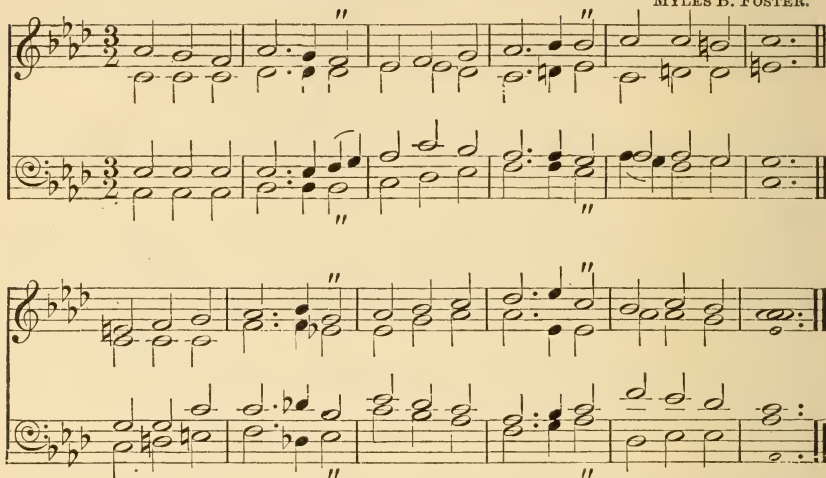
p 3 Though we may mourn  
Those in life the dearest,  
They shall return,  
Christ, when Thou appearest!  
Soon shall Thy voice  
Comfort those now weeping  
Bidding rejoice  
All in Jesus sleeping!

E. A. DAYMAN.

985

## Suppliant.—6 6 4.6 6 4.

MYLES B. FOSTER.



1 **L** OWLY and solemn be  
 Thy children's cry to Thee,  
 Father Divine!  
 A hymn of suppliant breath,  
 Owning that life and death  
 Alike are Thine.

2 O Father, in that hour,  
 When earth all succouring power  
 Shall disavow;  
 When spear and shield and crown  
 In faintness are cast down;  
 Sustain us, Thou!

*p* 3 By Him, Who bowed to take  
 The death-cup for our sake,  
 The thorn, the rod;  
 From Whom the last dismay  
 Was not to pass away;  
 Aid us, O God!

*p* 4 Tremblers beside the grave,  
 We call on Thee to save,  
 Father Divine!  
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath,  
 Keep us in life and death,  
 Thine, only Thine!

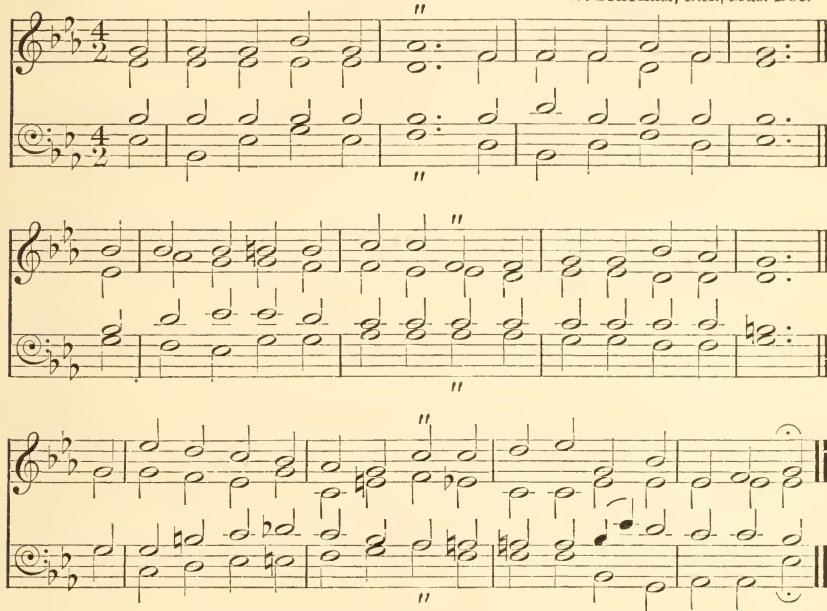
F. D. HEMANS.



986

## De Mortuis.—6 6.8 6.8 8.

W. STATHAM, B.A., Mus. Doc.



*p* 1 FRIEND after friend departs ;  
 Who hath not lost a friend ?  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end :  
 Were this frail world our final rest,  
 Living or dying, none were blest.

*p* 2 Beyond the flight of time,  
 Beyond this vale of death,  
 There surely is some blessed clime,  
 Where life is not a breath,  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upwards, and expire.

3 There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown ;  
 A long eternity of love,  
 Form'd for the good alone :  
 And faith beholds the dying here,  
 Translated to that glorious sphere.

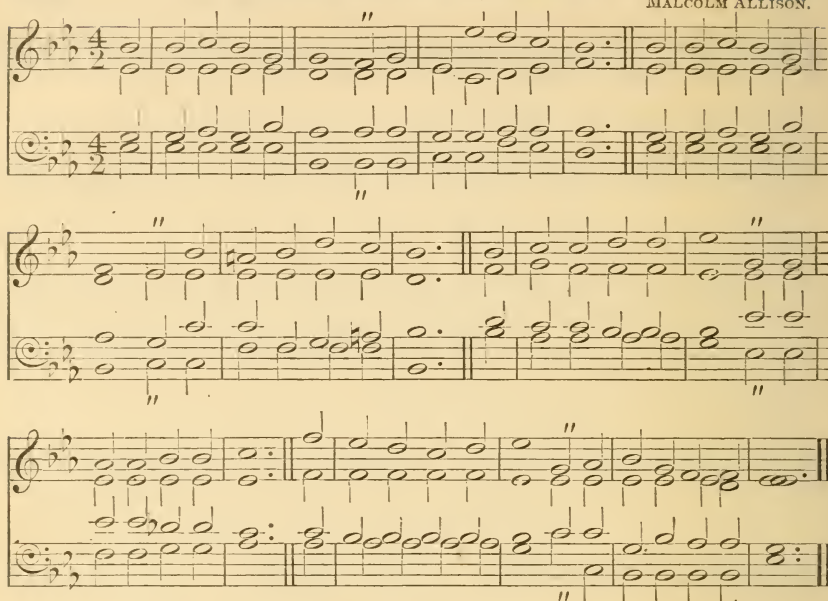
*p* 4 Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are passed away,  
 As morning high and higher shines,  
 To pure and perfect day :  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

J. MONTGOMERY.

987

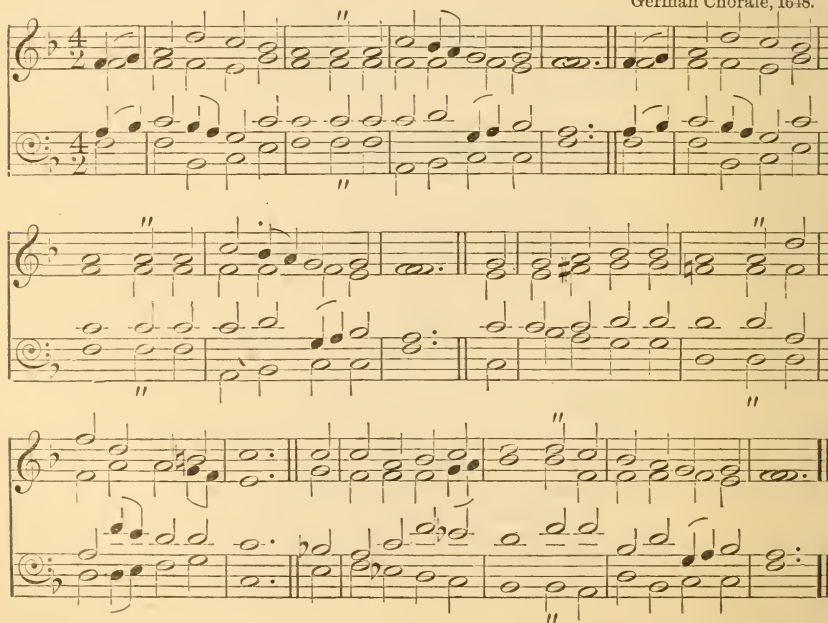
## St. Jerome (1st Tune).—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

MALCOLM ALLISON.



## Munich (2nd Tune).—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

German Chorale, 1648.



1 (O) HAPPY soul departed,  
In God's most holy fear,  
We praise Him, joyful-hearted,  
Thy strength and solace here.  
The God of consolation  
Is to thy rescue come,  
And, crowned with full salvation,  
Receives His exile home.

2 With songs of pure thanksgiving,  
We trace thee to the skies,  
No longer dead, but living  
The life that never dies:  
Thy days of sin and mourning  
Are finished all and past,  
And to Thy God returning,  
Thy soul is safe at last.

3 Thine earthly course is ended,  
Thou hast obtained the prize,  
Triumphantly ascended  
To God in Paradise;  
Thy more enduring treasure  
Thou hast obtained above,  
And riches beyond measure,  
In thy Redeemer's love.

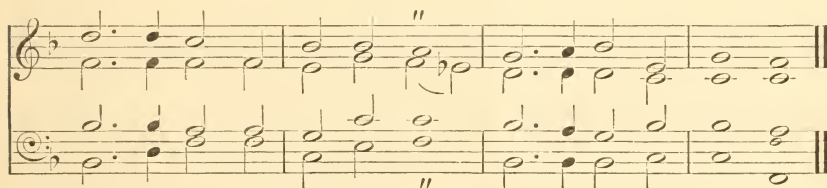
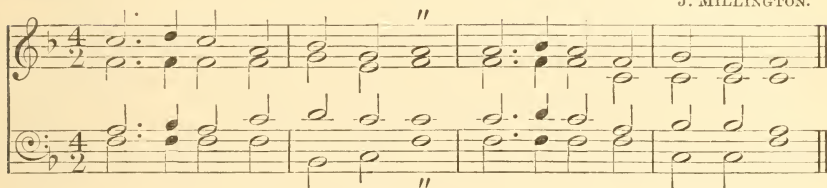
4 The mourner there rejoices,  
The weary are at rest,  
And sweet celestial voices  
Record the Ever-Blest!  
Jesus, the hope of glory,  
We owe it to Thy grace,  
That we shall soon adore Thee,  
And see Thee face to face.

C. WESLEY.

988

Advocate.—7776.

J. MILLINGTON.



1 JESUS, Life of those who die,  
Advocate with God on high,  
Hope of immortality:  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Thou, whose death to mortals gave  
Power to triumph o'er the grave;  
Living now from death to save:  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Thou, before whose great white Throne  
All transgression must be shown;  
Pleading now for us, Thine own:  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 4 Thou, whose death was borne that we,  
From the power of Satan free,  
Might not die eternally:  
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Thou, who dost a place prepare,  
That in heavenly mansions fair  
Sinners may Thy glories share:  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*p* 6 We are dying day by day,  
Soon from earth we pass away!  
Lord of Life, to Thee we pray:  
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7 Ere we hear the Angel's call,  
And the shadows round us fall,  
Be our Saviour, be our All:  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

8 Wean our hearts from things below,  
Make us all Thy love to know,  
Guard us from our ghostly foe:  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

9 Shelter us with angel's wing,  
To our souls Thy pardon bring;  
So shall death have lost its sting:  
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

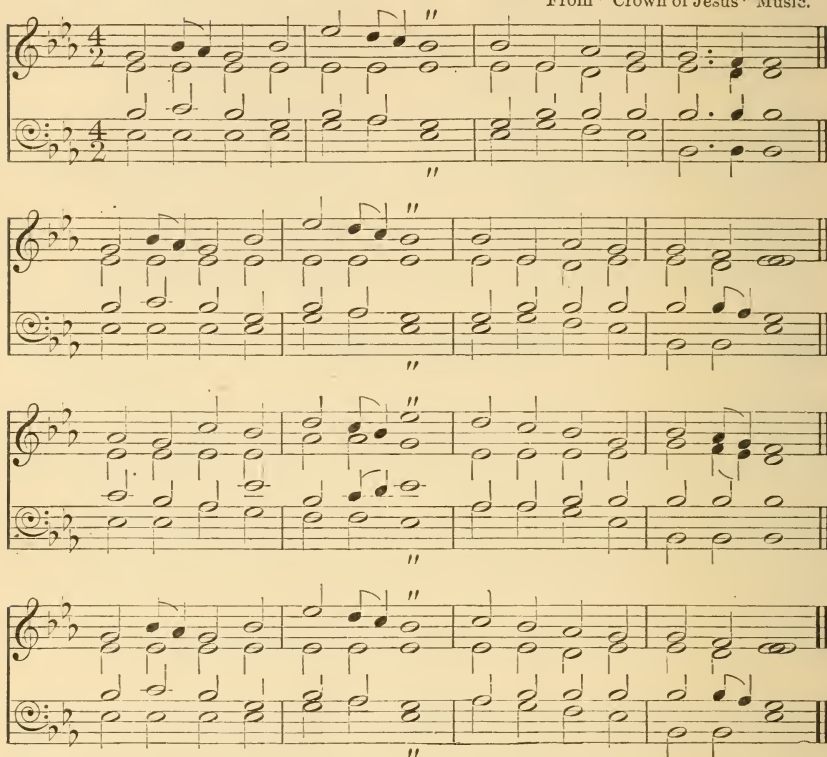
10 In the gloom Thy light provide,  
Safely through the valley guide;  
Thee we trust, for Thou hast died!  
*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

A. SULLIVAN.

989—990

Titchfield.—77.77.77.77.

From "Crown of Jesus" Music.



- f* 1 **H**ARK! a voice divides the sky,  
 Happy are the faithful dead!  
 In the Lord who sweetly die,  
 They from all their toils are freed:  
 Then the spirit hath declared  
 Blest, unutterably blest;  
 Jesus is their great reward,  
 Jesus is their endless rest.
- 2 Followed by their works, they go  
 Where their Head hath gone before;  
 Reconciled by grace below,  
 Grace had opened Mercy's door;  
 Justified through faith alone,  
 Here they knew their sins forgiven;  
 Here they laid their burdens down,  
 Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.
- 3 Who can now lament the lot  
 Of a saint in Christ deceased?  
 Let the world, who know us not,  
 Call us hopeless and unblessed:

When from flesh the spirit freed,  
 Hastens homeward to return,  
 Mortals cry, 'A man is dead!'  
 Angels sing, 'A child is born!'

- 4 Born into the world above,  
 They our happy brother greet;  
 Bear *him* to the throne of Love,  
 Place *him* at the Saviour's feet:  
 Jesus smiles, and says, 'Well done,  
 Good and faithful servant thou;  
 Enter, and receive thy crown,  
 Reign with me triumphant now.'

- 5 Angels catch the approving sound,  
 Bow, and bless the just a ward;  
 Hail the heir with glory crowned,  
 Now rejoicing with *his* Lord:  
*f* Fuller joys ordained to know,  
 Waiting for the general doom,  
 When the archangel's trump shall blow,  
 'Rise, ye dead, to judgment come!'

C. WESLEY.



## 990

## Tichfield.—77777777.

*f* 1 **D**EATHLESS soul, arise! arise!  
Soar, thou native of the skies;  
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,  
To His glorious likeness wrought:  
Go to shine before His throne;  
Deck His mediatorial crown;  
Go, His triumph to adorn;  
Made for God, to God return!

2 Lo, He beckons from on high!  
Fearless to His presence fly;  
Thine the merit of His blood,  
Thine the righteousness of God:  
Angels, joyful to attend,  
Hovering round Thy pillows bend,  
Wait to catch the signal given,  
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Is thy earthly house distressed,  
Wishful to retain her guest?  
'Tis not thou, but she must die;  
Fly, celestial inmate, fly!

Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,  
Sweetly breathe thyself away,  
Singing to thy crown remove,  
Mounting high on wings of love.

4 Shudder not to pass the stream;  
Venture all thy care on Him,  
Him whose dying love and power  
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar;  
Safe is the expanded wave,  
Gentle as the summer's eve,  
No one object of His care  
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

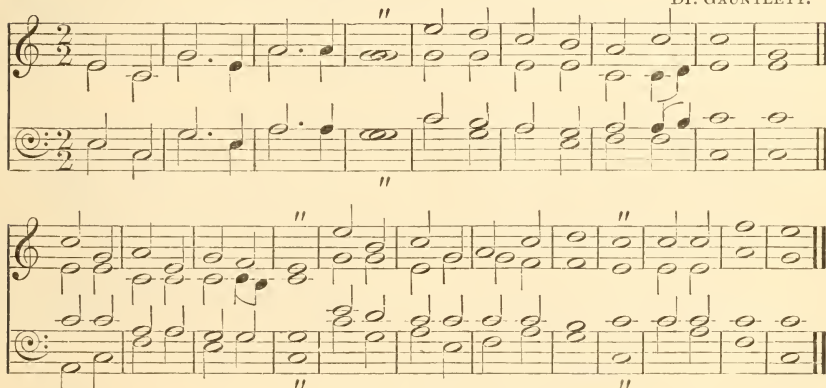
5 Saints in glory perfect made  
Wait thy passage through the shade;  
See, they throng the blissful shore,  
Ardent for thy coming o'er:  
*f* Mount, thy transports to improve,  
Join the longing choir above,  
Swiftly to their wish be given,  
Kindle higher joy in heaven!

A. M. TOPLADY.

## 991

## St. Albinus.—7 8.7 8.4.

DR. GAUNTLETT.



*f* 1 **J**ESUS lives! no longer now  
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;  
Jesus lives! by this we know  
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.  
Hallelujah!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
*f* Hallelujah!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Hallelujah!

*f* 4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well  
Nought from us His love shall sever,  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Hallelujah!

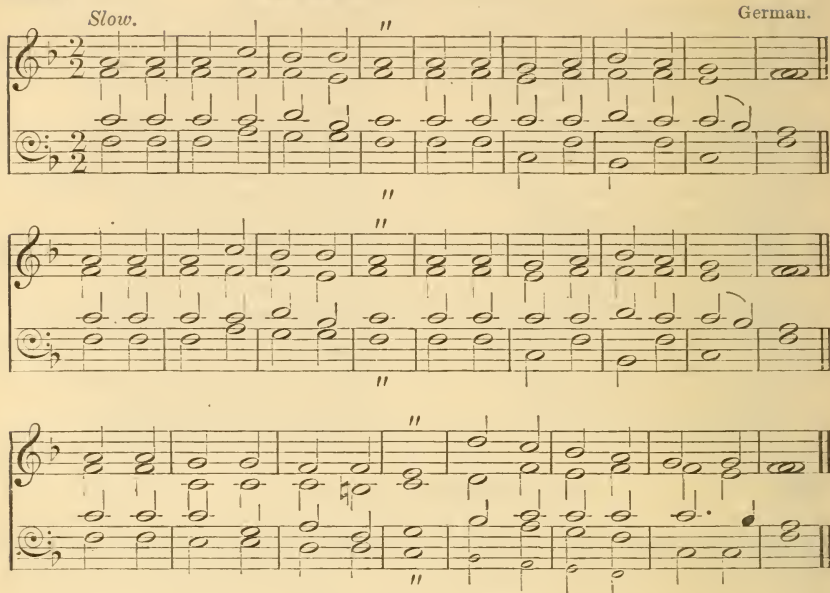
*f* 5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given;  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
Hallelujah!

C. F. GELLERT, *trs.* by F. E. Cox.

## 992

## Meinhold.—7 8.7 8.7 7.

German.

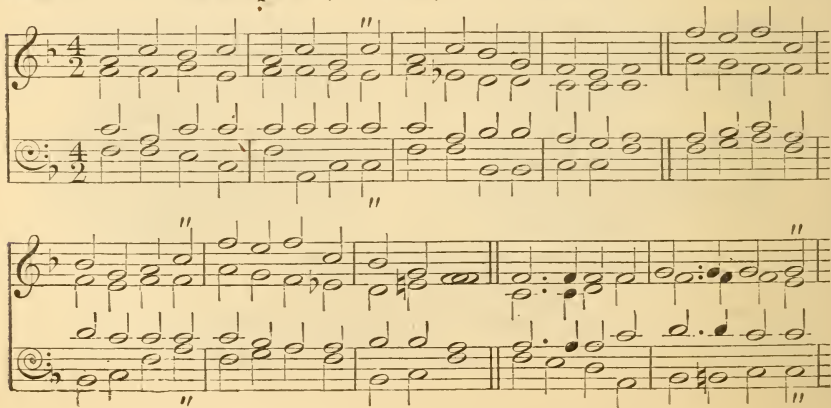


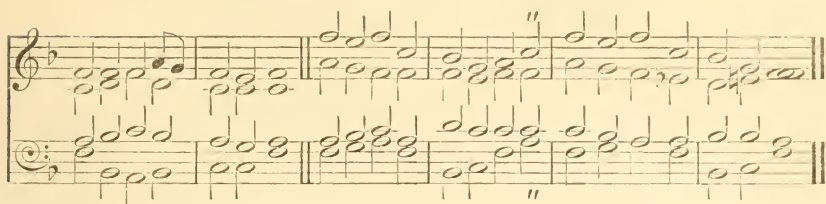
[The Death of a Child.]

- p* 1 GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled  
 Now Thy little lamb's long weeping ;  
 Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,  
 In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,  
 And no sign of anguish sore  
 Heaves that little bosom more.
- 2 In this world of care and pain,  
 Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it ;  
 To the sunny heavenly plain
- 3 Thou dost now with joy receive it ;  
 Clothed in robes of spotless white  
 Now it dwells with Thee in light.
- 3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we  
 Where it lives may soon be living,  
 And the lovely pastures see  
 That its heavenly food are giving ;  
 Then the gain of death we prove,  
 Though Thou take what most we love.
- f* W. MEINHOLD, *trs.* by C. WINKWORTH.

## 993

## Vesper (1st Tune).—8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7.





## Scopas (2nd Tune).—87.87.87.87.

*Plaintive.*

C. HANCOCK, Mus. Bac.

*Bold.*

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,  
 All thy mourning days below :  
 Go, by angel hosts attended,  
 To the sight of Jesus go !  
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
 Lo ! the Saviour stands above,  
 Shows the purchase of His merit,  
 Reaches out the crown of love.

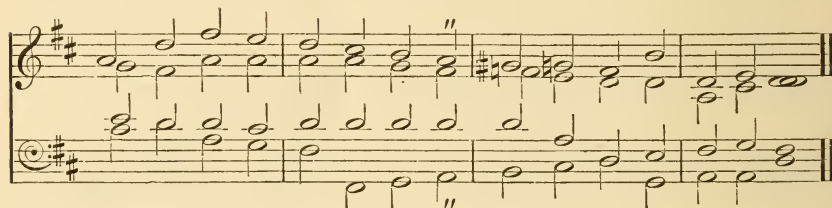
2 Struggle through thy latest passion,  
 To thy great Redeemer's breast,  
 To His uttermost salvation,  
 To His everlasting rest :—  
 For the joy He sets before thee,  
 Bear a momentary pain ;  
 Die, to live a life of glory,  
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

C. WESLEY.

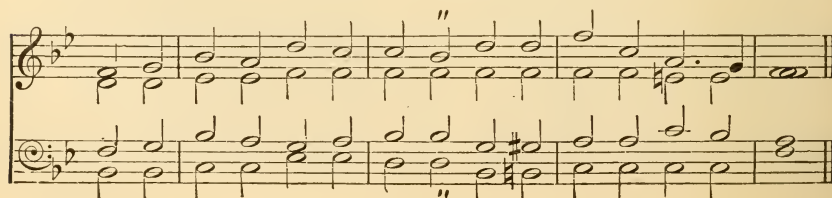
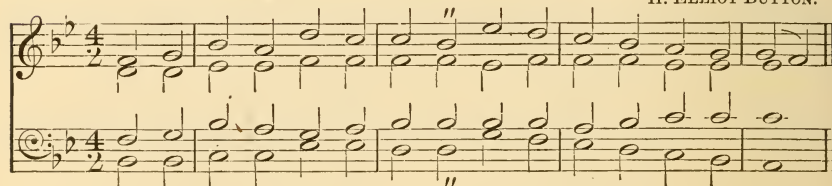
994

**Lux Eoi** (*1st Tune*).—8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7.

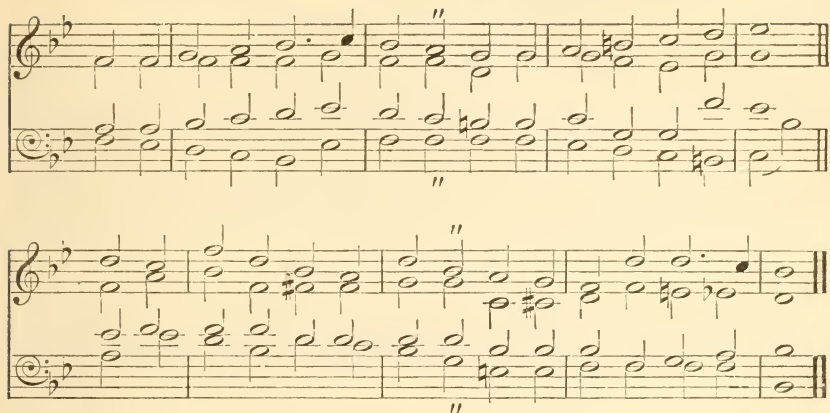
Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.

**Sursum Voces** (*2nd Tune*).—8 7.8 7.8 7.8 7.

H. ELLIOT BUTTON.







*f* **1** HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!  
 Hearts to heaven and voices raise;  
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
 Sing to God a hymn of praise;  
 He, Who on the Cross a Victim  
 For the world's salvation bled,  
 Jesus Christ, the King of glory,  
 Now is risen from the dead.

*f* **2** Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits  
 Of the holy harvest field,  
 Which will all its full abundance  
 At His second coming yield;  
 Then the golden ears of harvest  
 Will their heads before Him wave,  
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine  
 From the furrows of the grave.

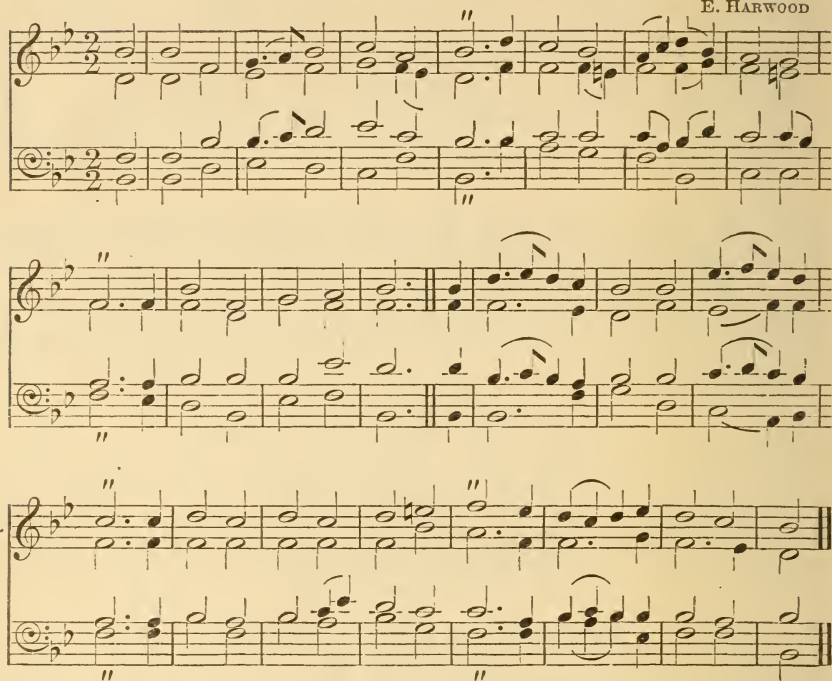
*f* **3** Christ is risen, we are risen;  
 Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
 Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory  
 From the brightness of Thy Face;  
 That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven,  
 Here on earth may fruitful be,  
 And by angel-hands be gathered,  
 And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

*ff* **4** Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 Glory be to God on high;  
 Hallelujah to the Saviour,  
 Who has gained the victory;  
 Hallelujah to the Spirit,  
 Fount of love and sanctity!  
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 To the Triune Majesty.

995

Grosvenor.—886.886.

E. HARWOOD



- 1 AND am I only born to die?  
 And must I suddenly comply  
 With nature's stern decree?  
 What after death for me remains—  
 Celestial joys, or bitter pains,  
 To all eternity?
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,  
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,  
 And props the house of clay,  
 My sole concern, my single care,  
 To watch, and tremble, and prepare  
 Against that fatal day.
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,  
 For worldly hope, or worldly fear,  
 If life so soon is gone—  
 If now the Judge is at the door,  
 And all mankind must stand before  
 The inexorable throne!

4 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
 But how I may escape the death  
 That never, never dies—  
 How make my own election sure,  
 And when I fail on earth secure  
 A mansion in the skies.

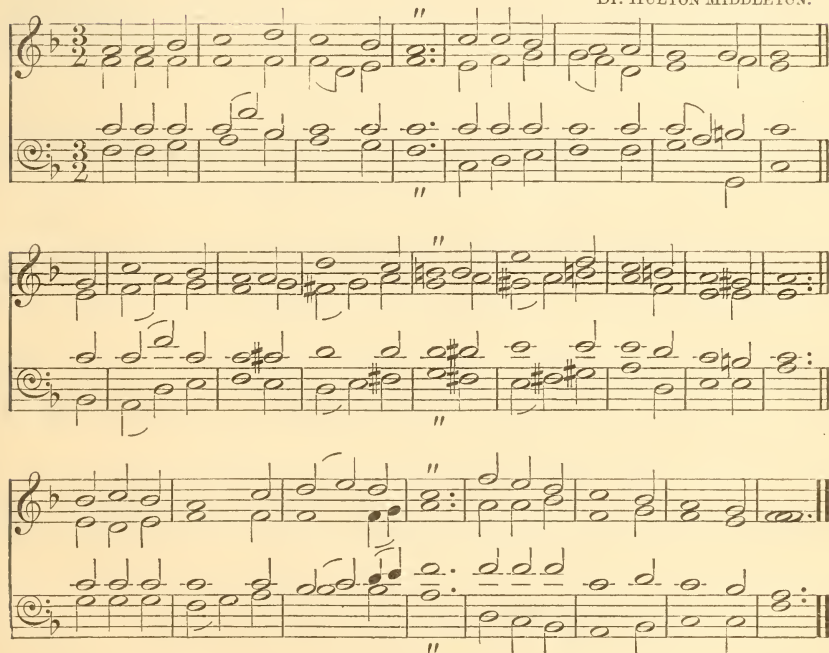
5 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,  
 Be Thou my Guide, be Thou my Way,  
*f* To glorious happiness:  
*f* Ah! write the pardon on my heart,  
 And whensoever I hence depart,  
 Let me depart in peace.

C. WESLEY.

996

Clarissa.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

DR. HULTON MIDDLETON.



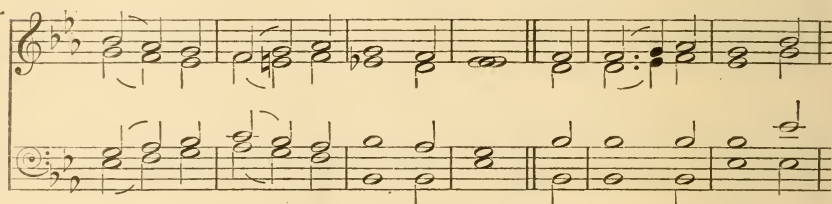
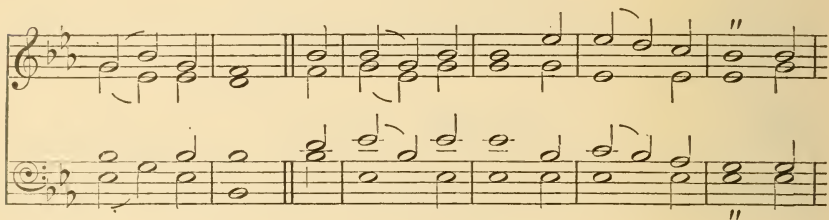
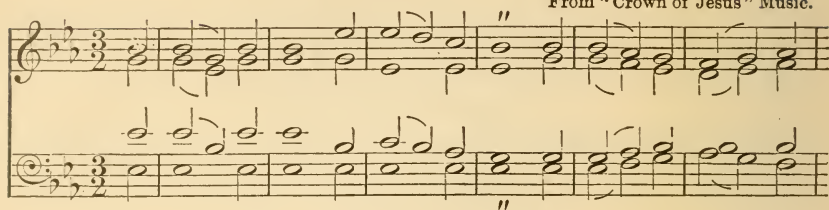
[A Last Wish.]

*p* IN age and feebleness extreme,  
 Who shall a helpless worm redeem?  
 Jesus! my only hope Thou art,  
 Strength of my failing flesh and heart  
*f* O could I catch one smile from Thee,  
 And drop into eternity! C. WESLEY.

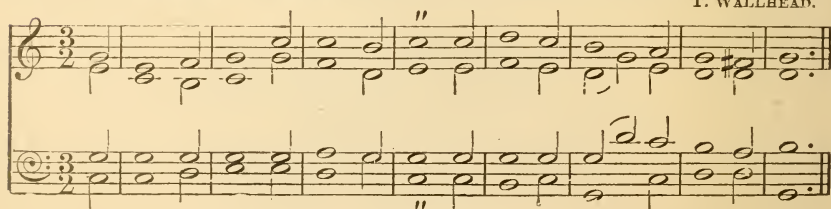
997

**Stella** (*1st Tune*).—8 8.8 8.8 8.

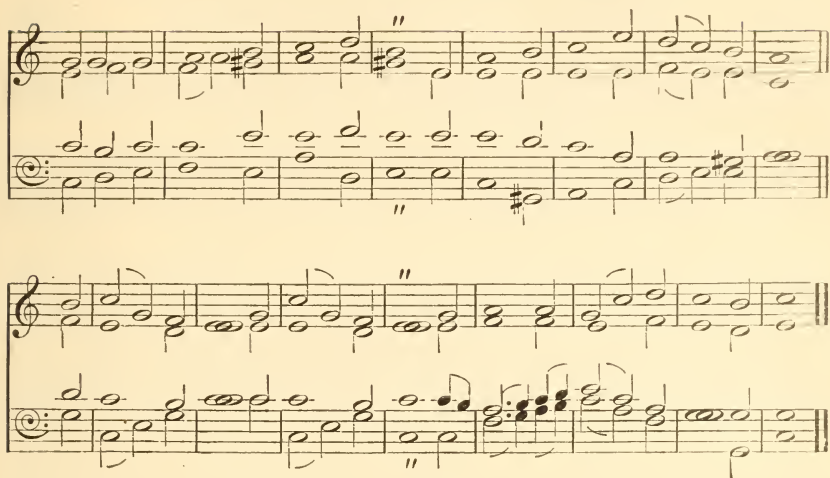
From "Crown of Jesus" Music.

**Harvest Home** (*2nd Tune*).—8 8.8 8.8 8.

T. WALLHEAD.







1 **T**HIS is the field, the world below,  
     In which the sowers came to sow,  
 Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,  
 For so the Word of Truth declares ;  
 And soon the reaping time will come,  
 And angels shout the harvest home.

*p* 2 Most awful truth! and is it so?  
 Must all the world that harvest know?  
 Is every man or wheat or tare?  
 Then for that harvest O prepare!  
 For soon the reaping time will come,  
 And angels shout the harvest home.

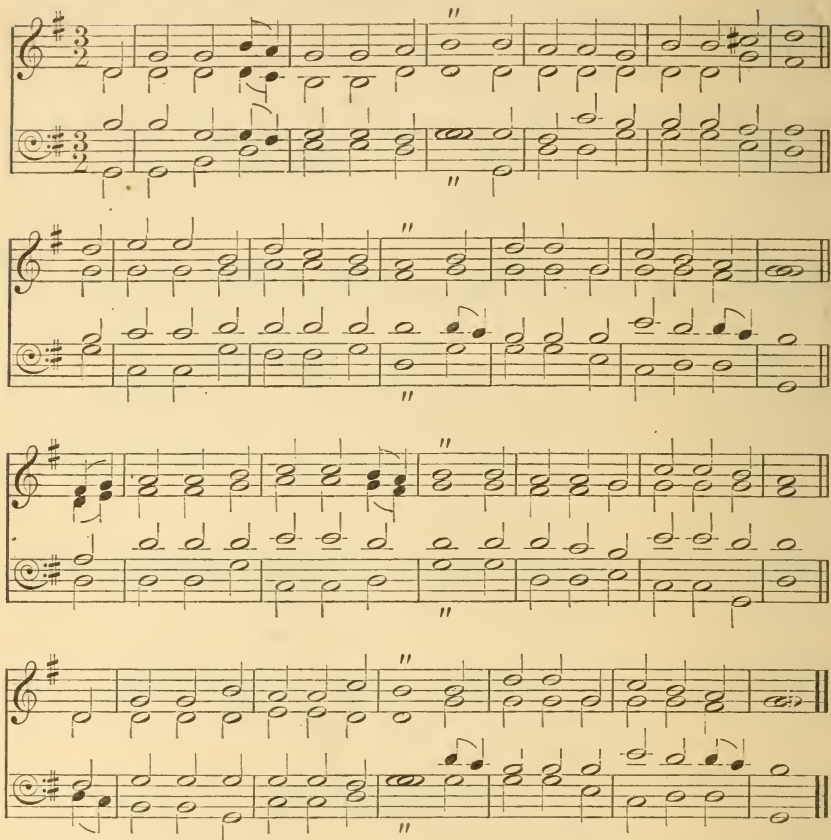
3 To love my sins—a saint to appear,  
 To grow with wheat—yet be a tare,  
 May serve me while I live below,  
 Where tares and wheat together grow:  
 But soon the reaping time will come,  
 And angels shout the harvest home.

4 But all who truly righteous be  
 Their Father's kingdom then shall see;  
 And shine like suns for ever there:  
*f* He that hath ears, now let him hear!  
 For soon the reaping time will come,  
 And angels shout the harvest home.

*Unknown.*

998

Bolton.—8 8.8 8.8 8.8 8. (Anapaëstic).



1 REJOICE for a brother deceased,  
 Our loss is his infinite gain ;  
 A soul out of prison released,  
 And freed from his bodily chain ;  
 With songs let us follow his flight,  
 And mount with his spirit above,  
 Escaped to the mansions of light,  
 And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,  
 Out-flying the tempest and wind,  
 His rest he hath sooner obtained,  
 And left his companions behind,  
 Still tossed on a sea of distress,  
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
 Where all is assurance and peace,  
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

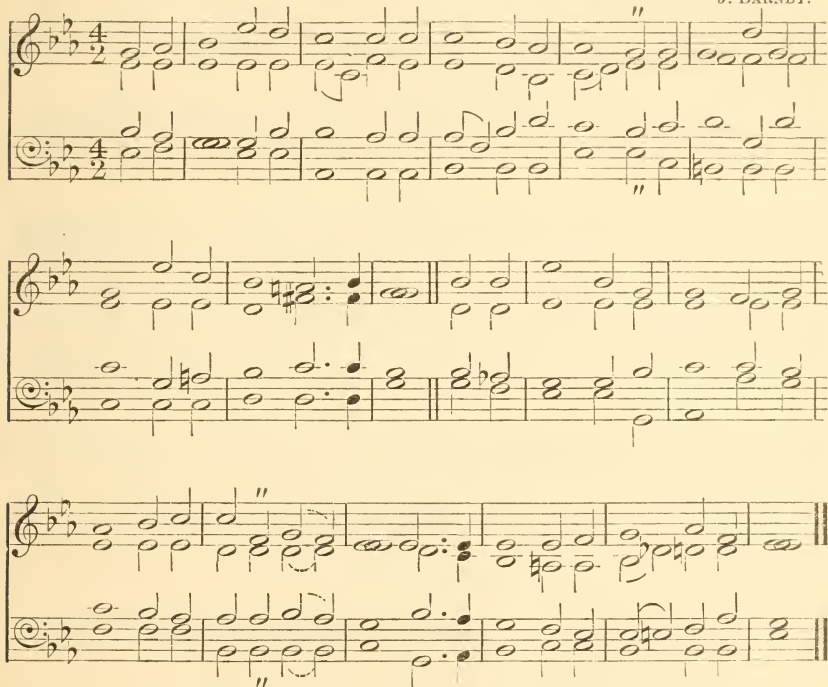
3 There all the ship's company meet  
 Who sailed with the Saviour beneath,  
*f* With shouting each other they greet,  
 And triumph o'er trouble and death :  
 The voyage of life's at an end,  
 The mortal affliction is past !  
 The age that in heaven they spend,  
 For ever and ever shall last.

C. WESLEY.

999

## Proper Tune (1st Tune).—13 11.13 12.

J. BARNEY.



*p* 1 THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,  
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;  
 The Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,  
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

*p* 2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
 And sinners may die, since the Sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and its mansion forsaking,  
 Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;  
 But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,  
 And the sound which Thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

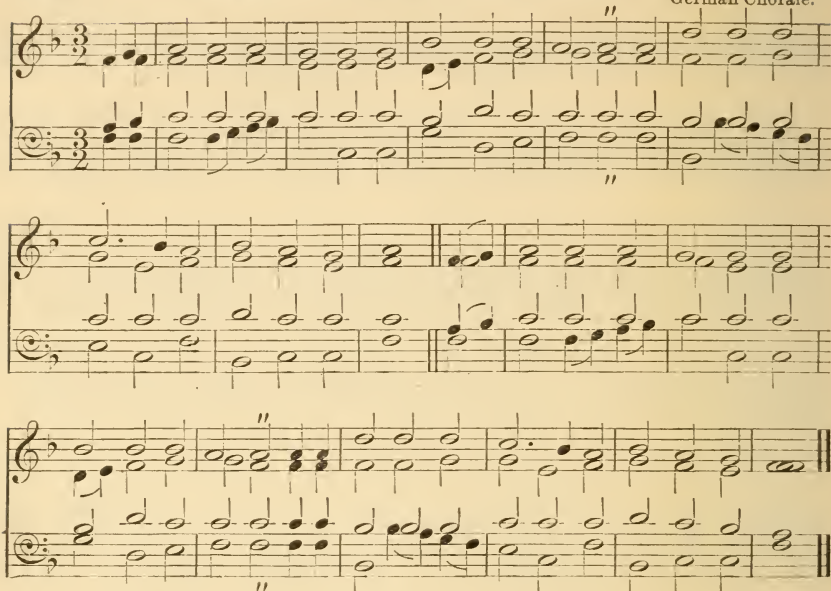
4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,  
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide,  
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;  
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

R. HEBER.

999

Ems (2nd Tune).—13 11.13 12.

German Choraie.



p 1 THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,  
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;  
 ▲ The Saviour has passed through its portal before thee,  
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

p 2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,  
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by Thy side;  
 ▲ But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
 And sinners may die, since the Sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and its mansion forsaking,  
 Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;  
 ▲ But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,  
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

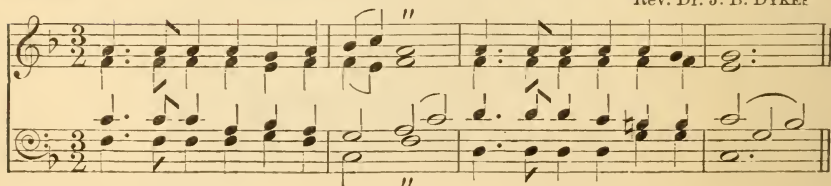
4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,  
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide,  
 ▲ He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;  
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

R. HEBER.

1000

Sylvester.—87.87. &amp; 88.88.

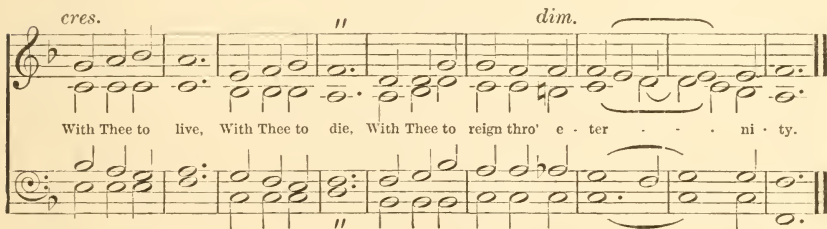
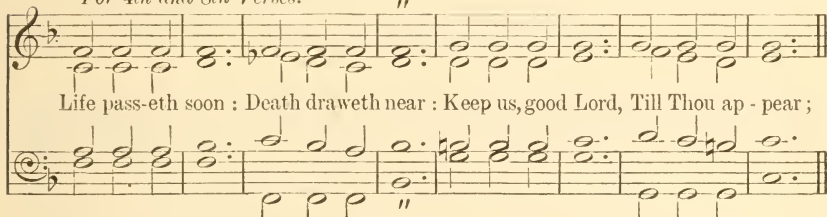
Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKE







For 4th and 8th Verses.



1 DAYS and moments quickly flying  
Speed us onward to the dead :  
O how soon shall we be lying  
p Each within his narrow bed !

2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,  
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice ;  
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer  
Now to make the eternal choice.

3 Mark we whither we are wending ;  
Ponder how we soon must go  
To inherit bliss unending,  
p Or eternity of woe.

p 4 Life passeth soon :  
Death draweth near :  
Keep us, good Lord,  
Till Thou appear ;  
With Thee to live,  
With Thee to die,  
f With Thee to reign through eternity.

5 As a shadow life is fleeting ;  
As a vapour so it flies ;  
For the bygone years retreating  
Pardon grant, and make us wise—

6 Wise that we our days may number,  
Strive and wrestle with our sin,  
Stay not in our work nor slumber  
Till Thy holy rest we win.

7 Soon before the Judge all glorious  
We with all the dead shall stand ;  
Saviour, over death victorious,  
Place us then on Thy right hand.

8 Life passeth soon :  
Death draweth near :  
Keep us, good Lord,  
Till Thou appear ;  
With Thee to live,  
With Thee to die,  
f With Thee to reign through eternity.

E. CASWALL.

BB\*

## Vital Spark—Irregular.

H. T. LEWIS, Mus. Bac.

1. Vi - tal spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame,  
 2. Hark! they whis-per: an - gels say— 'Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way!'

Tremb-ling, ho-ping, ling'ring, fly - ing, O the pain, the bliss of dy - ing!  
 What is this ab - sorbs me quite— Steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight—

Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan-guish in - to life.  
 Drowns my spi - rit, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3. The world re - cedes: it dis - ap - pears; Heaven o - pens on my eyes;

my ears With sounds se-ra-phic ring. Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

O Grave! where is thy vic-to-ry! O Death! O Death! where is thysting?

A. POPE.

## Vital Spark—(ANTHEM).

*Moderato.*

HARWOOD.

*p.*

1. Vi - tal spark of heav - en - ly flame, Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame

Tremb - ling, ho - ping, lin - g'ring, fly - ing— O the pain, the bliss of dy - ing!

ORG.

Cease, fond na - ture, cease thy strife, And let me lan - guish in - to life.

*p*  
 Hark ! they whis - per, an - gels say, they whis - per, an - gels  
 Hark !

say, they whis - per, an - gels say, Hark ! they whis - per,  
 Hark !

an - gels say, 'Sis - ter spi - rit, come a - way, Sis - ter

spi - rit, come a - way.' What is this ab - sorbs me quite,

Steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spi - rit, draws my



breath? Tell me, my soul, can this be death? Tell me, my

*dim.* *Andantino.*  
soul, can this be death? The world re-cedes: it dis-ap-

pears; Heaven o-pens on my eyes; my ears With sounds se-ra phic ring.

*Con spirito.*  
*mp*  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O Grave, where is thy vic-to-ry? O

Grave, where is thy vic-to-ry? O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy vic-to-ry? O

Death, where is thy sting? Lend, lend your wings, I mount, . . I fly! O

Grave, where is thy vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry? O Grave, where is thy

vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry? O Death, where is thy sting? O Death, where is thy sting?

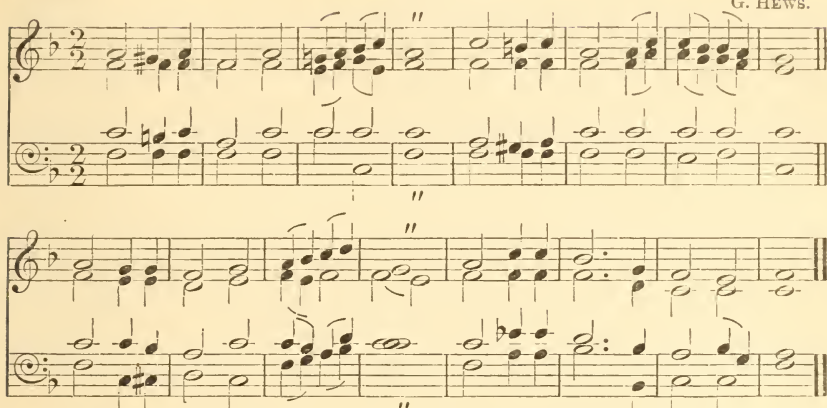
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, . . I fly! O Grave, where is thy

*Adagio.*  
vic - to - ry, thy vic - to - ry? O Death, O Death, where is thy sting?

1002

Holly.—L.M.

G. HEWS.



1 HE comes! He comes! the Judge  
severe!  
The seventh trumpet speaks Him near;  
*f* His lightnings flash, His thunders roll;  
How welcome to the faithful soul!  
*f* 2 From heaven angelic voices sound:  
See the almighty Jesus crowned!  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending from His azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for His own;  
The kingdoms all obey His word,  
And hail Him their triumphant Lord.  
*f* 4 Shout, all the people of the sky,  
And all the saints of the Most High;  
Our Lord, who now His right obtains,  
For ever, and for ever, reigns.

C. WESLEY.

1003

Babylon's Streams.—L.M.

Scottish Psalter, 1615.



*p* 1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day  
When heaven and earth shall pass  
away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall we meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll,

When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the  
dead.

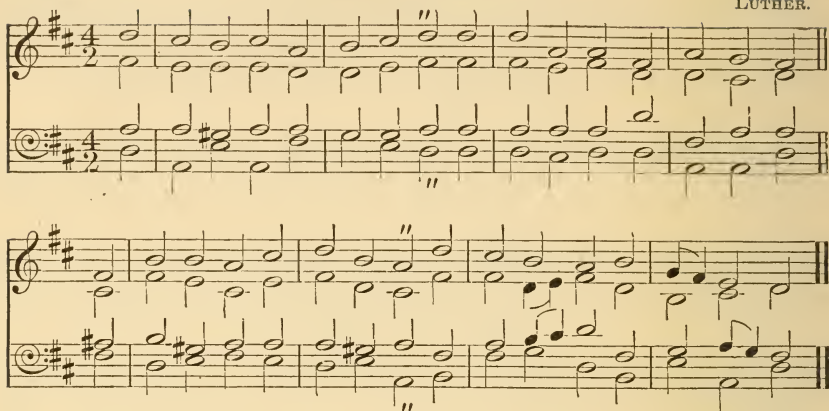
*p* 3 O on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
*f* Be Thou, O Christ! the sinner's Stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass  
away.

THOMAS OF CELANO, *trs.* by W. SCOTT.

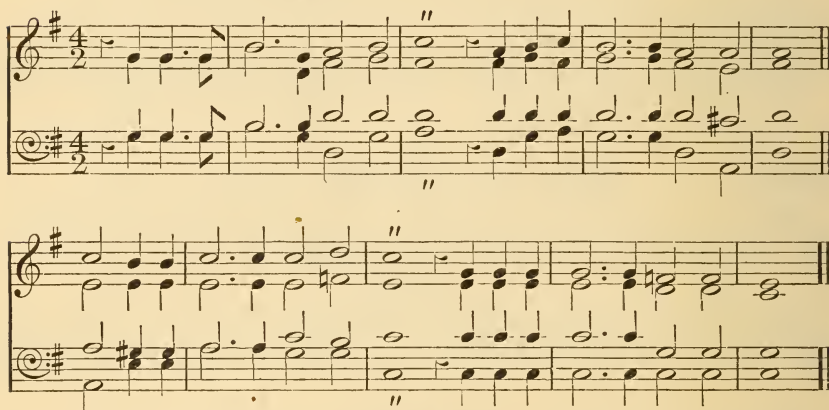
## 1004

## Erfurt (1st Tune).—L.M.

LUTHER.



## Cathedral Chant (2nd Tune).—L.M.



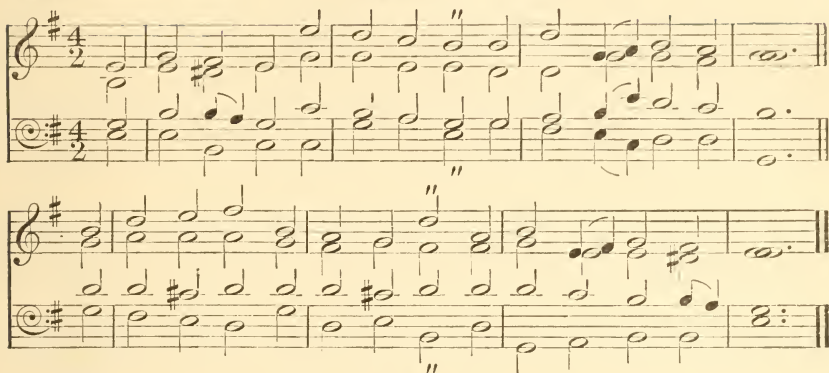
- 1 **T**HE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,  
The hills their fixèd seat forsake;  
And, withering from the vault of night,  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.
- p 2 The Lord will come! but not the same  
As once in lowly form He came,  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led, [dead,  
The bruised, the suffering, and the
- f 3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human-kind.
- V 4 Can this be He once wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway,  
p By power oppressed, and mocked by  
O God! is this the Crucified? [pride?
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain!  
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
- f But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy, 'The Lord is come!'

R. HEBER.



## 1005

## St. Mary.—C.M.



*p* 1 **W**OE to the men on earth who dwell,  
Nor dread the Almighty's frown,  
When God doth all His wrath reveal,  
And shower His judgments down.

2 Lo! from their seats the mountains  
The mountains are not found; [leap;  
Transported far into the deep,  
And in the ocean drowned.

3 Who then shall live and face the throne,  
And face the Judge severe?

When heaven and earth are fled and  
O where shall I appear? [gone,

4 Now, only now, against that hour  
We may a place provide;  
Beyond the grave, beyond the power  
Of hell, our spirits hide:—

5 Firm in the all-destroying shock,  
May view the final scene;

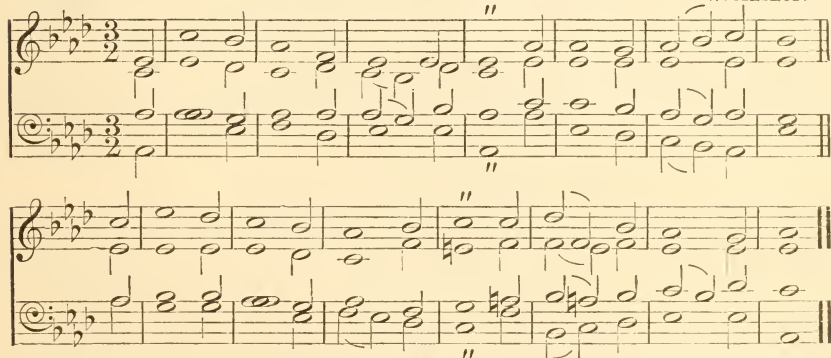
*f* For, lo! the everlasting Rock  
Is cleft to take us in.

C. WESLEY.

## 1006

## Shildon.—C.M.

W. HESLOP.



1 **B**Y faith we find the place above,  
The Rock that rent in twain;  
Beneath the shade of dying love,  
And in the clefts remain.

*p* 2 Jesus, to Thy dear wounds we flee,  
We sink into Thy side;  
Assured that all who trust in Thee  
Shall evermore abide.

3 Then let the thundering trumpet sound,  
The latest lightnings glare,

The mountains melt, the solid ground  
Dissolve as liquid air.

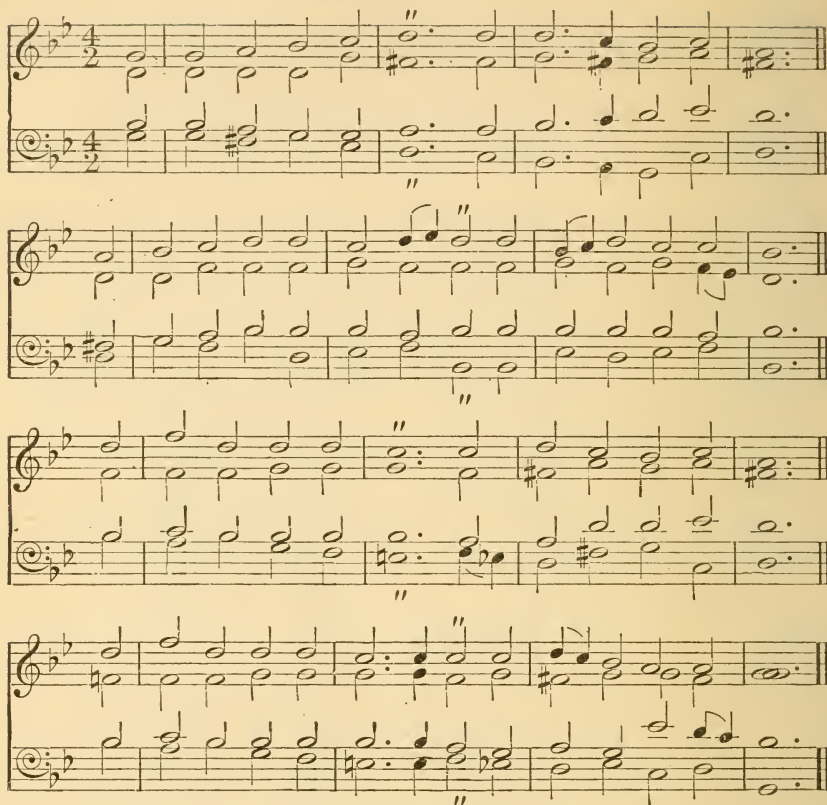
4 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,  
When nature is destroyed,  
And no created thing remains  
Throughout the flaming void.

*f* 5 Thy power omnipotent assume,  
Thy brightest majesty!  
And when Thou dost in glory come,  
My Lord, remember me!

C. WESLEY.

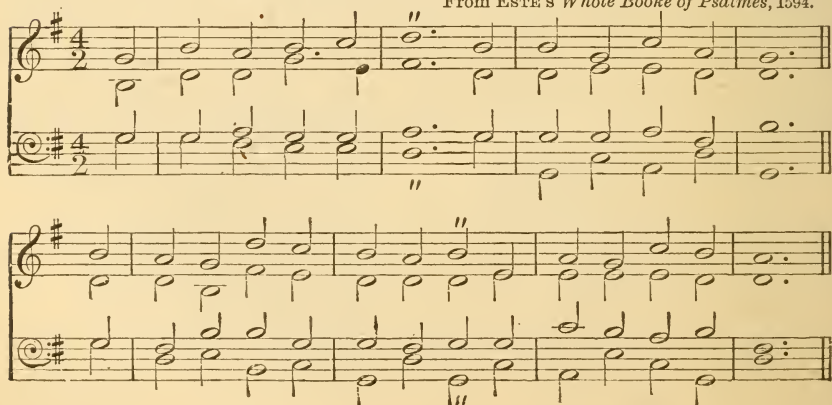
## 1007

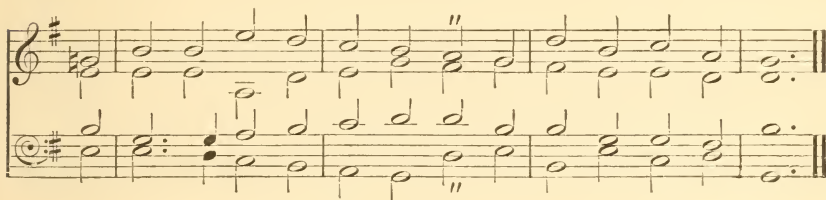
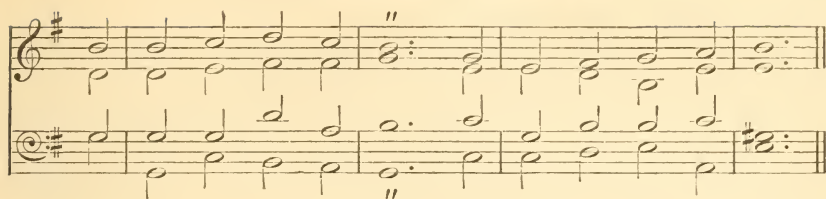
## Göttingen (1st Tune).—S.M.D.



## Old 25th (2nd Tune).—S.M.D.

From ESTE'S Whole Booke of Psalmes, 1594.





1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before whose bar severe,  
With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
We all shall soon appear—

*p* Our cautioned souls prepare  
For that tremendous day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray :—

2 To pray, and wait the hour—  
That awful hour unknown—  
When, robed in majesty and power,  
Thou shalt from heaven come down ;—  
The immortal Son of man,  
To judge the human race,  
With all thy Father's dazzling train,  
With all Thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,  
To increase our gracious fears,  
For ever let the archangel's voice  
Be sounding in our ears—

*p* The solemn midnight cry,  
'Ye dead, the Judge is come !  
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,  
And meet your instant doom !

4 O may we all be found,  
Obedient to Thy word,  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord !

*f* O may we all ensure  
A lot among the blest,  
And watch a moment to secure  
An everlasting rest !

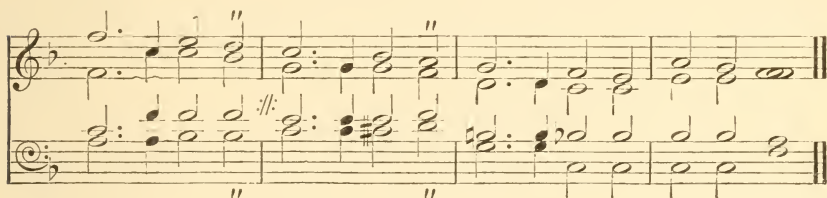
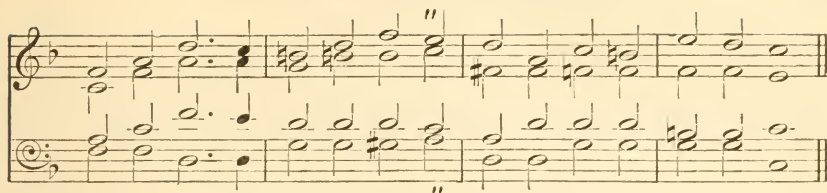
C. WESLEY.

1008—1009 **Thelmsley** (1st Tune).—87.87.47. REV. T. OLIVERS

**Lewisham** (2nd Tune).—87.87.47.

J. TILLEARD.





1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders,  
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round;  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine;  
*f* Ye who long for His appearing,  
Then shall say, 'This God is mine;' *f*  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day for Thine.

3 At His call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea;  
All the powers of nature shaken  
From His face prepare to flee;  
*p* Careless sinner,  
What will then become of Thee?

4 But to those who have confessèd,  
Loved and served the Lord below,  
He will say, 'Come near, ye blessèd,  
See the kingdom I bestow;  
*f* You for ever  
Shall my love and glory know.'

J. NEWTON.

## 1009 Helmsley or Lewisham.—8 7.8 7.4 7.

*f* 1 LO! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of His train:  
*ff* Hallelujah!  
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall then behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
*p* Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,  
*pp* Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of His passion  
Still His dazzling body bears;  
Cause of endless exultation  
To His ransomed worshippers:  
With what rapture  
Gaze we on those glorious scars

*f* 4 Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear:  
All His saints, by men rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air:  
Hallelujah!  
See the day of God appear.

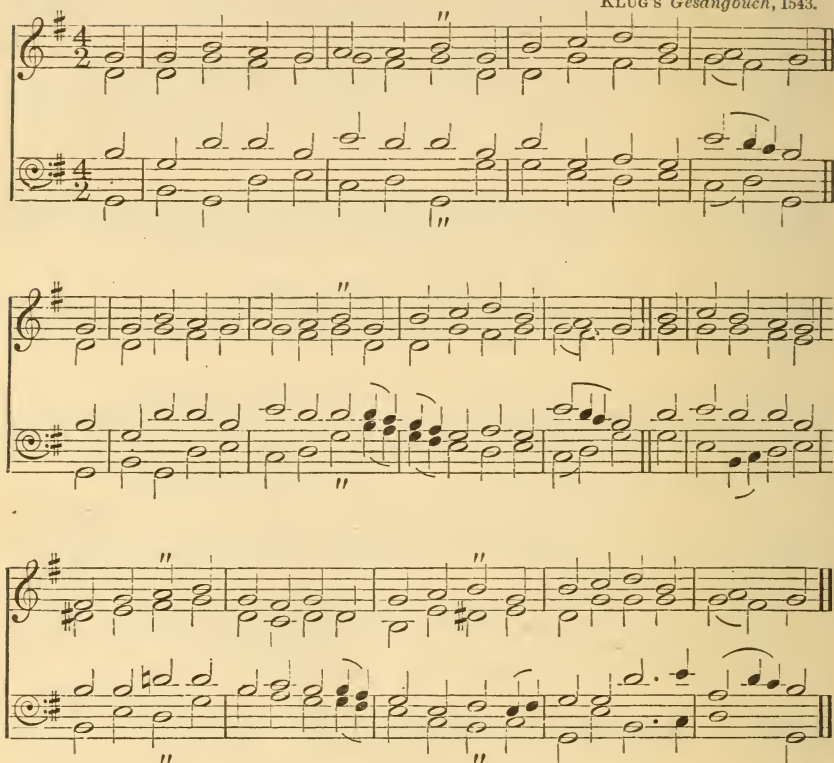
*ff* 5 Yea, Amen: let all adore Thee  
High on Thine eternal throne:  
Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own.  
Jah! Jehovah!  
Everlasting God, come down.

G. WESLEY AND J. CENNICK.

## 1010

## Luther's Hymn.—87.87.887.

KLUG'S Gesangbuch, 1543.



*f* 1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?  
The end of things created :

The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
On clouds of glory seated !

*ff* The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before ;  
Prepare, my soul ; to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding ;

*f* No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold His wrath prevailing ;

In woe they rise, but all their tears  
And sighs are unavailing :

*p* The day of grace is past and gone ;  
Trembling they stand before His throne,  
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God ! what do I see and hear ?  
The end of things created !

*f* The Judge of mankind doth appear  
On clouds of glory seated :

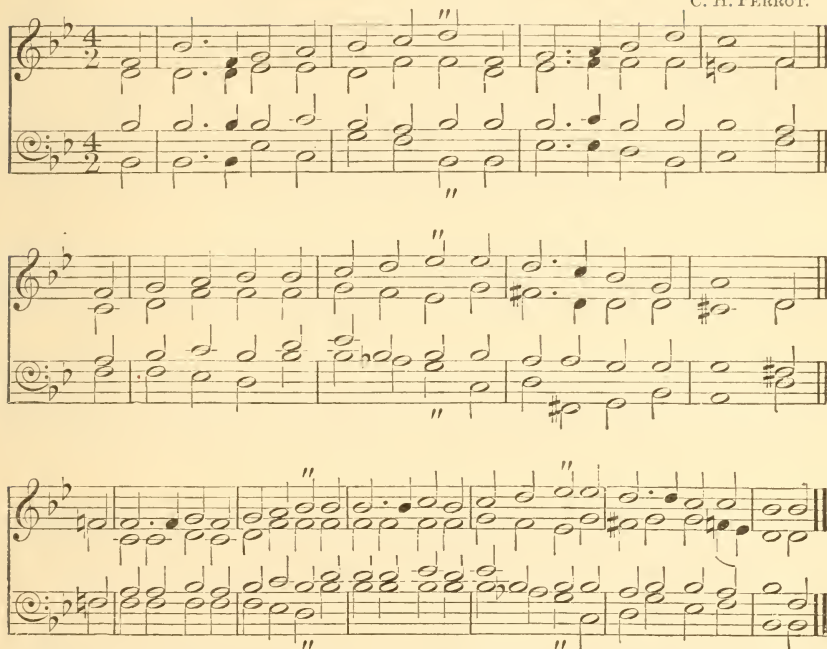
*p* Low at His cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away.  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

W. B. COLLYER.

1011

## Sinai.—8 7.8 7.8 8 7.

C. H. PERROT.



*f* 1 THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow  
 Gave forth His voice of thunder;  
*p* And Israel lay on earth below,  
 Outstretched in fear and wonder;  
 Beneath His feet was pitchy night,  
 And at His left hand, and His right,  
 The rocks were rent asunder.

*p* 2 The Lord of love, on Calvary,  
 A meek and suffering Stranger,  
 Upraised to heaven His languid eye,  
 In nature's hour of danger;  
*pp* For us, He bore the weight of woe,  
 For us, He gave His blood to flow,  
 And met His Father's anger.

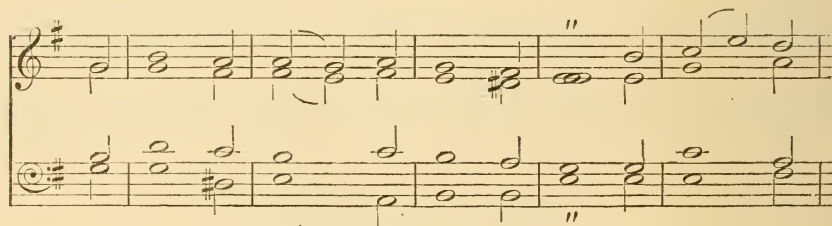
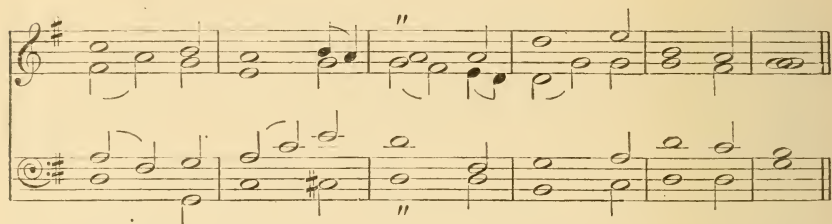
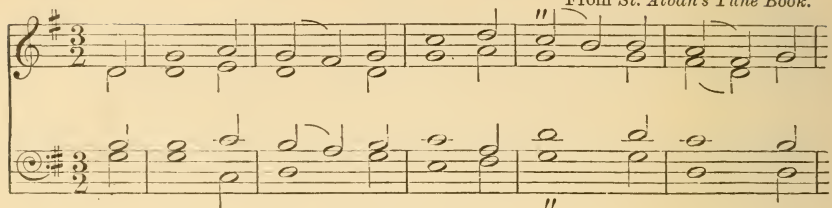
3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,  
 The King of all created,  
 Shall back return to claim His right,  
*f* On clouds of glory seated;  
 With trumpet sound and angel song,  
 And hallelujahs loud and long,  
 O'er death and hell defeated.

R. HEBER.

1012

## St. Justin (1st Tune).—886.886.

From St. Alban's Tune Book.

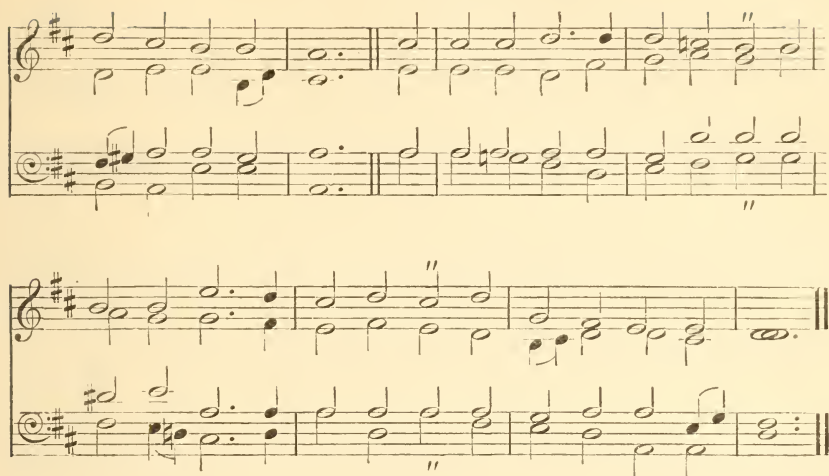


## Magdalen College (2nd Tune).—886.886.

WM. HAYES, Mus. Doc.







1.

THOU God of glorious majesty,  
 To Thee, against myself, to Thee,  
 A worm of earth, I cry ;  
 A half-awakened child of man ;  
 An heir of endless bliss or pain ;  
 A sinner born to die !

2.

*p* Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
 Secure, insensible ;  
 A point of time, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to that heavenly place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell.

3.

O God, mine inmost soul convert ;  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
 Eternal things impress :  
*p* Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And tremble on the brink of fate,  
 And wake to righteousness.

4.

Before me place, in dread array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When Thou with clouds shalt come  
 To judge the nations at Thy bar ;  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
 To meet a joyful doom ;

5.

Be this my one great business here,  
 With serious industry and fear  
 Eternal bliss to ensure ;  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all Thy righteous will.  
 And to the end endure.

6.

Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
 Transported from this vale to live  
 And reign with Thee above ;  
*f* Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope in full supreme delight,  
 And everlasting love.

C. WESLEY

1013

Verses 1 to 7.

## Dies Iræ.—8888888.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.

*Gravely.*

*p* 1 DAY of wrath! O day of mourning!

See! the Crucified returning—  
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

*f* Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,  
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,

*p* On whose sentence all dependeth!

*ff* 2 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth  
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,  
All before the throne it bringeth!

*f* Death is struck, and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making!

*mf* 3 Lo! the book exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded;—  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.  
When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

*p* 4 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing?

*ff* King of majesty tremendous,  
Who dost free salvation send us,  
*dim* Fount of pity! then befriend us.

*mf* 5 Think, kind Jesus—my salvation  
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;  
*dim* Leave me not to desolation! [me,  
*p* Faint and weary, Thou hast sought  
On the cross of suffering bought me;  
Shall such grace be vainly brought  
me?

*mf* 6 Righteous Judge for sin's pollution,  
Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that day of retribution!

*p* Guilty, now, I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning;  
Spare, O God, Thysuppliant groaning!

*cr* 7 Thou the sinful woman savedst—  
Thou the dying thief forgavest—  
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

*p* Worthless are my prayers and sighing,  
*cr* Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying!

Verse 8.

cres.

ten.

With Thy fa-voured sheep O place me! Nor a-mong the goats a-base me:

*rall.*

But to Thy right hand up - raise me. Low I kneel, with heart sub-mis-sion;

See, like ash-es, my con-tri-tion, Save, O save me from per-di-tion.

*Verse 9.**cres.*

Ah! that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth re-turn-ing, Man for

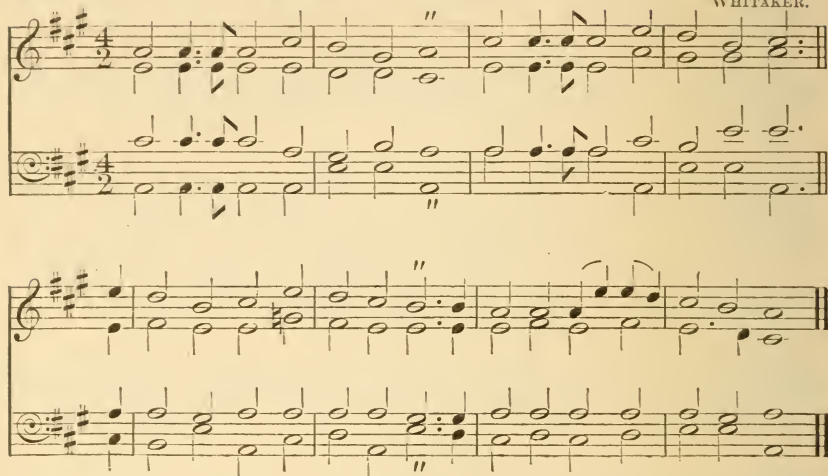
judg-ment must pre-pare him! Spare, O God, in mer-cy spare him!

Lord, all pity-ing, Je-su blest, Grant us Thine e-ter-nal rest.

1014

## Passing Bell.—L.M.

WHITAKER.



1 **L** O! round the throne, at God's right hand,  
 The saints, in countless myriads, stand;  
 Of every tongue redeemed to God,  
 Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

*p* 2 Through tribulation great they came;  
 They bore the cross, despised the shame:  
 From all their labours now they rest,  
 In God's eternal glory blest

3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more,  
 Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore,  
 The tears are wiped from every eye,  
 And sorrow yields to endless joy

**f** 4 They see their Saviour face to face,  
 And sing the triumphs of His grace;  
 Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
 And thus the loud hosanna raise:

**ff** 5 'Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Through endless years to live and reign;  
 Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,  
 And made us kings and priests to God.'

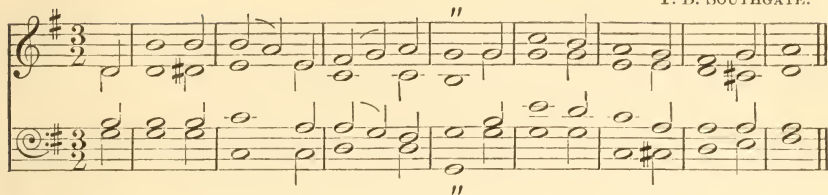
R. HILL AND T. COTTERILL.



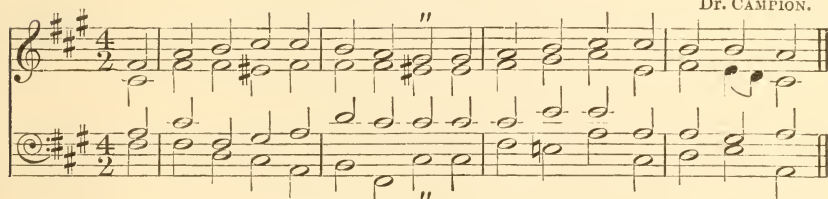
1015

**Brookfield** (1st Tune).—L.M.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.

**Babylon** (2nd Tune).—L.M.

DR. CAMPION.



p1 **THOU** Man of Grievs, remember me,  
Who never canst Thyself forget,  
Thy last mysterious agony,  
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat.

p2 When, wrestling in the strength of  
prayer  
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load!  
Thy feeble flesh abhorred to bear  
The wrath of an almighty God!

3 Father, if I may call Thee so,  
Regard my fearful heart's desire;  
Remove this load of guilty woe,  
Nor let me in my sins expire!

p4 I tremble lest the wrath Divine,  
Which bruises now my sinful soul,  
Should bruise this wretched soul of  
mine  
Long as eternal ages roll.

5 To Thee my last distress I bring;  
The heightened fear of death I find:  
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,  
Appears, and hell is close behind!

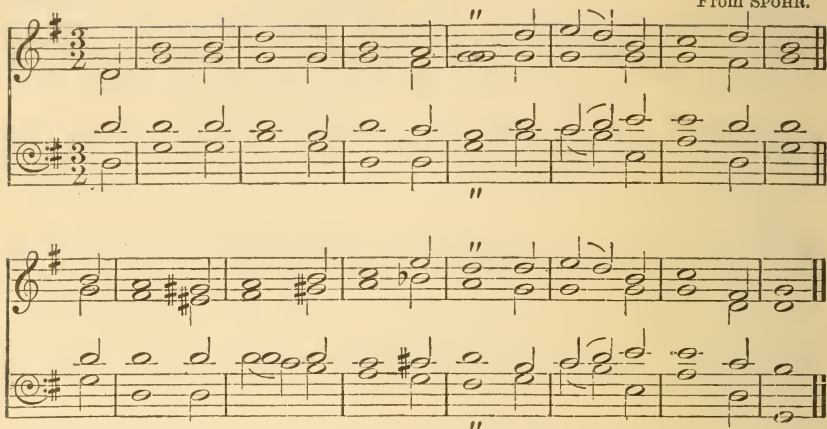
6 I deprecate that death alone,  
That endless banishment from Thee!  
O save and give me to Thy Son,  
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

C. WESLEY.

1016

Spohr.—C.M.

From SPOHR.



1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
 That rises to my sight!  
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
 And rivers of delight.

3 There generous fruits that never fail,  
 On trees immortal grow;  
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales  
 With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains  
 Shines one eternal day;  
 There God the Son for ever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, no poisonous breath  
 Can reach that healthful shore;  
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
 Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be for ever blest?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in His bosom rest?

*f* 7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
 Would here no longer stay;  
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.

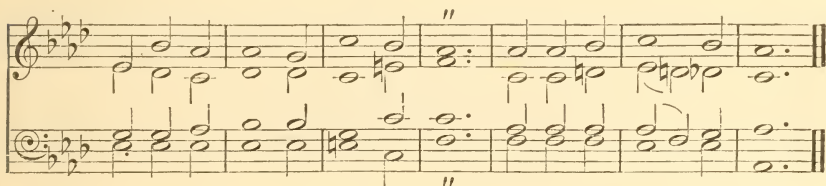
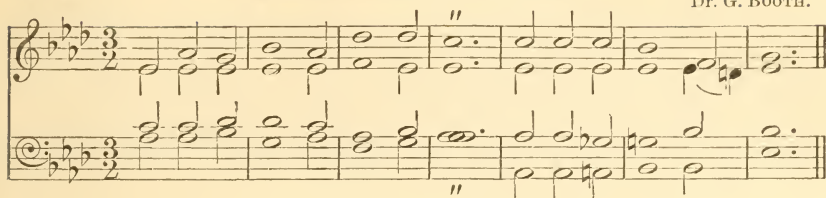
8 There, on those high and flowery plains,  
 Our spirits ne'er shall tire;  
 But, in perpetual joyful strains,  
*f* Redeeming love admire.

S. STENNETT.

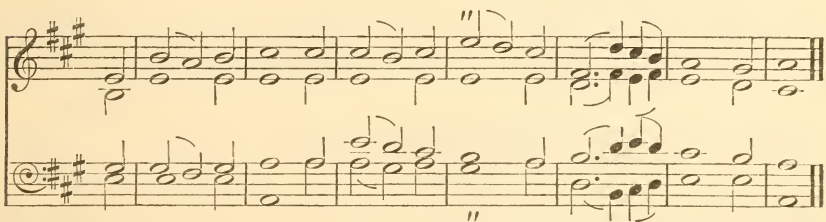
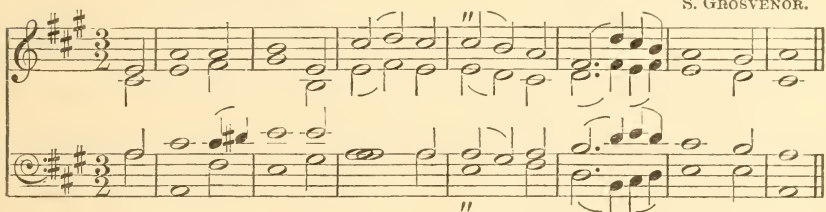
1017

**Pastor** (1st Tune).—C.M.

Dr. G. BOOTH.

**Jerusalem** (2nd Tune).—C.M.

S. GROSVENOR.



*f* 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

*f* 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flowers;  
*p* Death, like a narrow sea divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

*p* 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger, shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes.

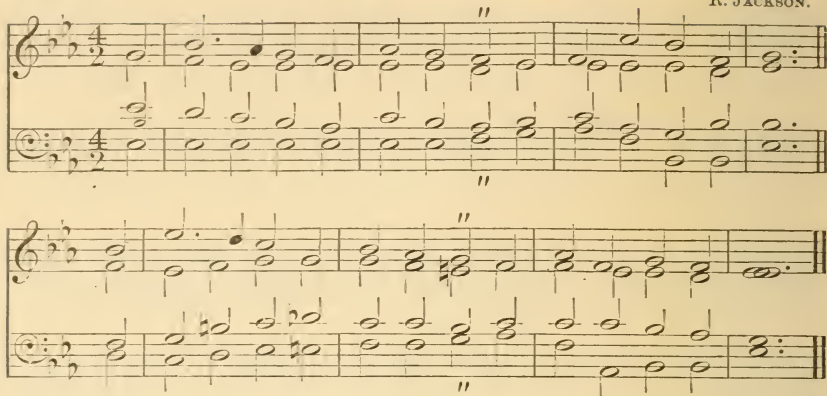
6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,  
*f* Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
Should fright us from the shore!

I. WATTS.

## 1018

## St. Leonard.—C.M.

R. JACKSON.



1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night  
 Unbounded glories rise :  
 And realms of joy and pure delight,  
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land ! could mortal eyes  
 But half its joys explore,  
 How would our spirits long to rise  
 And dwell on earth no more.

3 There pain and sickness never come,  
 And grief no more complains ;  
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,  
 And endless pleasure reigns.

4 No factious strife, no envy there  
 The sons of peace molest ;  
 But harmony and love sincere  
 Fill every happy breast.

5 No cloud those blissful regions know,  
 For ever bright and fair ;  
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,  
 Can never enter there.

6 There no alternate night is known  
 Nor sun's oppressive ray ;  
 But glory from the sacred throne  
 Spreads everlasting day.

7 O may the heavenly prospect fire  
 Our hearts with ardent love,  
 Till wings of faith and strong desire  
 Bear every thought above !

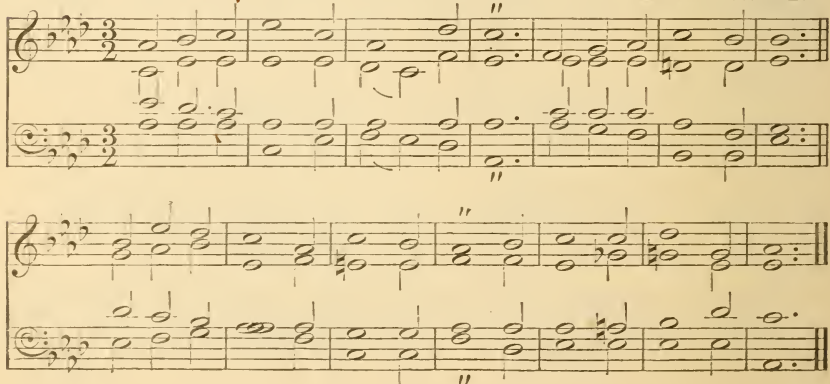
8 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
 For Thy bright courts on high ;  
 Then bid our spirits rise and join  
 The chorus of the sky.

A. STEELE.

## 1019

## Beatitudo.—C.M.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES





- 1** **H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine!  
Whence all their white array?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day?
- p* **2** Lo! these are they, from sufferings  
Who came to realms of light; [great,  
And in the blood of Christ have washed  
Those robes which shine so bright.
- f* **3** Now, with triumphant palms, they  
Before the throne on high, [stand  
And serve the God they love, amidst  
The glories of the sky.
- f* **4** His presence fills each heart with joy,  
Tunes every mouth to sing;  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With loud hosannas ring.
- 5** Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
Nor suns with scorching ray;  
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams  
Diffuse eternal day.
- 6** The Lamb, which dwells amidst the  
throne,  
Shall o'er them still preside,  
Feed them with nourishment divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.
- p* **7** In pastures green He'll lead His flock  
Where living streams appear;  
And God the Lord from every eye  
Shall wipe off every tear.

W. CAMERON.

1020

## Martyrdom.—C.M.

HUGH WILSON.



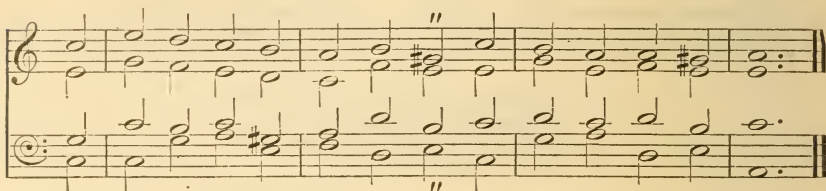
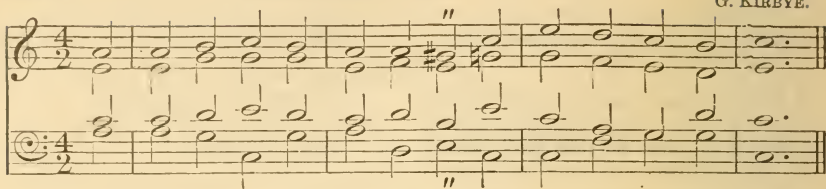
- 1** **T**ERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,  
Who may be saved—shall I—  
Of all, alas! whom I have known,  
Through sin, for ever die?
- f* **2** While all my old companions dear,  
With whom I once did live,  
Joyful at God's right hand appear,  
A blessing to receive;
- p* **3** Shall I—amidst a guilty band—  
Before the judgment seat,  
Far on the left with horror stand,  
My fearful doom to meet?
- f* **4** Ah, no:—I still may turn and live,  
For still His wrath delays,  
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,  
And offers me His grace.
- 5** I will accept His offers now,  
From every sin depart,  
Perform my oft-repeated vow,  
And render Him my heart.
- f* **6** I will improve what I receive,  
The grace through Jesus given;  
Sure, if with God on earth I live,  
To live with Him in heaven.

C. WESLEY  
CG

## 1021

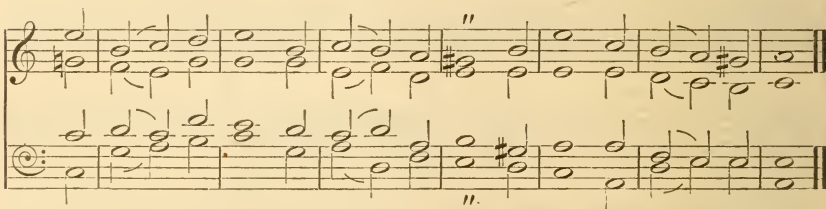
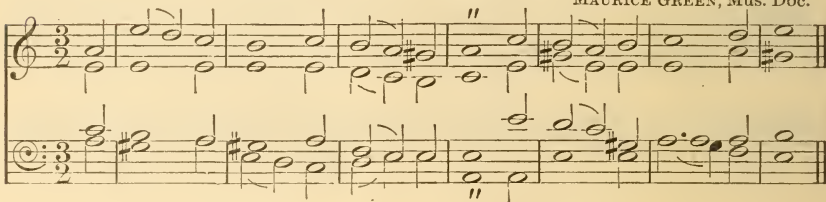
## Windsor (1st Tune).—C.M.

G. KIRBYE.



## Crowle (2nd Tune).—C.M.

MAURICE GREEN, Mus. Doc.



1 WHY do I wander from my God,  
Whose greatness none can tell?  
V Can I endure His vengeful rod,  
And bear the pains of hell?

p 2 Ah, no!—I cannot bear the thought;  
I tremble at His frown,  
For He who spake a world from nought  
At once can crush me down.

3 His vengeance will my soul pursue  
If I refuse His grace;  
And ah!—alas!—what must I do,  
If banished from His face?

p 4 Eternal darkness I must see,  
And hope will never come,  
But fiends will my companions be,  
And hell will be my home!

f 5 But glory, glory, to my God!  
This need not be the case;  
For me He spilt His precious blood,  
And bids me seek His face.

H. BOURNE AND W. SANDERS,

1022

## Langton.—S.M.

Adapted by C. STREATFIELD.



- 1 **T**HERE is no night in heaven :  
 In that blest world above,  
 Work never can bring weariness,  
 For work itself is love.
- 2 There is no grief in heaven :  
 For life is one glad day,  
 And tears are of those former things  
 Which all have passed away.
- 3 There is no sin in heaven :  
 Behold that blessed throng,

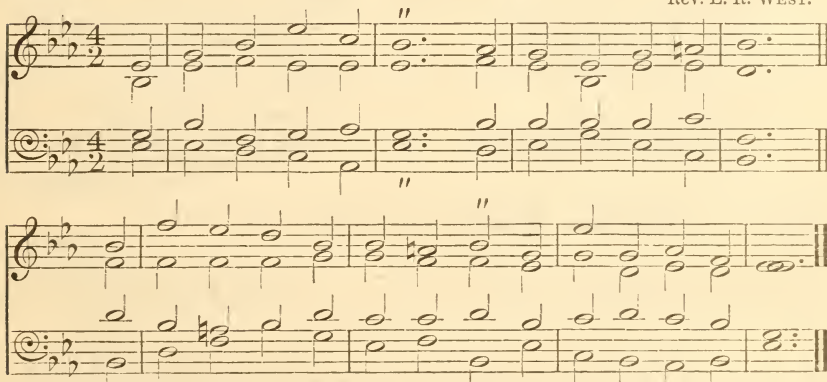
- All holy is their spotless robes,  
 All holy is their song.
- 4 There is no death in heaven :  
 For they who gain that shore  
 Have won their immortality,  
 And they can die no more.
- 5 Lord Jesus ! be our Guide ;  
 O lead us safely on,  
 Till night and grief and sin and death  
 Are past, and heaven is won !

F. M. KNOLLYS.

1023

## Tytherton.—S.M.

Rev. L. R. WEST.



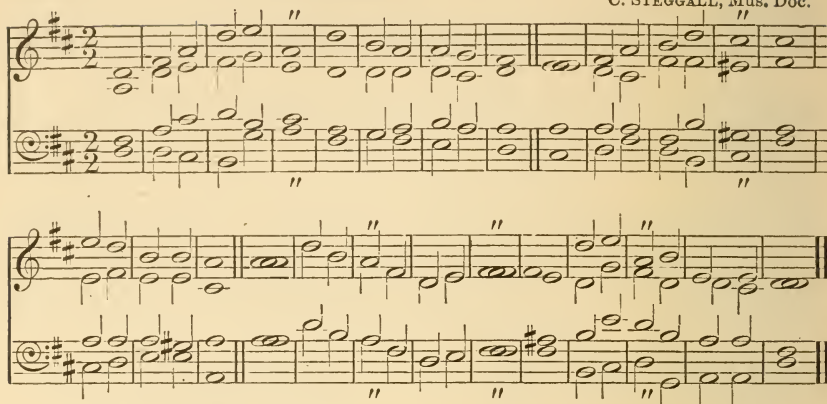
- 1 **O** WHERE shall rest be found,  
 Rest for the weary soul ?  
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
 Or fly to either pole !
- 2 The world can never give  
 The bliss for which we sigh ;  
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
 There is a life above ;  
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
 And all that life is love.

- p* 4 There is a death, whose pang  
 Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
*pp* O what eternal horrors hang  
 Around 'the second death !'
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace !  
 Teach us that death to shun :  
 Lest we be driven from Thy face,  
 For evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest ;  
 Alone are found in Thee,  
 The life of perfect love—the rest  
 Of immortality. J. MONTGOMERY.

## 1024

## Christchurch.—6 6.6 6.4 4.4 4.

C. STEGGALL, Mus. Doc.



- 1 JERUSALEM on high  
 My song and city is,  
 My home when'er I die,  
 The centre of my bliss :  
*f* O happy place,  
 When shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee,  
 To see Thy face !
- 2 There dwells my Lord, my King,  
 Judged here unfit to live ;  
 There angels to Him sing,  
 And lowly homage give  
*f* O happy place, &c.
- 3 The patriarchs of old,  
 There from their travels cease :  
 The prophets there behold

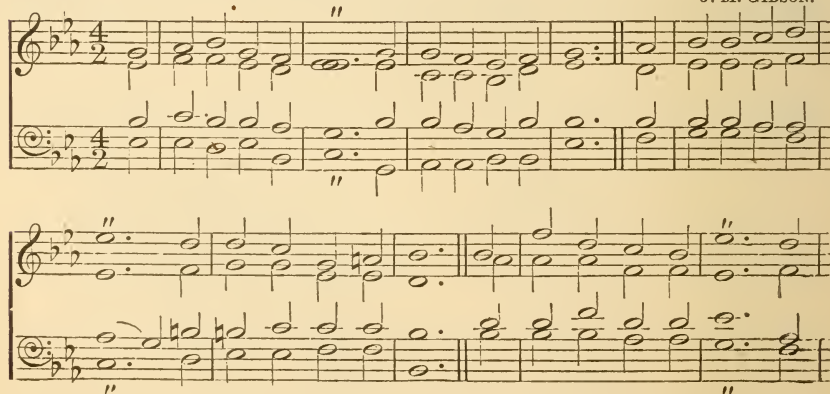
- Their longed-for Prince of Peace :  
*f* O happy place, &c.
- 4 The Lamb's apostles there  
 I might with joy behold,  
 The harpers I might hear  
 Harping on harps of gold :  
*f* O happy place, &c.
- 5 The bleeding martyrs, they  
*p* Within those courts are found,  
 Clothèd in pure array,  
 Their scars with glory crowned :  
*f* O happy place, &c.
- 6 Ah me ! Ah me ! that I  
 In Kedar's tents here stay :  
 No place like that on high !  
 Lord, thither guide my way :  
*f* O happy place, &c.

H. C. S. CROSSMAN.

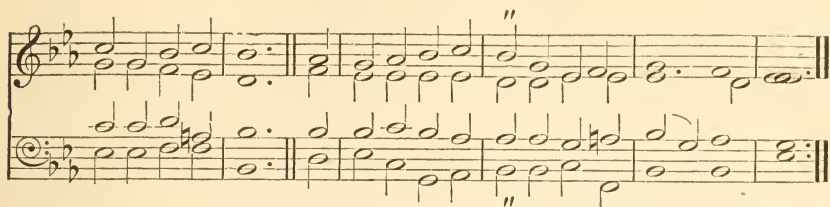
## 1025

## Clarence Street (1st Tune).—6 6.6 6.6 6.6 6.

J. M. GIBSON.

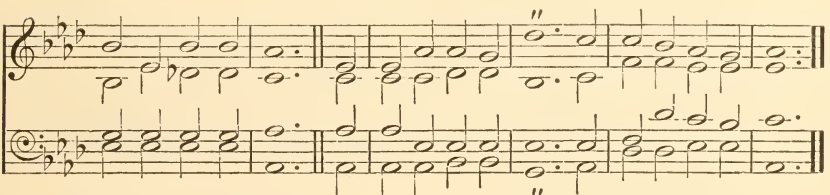
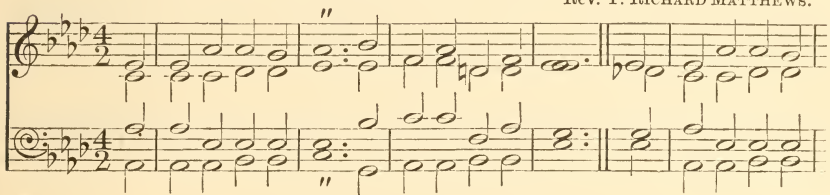






# Bury St. Edmunds (2nd Tune).—6 6.6 6.6 6.6 6.

REV. T. RICHARD MATTHEWS.



1 **T**HERE is a blessed home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow;  
Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crowned  
And everlasting light  
Its glory sheds around.

2 There is a land of peace,  
Good angels know it well;  
Glad songs that never cease,  
Within its portals swell;  
Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father one  
And spirit evermore.

*f* 3 **O** joy all joys beyond,  
To see the Lamb who died,  
And count each sacred wound  
In hands, and feet, and side;  
To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done.

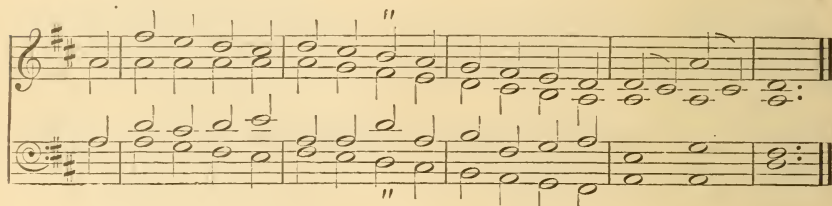
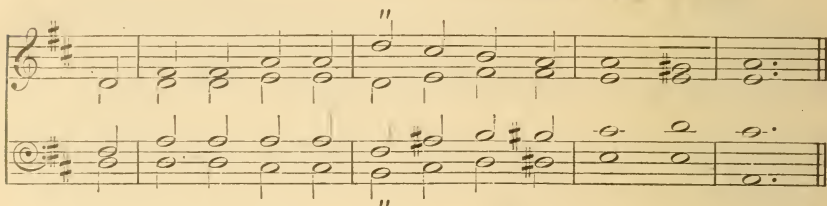
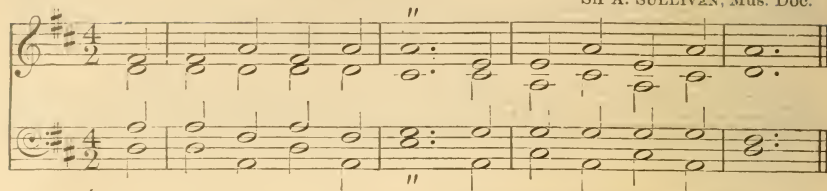
4 Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe;  
Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

H. W. BAKER.

## 1026

## Safe Home.—3 6.6 6.8 8.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 SAFE home, safe home in port ;<br/>Rent cordage, shattered deck,<br/>Torn sails, provisions short,<br/>And only not a wreck :—<br/>But O the joy upon the shore<br/>To tell our voyage-perils o'er !</p> <p>2 The prize, the prize secure :<br/>The wrestler nearly fell ;<br/>Bare all he could endure,<br/>And bare not always well :—<br/><i>f</i> But he may smile at troubles gone<br/>Who sets the victor-garland on.</p> <p>3 No more the foe can harin :<br/>No more of leaguered camp,<br/>And cry of night alarm,<br/>And need of ready lamp :—<br/><i>p</i> And yet how nearly had he failed—<br/>How nearly had that foe prevailed.</p> | <p>4 The lamb is in the fold,<br/>In perfect safety penned :<br/>The lion once had hold,<br/>And thought to make an end :—<br/>But one came by with wounded side,<br/>And for the sheep the Shepherd died.</p> <p>5 The exile is at home :<br/>O nights and days of tears,<br/>O longings not to roam,<br/>O sins and doubts and fears !<br/>What matters now grief's darkest day,<br/>When God has wiped all tears away ?</p> <p><i>f</i> 6 O happy, happy bride,<br/>Thy widowed hours are past ;<br/>The Bridegroom at thy side,<br/>Thou all His own at last :<br/>The sorrows of thy former cup<br/>In full fruition swallowed up.</p> |
|--|---|

1027

Eccles.—6 6.7 7.7 7.

BOGGETT.



1 HOW weak the thoughts, and vain,  
Of self-deluding men!  
Men who, fixed to earth alone,  
Think their houses shall endure,  
Fondly call their lands their own,  
To their distant heirs secure.

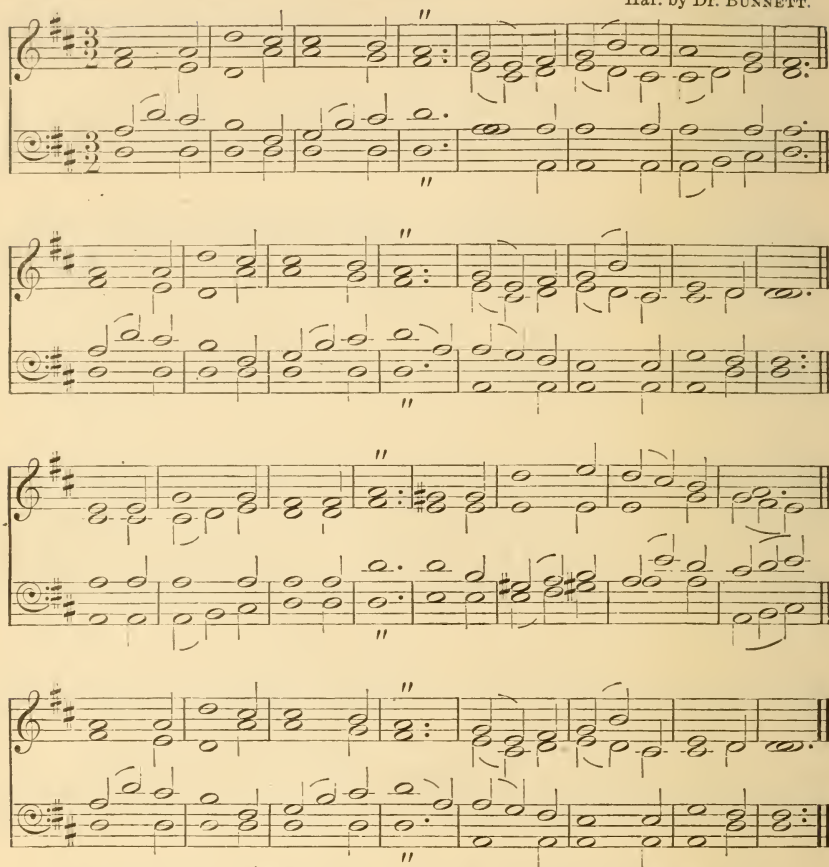
*f* 2 How happy then are we,  
Who build, O Lord, on Thee!  
What can our foundation shock?  
Though the shattered earth remove,  
Stands our city on a rock,  
On the rock of heavenly love.

3 A house we call our own  
Which cannot be o'erthrown;  
In the general ruin sure,  
Storms and earthquakes it defies;  
*f* Built immovably secure,  
Built eternal in the skies.

C. WESLEY.

## 1028 St. Peter's (Mancroft).—7.7.7.7.7.7.

Har. by Dr. BUNNETT.



1 WHAT are these arrayed in white,  
 Brighter than the noonday sun?  
 Foremost of the sons of light,  
 Nearest the eternal throne?  
 These are they that bore the cross,  
 Nobly for their Master stood;  
 Sufferers in His righteous cause,  
 Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,  
 Washed their robes by faith below,  
 In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
 Blood that washes white as snow:  
 Therefore are they next the throne,  
 Serve their Maker day and night:  
 God resides among His own,  
 God doth in His saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,  
 Here they find their trials o'er;  
 They have all their sufferings past,  
 Hunger now and thirst no more:  
 No excessive heat they feel  
 From the sun's directer ray;  
 In a milder clime they dwell,  
 Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,  
 Them the Lamb shall always feed,  
 With the tree of life sustain,  
 To the living fountains lead:  
 He shall all their sorrows chase,  
 All their wants at once remove,  
 Wipe the tears from every face,  
 Fill up every soul with love.

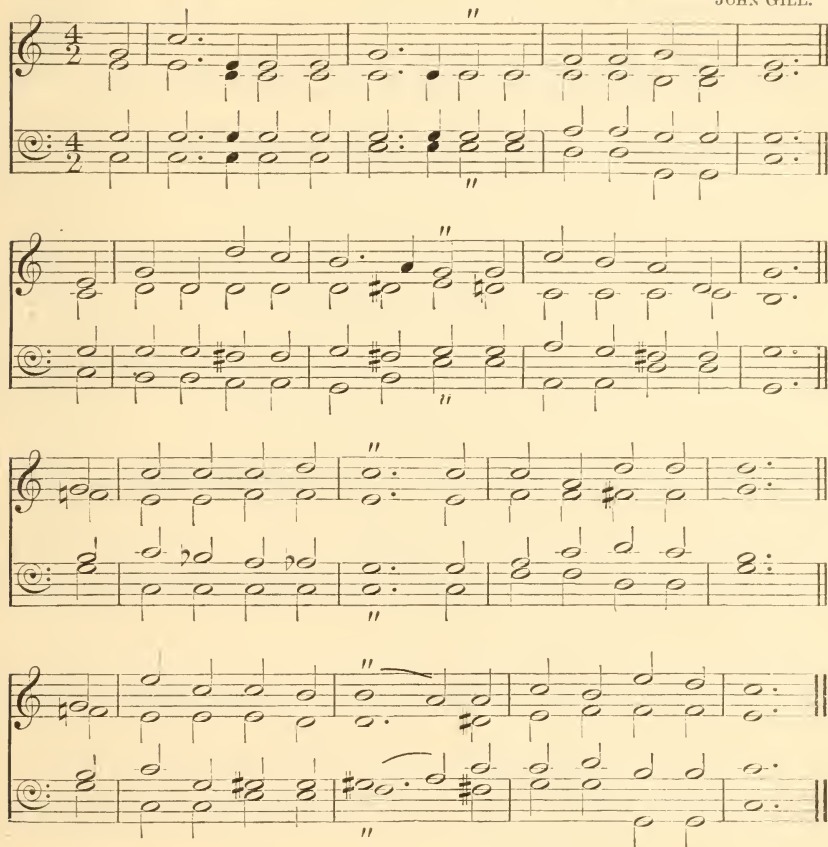
C. WESLEY.



1029

## Paradise (1st Tune).—8 6.8 6.6 6.6 6.

JOHN GILL.



*p* 1 **PARADISE! O Paradise!**  
 Who doth not crave for rest?  
 Who would not seek the happy land  
 Where they that loved are blest;  
 Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through  
 In God's most holy sight.

2 **O Paradise! O Paradise!**  
 The world is growing old;  
 Who would not be at rest and free  
 Where love is never cold;  
 Where loyal hearts, &c.

3 **O Paradise! O Paradise!**  
*p* 'Tis weary waiting here;  
 I long to be where Jesus is,  
 To feel, to see Him near.  
 Where loyal hearts, &c.

4 **O Paradise! O Paradise!**  
*p* I want to sin no more,  
 I want to be as pure on earth  
 As on Thy spotless shore;  
 Where loyal hearts, &c.

5 **O Paradise! O Paradise!**  
 I shall not wait for long;  
 E'en now the loving heart may catch  
 Faint fragments of Thy song.  
 Where loyal hearts, &c.

6 **Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,**  
 O keep me in Thy love,  
 And guide me to that happy land  
 Of perfect rest above!  
*f* Where loyal hearts, &c.

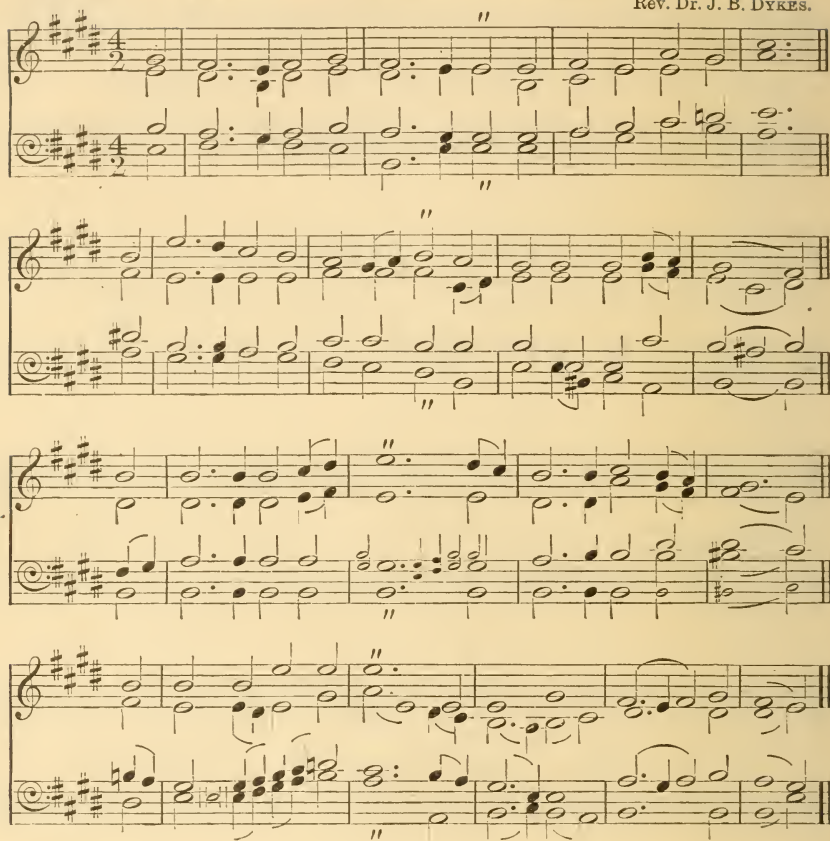
F. W. FABER.

on\*

1029

## Paradise (2nd Tune).—8 6.8 6.6 6.6 6.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



*p* 1 O PARADISE! O-Paradise!  
 Who doth not crave for rest?  
 Who would not seek the happy land  
 Where they that loved are blest;  
 Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through  
 In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 The world is growing old;  
 Who would not be at rest and free  
 Where love is never cold;  
 Where loyal hearts, &c.

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 'Tis weary waiting here;  
 I long to be where Jesus is,  
 To feel, to see Him near.  
 Where loyal hearts, &c.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 I want to sin no more,  
 I want to be as pure on earth  
 As on Thy spotless shore;  
 Where loyal hearts, &c.

5 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 I shall not wait for long;  
 E'en now the loving heart may catch  
 Faint fragments of Thy song  
 Where loyal hearts, &c.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
 O keep me in Thy love,  
 And guide me to that happy land  
 Of perfect rest above!  
 Where loyal hearts, &c.  
 F. W. FABER.

1030

**Firs Hill** (1st Tune).—887.8887.

H. COWARD, Mus. Bac.



1 'FOR ever!'—beatific word:  
 To be for ever with the Lord:  
 A bond no death can sever:  
 O tidings straight from glory brought,  
 With endless Hallelujahs fraught;  
 O heaven of heavens, beyond all thought,  
 With Jesus and for ever!

2 For ever to behold Him shine,  
 For evermore to call Him mine,  
 And see Him still before me;  
 For ever on His face to gaze,  
 And meet His full assembled rays,  
 While all the Father He displays  
 To all the saints in glory.

3 Not all things else are half so dear  
 As His delightful presence here—  
 What must it be in heaven!  
 'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,

As now I journey day by day,  
 'Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,  
 Thy sins are all forgiven.'

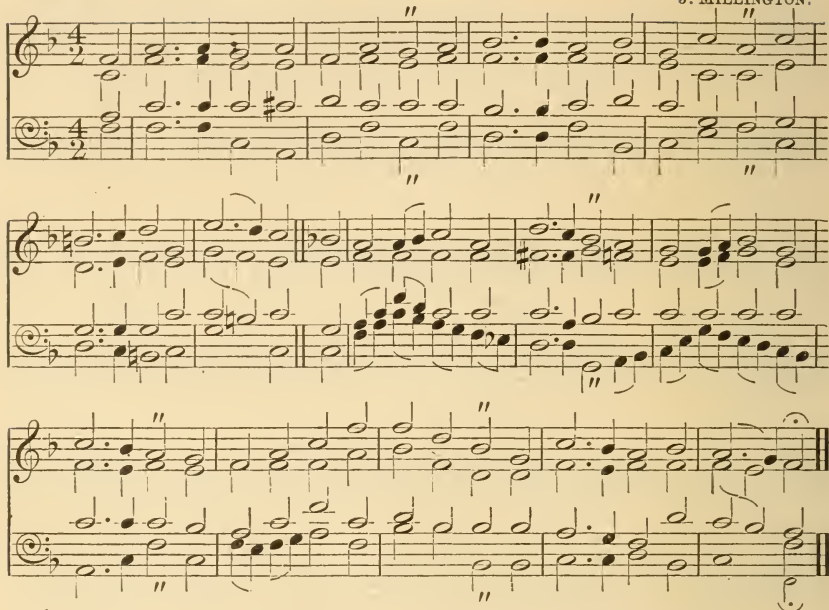
4 But how must His celestial voice  
 Make my enraptured heart rejoice,  
 When I in glory hear Him!  
 While I before the heavenly gate  
 For everlasting entrance wait,  
 And Jesus on His throne of state  
 Invites me to come near Him:

5 'Come in, thou blessed, sit by Me;  
 With my own life I ransomed thee;  
 Come, taste my perfect favour:  
 Come in, thou happy spirit, come;  
 Thou now shalt dwell with me at home;  
 Ye blissful mansions, make him room,  
 For he must stay for ever!'  
 E. SWAINE AND E. H. BICKERSTETH.

## 1030

## Celeste (2nd Tune).—887.8887.

J. MILLINGTON.



- 1 'FOR ever!'—beatific word:  
 To be for ever with the Lord:  
 A bond no death can sever:  
 O tidings straight from glory brought,  
 With endless Hallelujahs fraught;  
 O heaven of heavens, beyond all thought,  
 With Jesus and for ever!
- 2 For ever to behold Him shine,  
 For evermore to call Him mine,  
 And see Him still before me;  
 For ever on His face to gaze,  
 And meet His full assembled rays,  
 While all the Father He displays  
 To all the saints in glory.
- 3 Not all things else are half so dear  
 As His delightful presence here—  
 What must it be in heaven!  
 'Tis heaven on earth to hear him say,

As now I journey day by day,  
 'Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,  
 Thy sins are all forgiven.'

- 4 But how must His celestial voice  
 Make my enraptured heart rejoice,  
 When I in glory hear Him!  
 While I before the heavenly gate  
 For everlasting entrance wait,  
 And Jesus on His throne of state  
 Invites me to come near Him:

- 5 'Come in, thou blessed, sit by Me;  
 With my own life I ransomed Thee;  
 Come, taste My perfect favour:  
 Come in, thou happy spirit, come;  
 Thou now shalt dwell with me at home;  
 Ye blissful mansions, make him room,  
 For he must stay for ever!'

E. SWAINE AND E. H. BICKERSTETH.

## 1031

## Holy City.—10.10.7.

Verses 1, 3, 5, 7.

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.





Verses 2, 4, 6.

end-less Hal-le-lu-jah! {Ye next who stand before the E-} ter-nal Light In

Verse 8.

hymning choirs re-echo } to the height An end-less Hal-le-lu-jah! {To Thee, Eter-nal Son our

*rall. Slower.*

voic-es sing {With them, O Holy Ghost, to} Thee we bring An end-less Hal-le-lu-jah!

*f* 1 SING Hallelujah forth in duteous praise,  
O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise  
*ff* An endless Hallelujah!

*f* 2 Ye next, who stand before the Eternal Light,  
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height  
*ff* An endless Hallelujah!

*f* 3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,  
And with glad songs resounding wake again  
*ff* An endless Hallelujah!

*f* 4 Ye who have gained your palms at length in bliss,  
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,  
*ff* An endless Hallelujah!

*f* 5 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring  
The strains which tell the honour of your King,  
*ff* An endless Hallelujah!

*p* 6 This is the rest for weary ones brought back,  
This is the food and drink which none shall lack,  
*ff* An endless Hallelujah!

*ff* 7 While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise  
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays  
An endless Hallelujah!

*ff* 8 To Thee, Eternal Son, our voices sing;  
With them, O Holy Ghost, to Thee we bring  
An endless Hallelujah!

*Early Spanish Breviary, trs. by J. ELLERTON.*

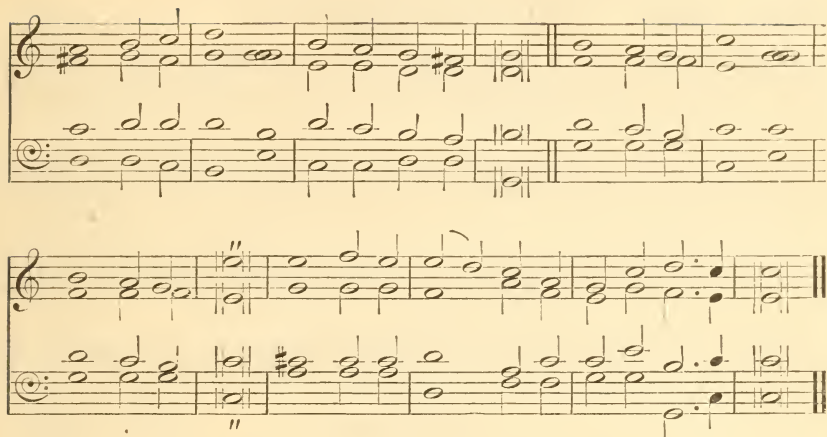
1032

**Pilgrims** (*1st Tune*).—11 10.11 10.9 11.

H. SMART.

**Angelic Songs** (*2nd Tune*).—11 10.11 10.9 11.

J. WALCH.



1 **H**ARK! hark, my soul: angelic songs are swelling  
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:  
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

*p* Angels of Jesus, angels of light,

*f* Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,

*p* 'Come weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;'

And through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,

The music of the gospel leads us home:

Angels of Jesus, &c.

*pp* 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,

And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,

*p* Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee:

Angels of Jesus, &c.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary

The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;

All journeys end in welcome to the weary,

And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last:

Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above:

Till morning's joys shall end the night of weeping,

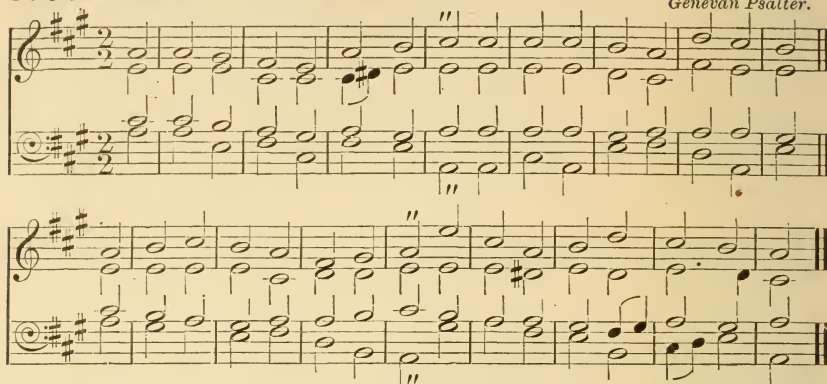
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love:

*f* Angels of Jesus, &c.

F. W. FABER.

## 1033—1034 Old Hundredth.—L.M.

Genevan Psalter.



[Before Food.]

- 1 **B**E present at our table, Lord,  
 Be here and every where adored ;  
 Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
 May feast in paradise with Thee.

## 1034

## Old Hundredth.—L.M.

[After Food.]

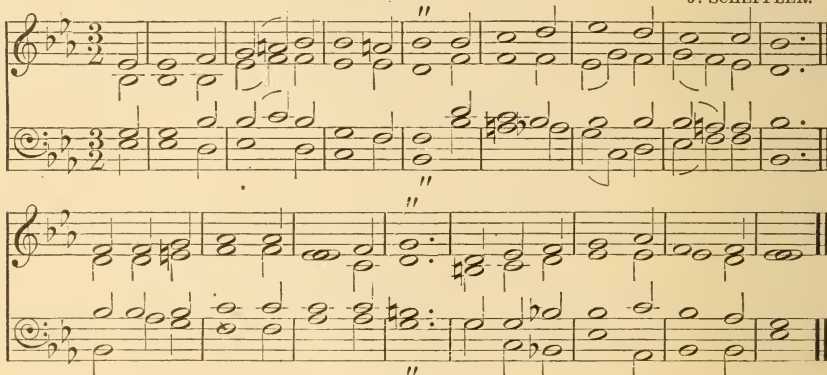
- f* 1 **W**E thank Thee, Lord, for this our food ;  
 We praise Thee more for Jesus' blood ;  
 Let manna to our souls be given, [heaven.  
 The Bread of Life sent down from
- 2 Praise shall our grateful lips employ,  
 While life and plenty we enjoy  
 Till worthy we adore Thy name,  
 While banqueting with Christ the Lamb.

J. CENNICK.

## 1035—1036

## Angelus.—L.M.

J. SCHEFFLER.



[For Hospitals.]

- 1 **O** LOVE Divine, that stooped to share  
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest  
 tear,  
 On Thee we cast each earth-born care :  
 We smile at pain while Thou art near !
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,  
 And sorrow crown each lingering year :  
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art  
 near !
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
 And trembling faith is changed to  
 fear  
 The murmuring wind, the quivering  
 Shall softly tell us Thou art near.
- 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
 O Love Divine, for ever dear ;  
 Content to suffer, while we know,  
 Living and dying, Thou art near !

O. W. HOLMES.



## 1036

## Angelus.—L.M.

[For Hospitals.]

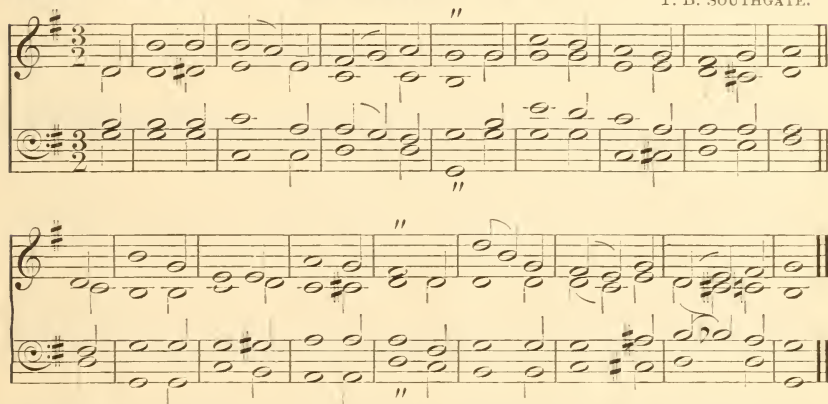
- p* 1 **O** THOU through suffering perfect made,  
On whom the bitter cross was laid;  
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,  
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.
- 2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,  
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;  
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,  
And minister through them to Thee.
- 3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure  
The pains and woes Thou didst endure;  
For all who need Physician great,  
Thy healing balm we supplicate.
- p* 4 But O, far more, let each keen pain  
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,  
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod  
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.
- 5 O heal the bruised heart within!  
O save our souls all sick with sin!  
Give life and health in bounteous store,  
*f* That we may praise Thee evermore.

W. W. HOW.

## 1037—1038

## Brookfield.—L.M.

T. B. SOUTHGATE.



- f* 1 **W**E thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,  
The glittering sky, the silver sea;  
For all their beauty, all their worth,  
Their light and glory come from Thee.
- 2 Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground, [above,  
The trees that wave their arms  
The hills that gird our dwellings round,  
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.
- p* 3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,  
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,  
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,  
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.
- 4 So, while we gaze with thoughtful eye  
On all the gifts Thy love has given,  
*f* Help us in Thee to live and die,  
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

G. E. L. COTTON

## 1038

## Brookfield.—L.M.

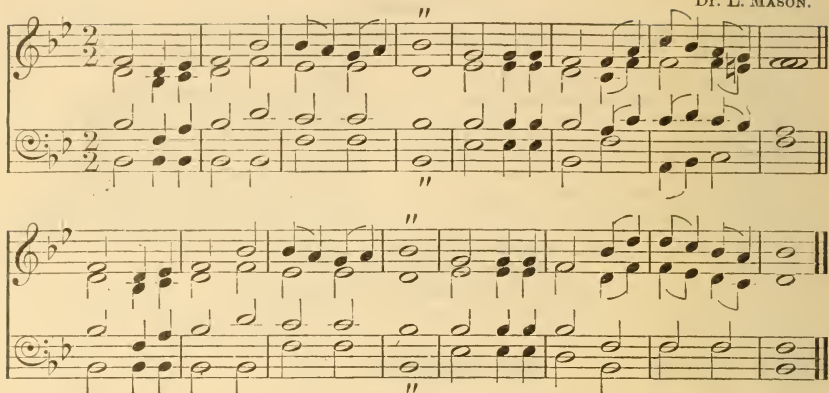
- p* 1 **L**ET me be with Thee where Thou art,  
My Saviour, my eternal rest;  
Then only will this longing heart  
Be fully, and for ever, blest.
- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Thine unveiled glory to behold;  
Then only will this wandering heart,  
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold!
- 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;  
Then only will this sinful heart  
Be evil and defiled no more.
- p* 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where none can die, and none remove;  
There neither life nor death will part  
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

C. ELLIOTT.

## 1039

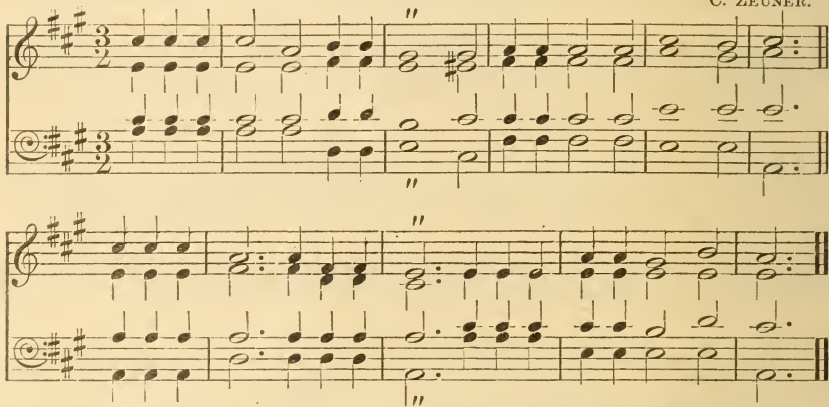
## Ernan (1st Tune).—L.M.

Dr. L. MASON.



## Missionary Chant (2nd Tune).—L.M.

C. ZEUNER.



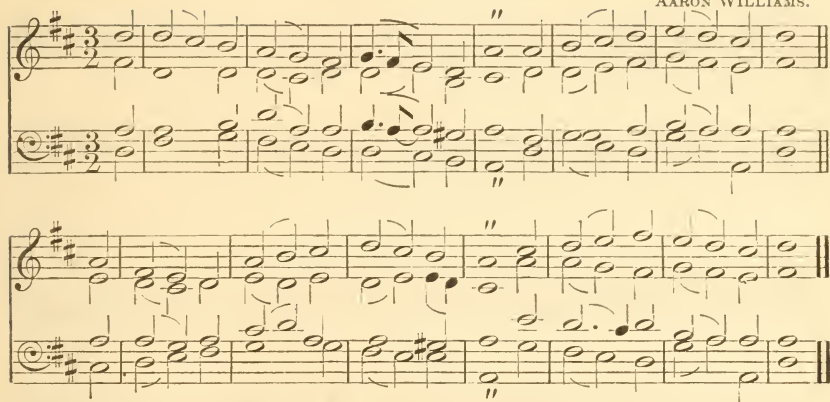
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 EXALTED high at God's right hand,<br/>Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,<br/>With glory crowned, in white array,<br/>My wond'ring soul says, 'Who are they?</p> <p>2 These are the saints beloved of God,<br/>Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood:<br/>More spotless than the purest white,<br/>They shine in uncreated light.</p> <p>3 Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,<br/>Their glories great, and all Divine;<br/>Tell me their origin, and say [they.<br/>Their order what, and whence came</p> <p>4 Through tribulation great they came;<br/>They bore the cross, and scorned the<br/>Within the living temple blest, [shame:<br/>In God they dwell, and on Him rest.</p> | <p>5 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,<br/>Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;<br/>To wells of living waters led<br/>By God, the Lamb, for ever fed.</p> <p>6 Unknown to mortal ears, they sing<br/>The secret glories of their King;<br/>Tell me the subject of their lays,<br/>And whence their loud exalted praise.</p> <p>7 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;<br/>They sing the wonders of His name;<br/>To Him ascribing power and grace,<br/>Dominion and eternal praise.</p> <p>8 'Amen' they cry to Him alone,<br/>Who dares to fill His Father's throne;<br/>They give Him glory, and again<br/>Repeat His praise, and say 'Amen!'</p> |
|---|--|

R. HILL,

1040

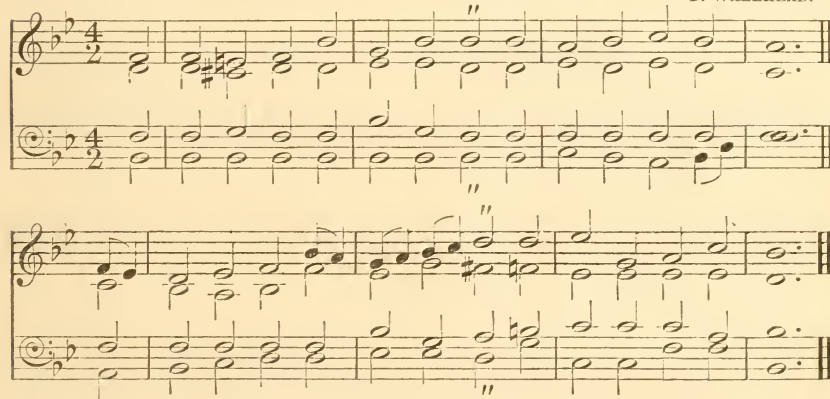
## Berley (1st Tune).—C.M.

AARON WILLIAMS.



## Sharon (2nd Tune).—C.M.

T. WALLHEAD.



[Springtime.]

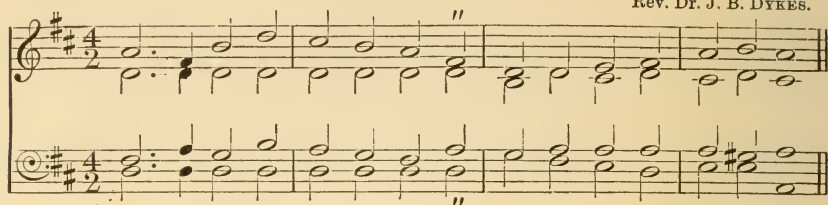
- f* 1 THE glory of the spring how sweet !  
 The new-born life how glad !  
 What joy the happy earth to greet  
 In new, bright raiment clad !
- 2 Divine Renewer ! Thee I bless ;  
 I greet Thy going forth :  
 I love Thee in the loveliness  
 Of Thy renewed earth.
- f* 3 But O these wonders of Thy grace,  
 These nobler works of Thine,  
 These marvels sweeter far to trace,  
 These new births more divine !
- p* 4 These sinful souls Thou hallowest,  
 These hearts Thou makest new,  
 These mourning souls by Thee made blest,  
 These faithless hearts made true :
- 5 This new-born glow of faith so strong,  
 This bloom of love so fair,  
 This new-born ecstasy of song  
 And fragrancy of prayer !
- 6 Creator Spirit, work in me  
 These wonders sweet of Thine !  
 Divine Renewer, graciously  
 Renew this heart of mine !
- 7 Still let new life and strength upspring,  
 Still let new joy be given,  
 And grant the glad new song to ring  
*f* Through the new earth and heaven !

T. H. GILL.

1041

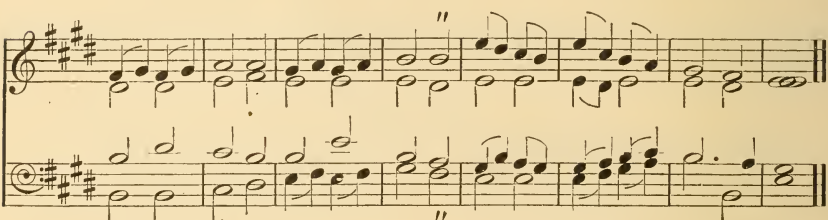
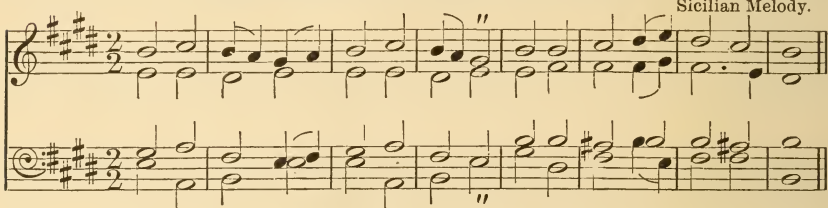
## St. Oswald (1st Tune).—87.87.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



## Mariners (2nd Tune).—87.87.

Sicilian Melody.



1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
 Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other and the Lord,  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

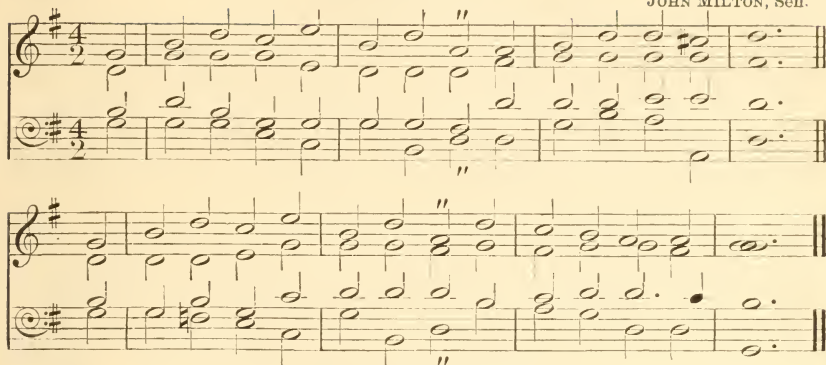
J. NEWTON.



1042

Work.—C.M.

JOHN MILTON, Sen.



[For a Covenant Service.]

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 COME, let us use the grace Divine,<br/>And all, with one accord,<br/>In a perpetual covenant join<br/>Ourselves to Christ the Lord:</p> <p><i>f</i> 2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,<br/>His name to glorify;<br/>And promise, in this sacred hour,<br/>For God to live and die.</p> <p>3 The covenant we this moment make<br/>Be ever kept in mind:<br/>We will no more our God forsake,<br/>Or cast His words behind.</p> | <p>4 We never will throw off Thy fear<br/>Nor break our solemn vow:<br/>And if Thou art well-pleased to hear,<br/>Come down, and meet us now!</p> <p>5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,<br/>Let all our hearts receive;<br/>Present with the celestial host,<br/>The peaceful answer give!</p> <p>6 To each the covenant blood apply,<br/>Which takes our sins away;<br/><i>f</i> And register our names on high,<br/>And keep us to that day!</p> |
|--|--|

C. WESLEY.

1043

Orison.—C.M.

J. SELBY.



[For Times of Pestilence.]

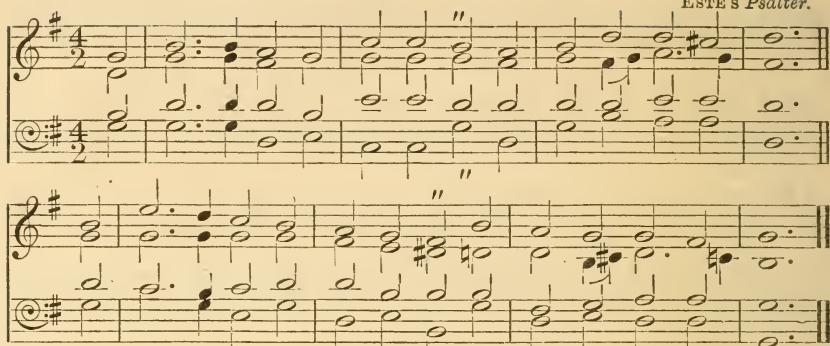
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p><i>p</i> 1 IN grief and fear, to Thee, O Lord,<br/>We now for succour fly;<br/>Thine awful judgments are abroad,<br/>O shield us, lest we die.</p> <p><i>p</i> 2 The fell disease on every side<br/>Walks forth with tainted breath;<br/>And pestilence, with rapid stride,<br/>Bestrews the land with death</p> | <p><i>p</i> 3 O look with pity on the scene<br/>Of sadness and of dread;<br/>And let Thine angel stand between<br/>The living and the dead.</p> <p>4 With contrite hearts, to Thee, our King,<br/>We turn who oft have strayed;<br/>Accept the sacrifice we bring,<br/>And let the plague be stayed.</p> |
|---|--|

W. BULLOCK.

## 1044

## Winchester (Old).—C.M.

ESTE'S Psalter.



[A Flower "Service."]

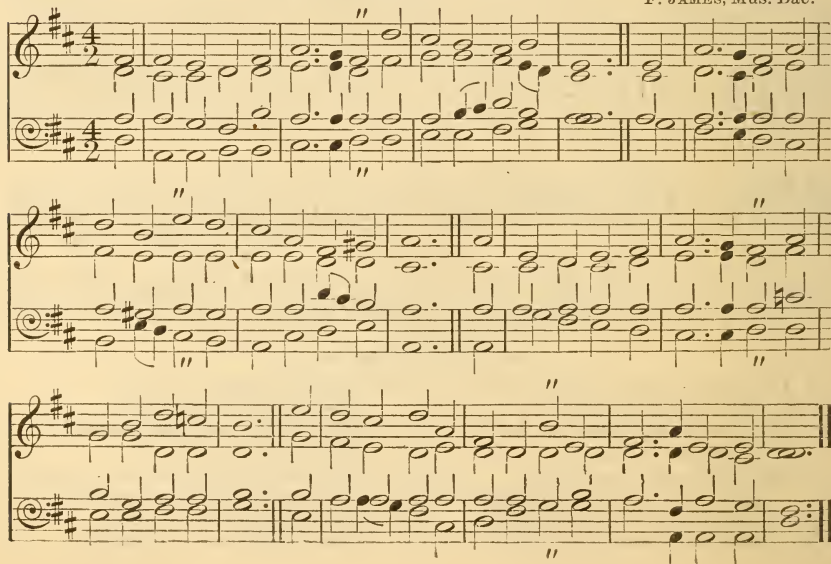
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 GOD might have made the earth<br/>bring forth<br/>Enough for great and small,<br/>The oak tree and the cedar tree,<br/>Without a flower at all.</p> <p>2 He might have made enough—enough<br/>For every want of ours,<br/>For food and medicine and toil,<br/>And yet have made no flowers.</p> <p>3 Then wherefore, wherefore were they<br/>All dyed with rainbow light, [made,<br/>All fashioned with supremest grace,<br/>Up springing day and night?—</p> | <p>4 Springing in valleys green and low,<br/>And on the mountains high,<br/><i>p</i> And in the silent wilderness,<br/>Where no man passeth by?</p> <p>5 Our outward life requires them not,<br/>Then wherefore had they birth?<br/>To minister delight to man,<br/>To beautify the earth.</p> <p>6 To whisper hope, to comfort man,<br/>Whene'er his faith is dim;<br/><i>f</i> For He who careth for the flowers<br/>Will care much more for him.</p> |
|--|---|

MARY HOWITT.

## 1045

## Gennesaret.—C.M.D.

F. JAMES, Mus. Bac.



[For Hospitals.]

*f* 1 **T**HINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,  
Was strong to heal and save;  
It triumphed o'er disease and death,  
O'er darkness and the grave.

*p* To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,  
The palsied and the lame,  
The leper with his tainted life,  
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And, lo! Thy touch brought life and health,  
Gave speech, and strength, and sight,  
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed,  
Owned Thee the Lord of light.

*f* And now, O Lord, be near to bless,  
Almighty as of yore:  
In crowded street, by restless couch,  
As by Gennesareth's shore.

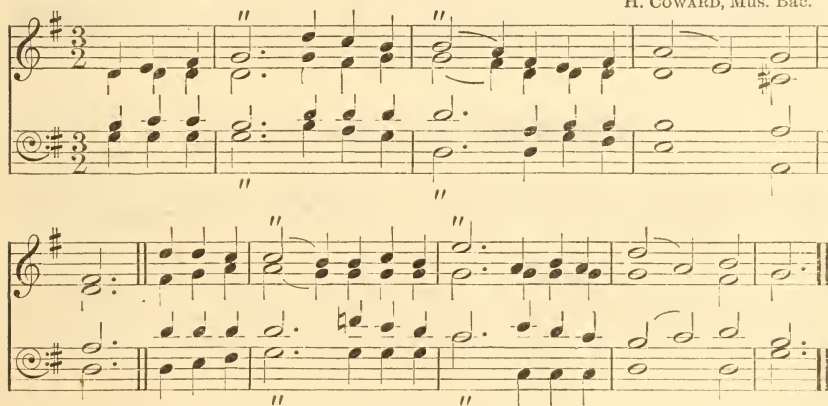
3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,  
Thou Lord of life and death;  
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,  
With Thine almighty breath.

To hands that work, and eyes that see,  
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,

*f* That whole and sick, and weak and  
May praise Thee evermore. [strong,  
E. H. PLUMPTRE.

1046 . Nature's Voice.—4 4 6.4 4 6.

H. COWARD, Mus. Bac.



[Springtime.]

1 **T**HE spring-tide hour  
Brings leaf and flower,  
With songs of life and love;  
And many a lay  
Wears out the day  
In many a leafy grove.

2 Bird, flower, and tree  
Seem to agree  
Their choicest gifts to bring;  
But this poor heart  
Bears not its part,  
In it there is no spring.

*p* 3 Dews fall apace—  
The dews of grace—  
Upon this soul of sin;  
And love divine  
Delights to shine  
Upon the waste within:

4 Yet year by year  
Fruits, flowers appear,  
And birds they praises sing;  
But this poor heart  
Bears not its part,  
Its winter has no spring.

5 Lord, let Thy love,  
Fresh from above,  
Soft as the South wind blow,  
Call forth its bloom,  
Wake its perfume,  
And bid its spices flow.

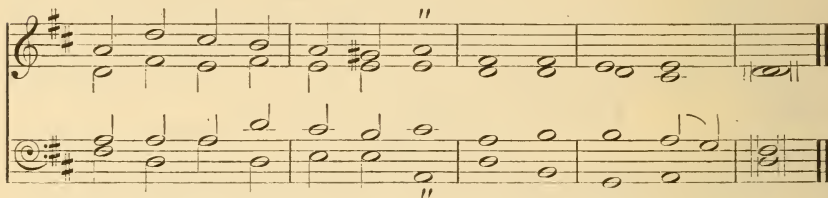
*f* 6 And when Thy voice  
Makes earth rejoice,  
And the hills laugh and sing:  
Lord, teach this heart  
To bear its part,  
And join the praise of spring.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

1047

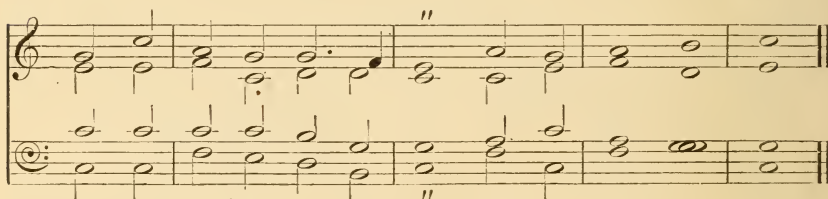
## Capetown (1st Tune).—7 7 7.5.

F. FILITZ.



## Wanswell (2nd Tune).—7 7 7.5.

J. BENNETT.



1 LORD of mercy and of might,  
Of mankind the life and light,  
Maker, Teacher, Infinite;  
*p* Jesus, hear and save!

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,  
Humbled to a mortal child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled;  
*p* Jesus, hear and save!

*f* 3 Throned above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on angels' wings,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
*p* Jesus, hear and save!

4 Soon to come to earth again,  
Judge of angels and of men;  
Hear us now, and hear us then,  
*p* Jesus, hear and save!

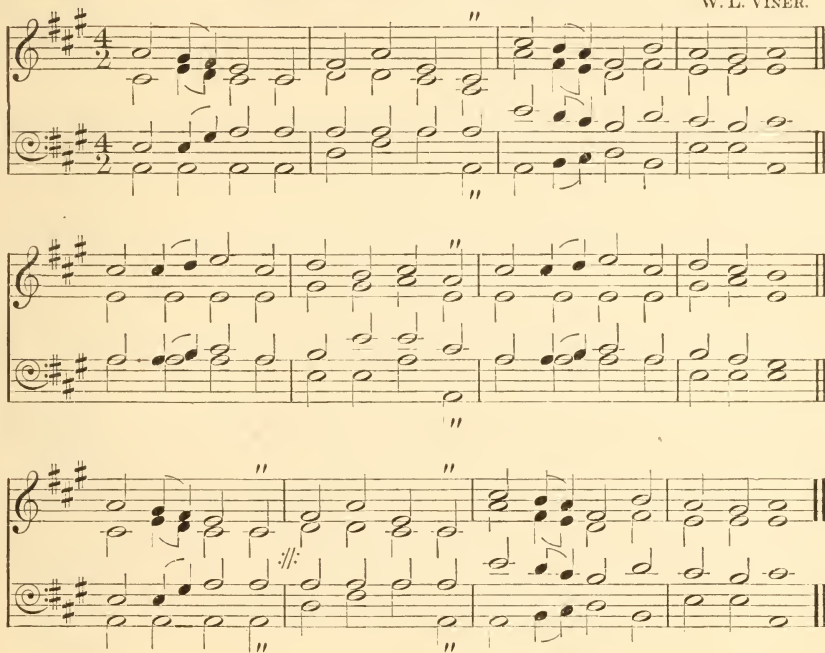
R. HEBER.



1048

## Dismissal.—8 7.8 7.4 7.

W. L. VINER.



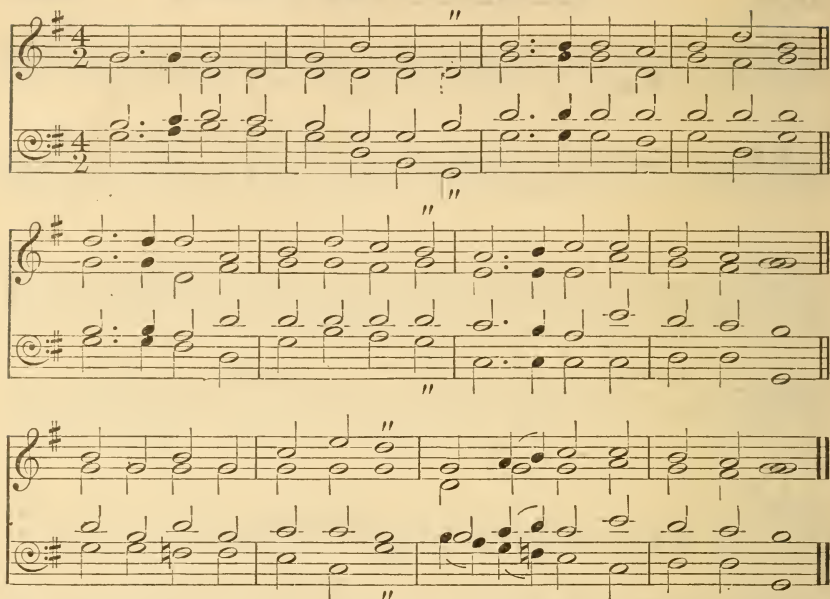
**1** LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us each Thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace;  
 O refresh us!  
 Travelling through this wilderness.

*f* **2** Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound;  
 May the fruits of Thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound:  
 Ever faithful  
 To the truth may we be found.

*p* **3** So, whene'er the signal's given,  
 Us from earth to call away,  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad the summons to obey,  
 May we ever  
*f* Reign with Christ in endless day.

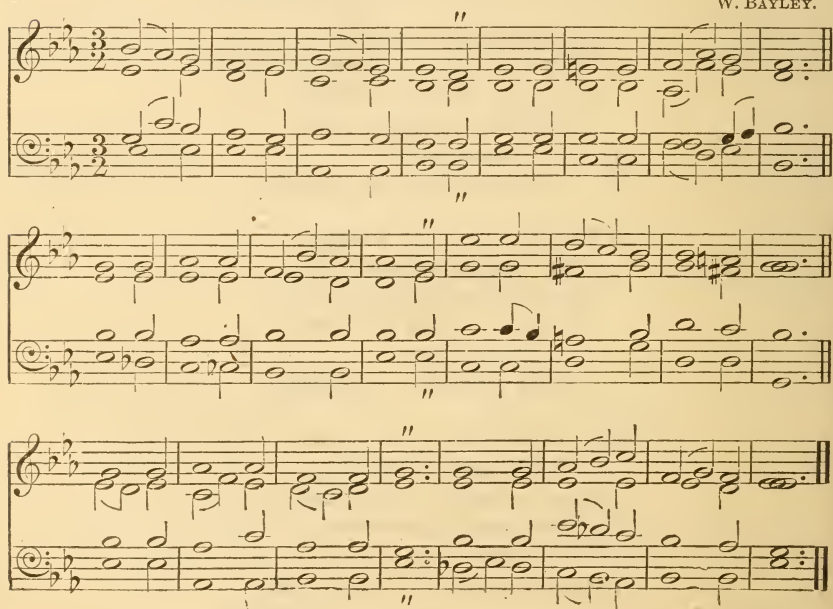
J. FAWCETT.

## 1049 Break of Day (1st Tune).—87.87.77.



## Stepney (2nd Tune).—87.87.77.

W. BAYLEY.



1 LET me go, the day is breaking,  
 Dear companions, let me go;  
 We have spent a night of waking  
 In the wilderness below:  
 Upward now I bend my way,  
 Part we here at break of day.

2 Let me go, I may not tarry,  
 Wrestling thus with doubts and fears,  
 Angels wait my soul to carry  
 Where my risen Lord appears:  
 Friends and kindred weep not so,  
 If ye love me let me go.

3 We have travelled long together,  
 Hand in hand, and heart in heart,  
 Both through calm and stormy weather,  
 And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part:  
 Yet we must—'Farewell!' to you;  
 Answer, one and all, 'Adieu!'

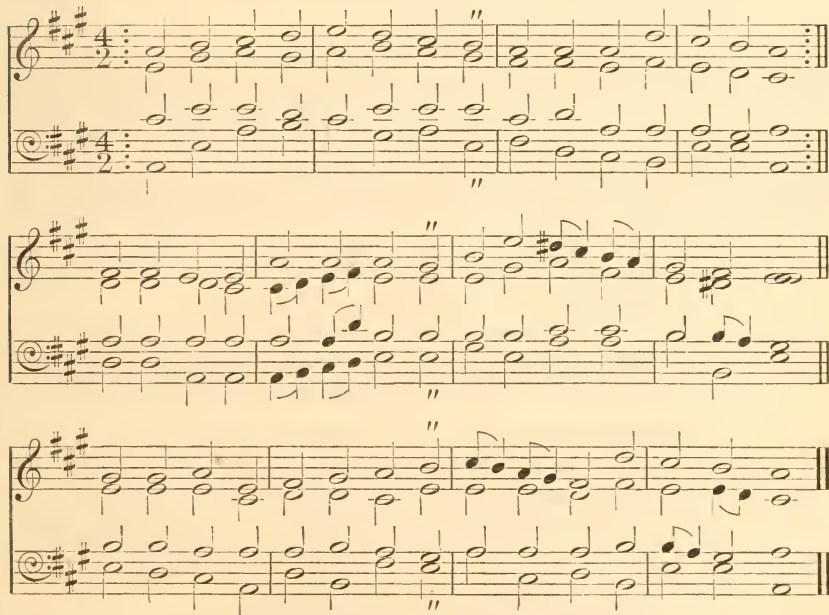
4 'Tis not darkness gathering round me,  
 That enshrouds me from your sight:  
 Walls of flesh no more can bound me;  
 But, translated into light,  
 Like the lark on mounting wing,  
 Though unseen you hear me sing.

5 Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken  
 Far beyond earth's span of sky;  
 I am dead: nay, by this token,  
 Know that I have ceased to die;  
 Would you solve the mystery?  
 Come up hither—come and see.

J. MONTGOMERY.

1050

Benediction.—87.87.87.87.

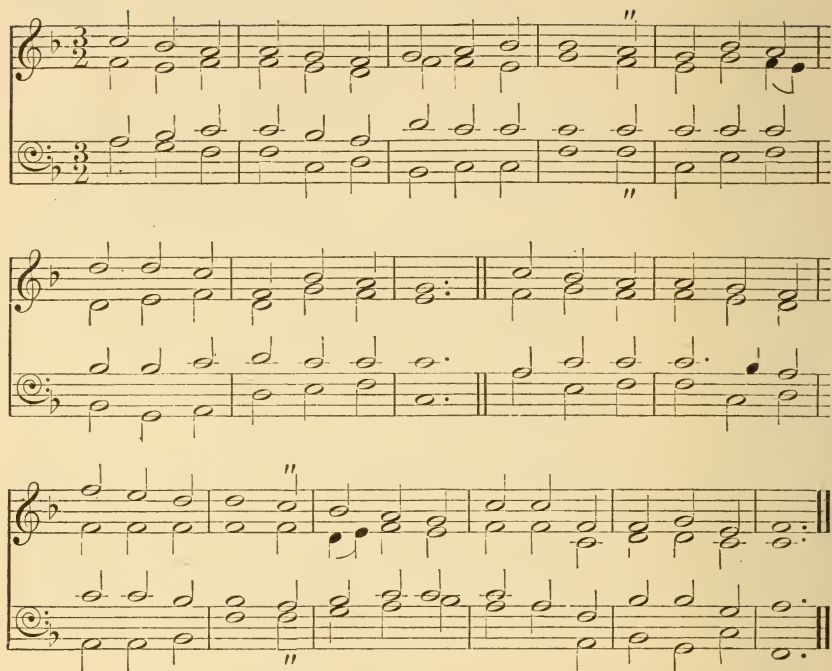


ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
 Bid us now depart in peace;  
 Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
 Let our faith and love increase;  
 Fill each breast with consolation;  
 Up to Thee our hearts we raise—  
 When we reach our blissful station,  
 Then we'll give Thee nobler praise!

R. HAWKER.

1051

Springfield.—11 10.11 10.



[A Flower Service.]

1 **H**ERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,  
 Bloom from the garden, and flowers from the field,  
 Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest  
 More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

*p* 2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying;  
 Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;  
 Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying;  
 Grant the departing a gentle release.

3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,  
 Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;  
 Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened,  
 Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

*p* 4 We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither:  
 We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;  
 Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,  
 Grant us a place in Thy house in the sky.

A. G. W. BLUNT.



1052

## Te Deum Laudamus.

WILLIAM JACKSON.

*Full Sw.* *Boldly.*

We praise Thee, O

God ; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship Thee, the

Fa-ther ev-er - last-ing. To Thee all an-gels cry aloud, the Heav'ns and all the

*Slower.*

Pow'rs therein. To Thee Che-ru-bim and Se-ra-phin con-tin-ual-ly do cry, Ho-ly,

*Tempo 1mo.*

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God of Sa-baoth ; Heav'n and earth are full of the

Ma-jes-ty of Thy Glo-ry. *mp* The glo-rious com-pa-ny

*Org.*

of the A-pos-tles praise Thee. *f* The good-ly fellowship of the Pro-phets *mp*

*f* praise Thee. *mp* The no-ble ar-my of Mar-tyrs praise Thee. *f* The

ho-ly Church throughout all the world doth ac-know-ledge Thee; The

Fa-ther, of an in-fi-nite Ma-jes-ty; Thine hon-our-a-ble,

*p*

true, and on - ly Son; Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost, the Com - fort - er.

*f*

Thou art the King of Glo - ry, O Christ; Thou art the ev - er - lasting Son of the

*mp*

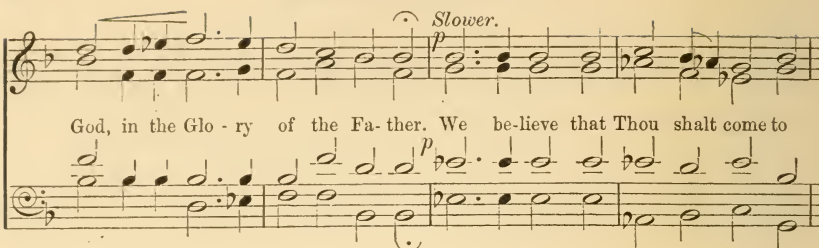
Fa - ther. When Thou took'st up - on Thee to de - liv - er man; Thou didst not ab - hor the

*p* *f*

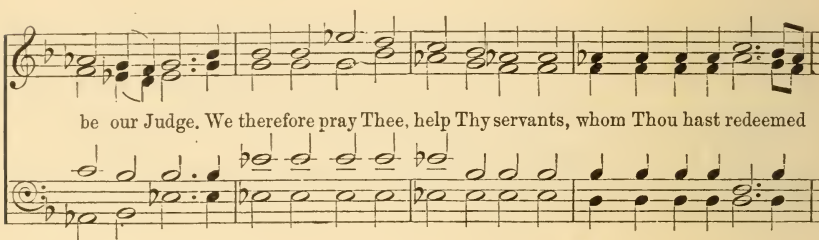
Vir - gin's womb. When Thou hadst o - ver - come the sharp - ness of death, Thou didst

o - pen the king - dom of Heav'n to all be - liev - ers. Thou sit - test at the right hand of

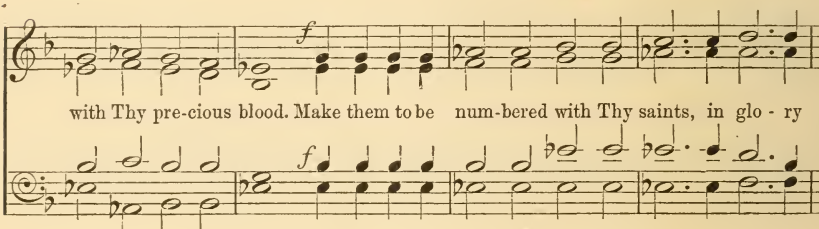
*Slower.*



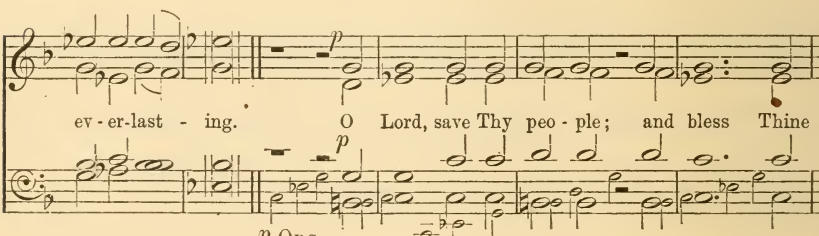
God, in the Glo - ry of the Fa - ther. We be - lieve that Thou shalt come to



be our Judge. We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed



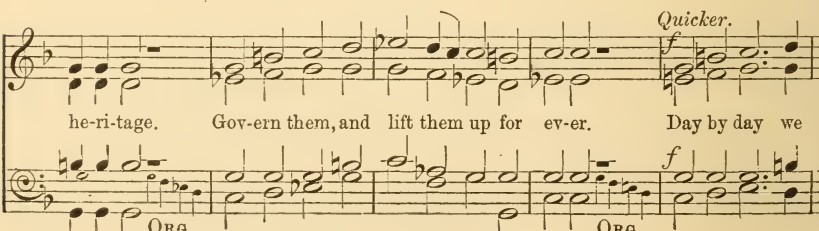
with Thy pre - cious blood. Make them to be num - bered with Thy saints, in glo - ry



ev - er - last - ing. O Lord, save Thy peo - ple; and bless Thine

*p* Org.

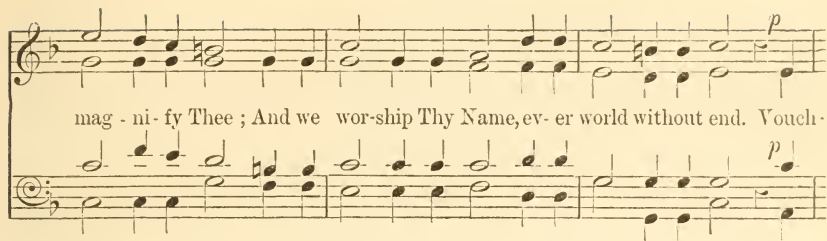
*Quicker.*



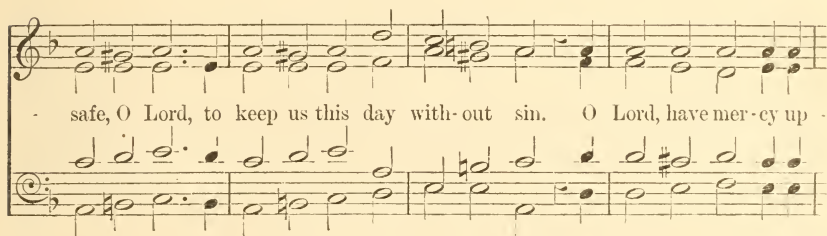
he - ri - tage. Gov - ern them, and lift them up for ev - er. Day by day we

Org. Org.

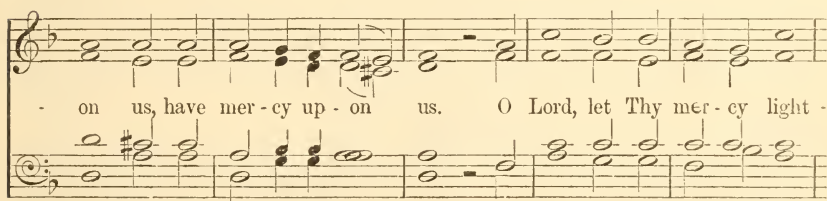




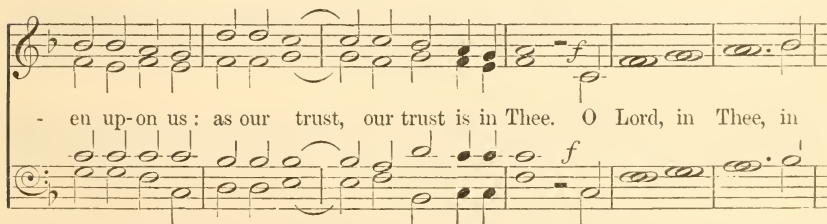
mag - ni - fy Thee ; And we wor-ship Thy Name, ev- er world without end. Vouch -



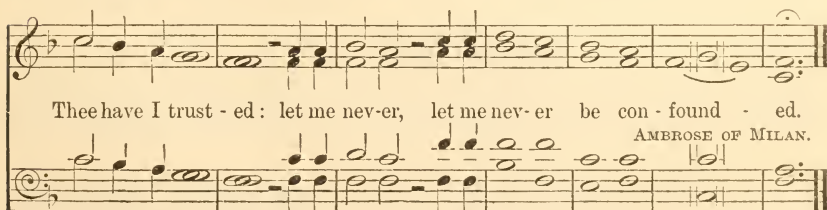
safe, O Lord, to keep us this day with- out sin. O Lord, have mer- cy up -



on us, have mer- cy up - on us. O Lord, let Thy mer- cy light -



en up-on us : as our trust, our trust is in Thee. O Lord, in Thee, in



Thee have I trust - ed : let me nev-er, let me nev-er be con - found - ed.

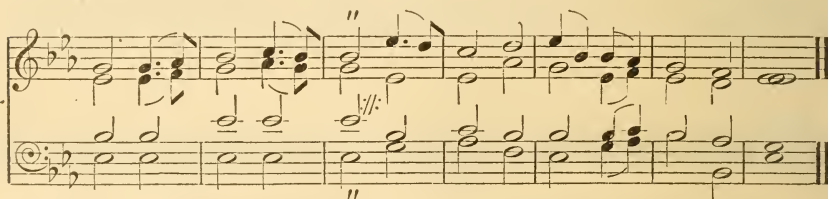
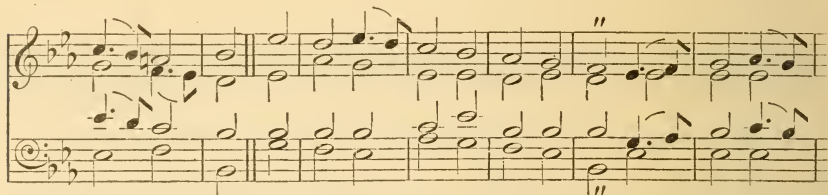
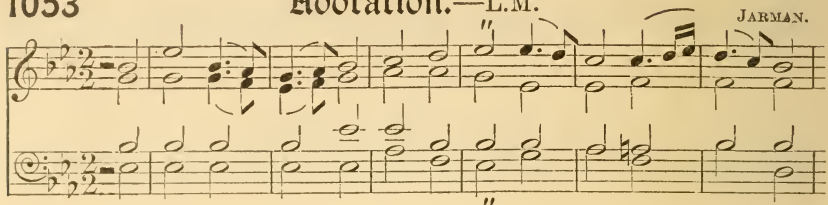
AMBROSE OF MILAN.

# APPENDIX—SUPPLEMENTARY TUNES.

1053

Adoration.—L.M.

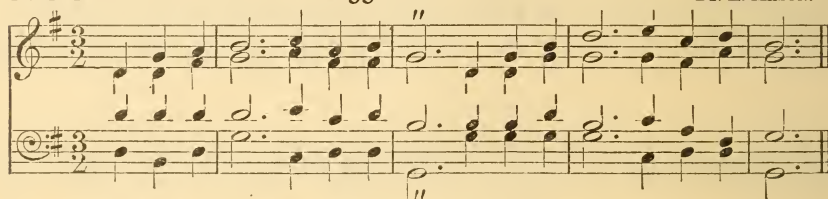
JARMAN.



1054

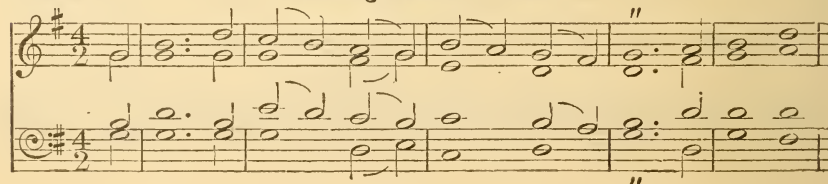
Elzab.—L.M.

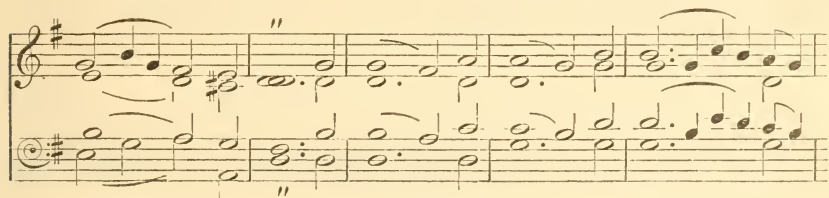
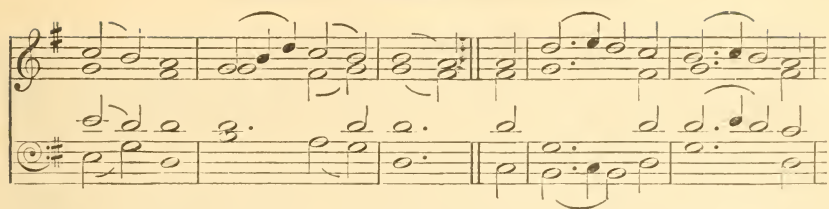
Dr. L. MASON.



1055

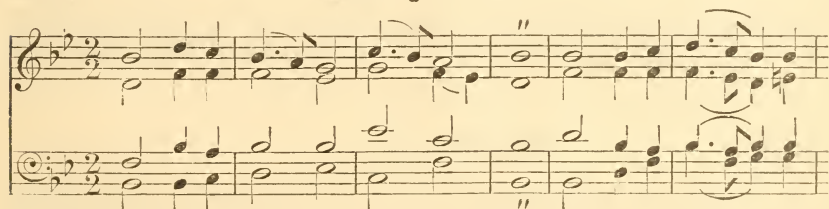
Daisy Hill.—L.M.





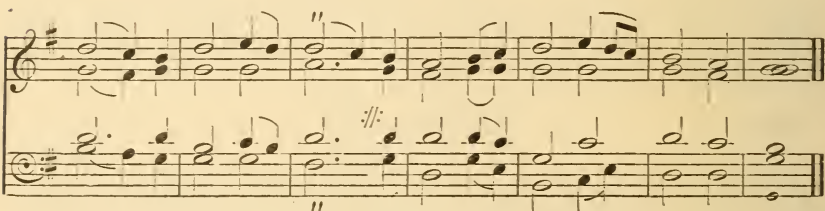
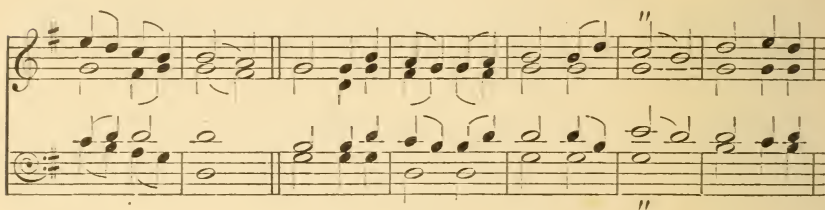
1056

Derby.—L.M.



1057

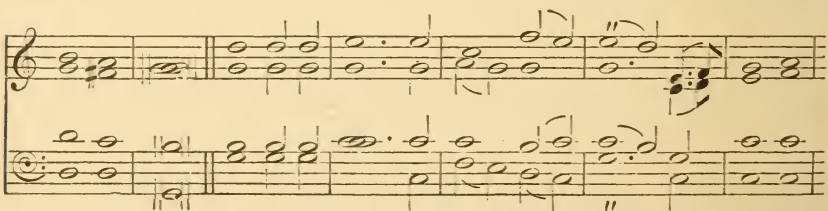
Dryden.—L.M.



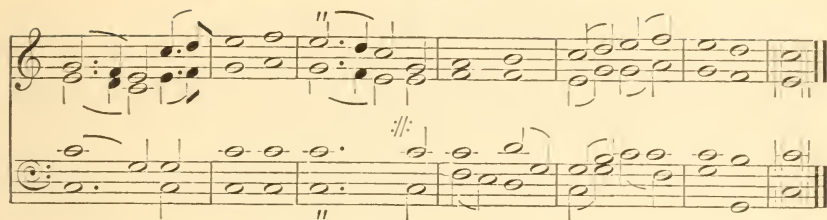
1058

Edwinstow.—L.M.

W. MATTHEWS.

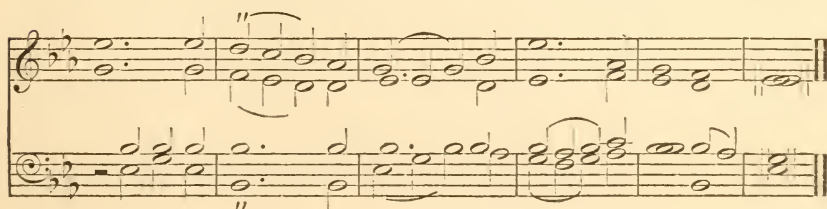
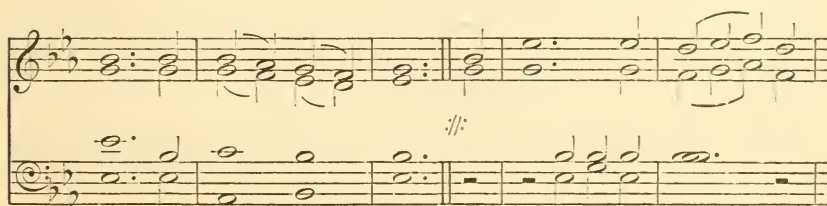
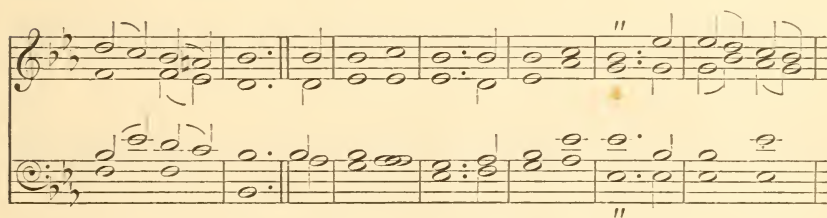
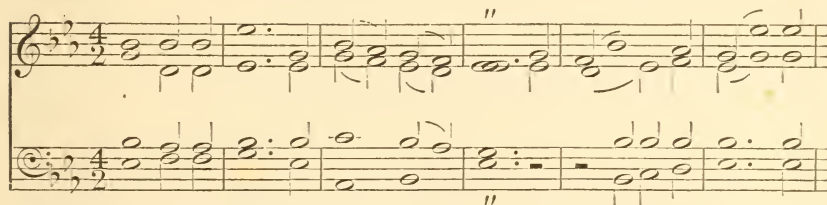






1059

Evening.—L.M., or 8 8.8 8.8 8.



1060

## Haverhill.—L.M.

N. GIBSON.

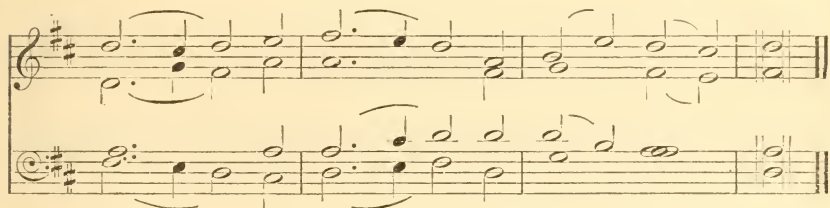
Musical score for Haverhill, L.M. by N. Gibson. The score is in 4/2 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of four systems of two staves each. The first system has a double bar line with repeat dots. The second system has a double bar line with repeat dots. The third system has a double bar line with repeat dots. The fourth system has a double bar line with repeat dots. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with chords and moving lines in both hands.

1061

## Justification.—L.M.

EAGLETON.

Musical score for Justification, L.M. by Eagleton. The score is in 4/2 time, key of D major. It consists of two systems of two staves each. The first system has a double bar line with repeat dots. The second system has a double bar line with repeat dots. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with chords and moving lines in both hands.



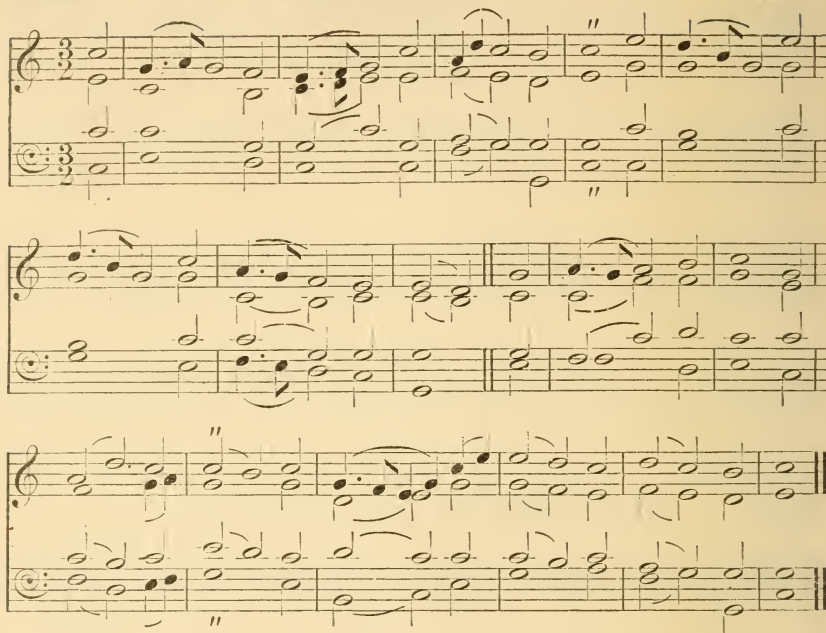
# 1062 New Creation.—L.M., or 8.8.8.8.8.

FROM HAYDN.



1063

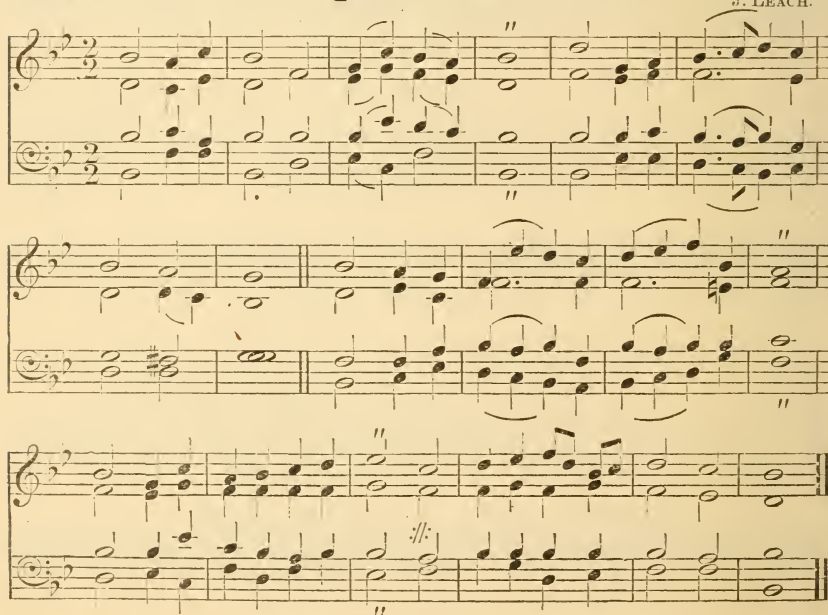
New Sabbath.—L.M.



1064

Pern.—L.M.

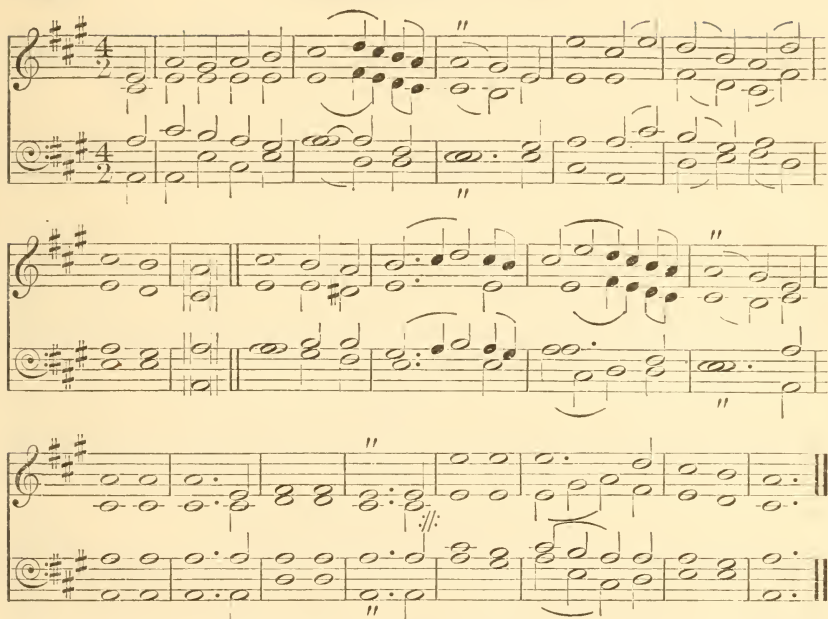
J. LEACH.





1065

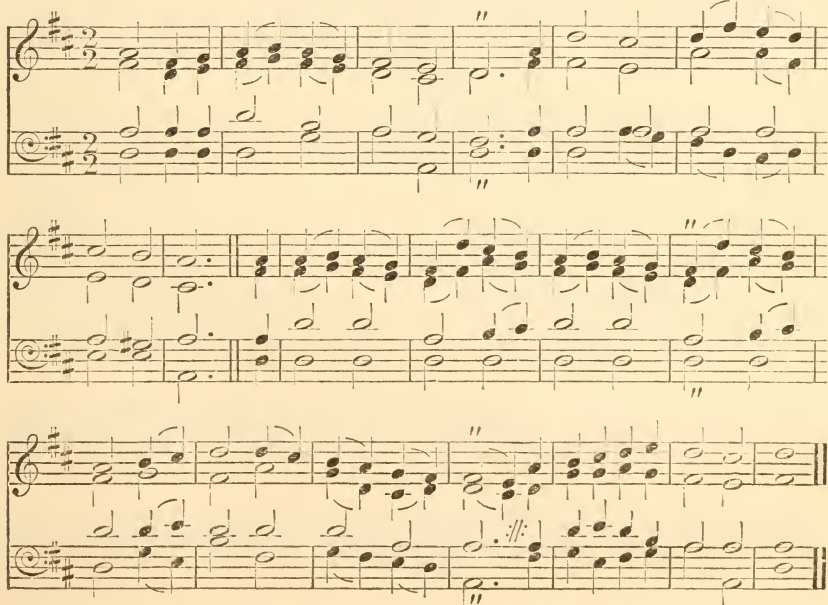
## Splendour.—L.M.



1066

## Tranquillity.—L.M.

W. MATTHEWS.



1067

## Universal Praise.—L.M.

J. NICHOLS.

Three systems of musical notation for the hymn "Universal Praise". Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The first system includes a double bar line with repeat dots in the middle of the treble staff. The second system includes a double bar line with repeat dots in the middle of the bass staff. The third system includes a double bar line with repeat dots in the middle of the bass staff.

1068

## Wilton.—L.M.

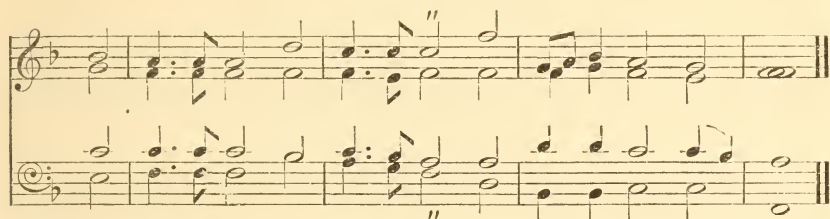
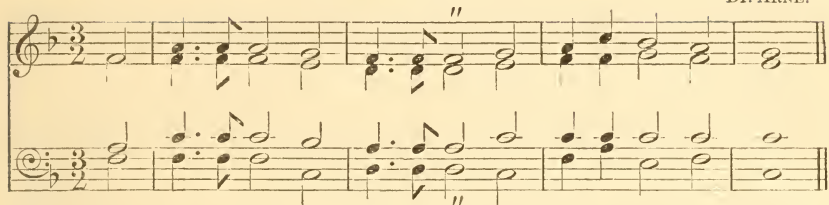
S. STANLEY.

Three systems of musical notation for the hymn "Wilton". Each system consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is two sharps (F-sharp and C-sharp), and the time signature is 3/2. The first system includes a double bar line with repeat dots in the middle of the bass staff. The second system includes a double bar line with repeat dots in the middle of the bass staff. The third system includes a double bar line with repeat dots in the middle of the bass staff.

1069

## Arlington.—C.M.

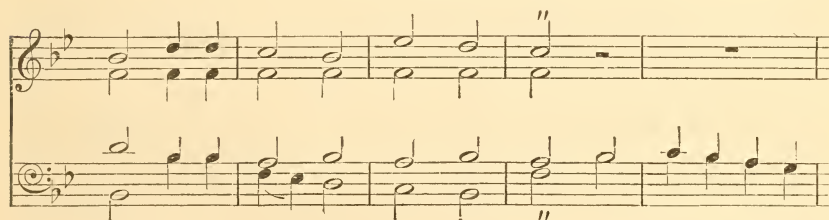
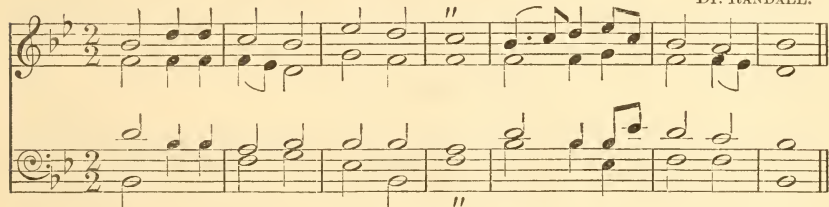
Dr. ARNE.



1070

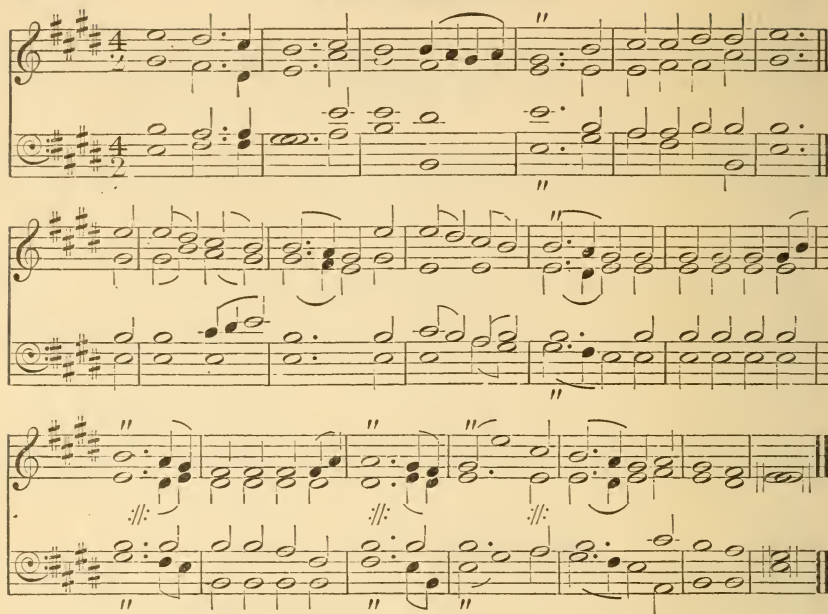
## Cambridge New.—C.M.

Dr. RANDALL.



1071

## Comfort.—C.M.



1072

## Devizes.—C.M.

TUCKER.

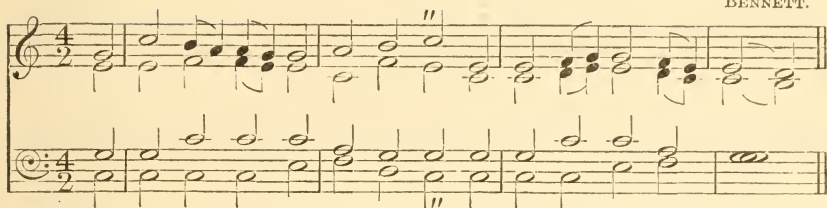




1073

## Ibensburg. — C.M.

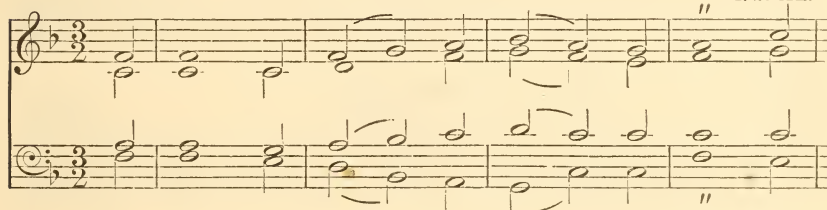
BENNETT.



1074

## Irish. — C.M.

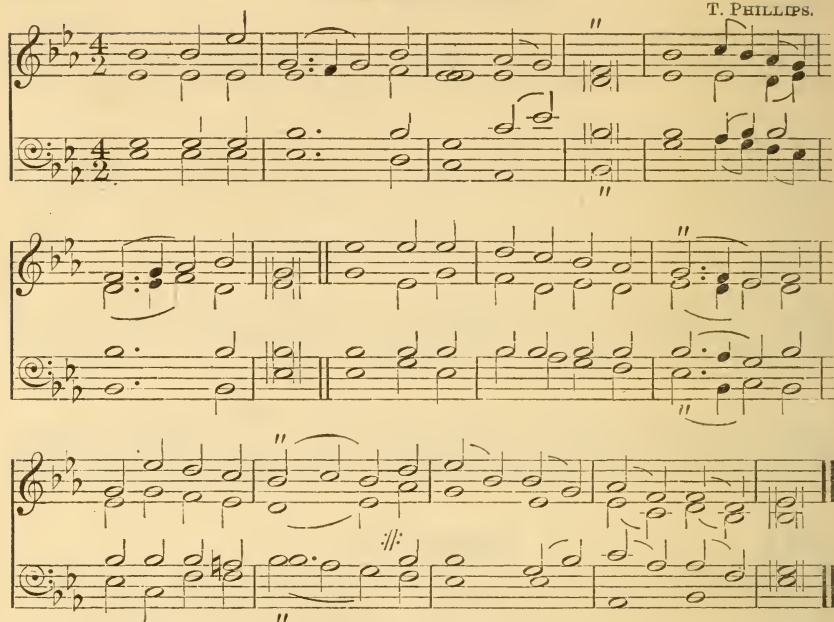
I. SMITH.



1075

Lydia.—C.M.

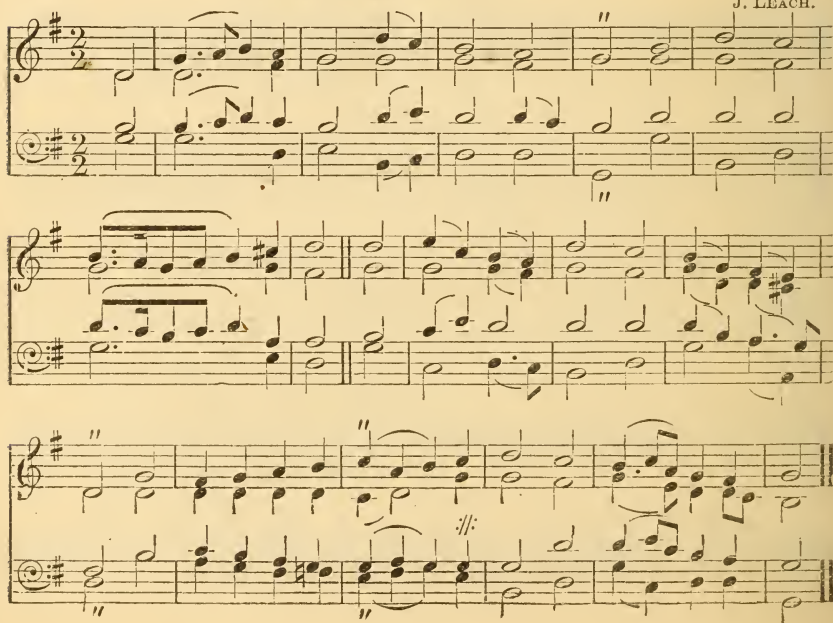
T. PHILLIPS.



1076

Mount Pleasant.—C.M.

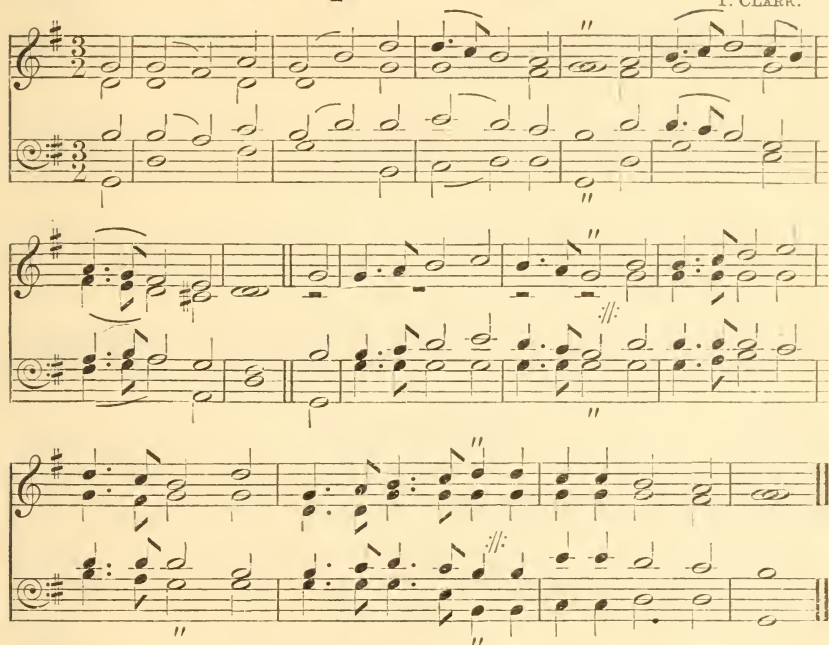
J. LEACH.



1077

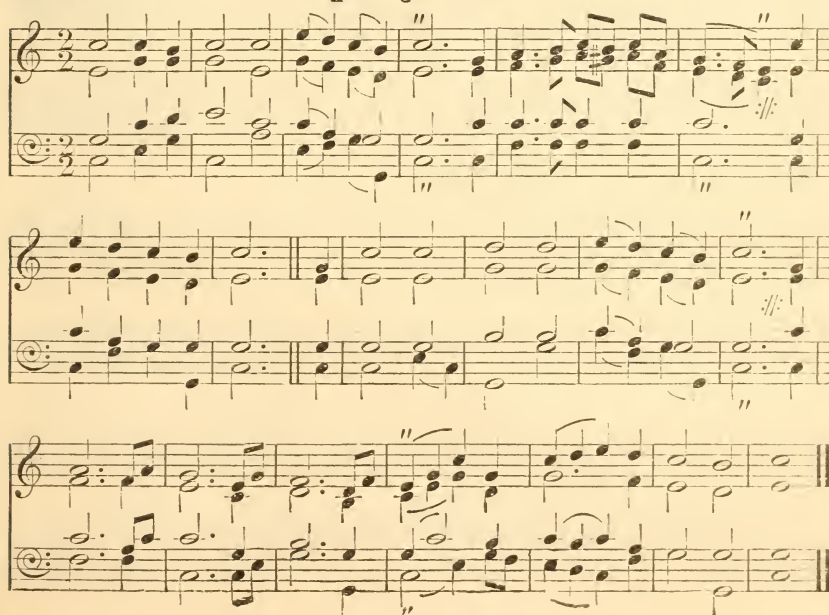
## New Providence.—C.M.

T. CLARK.



1078

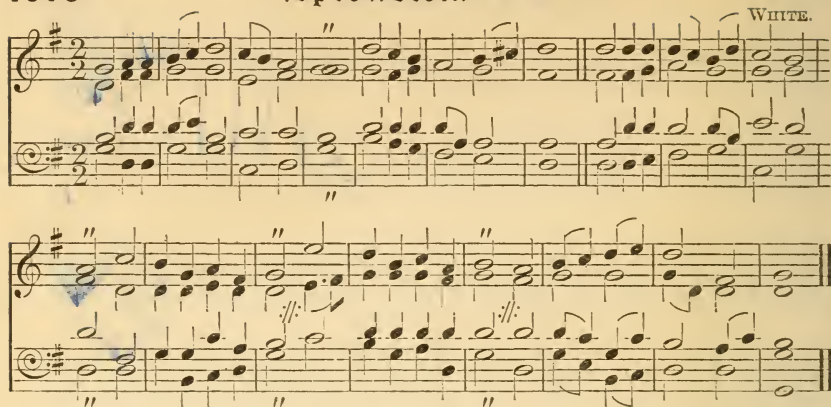
## Piety.—C.M.



1079

Sprowston.—C.M.

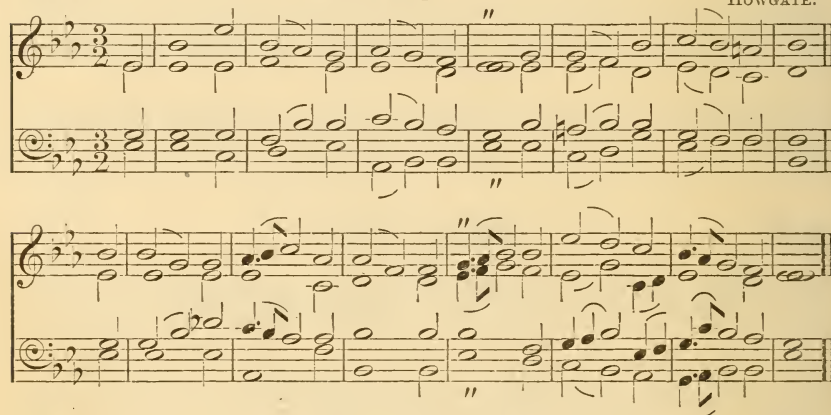
WHITE.



1080

Trinity.—C.M.

HOWGATE.



1081

Carlisle.—S.M.

LOCKHART.

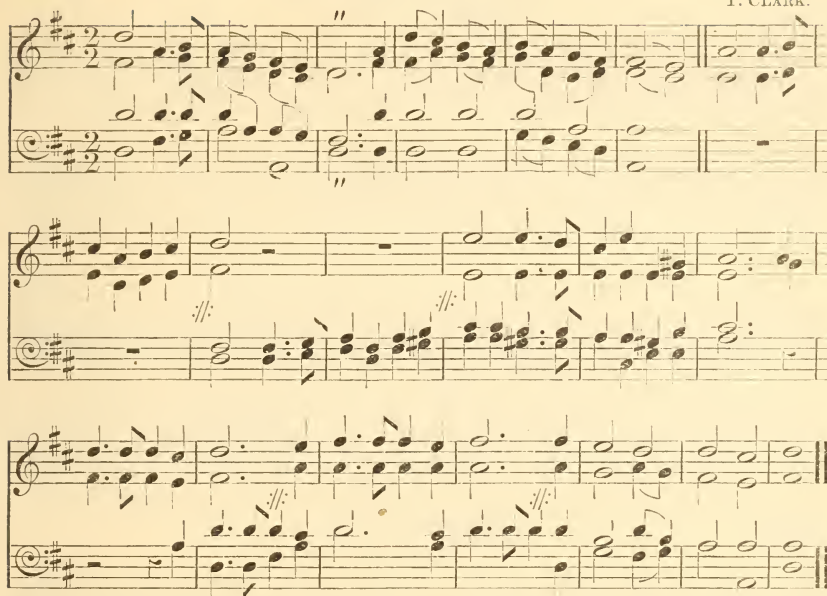




1082

## Cranbrook.—S.M.

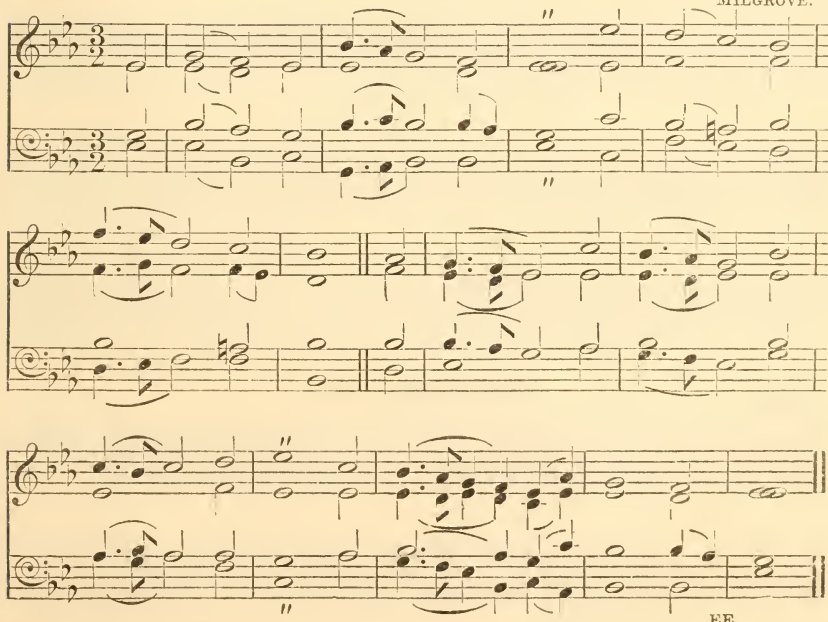
T. CLARK.



1083

## Mount Ephraim.—S.M.

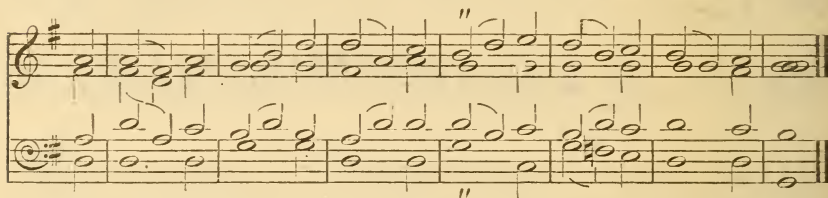
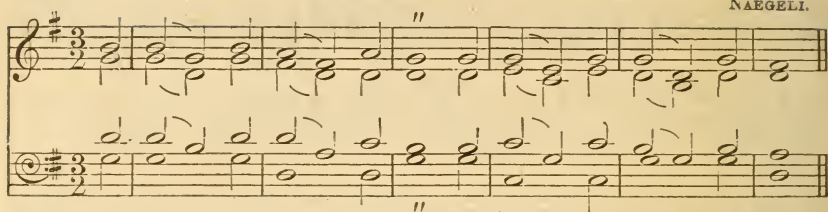
MILGROVE.



1084

Ripon.—S.M.

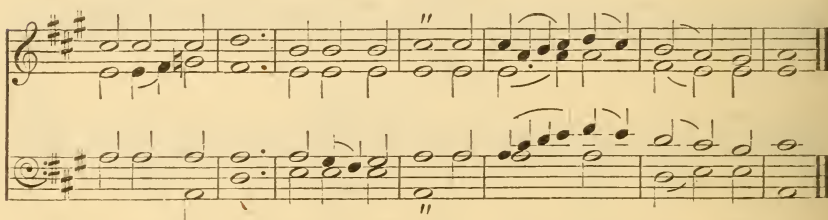
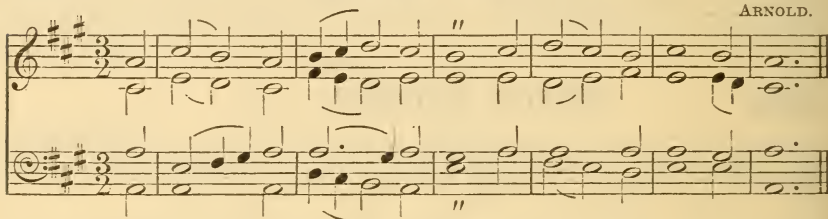
NÆGELI.



1085

Sarah.—S.M.

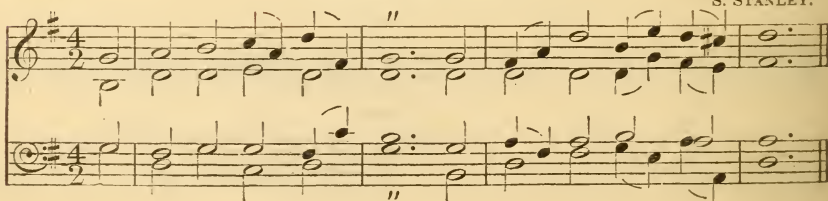
ARNOLD.



1086

Shirland.—S.M.

S. STANLEY.

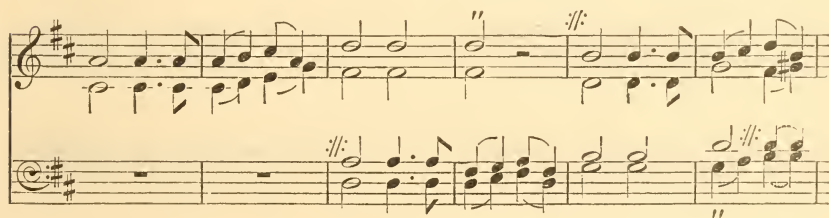
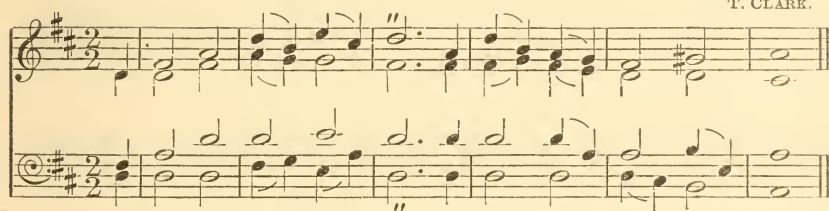




1087

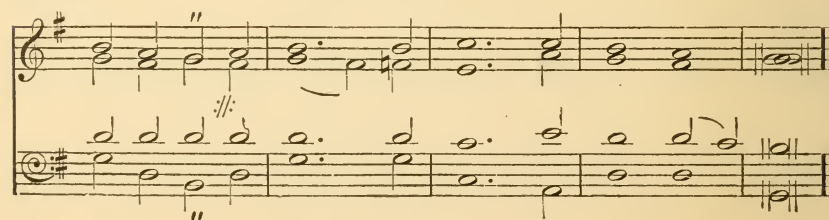
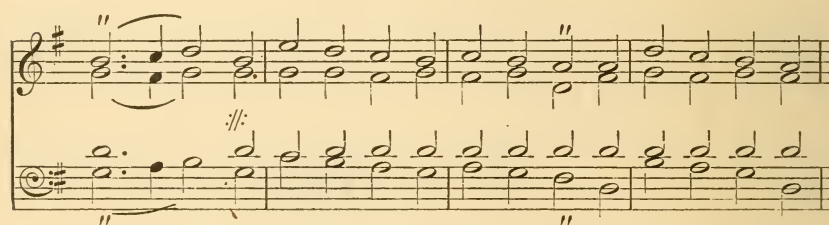
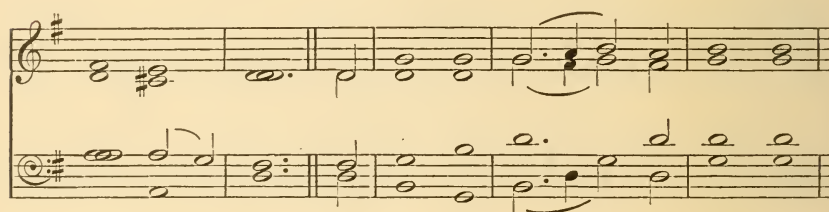
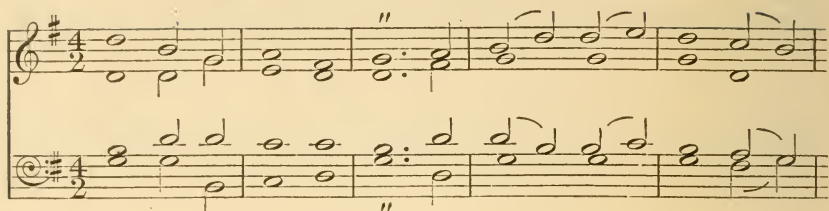
Burnham.—6 6.6 6.8 8. (Hymn 111.)

T. CLARK.



1088

Thollingsworth.—6 6.6 6.8 8.





1089

Majesty.—6 6.6 6.8 8. (Hymn 331.)

WILLIAMSON.



1090

## Hdeste Fideles.—6 6.11 5.6 10.

JOHN READING.

*f* 1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, To Beth-le-hem  
*f* 2. Tho' true God of true God, Light of Light e-ter-nal, *p* Our low-ly...  
*f* 3. Raise, raise, choirs of an-gels, Songs of loud-est tri-umph, Thro' hea-ven's high  
*f* 4. A-men! Lord, we bless Thee, Born for our sal-va-tion; O Je-sus! for

has-ten now with glad . . ac-cord! Lo! in a man-ger  
 na-ture He hath not ab-horred; Son of the Fa-ther  
 ar-ches be your prais-es poured; Now to our God be  
 ev-er be Thy name a-dored; Word of the Fa-ther,

Lies the King of an-gels;  
 Not made, but be-got-ten;  
 Glo-ry in the high-est;  
 Late in flesh ap-pear-ing;

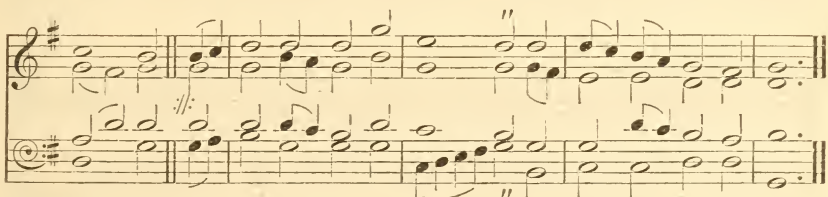
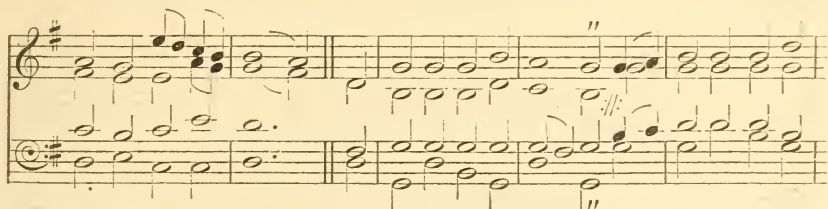
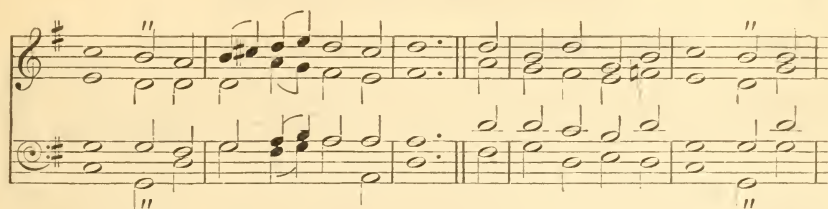
O comè, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-

-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord!

1091

## Dunkirk.—7 6.7 6.7 6.7 6.

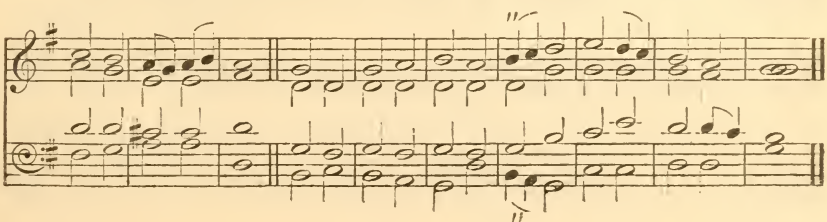
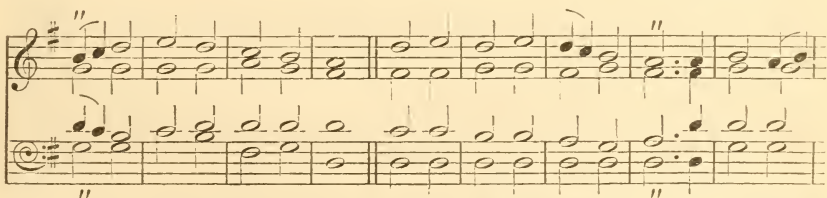
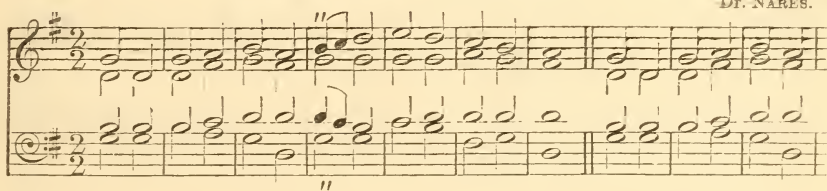
BANNISTER.



1092

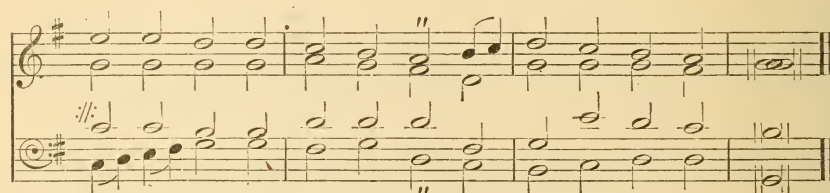
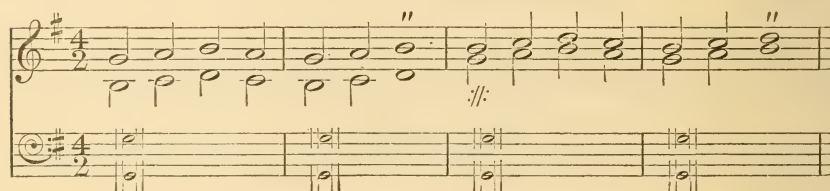
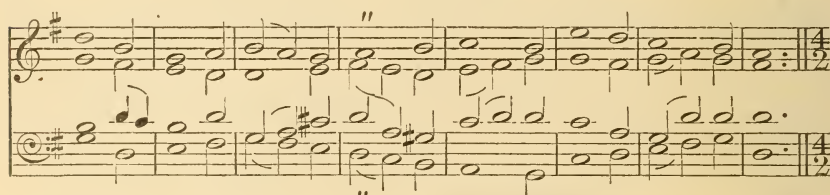
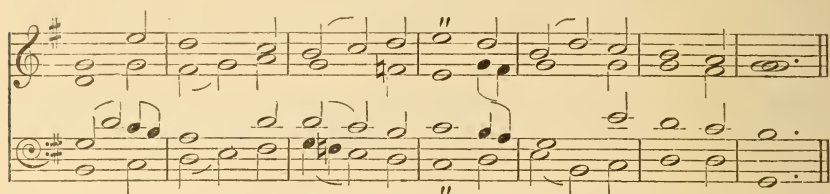
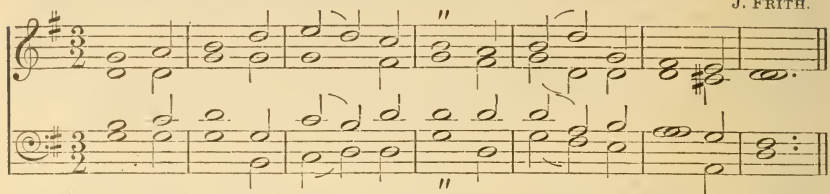
Amsterdam.—7 6.7 6.7 8.7 6.

Dr. NARES.



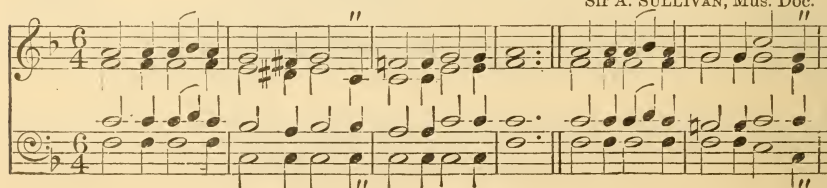
## 1093 New Zealand.—7 6.7 6.7 8.7 6. (Hymn 307.)

J. FRITH.

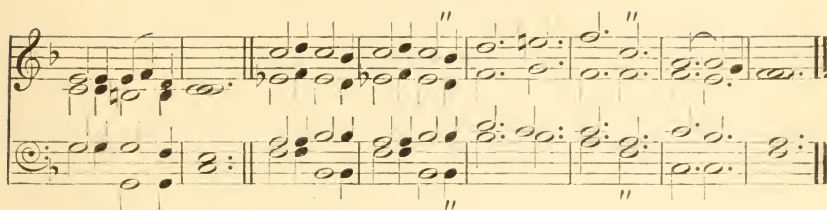


## 1094 Angel Voices.—8 5.8 5.8 4 3. (Hymn 791.)

Sir A. SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc.



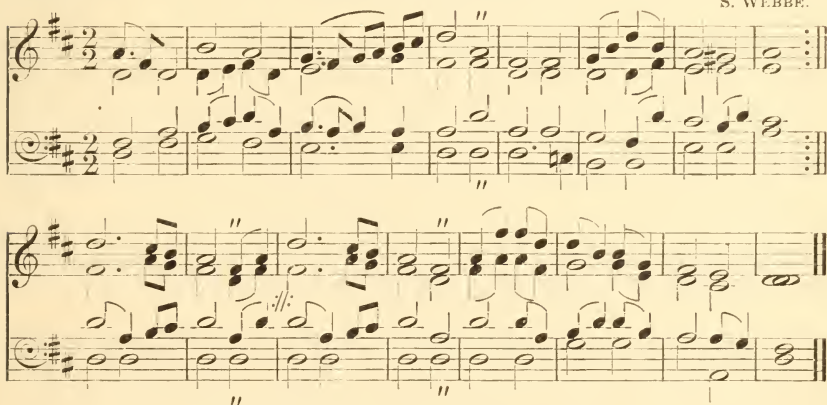




1095

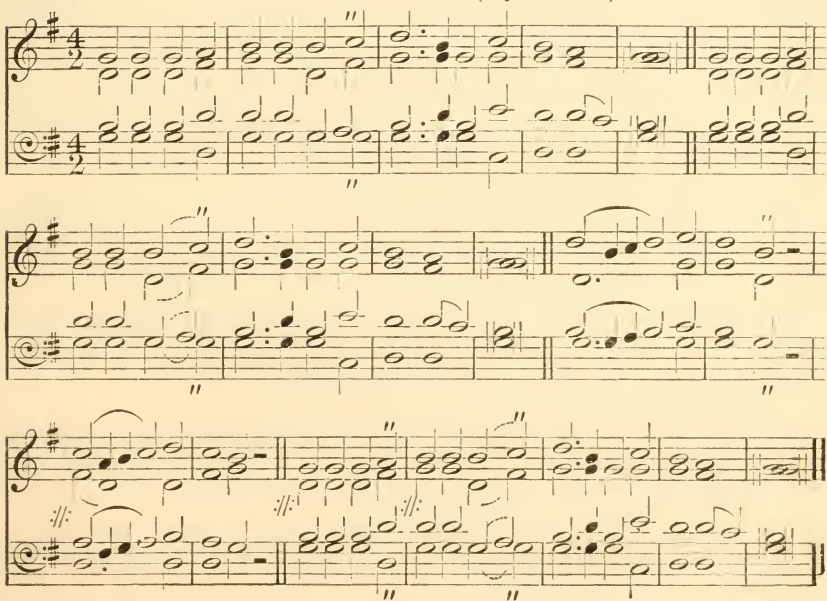
Alma.—8 7.8 7.4 7.

S. WEBBE.



1096

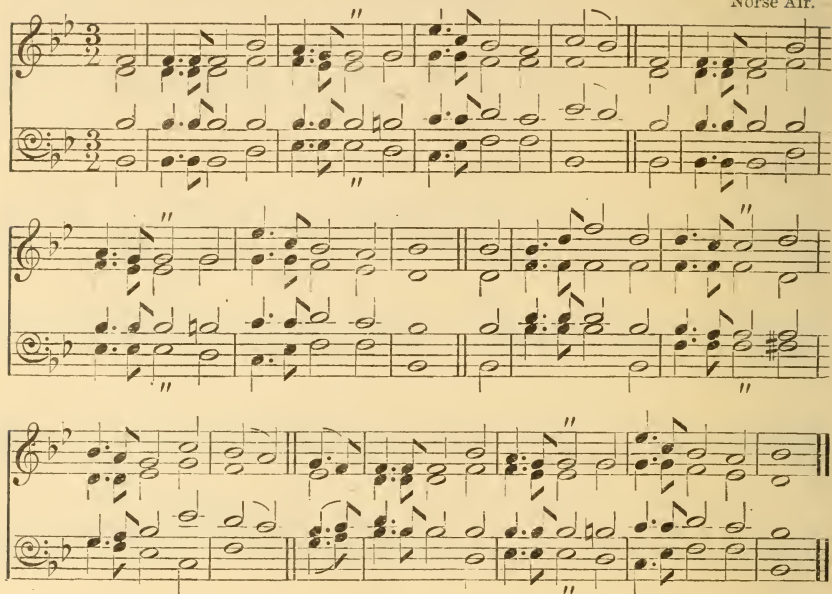
Grace.—8 7.8 7.4 7. (Hymn 262.)



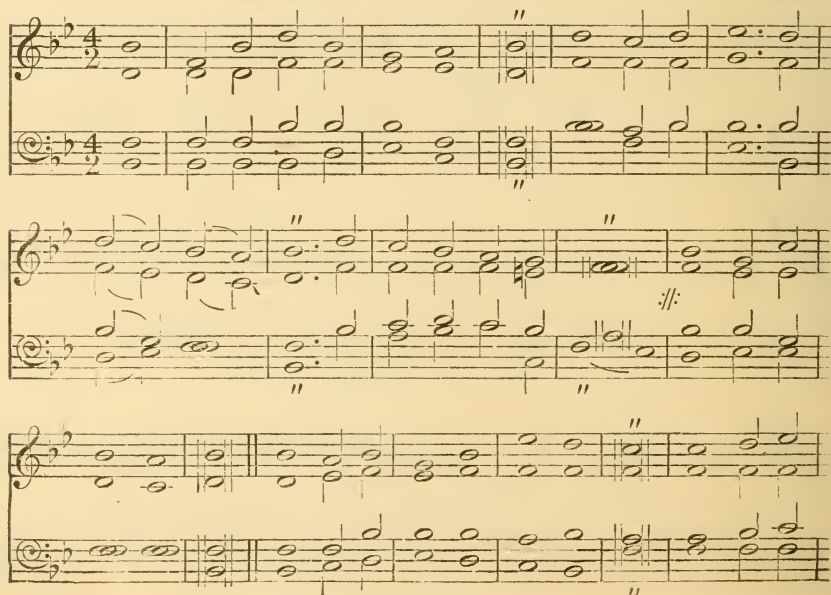
1097 **Morseman (Hiding Place).**—8 6.8 6.8 6.8 6.

(Hymn 624).

Norse Air.



## 1098

**New Mills.**—8 8 6.8 8 6.

First system of musical notation (measures 1-4). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The notation includes various chords and melodic lines for both treble and bass staves.

Second system of musical notation (measures 5-8). The notation continues with chords and melodic lines, ending with a double bar line.

1099

Praise.—886.886.

A. RADIGER.

First system of musical notation (measures 1-4). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/2. The notation includes various chords and melodic lines for both treble and bass staves.

Second system of musical notation (measures 5-8). The notation continues with chords and melodic lines, ending with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation (measures 9-12). The notation continues with chords and melodic lines, ending with a double bar line.

Fourth system of musical notation (measures 13-16). The notation continues with chords and melodic lines, ending with a double bar line.

1100

## Adoration.—88.88.88.

Musical score for "Adoration" in G major, 2/2 time. The score consists of five systems of two staves each. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 2/2. The score includes various musical notations such as whole notes, half notes, quarter notes, and rests. There are repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) and a "p" (piano) marking. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1101

## Cleft of the Rock.—88.88.88.

Musical score for "Cleft of the Rock" in D minor, 2/2 time. The score consists of one system of two staves. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb). The time signature is 2/2. The score includes various musical notations such as whole notes, half notes, quarter notes, and eighth notes. There is a "1st time." marking above the first staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.



*2nd time.* *Slower.*

*a tempo.*

1102

Decapolis.—88.88.88.

GILL.

1103

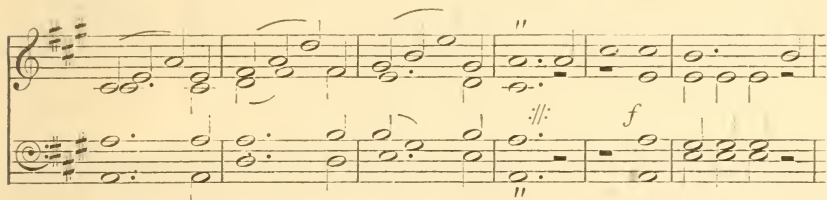
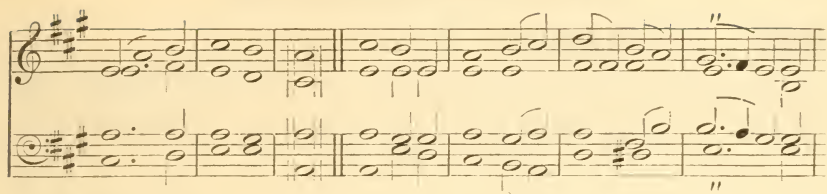
Love.—8 8.8 8.8 8.

Musical score for 'Love' (1103). The score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. There are several double bar lines with repeat signs (") indicating sections to be repeated. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' in the second system. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the treble staff.

1104

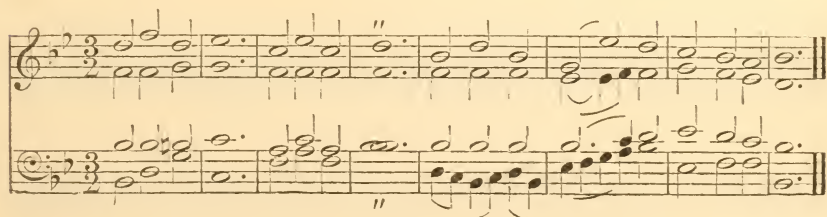
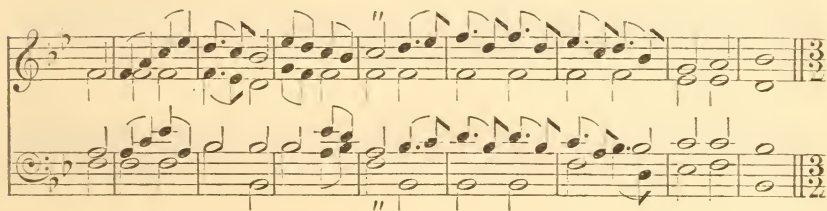
Sagina.—8 8.8 8.8 8. (Hymn 337.)

Musical score for 'Sagina' (1104). The score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. There are several double bar lines with repeat signs (") indicating sections to be repeated. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the treble staff.



1105

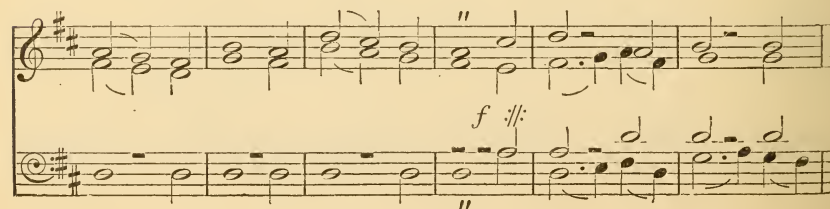
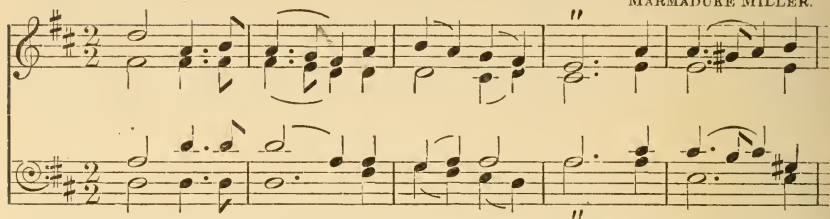
Satisfaction.—8 8.8 8.8 8.



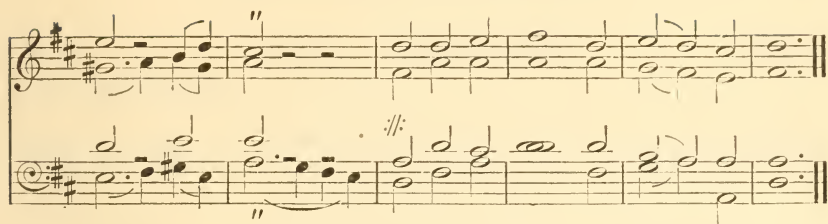
1106

Traveller.—88.88.88. (Hymn 516.)

MARMADUCE MILLER.

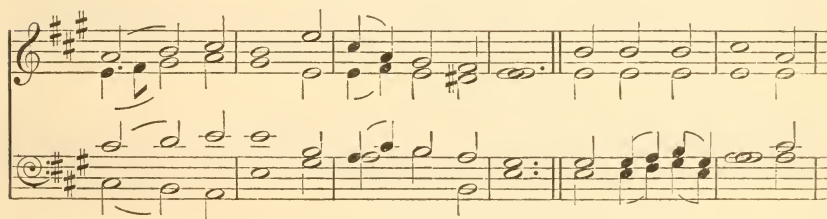
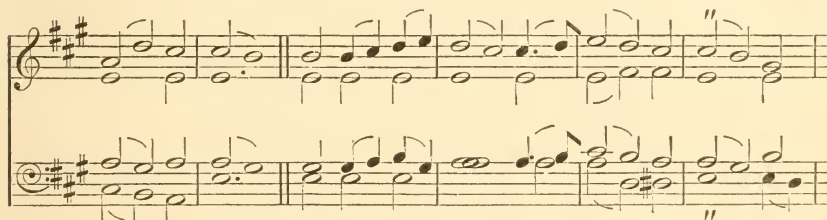
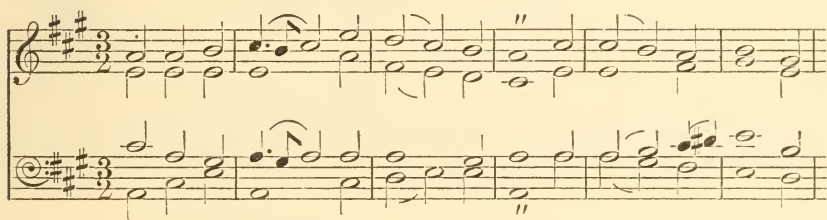






1107

Zalmonah.—8 8.8 8.8 8.



## 1108

## Intercessor.—8 8.8.6.

Melody by C. HOWARD.  
Harmonized by the Rev. CAREY BONNER.

1. The Sab-bath - day has reached its close ;      Yet, Sa-viour,  
*dim.* 2. O heav-en-ly Com-fort - er, sweet Guest,      Hal-low and  
*cr.* 3. Let not the Gos-pel seed re-main      Un-fruit-ful,  
4. O ev-er pre-sent, ev-er nigh,      Je-sus, on  
*cr.* 5. My on-ly In-ter-ces-sor Thou,      Min-gle Thy  
*p* 6. And O! when life's short course shall end,      And death's dark

ere I seek re- pose, . . *p* Grant me the peace Thy  
calm my trou- bled breast; . . *p* Wea-ry I come to  
or be lost . . a- gain! . . *dim.* Let heav-en-ly dew's de-  
Thee I fix . . mine eye, . . Thou hear'st the con- trite  
fra- grant in- cense now . . With ev- 'ry prayer and  
shades a- round im- pend, . . *cr.* My God, my ev- er -

love be- stows :  
Thee for rest ;  
- scend like rain ;  
spi- rit's sigh ;  
ev- 'ry vow :  
- last - ing Friend,      }      Smile on my even - ing hour.

C. ELLIOTT.













